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VOLUME 244

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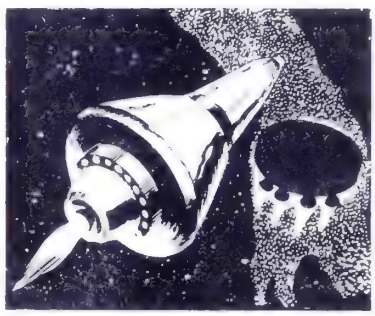
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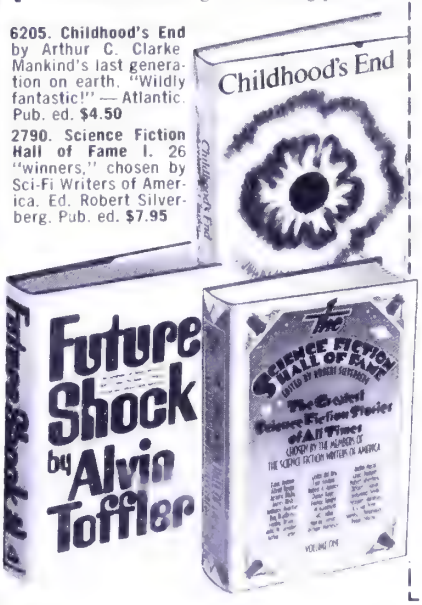
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ABOUT THIS ISSUE



Simone de Beauvoir

Montaigne tells the story of Caesar, who was approached one day by a broken-down soldier of his guard who asked leave to be put to death. Seeing the old man's decrepitude, Caesar is said to have replied, "You think, then, that you are alive?"

To us, Caesar's question appears heartless, because the answer seems self-evident. Of course the old man was alive. To Montaigne, however, it is a fair and interesting question. But then his thoughts on aging and death are stoic, and thus considerably different from our own. We are squeamish about these matters, so much so, in fact, that, whether we dress up the elderly in reverence or sentimentality or indifference, the garment is often little more than a fig leaf for our own disgust.

Our squeamishness has many sources. Unfamiliarity is one. Only the old live intimately with the old. Middle age is mobile; old age is not. Private wealth and public welfare have greatly attenuated the reciprocity of generations. And so the elderly usually end up living in segregated enclaves. Many are dumped there against their will in bitter poverty. Others go gladly to some surreal Retirement Village, where they spend $75,000 on a house without stairs and the remainder of what used to be known as a patrimony on the sad pastimes of obsolescence. "After all," they might say, "what did posterity ever do for us?"

Our squeamishness is also rooted in an aesthetic that imposes ugliness on the bodies of the old (but not their faces) and that finds their incontinence nauseating (but not their little grandchild's). It stems as well from a Darwinian notion of economic fittingness that abhors idleness, dependence, nonproductivity—in a word, uselessness.

One of the merits of Simone de Beauvoir's article (page 33) is that she exposes for us a nexus of all these filaments of disgust, a dimension of being old that all of us try not to look at.

Yet the dynamics of sexuality
the old is often dictated by
squeamishness surrounding them.
cial disgust leads to self-disgust;
unthinkable is not thought. And th
is a terrible price paid for this, as
Beauvoir demonstrates. Contrary
what we have been led to believe, c
trary to what some of us like to
lieve, the sexual drive does not
up in old age like the sap in a dy
tree. True, some of the elderly
sufficiently well socialized in th
roles to have finally relegated sex
the realm of memory. And so
others—men, usually—are s
ciently well placed to be able to
out their desires with young partn
who have reason, perhaps, to conf
power with potency. But for the gr
majority of the old, the season
always Eliot's April, mixing mem
and desire, and cruel because bles
by neither perfect impotence
available fulfillment.

Simone de Beauvoir's is the f
essay by a major European wr
to have appeared in *Harper's* in s
eral years. It has also been a long t
since the magazine carried report
political developments abroad. T
issue contains two such report
from Frank Gibney in Tokyo (p
49) and Anatole Shub in Paris (p
57)—and both carry an import
and disturbing message for Am
cans. It is that our most powe
allies and trading partners, in
sponse to what they see as grow
American isolationism, will her
forth look to their own devices as t
seek more autonomous roles in in
national politics. The consequence
this development are incalculable
the moment. But one thing see
sure: the familiar habits of thou
and action built up over a generat
of Washington-Moscow bipola
will no longer suffice in a world
which three additional centers
power—Europe, Japan, and Chin
strive to play roles of increasing in
pendence and self-interest.

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LETTERS

Movies

You are to be congratulated on getting into print a long overdue critique of current movies ["What Movies Try to Sell Us" by Lewis H. Lapham, November issue]. Your article tore away the seductive veil of obfuscating film techniques, shallow characterization, self-indulgent ego trips by directors, disorganized but oh-so-clever story lines, flabby plot structures, obscurantist social backgrounds, and pimplike catering to prurience. The makers of the current apparently relevant but actually nonrelevant sickly movie fare needed a good knock on the head—and you gave them a mighty whack. I hope attention will be paid.

JULES KOSLOW
Westport, Conn.

"What Movies Try to Sell Us" is so patently foolish it is difficult to know where to begin. Let us grant an initial point: serious ("artistic") American movies fail far more often than they succeed. America has contributed only two original art forms to the world, jazz and the cinema; in both cases it took the Europeans to discover the cultural values of the forms; and since films, unlike jazz, had no long-standing, vital tradition, the Europeans quickly learned how to do them, and to do them better than we.

But Mr. Lapham bases his critique on the Hollywood *Weltanschauung*, not except in passing on the intellectual, imaginative, or technical aspects of the individual films he discusses, and it is in this area that he embarrasses himself.

His version of the message of contemporary American films is "that man is a weak and pitiable creature, that he stands no chance against 'the system' . . . and that his pathetic dreams of love or bank robbery must end in failure and death." Incredibly Mr. Lapham then identifies this vision as that of *his* generation, of "the middle 1950s," and he confidently dismisses such a formula as appealing only "to an adolescent mind."

Here, for Mr. Lapham's consideration, are some other adolescent minds who have for the most part shared this vision: West, Hemingway, Faulkner, Fitzgerald, Dreiser, Norris, Melville, Kafka, Zola, Balzac, Flaubert . . . but why go on? (Oh, just for the hell of it, throw in Hobbes.) Most of the great artists of the past 100 years, in fact, have seen the world as (to borrow phrases from Mr. Lapham's "shopworn ideology" of the '50s) absurd and man as irrevocably alienated from it. . . . Many of these men, even at the nadir of their despair, posited ways out of the situation as they perceived it. Mr. Lapham claims that current American movies present no such counterstatements. Yet one traditional response to the black world view has been to make art of it, to render it as clearly and deeply and faithfully as possible. "Know ye the truth," and so forth. Many of the films Mr. Lapham cites are obviously attempting to do the same thing, with varying degrees of success. Not all of them, of course; some do exploit marketable trends. But Mr. Lapham does not distinguish between them.

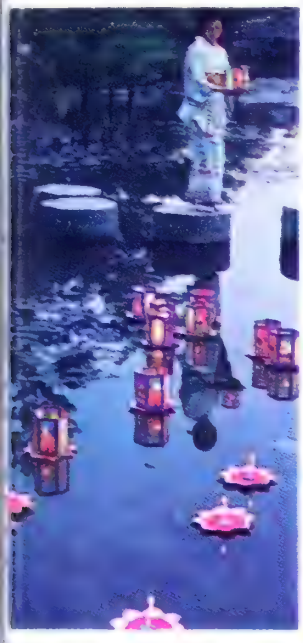
Alternatively, humanistic values (love, dignity, self-sacrifice, *inter alia*) have been embraced even in the face of an absurd cosmos, and in the face, therefore, of certain defeat ultimate if not immediate. But again, Mr. Lapham asserts that such values are absent from the films in question: "Men die from time to time . . . but not for love." Yet only a few paragraphs earlier he has been excoriating *The Hired Hand*, which, to use his own summary, the hero, "transgressing the Darwin law, risks his life for the sake o friend: he is shot and killed."

There are several other misint pretations and inconsistencies in essay. His reading of *Carnal Kno edge* is particularly nearsighted, c fusing the What Is of the film w What Must Be and virtually ignori the deficiencies of the male char ters, from which all the other pre ises of the movie follow. (And to s that *Carnal Knowledge* "pretend to realism" is to betoken at best shaky notion of formal realism.) I these interpretive problems are p haps beside the point.

Which is, as Sartre would have that there is no exit. Moral choice, element Mr. Lapham cannot discov in these films, is terribly importa in many of them. Sometimes its i portance is demonstrated ironical by its absence; more often, it operat in them, as it does in life, in a severe restricted and socially impotent ma ner. Possibly Mr. Lapham has made separate peace for and with himse One presumes, however, that he liv in the same world as the rest of us, world of disappearing air, land, a water: a world containing Vietnar Pakistan, and the Middle East; world nurturing My Lai, Manson, a Memphis. If Mr. Lapham can co template our planet at the prese moment and ask art—or even ente tainment—to sing of the significan and potential for good of the indivi ual's moral choices, it would be bett were he to restrict his moviegoing t Walt Disney productions and to tran fer his allegiance to television . .

ALAN HEINEMA
Ass't. Professor of Englis
University of San Francis
San Francisco, Cali

ome for
he festival season






apan you come upon festivals ywhere. Each colored by its own ghtful legend. Candle-lit lanterns t on a quiet stream. Elegant pag- s commemorate a page of local ory. Whole villages turn out on ide. Traditionally dressed chil- thank animals for their fur with of food.

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LETTERS

LEWIS LAPHAM REPLIES:

Professor Heineman and I appea to be confronted with the sam dilemma. Each of us thinks the oth so foolish that neither of us knov how to shape the argument.

The Professor compares the wri ing of Melville, Kafka, and Flaube to the film technique of Frank Perr Robert Altman, and Mike Nicho I am hard put to know what to s to somebody who can make such preposterous comparison. I on knew a man who trained houseflies lie on their backs and balance a toot pick on their feet. We discussed t difficulties over the course of seve rainy afternoons, at the end of whi I knew as little about juggling fl as I do about Professor Heinema notions of art.

Appalach

Robert Coles' article, "A Dom of Sorts," in the November 19 *Harper's* is an accurate portrayal the proud children and youth of A palachia. All too often caricatured our national media, the Appalach region is not filled with Snuffy Smi or Beverly Hillbillies or the jackas of *Hee Haw*. The people of the palachian Mountains have gi much to our nation in culture an natural resources but have recei relatively little in return except r cule.

Coles paints an accurate pictur their basic integrity and love of land in the mountains and of growing pride and determinatio build a better future. In the art Marie's father aptly summarizes determination of the people in palachia. After generations of see outsiders tear up whole mount and rip down the forests, they bound to be suspicious of any sider. " 'But if they came to us wanted to bring in some work h and it didn't mean tearing up whole country, and it didn't mean ing up our lungs, then we'd be like any American . . . we'd be w ing, and that would sure be a welc change hereabouts.' "

There is a growing army of yo people in Appalachia who are d mined to see that precisely that pens.

RALPH R. WIDNER, Executive Dire Appalachian Regional Commis Washington,

Vacation in the 18th Century.

The change will do you good. It will take you back to a time chaotic, yet far more courtly an our own. A time when so any new social, political, and ientific ideas burst forth on our orld that calling those years "The lightenment" is clearly an un-erstatement.

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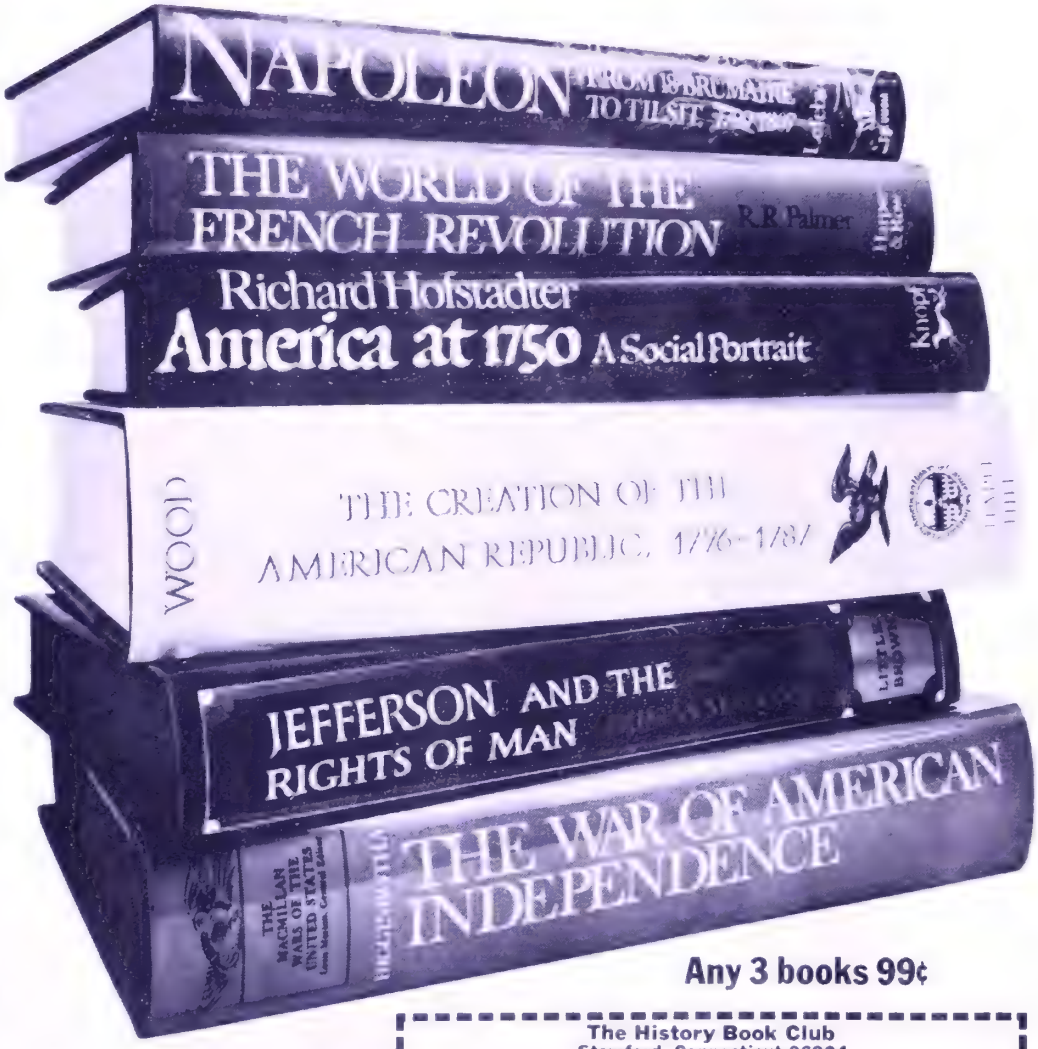
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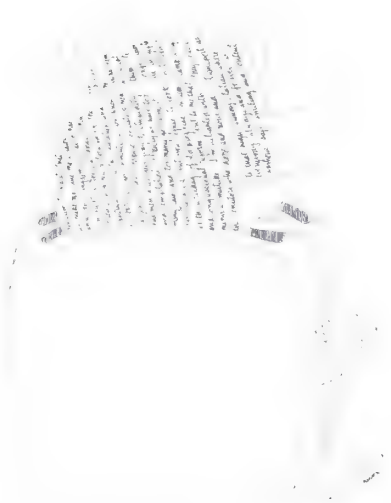
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Lewis H. Lapham

THE EASY CHAIR

Letter to a doctrinaire friend



My Dear Sherman,

Once again you write to me demanding that I subscribe to another of your petitions. Within the space of a paragraph you accuse me of cynicism and ask me for money, and, as always, you recite the annual chronicle of lamentations. You complain about the continuing injustice of society (this despite the organization of God knows how many radical committees), and you rail against the perfidy of Congressmen, the decadence of network television, and the thievery of multinational corporations.

If I didn't know you, Sherman, I might be persuaded by your eloquence. But we have shared too many of the same vanities and too many of the same literary agents. Why must you insist on speaking always as if from the heights of Mt. Sinai? What sort of things must you be telling your students at the university?

Your letter disturbs me because so much of it is so familiar and because, by now, I would have expected you to abandon the persona of the revolutionary manqué. It seems that I have listened to your nonsense for the past eight years—in the mouths of literary or political figures who hold court on the West Side and delight the assembled flatterers with tales of folly and misrule; in the writings of dyspeptic journalists announcing imminent doom; in the high, piping voices of social critics who peer out to sea and predict the end of Western civilization. (In New York, as at the university, literary has become synonymous with political, and it is de rigueur for ambitious novelists to display their knowledge of Marxist theory. Seventy years ago a young writer was required to attend polite tea parties and inquire about the customs of the English countryside; today he must plod wearily between rallies for oppressed minorities. It comes to the same thing.)

If I do not question your intelligence or the earnestness of your intentions, then I am bewildered by your credulity. Your denunciations, like those of your many colleagues, become increasingly strident and humorless, and I begin to wonder at your expectations.

How else to explain the extent of your bitterness and disillusion? I have reread your letter several times, and I can come to no other conclusion. You must have begun with an image of extraordinary sanctity, an idea of government similar to the photographs of New England village greens in a high-school social stud text. Consider the extravagance your expectations.

Lewis H. Lapham, managing editor of Harper's, *has been a journalist for fifteen years, first as a reporter for newspapers in San Francisco and New York, then as a writer for a number of national magazines.*

Of politicia

YOU CONDEMN THEM as "cha tans . . . who buy the cameras the media" and who then betray trust of the people who elected th All elections you describe as a cho between "inevitable evils."

But I have known a number of p ticians, and I have found them to engaging companions. Gregaric easy in conversation, generous w praise for passersby, willing to m all manner of promises, forever picting the utopia that surely m come to pass next month or next ye They are cheerful fellows, given o to dreams.

Why, then, your routine cond nations? Presumably because believe the overblown campaign rh oric, and so, enthralled by your c expectations, you await the triump coming of a hero. But a politicia a man seldom interested in do anything at all, much less anyth heroic. He hopes to avoid decisi and when confronted with a so problem he seeks the appearance solution, never the solution its Solutions inevitably invite enem (those who failed to get the contr the lobby without its share of spoils, etc.), and politicians t great pains to avoid making enem of anybody who can attract mo or a crowd.

Which doesn't strike me as m strous. Would you expect a cir

robat to discourse on the works of ›ictetus? Occasionally a politician ll blunder into a courageous ac-›n, and whenever possible, allowing r circumstances and the will of his vners, he will redeem his campaign omises. That seems to me sufficient. xpectations more grandiose than at must lead you into pasting your ›corative fantasies over some other ndidate, who, with the passing of ne, will lead you back into the mud.

Of the press

YOU OBSERVE "gross distortions" in the newspapers, and you en-›se clippings from the *New York mes* with the offending passages rcled in red pencil. I am touched your exclamation points and by e testimony of your hurriedly rawled outrage. But I am surprised u continue in the popular error.

The trouble derives from a con-sion between art and science. Most ople, even those who contribute to think of the press as something guely "scientific," a discipline hav-g to do with facts, analysis, observ-le phenomena, objective truth, etc. it that is largely wrong. The press ist be understood as a minor handi-aft. Like basket-weaving or the ›cing together of mosaics.

Or, to put the point another way, e news must be interpreted in the me manner that you interpret the fraction of light when trying to dge the size or shape of an object ng half submerged in a shallow nd. The water corresponds to the econceptions through which the ws always travels.

Nobody gets indoctrinated into ese preconceptions (as in the Ag-w theory of conspiracy), but re-rters acquire them as a matter of urse. They learn to recognize the ›ries that never make the paper (or six o'clock news), and they learn distinguish the people who don't unt (a category that comprises ost of the people who lead interest-g and worthwhile lives).

You also misunderstand the cor-›tion of the press. It is a corollary the proximity to political power, d the clearest examples can be seen Washington. The reporter who reg-rly goes to dinner with an Under-›retary of Defense (or equivalent ›cials in the White House and other leral bureaucracies) comes to think of himself as a minister without portfolio. This is an illusion, but it is a seductive one. The reporter begins to give advice on Indochina, imagining that his advice weighs heavily in the conduct of affairs; he becomes accustomed to traveling in political retinues, thus reserving for himself a measure of celebrity; he acquires the habit of reading secret documents as if this were his official prerogative, without a thought of disclosing their contents to his readers. Most high-level journalists are interchangeable with middle-level bureaucrats.

Again, Sherman, the mistake has to do with the expectation. You want to believe in a press that conforms to the image in the movies—fearless, honest, relentless in its search for the truth. But that is not what most of the press is about. It supports the status quo and reiterates the approved model of reality because it is owned by the people who have an interest in promulgating that reality.

You should not be deceived by last summer's publication of the Pentagon Papers in the *New York Times*. The flowering of adulation that appeared in other segments of the press ("integrity," "journalistic triumph," etc.) must be construed as the reaffirmation of a threadbare myth.

Read the editorials in the *Times* as recently as six years ago, when it wasn't politic to disparage the war in Vietnam. Consider the routine acquiescence that now characterizes the daily reporting of, say, the Middle East. Surely the government must be entering into secret deals with Israel or the Arab states; surely we must be embarking on other bitter crusades. But we won't hear about them until the public-opinion polls show that we agree with what already has happened. At that point the press discovers its principles.

None of which should trouble you. You must read the papers as you would a novel. If you don't care for the characters or the story, then you can write a letter to the authors. But do not expect them to relinquish the melodramatic formulas that they can advertise with the slogan that truth is stranger than fiction.

Of big business

I AM AMUSED by your attack on "the established interests" who, in your phrase, "combine in their greed



to glut themselves on the labor of the people." True, Sherman, all too true. But why else do people go into business? Certainly not for the conversation.

If we live in a society that covets riches, and if we attribute magical properties to large accumulations of money, then how do we condemn the people who succeed at the enterprise we most admire? Would you have corporate vice presidents abandon themselves to a life of contemplation in Vermont? Presumably they prefer the more complicated forms of chicanery, carried on with quiet rectitude in comfortable offices overlooking the Hudson River. They chose their occupation after considerable thought, and who are we to deny them the rights guaranteed by the Constitution and assiduously protected by the federal regulatory agencies?

Do you envision a state in which every citizen receives the same amount of money for whatever it is he happens to want to do? But that runs counter to the militant individualism you not only propose to your classes but also reserve for yourself. Suppose that the sacred freedom of expression takes the form of making money instead of jeremiads?

Of celebrities

YOU SAY YOU APPEARED the other night on a television talk show, and you report disappointment in the national figures with whom you shared the brief attention of the camera. You found them "oddly bland," and you wonder why you had hoped for something else.

I would guess that you expected your arguments somehow to acquire public reality. But instead they seemed to diminish and become trivial. That phenomenon has to do with the indifference of the television camera. It makes no distinctions and so gives precisely the same weight and substance to people as diverse as Pablo Casals, Teddy Kennedy, Merv Griffin, and Mrs. Winston Guest. If they are notorious, for whatever reason, it makes no difference what they do or what they say. Like flies in amber they are transformed into tiny art objects.

As celebrities they constitute the minor aristocracy of the age. They establish the fashion, both in language and dress, and they appear to inhabit a world that seems as magical as the enchanted garden in a fairy tale. Thus when we move among them we expect them to confer upon us the gifts of Aladdin's lamp, as if they could transport us to that high, sunny plateau where everybody, always and forever, is famous, safe, smiling, and content.

Of gentlemen in power

I AM NOT SURE what it is that you expect of the state. Loving-kindness? The wisdom of Solomon? Divine revelation?

You seem to insist that we make more and more laws until the Kingdom of Heaven has been built in the flatlands of New Jersey, with money allocated by the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare. But governments, as you know to your sorrow, Sherman, consist of men, and men, alas, give way to stupidity and temptation. Already we have too many laws and too many government functionaries, but you refuse to look at the wreckage of old programs. You demand Congressional reform, but to me that seems a mistake. I'm delighted with the Senators who doze and nod and dismiss legislation with the impatient gesture of an old man's hand. They preserve me from efficiency and from the kind of people who surround President Nixon in the White House. At the moment, the Congress manages to pass only a few bills a year, most of them poorly conceived. Imagine the restrictions and the surfeit of bureaucrats if Congress could make laws out of every political promise.

As for the gentlemen in the White House, those to whom you refer as "technocratic villains," why, to me, they seem no different than the men who advised Presidents Kennedy and Johnson. You complain of their "mad lust for power" and their willingness to disassociate themselves from the killing in Vietnam. But men who seek political power must always trade in sophistries. That is their metier.

I suspect that you continue to hope for the appearance of a Thomas a Becket or a Thomas More, both of whom, quite properly from the point of view of the state, were murdered. Delicacy of feeling is an attribute that statesmen encourage in their wives, a gracious accomplishment in the manner of flower arrangement or an appreciation of nineteenth-cent piano music.

You should reflect upon the vantages that the government stows upon you. It supports you w grants, it has protected you from invasion of foreign armies, and permits you a considerable num of personal freedoms. Not the le of these is the opportunity to publi denounce the government and th by the demonstration of your m eminence, to earn large sums of m ey from your books and to wal in the applause of the intelligentsi

FORGIVE ME if this letter seems you intemperate, too harsh a sponse to your request for a signat and a modest contribution. But you I recognize my own worst te encies toward rhetorical exagg tion, and I am tired of the nois listen to so many people who m the same romantic arguments t sometimes I feel obliged to adop persona of my own. If you can p at revolutionary, then I can play weary courtier, accustomed to p siding at the death of kings.

Perhaps I am subsiding into dreariness of responsible middle a perhaps I display an unromantic w ingness to compromise, to settle less, to be satisfied with a minor vance on a remote sector of the fr I no longer insist on major onslaug or unconditional surrenders. I g old, Sherman, and I am obliged deal with the people you so gl condemn from an academic dista

I am not as cynical as you supp but neither do I share what I tak be your unstated faith in the go ness of mankind. In a religious c text I can believe in the idea redemption, but not in a politi context. The extravagance of your pectations (not only yours but a those of the journalists and crit who continually fill the public pr with "charges," "demands," "o looks," "protests," etc.) leads y into a continual sequence of disi sions. Each disappointment escala the rhetoric, until finally you will satisfied only with the emergence a demagogue. Which, during brief time that it takes to round the candidates for the firing squ will provide you at last with a ge inely dramatic street theater.

Lewis Laph

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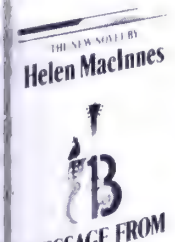
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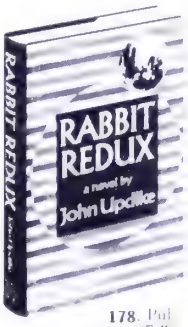
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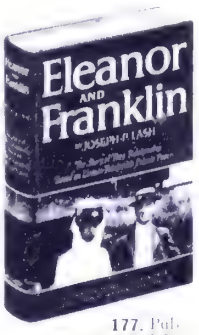
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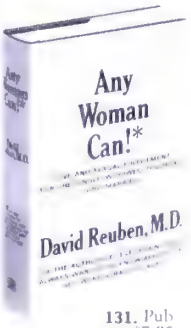
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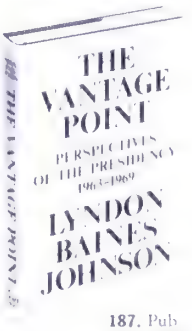
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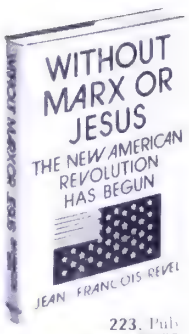
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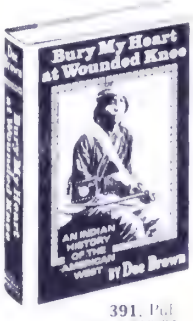
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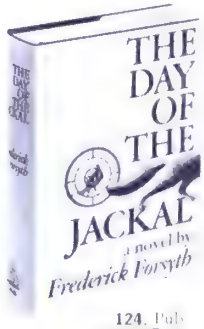
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Jeff Greenfield

HOCKEY FANATICS

The game is homicidal, but the real killers are in the stands

. . . gave proof, through the night, that our flag was still there . . .

A stirring.

. . . Oh, say does tha-at star-spangled ba-a-ne-er ye-et wa-ave . . .

The clapping and whistling start, faintly, somewhere in the far reaches of the balcony.

. . . O'er the la-and of the free . . .

It is spreading—cheers, claps, whistles, shrieks from Air Blast horns and plastic trumpets, from every part of the arena.

. . . And the home . . .

FORGET IT. When the New York Rangers are at Madison Square Garden, you never hear the last words of the National Anthem. A continuous roar explodes through the Garden: the skaters, lined up at attention along the blue lines, break from their stances, wheel, and skate by their nets, tapping the leg pads of the goalies for luck. The referee hovers over the circle at center ice, ready to drop the frozen rubber puck between the sticks of the players and begin the game.

From her permanent seat in the first row of the balcony—it's called the "mezzanine," for the same reason that the smallest tubes of toothpaste you can buy are called "large"—Wanda performs her face-off ritual. As the last strains of the National Anthem are swallowed by the crowd, she shuts her eyes, makes the sign of the cross, and clasps her hands to the sky in prayer. This affirmation of faith completed, Wanda leans over the railing, cups her hands to her mouth, and screams with unbelievable power, "Come on, you sons of bitches—*kill 'em*!"



WANDA and the 17,000 others who filled Madison Square Garden for virtually every Ranger home game last season are not "enthusiasts" or "fans." Communicants, perhaps. More accurately, they are witnesses—witnesses to a tragedy.

As everyone remembers, Aristotle taught that tragedy is a catharsis of emotion through pity and terror; an exercise in which we learn something of life by watching heroic mortals struggle in a web spun by Higher Forces. We do not watch *Oedipus Rex* or *Hamlet* to find out whether Rex will reign happily ever after, or because we hope Hamlet and Ophelia will settle down at Elsinore. We go to be moved by the spectacle of man challenging his inexorable fate. For the followers of the New York Rangers, this winter marks the resumption of one of the longest ru ning tragedies in history.

The New York Rangers never wi such is the Eternal Verity that e crees their fate and imprisons th fans. Yes, they win games. Yes, t field respectable, even envia teams. But when the final test con the Rangers never win. They h not won the Stanley Cup, symbol major-league-hockey supremacy, o thirty-one years; of the five o veteran clubs, only Detroit has go as long as sixteen years without t ing ultimate victory. The Rang have not even been in the final ro of Cup play for more than twe years; another record of futility matched by the established clu Even in the regular season standi a matter only of pride, the Rang have not finished first in thirty ye

LOSING IS NOTHING NEW to sports fans of New York City; deed, they treat failure with the k of wry affection offered by an e nently rich, respectable family t black-sheep uncle whose catastrop are international, explosive, a slightly risqué. New York is the Apple: failure is dealt with summar and ruthlessly in the world of c merce, industry, finance, politics, the arts. In forgiving the failure our teams, we New Yorkers can of the kind of compassion we are o selves unlikely to receive.

Thus, all through the forty-th year-long baseball dynasty of Yankees, New York's real passi went to the Brooklyn Dodgers, perennial bridesmaids who could w pennants but whose World Ser hopes were doomed to failure at hands of Mickey Owen's drop third strike in 1941, or the awes power of Yankee outfielders. "W till next year" became the rallyi

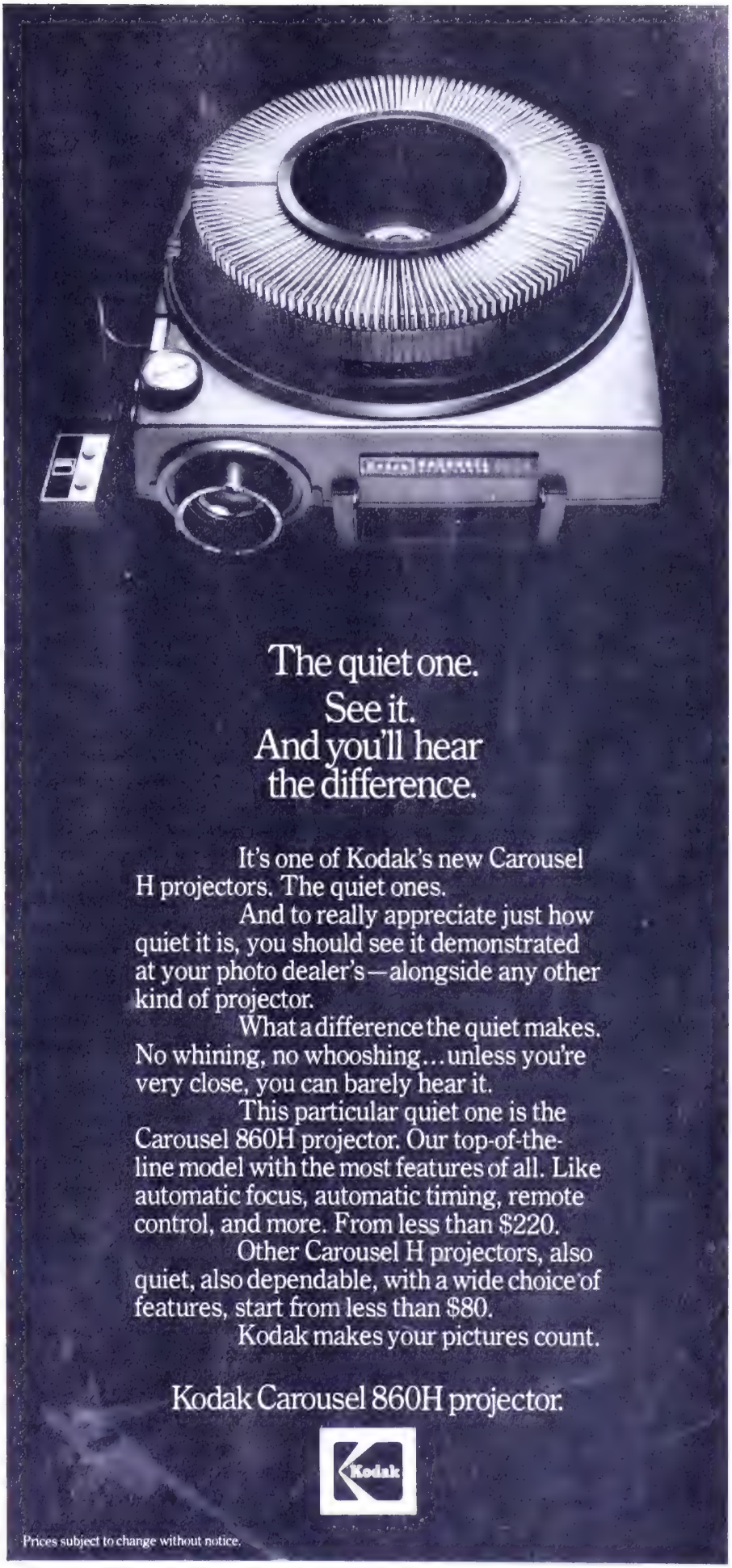
Jeff Greenfield was a speech writer for Robert Kennedy and John Lindsay. He is coauthor of A Populist Manifesto, *to be published this spring by Praeger.*

even before *this* year's spring ining began.

The Mets parlayed losing into an ormous attraction; New Yorkers ne to laugh and stayed to love this pless collection of castoffs, has- ens, and never-would-bes. The ts set an all-time record for most ses in one season; they lost games every way imaginable—once they t a game when the catcher's return ow to the pitcher went wild. And , in 1964, the cellar-dwelling Mets w more fans than the Yankees, o won their American League title er a down-to-the-wire pennant e.

What is different about Ranger is, however, is that they are the y group of New York sports fans *er* to have tasted victory in thirty urs. The Dodgers *did* win a World ies finally (beating the unbeatable nkees in seven games in 1955). e Mets went from a ninth-place ish in 1968 to a 1969 World Series; explosive was the celebration that s drivers let passengers on for free, l Mayor Lindsay's reelection was nonstrably assisted by the good- l that spread over the city. And fans of every other New York m have the remembered taste of tory. Yankee rooters live with the mory of dynasty; the Jets have Joe math and a Super Bowl trophy; nt football fans, reading their road ps to Hackensack, remember the stern Division championships of late Fifties and early Sixties and once-impregnable defense; the icks have a 1970 basketball cham- nship and a still-powerful team. But to be a Ranger fan is to hold the term's original meaning: fa- ic. Moreover, rooting for the Rang- has afflicted all of us—for I am of them—with a nearly incurable izophrenic rage that removes Rang- hockey from the realm of Sport. nger fans, for example, do not id by their heroes; they are the mate summer soldiers of winter rts. A single missed check or bad s can instantly erase a night or a k or a season of spectacular play. leed, there are those who make in- their chief obsession.

Take Wanda (I have changed her ne for fear of physical reprisal), girl who sends up a prayer at the rt of each game. Wanda has the st recognizable, piercing voice in Garden. She also seems to have rned her vocabulary by speed-



reading men's room walls—the breadth and imagery of her obscenities are breathtaking. Often, Wanda arrives forty-five minutes before game time, when the teams are practicing and the arena is empty and quiet. If Wanda is in good form, endearments like these greet the Rangers:

"Arnie Brown, you stink. You're smelling up the ice, Brown. Get canned!"

"Gilbert, you fairy! Drop dead! You're no superstar, Gilbert, you're a superfart!"

"You bum, Neil, on why don't you get hit by a truck, you creep!"

Throughout the game Wanda questions graphically the manhood, ancestry, sanitary habits, patriotism, and sobriety of every Ranger player. But it's *her team* she wants them to win. When a Ranger scores, it is Wanda who leaps to her feet, embracing whoever is next to her, suffused with ecstasy. When the Rangers win a game, it is Wanda who is chief celebrant. Her joy at their triumphs and her anger at their failures are constantly at war with each other, and the sounds of combat fill the Garden every Wednesday and Sunday night.

Or consider Red: one of the authentic communicants. Red and his colleagues know everything about the Rangers. They know where the players live. They show up at practice sessions to roar encouragement and abuse. They study the yearbooks and the charts. They can remember—and will tell you, with very little urging—every mistake every player made in every game over the past four seasons.

Hard-core fans like Red hold a place of honor at the Garden; through him, the ordinary fan can test his judgment. There are two fifteen-minute rest periods in a hockey game, natural occasions for Instant Analysis and Querulous Commentary. At any given moment, clusters of communicants and acolytes are grouped around refreshment stands or in the aisles, reviewing the shortcomings of the Rangers.

Here, Red is in his element. Somewhere in his early twenties, Red has all the makings of a loser. He is very overweight; his face is round, chubby, topped with bright orange hair. He is, perhaps, a gas-station attendant, a shipping clerk. But here, lounging against the balcony guardrail, his back to the ice, Red is king. He knows everything you always wanted to know about the Rangers—and if you are afraid to ask, he will tell you.

When Red holds court, novices and apprentices group around him from neighboring sections, firing their tentative opinions at him two or three at a time, ready to change their minds immediately if Red should disagree. It sounds like children on a beach, imploring their slumbering parents to watch them, *really watch* them.

Red! Red! Did you see Balon poke check—

"Red! Hey, Red! That Gilbert stunk up the ice tonight, didn't he—

Hey, Red! Pretty good checking by Stewart—

Like a chess master taking on twelve opponents at the same time, Red turns from one to the other, scornfully dismissing one, magnanimously assenting to another.

"Unbelievable," he says. "Unbelievable! *Three* power plays and we get *four* shots on goal. *Four!* If that—Gilbert? How the hell can you blame Gilbert, didn't you see—get out of here with that crap, *Seiling*. Neilson and Seiling *together* can't—hitting? *Hitting?* Where did you see hitting? Damn right, I tell you . . ."

His audience is rapturous. It's so hard to get Red's attention that it is something of a privilege to be attacked as an idiot. At least he listened.

DRIVEN BY SUCH PASSION, torn between joy and fury at the performance of his team, the Ranger fan cannot be expected to spare compassion on the foe. And he does not. In common with hockey fans across the continent, the Ranger rooter is one of the most unsportsmanlike sports buffs in existence.

In baseball or football, an opponent's injury brings a hush to the most partisan crowd. The trainer rushes onto the field. After a few moments of ministrations, the enemy combatant struggles to his feet and gamely hobbles off the field to the cheers of the fans.

With Ranger fans . . . well, take the case of Ted Green, a Boston Bruin defenseman, a feared player who seemed to regard hockey as an unfortunate interruption between brawls. In the fall of 1969, in the midst of a fight, a stick crashed down on Green's skull and fractured it. After hanging between life and death for days, Green returned to hockey with a steel plate embedded in his head.

In any other sport, Green's courage would have earned him respectful cheers. But last season, at the Garden, Green was met by a chorus of jeers and boos.

"Come on, Green, get off the ice, you're all washed up," one fan yelled over and over. "Go home, you have been." And then, as a lull settled over the crowd and the steel-plated Green skated into position for a face-off, a voice came booming out of the balcony:

"*Come on, Ironhead, get off the ice!*"

This gleeful and absolute hatred of the enemy blossoms during a fight. There is, in hockey, no idiotic propaganda that violence is only incidental to the game. When you put strong men on skates and arm them with sticks, people will hit each other. Almost no one gets hurt in a fight. Skates don't give much traction, and most fights start and end with arm wrestling, pulling a jersey over a rival's head, and falling on the ice.

But when a real brawl erupts—with fists flying all over the ice—the fans forgive anything, including a losing game, to roar out the bloodlust. (It is, indeed, something of a tradition for a losing hockey team to stage a wild fight in the last period of play, to inspire its rooters.) During last season's Stanley Cup opening round, the Rangers were losing to the Toronto Maple Leafs when an all-out Pier 6 brawl erupted. In the fracas, Toronto goalie Bernie Parent left his net to join in, a severe breach of etiquette, which holds that goalies are valuable and vulnerable players—and neither aggressors nor victims in a fight.

Suddenly, to the astonished roar of the crowd, Ranger goalie Ed Giacomin skated the length of the ice and crashed into his opposite number. After fifteen minutes of mayhem, order was restored—and Toronto goalie Parent found himself without his $200 customized face mask. A Ranger had yanked it from his head and thrown it into the crowd, where it mysteriously disappeared.

"Keep it! Keep it!" the fans started chanting when they realized what had happened. "Don't give it back! Don't give it back!" The Rangers didn't, and Toronto was forced to put in a new goalie. (Incredibly, another fight broke out thirty-four seconds later, the substitute Toronto goalie started throwing punches, and Ranger Giacomin *again* skated the length

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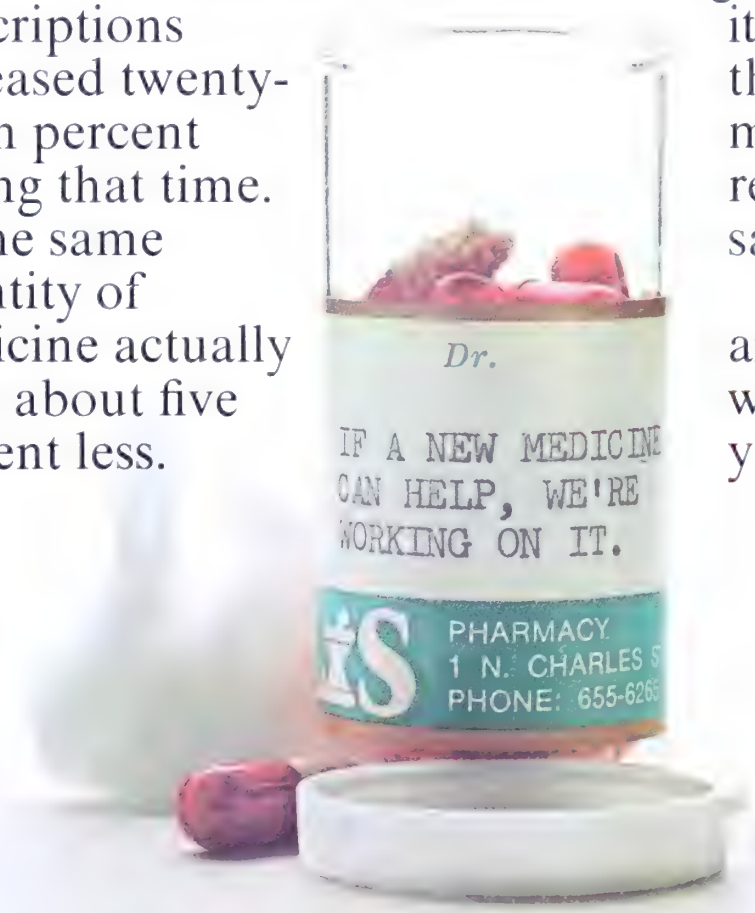
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ıe ice to crash into his rival. This
: the face mask was securely an-
ed to the goalie's face.)

VEN THE WILLINGNESS of Ranger fans to pour abuse on their heroes villains, they are beyond hope n it comes to judging the fairness eferees. It is often hard to dis-uish between legal and illegal es in hockey, because the game fast and so violent even when it layed according to Hoyle. But r thirty years of frustration, New k's hockey maniacs are convinced *somebody* must be out to get ı. And just as it is easier to per-le unemployed workers about erful conspiracies of Eastern kers than it is to convince affluent dle-class people, so the very rd of futility is proof that the rees are in league against the gers. Learning this Truth—learn-o yell, "Get the ref! Get the ref!" never he calls a penalty against -is something like a rite of pas-

ere is an eight-year-old boy at-ing his first hockey game, far in the second promenade, sit-with his father, who has paid a ber $20 each for two $7.50 ts. The father has the look of a etual victim, the kind of man works for a combination of oge and Mr. Dithers, the kind of who is insulted by bus drivers snubbed by Sabrett hot-dog lors.

ıt tonight, the father is part of Crowd. As the game begins, ref-John Ashley, the senior official e National Hockey League and a icularly despised referee in New k, is introduced.

Boooo! Booo!" the father shouts. u're a bum, Ashley! Go home!" son watches with fascination.

s the game progresses, the father's gnation mounts. Every time a ger player is penalized, he is out s seat.

Ashley, you stink! You Commu-" His voice breaks, sweat pours n his face. He draws on an in-ustible wellspring of rage: every p-voiced politician, every cred-is down there on the ice, dis-ed as John Ashley.

ıe son learns quickly. By the time first period ends, he is standing his seat, hands cupped to his th, echoing his father's anger:

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"Ashley, you . . . rotten, lousy louse! You bum!" There is no generation gap at Madison Square Garden.

Father and son also possess another abiding characteristic of New York hockey fans: they love not wisely but too well. Unlike their Canadian counterparts, New Yorkers do not grow up with hockey; few of them play the game as children, or even watch it frequently. It is, unlike baseball, football, or basketball, an acquired taste. It is also, at first glance, a ridiculously simple game. Once a fan learns about off-sides (the puck must precede an attacking player across the blue line) and icing (you can't counter an attack by shooting the puck all the way down the ice) he knows enough to follow the play of the game. No self-respecting football fan would dare to offer advice without couching it in jargon: red dogs, crack-back, blitz, zig-out, passing planes, moving pockets, flares, and loops. In the Garden, the advice tends to be simpler.

"Shoot!" the father yells as the Rangers set up a play. "Shoot!" he yells as they regroup behind their own goal. The arsenal of offensive weapons —swift passing, feints to draw defensemen out of position, faked shots —he has no truck with these. "Come on, shoot, shoot, for Christ's sake, sho-o-o-ot!" It is rather like listening to Al Capp advise the National Guard on how to cope with student dissent.

At its most intense, the fervor of a Ranger communicant transcends normal modes of communication. Iris, the queen of section 320, has reached that height. She is an anomaly—a hard-core Ranger fan who is a black woman. Most hockey fans are men, largely drawn from the white working class. But Iris is more than a token. She comes to the games armed with a large wicker basket: in it is a portable radio, so she can listen to a broadcast of the game she is attending; binoculars; a Ranger yearbook; and score sheets on which she records every goal, and every penalty, of every game.

So completely is Iris taken with the sport that she no longer cheers in English; she speaks instead in the language of tongues.

"Yaaahhh, yaaaahhhh, c'moooonnnn!" she cries, as a Ranger flies down the ice.

"Whhaaat?" she screams as a Ranger power play is nullified by an offside call. "You—what—aaaaaaggghhh!"

A Ranger trips an opponent, and a penalty is called.

"You cra—arrgh—faaaghhhh!"

FOR ALL OF US—Wanda, Red, Iris the father—the 1970-71 season was going to be Our Year. It was only logical: the Jets and Mets in 1969, the Knicks in 1970, and 1971 was the Rangers' turn. And after the Rangers won the first round for the first time in twenty years, it seemed indeed that this time the fates would be on our side. And so, in the sixth game of the semi-final round, we gathered to watch the Rangers battle the Chicago Black Hawks and their fate.

The Black Hawks were ahead in the series, three games to two. A loss would eliminate New York; a win would send the teams to Chicago for a decisive seventh game. When the Rangers fell behind 2-0, it seemed that the inevitable tragic end was in sight. But the fates were playing subtler games this time.

By the third period, the Rangers had tied the score at 2-2. By the end of the period, the score was the same. But there are no ties in Stanley Cup play-offs; the teams keep playing twenty-minute periods until somebody scores—and whoever scores first wins the game.

As the first overtime began, the tension became ridiculous. Even Mike the Usher, gray-haired, iron-faced, horn-rimmed, imperturbable, was perched on a stair, watching intensely.

THE OPENING MINUTE of play. Both the Rangers and the Black Hawks come within inches of scoring the decisive goal.

"Jeez," Mike says. "I haven't bitten my nails in thirty years."

"Keep bitin' 'em," a spectator growls. "That's the last time we won the goddamn Cup."

The first overtime period ends with the score still 2-2.

"I can't look," Mike the Usher moans. "The only way I can take a game like this is if I'm half in the bag."

The second overtime period begins, with Chicago attacking mercilessly. A shot hits the right post of the goal. Two inches over and it would have won the game and the series for the Black Hawks. Another

cago shot—and this one hits the post.

They're tryin' to kill me," Mike s. "The bastards are tryin' to kill "

he second overtime period ends. ween the mass rush to the men's ns, and the queue for frantic tele- ne calls to wives and baby-sitters, e of the exhausted fans doze in r seats.

he *third* overtime period begins. been forty years since the Rangers ed a triple overtime game. The d is silent, half from tension, from exhaustion. Then, two min- into the period, a Ranger shot gs against the boards and re- nds out in front of the net. Ted ne slams the puck past the Chi- goalie. The red light flashes on. Rangers have won.

or a full two seconds, the bone- ry crowd, hypnotized by four rs of hockey, sits stunned. Then roof gently lifts off and the den goes up for grabs. Mike ds up solemnly and begins shak- hands with the men and kissing women. Iris is dancing, hugging yone within reach.

You know," Mike says, "I *know* e gonna lose that seventh game. at least I can die happy."

Lose?" yells a bystander. "*Lose?* 're outta your mind. We're going he way All the way!"

HREE DAYS LATER in Chicago, the Rangers lost 4-2. Chicago went o the finals, where they lost the nth game of the championship Montreal. The Rangers went home.

HIS WINTER the witnesses have returned. The scalpers shuffle and forth in front of the Garden, eptitiously hawking their wares ront of the uniformed police.

Who's selling?" "Who's buy " "Who needs two?" "Who's one?"

he fans pour abuse on the Rang- they revile every official, they r every goal. By now, they are g themselves, this year, this time, he way. And by April or March, erhaps by May, if the torture is nded, the Rangers will lose gal- y or foolishly or heroically, but will lose and we will tell our- s, well, *next* year . . . □



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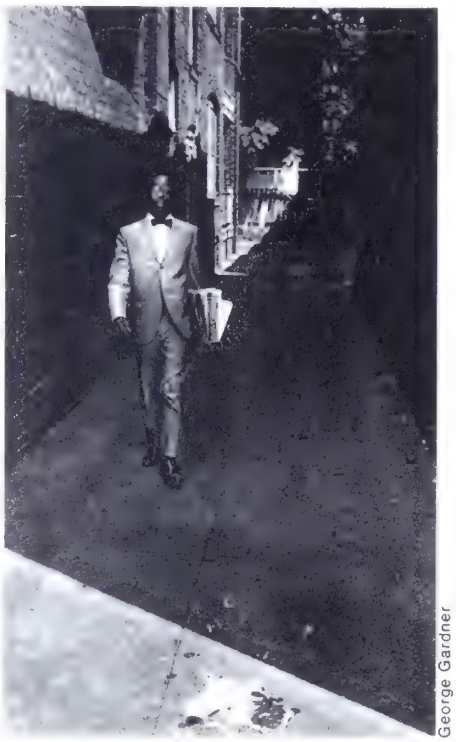
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SOUL IN SUBURBIA

The dilemma of the black middle class



George Gardner

IF YOU SPOKE TO ME on the streets of New York, you would assume that I was middle class, for there is nothing in my speech or mannerisms that assigns me to the despairing underclass of that city. As far as I can remember, my family on the lonely, volcanic island of St. Vincent was never destitute. We knew who we were, and we knew that in the social hierarchy of the island we had a secure place.

My father was a self-made man. In his youth he had emigrated to the prosperous Dutch island of Curaçao, and there he must have nourished his West Indian parsimony; after a few years he returned to St. Vincent with enough money to build a stone house and buy a bus. He was called, then, "Pretty Boy Coombs," for he was a striking figure, 6 feet 4 inches, handsome, self-assured, and given to wearing sailor caps and scarves in the tropical sun. He drove his bus with the certain arrogance of a young man who sees how he is going to make his way, and soon he had other buses and drivers to drive them.

By the time I reached puberty, my father and mother operated a retail store and planted arrowroot, sugarcane, and bananas on several acres of fertile land that they owned. As my father prospered, his name changed from "Pretty Boy" to "Big Man," and as his stomach rounded, he assumed the position of town oracle. He would give advice on marriages, land disputes, and illegitimate children; he would counsel cuckold husbands and regale his contemporaries with ribald jokes. The people in the town loved him, I think, because his laughter was like theirs and his pleasures very simple. He once told me that he had no inclination to do what other middle-class West Indians then loved to do, which was to make a grand tour of England. He could dream, he said, whenever he wanted to that he was standing in front of Buckingham Palace, and that dream cost him nothing. His attempts at ostentation were usually the result of my mother's proddings, and even those lacked style. When he bought the first two-toned four-door Chevrolet on our island and hired a chauffeur to drive us around on weekends, he did not hesitate to tell the man to pick up other passengers along the way and to charge them a dollar for the ride.

On that tiny island, middle-class black parents wanted their progeny to do well in school; to become men and women of whom they could be proud. They wanted us to believe in the efficacy of family life, to have respect for our elders and faith in God's ultimate goodwill. They assumed that their children would never marry below their class, and, floating [illegible] they did within the Western am [illegible] many hoped that their children wo[uld] "marry light."

We were a privileged black gro[up] and we did not have much feeling [for] the poverty-stricken of our isla[nd]. We gave them old clothes, or the [odd] dollar, I suppose, but we could [not] conceive of them rapidly chang[ing] their station. We believed that [the] poor would always be with us, a[nd] we expected their overwhelm[ing] gratitude if we noticed them.

IN THE SUMMER OF 1960, a group [of] Choate students came to St. V[in]cent. They were on a goodwill trip [to] extol the decency of American dem[oc]racy. We had never before entertai[ned] American students, although e[ven] then we had had our fill of those wh[ite] American tourists who found [our] thatched houses "quaint" and [the] frangipani "fabulous." But th[ese] young men had a certain easiness [of] manner, and because we had b[een] raised under the regimentation o[f] pseudo-British grammar school, [we] could not help but admire them. Th[ey] were brash, spoke back to th[eir] teacher, talked about masturbati[on] and abortion, and in four days tri[ed] to tell us how to run our school.

When one boy found out that [I] planned to go the following year [to] the London School of Economics, [he] told me that I ought to consider Ya[le]. He was sure that I would enjoy [the] American university, and that [I] would be fascinated by Americ[a]'s wealth. "The good life is in the Unit[ed] States," he said. "I've been to E[n]gland three times, and many peo[ple] there are underfed." And so, in 19[60] I came to America.

Orde Coombs is the author of Do You See My Love For You Growing? *to be published this spring by Dodd, Mead.*

Another of the students, the son of famous television star, invited me spend a few days with his family their estate in Rye, New York, be- e I went to New Haven. The day er I arrived, we went to Harlem. meone had asked me to deliver a kage of West Indian herbs to an ng cousin, and my host drove me re. It was a hot September day. ildren were jumping rope while less adults sat and stared at us as parked. We walked up the four hts to the tenement apartment, and en we came down fifteen minutes er, the car's back window had been ashed; my friend's tape recorder l clothes were gone. We asked if one had seen the culprit, and were l by everyone sitting in full view of car not ten feet away that they had n and heard nothing. I tried to ooth my rage, for I thought I was ng made a fool of. With as much nity as I could muster, I got in car, as my friend smilingly said: ow you've seen Rye, and you've n Harlem. You've *almost* seen erica."

didn't quite know what he meant n, but three days later I was to member his remark when on our y to New Haven we turned off the rritt Parkway at the Dixwell Ave- exit. As we got closer to Yale, black slum got worse until sud- ly, a stone's throw away from that d, garbage-strewn avenue, the k and beautiful neo-Gothic towers Morse and Stiles colleges thrust ir way into that autumn sky. Such tapositions of white wealth and k poverty I could understand at ne, but I could not then quite bring self to believe that they existed in erica, the vehement proselytizer of nocracy.

THERE WERE FOUR black Americans in my class of more than 00, and one invited me to spend Easter vacation with him in Washton. I had told him that all the ks I had seen so far had been r.

I know all about the rich singers," ad remarked, "and I have seen slums—what about those in ween?" It was in Washington, , that I first met black middle- s Americans. Right away I began eel a certain uneasiness, a sense I had not really escaped the tness of my own little island. It



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did not take me long to find out that in the Northeast many of the black bourgeoisie know each other, party together, and spend their summers in the quiet comfort of Highland Beach on Chesapeake Bay, in Oak Bluffs on Martha's Vineyard, and in Sag Harbor, Long Island. Most of the young people I met that spring were going either to Ivy League schools or to Howard University or to Stanford. All were sons and daughters of the black professional class. Everyone had a car. No one had any friends in the black slums, and with the exception of making quick visits to poor relatives or picking up late-night snacks of ribs or chicken, my new friends stayed well away from the sprawling ghettos of Washington.

I began to see, too, that there was a kind of ambivalence on the part of my peers as they faced their poor, uneducated brothers. They did not actually dislike the slum dwellers, but they feared their unpredictability, their refusal to live by "acceptable" codes. One spring night, I sat with my middle-class friends in the backyard of a very comfortable Washington home. We had hamburgers and steaks and a very warm feeling of camaraderie. The nephew of a famous black writer was also a guest in that house. The young man had been reared in comfort, and he took great pride in his uncle's accomplishments. It did not matter to him that most of his uncle's fans were whites who relished his tales of pseudo-chivalry but did not know that their author was black.

The young man had been menaced by four youths when he stopped at a light on 14th and U Streets. They had wanted him to empty his pockets, but he had gunned his car and escaped. Now in the safety of this bourgeois backyard, he vehemently denounced the "hooligans" who were making life difficult for everybody. Was there any way he could help these "hooligans," I wondered? He said no: "We have nothing in common but a black skin, and mine is not really black. They are barely existing while I am busy living my life." I agreed that there were two distinct modes of behavior between poor blacks—and *his* peers. But, I asked him, did he not see that it was only luck that separated his moneyed existence from that of the despairing people in the noisome ghettos? He couldn't help that, he said. Besides, he was tired of all the sympathy lavished on ghetto people. Nobody ever spoke of how miserable "these people" made his life, since he always had to prove to white people that he was different.

ALMOST TEN YEARS LATER, after the black pain and tumult and victories of the Sixties, after all the rhetoric of black unity and power, I heard the same sentiment expressed last summer in Oak Bluffs. The speaker, a sixtyish, once-beautiful schoolteacher whose mouth had grown slack from too much Johnny Walker Red with a touch of lemon peel, railed against the poorer blacks who come to Martha's Vineyard for a weekend of revelry. As we sat among the pines and flowers of her garden, she said, "We are very, very down on what I call the rooming-house types. They own nothing, and they come up here with weekend money to upset our equilibrium." There was, I gathered, peace and quiet on her part of the island until these blacks came. And although all the "established" blacks snubbed them, they would doubtless give all black people a bad name. This woman, a charming hostess, lived a life of relative ease, and wanted the whites who gazed on her to know with absolute certainty that she was not like those other people with black skins.

Her venom was not really all that difficult to understand. In the decade since I "became" an American, I have come to realize that it is the charade of integration that sparks these outbursts of indignation from middle-class blacks. The young man and the older woman saw themselves as standard-bearers for the race, and they knew that the poor black with his split infinitives could only be a symbol of equality in white-liberal drawing rooms. They knew that they too were symbols. And this caused their gorges to rise, for in education, money, and achievement they were, perhaps, no different from the whites who so identified them. It was the dichotomy, therefore, of wanting to be released as totems of admiration yet knowing that until the majority of blacks mirrored their achievement, whites would continue to see them as *extraordinary*—that caused their bile to overflow.

They did not see that they had allowed whites to define them and chart their behavior. They did not understand that the proper measure of themselves could only be taken from their poor black brothers and that only the eyes of the ghetto would truly reflect their humanity. I know all this because I too indulged for a time in the foolish pastime of trying to convince whites of the humanity of blacks. I would be sharp and witty and charming at white cocktail parties. I would become for the evening the Ivy League black buffoon in residence. I considered it my duty to meet as many whites as I could and to overwhelm them with my intelligence. What did it matter if I left with a throbbing headache and stumbled home to Anacin and Alka-Seltzer? What if my mind boggled at asinine questions and vapid assumptions? I was in there slugging, doing my bit for the cause. With little pride I now remember those evenings, and the college nights spent trying to persuade two young men from Macon, Georgia, of the validity of black people's lives.

They were both wealthy, and considered themselves aristocrats. One was in my French class. Every question he missed, I answered. I made sure of this by studying French grammar late into the night. And to what avail? To convince one Southerner that a black man knew more French than he did. And what good did this do? None. For until he went to medical school in the North, he was convinced that his maid, who said she couldn't stand Martin Luther King, Jr., was a true reflection of black Southern sentiment. And he was convinced that learning was a most difficult task for blacks. How I regret those useless energies spent under the banner of integration: how much more fruitful it would have been to test my identification with the ghetto black and to learn that resilience and hardiness from him that no school can teach.

WITH THE ONSET of black power and the call to black unity, the new kind of black bourgeois duplicity has set in, for the middle-class black can now seem relevant to the black struggle, while remaining aloof from the battle. It has become fashionable for blacks to say that they are involved in helping other blacks. A myriad of organizations understaffed, underfinanced, and manned by the black bourgeoisie are indeed trying to rekindle black hope. But I wonder if the past is really past. When I com-

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mented recently on the expensive clothes of a colleague who worked with the poor, I was told: "I'm getting mine now. It's not that I'm selling out my soul, it's just that I'm bettering my body."

Last summer, during a weekend in Sag Harbor, I spoke to the bright and pessimistic wife of one of the growing cadre of black bourgeois problem-solvers who traipse from city to state to federal agency talking about "the needs of the people." She felt that they approached the ghetto not as relatives trying to help but as technocrats who take pride in seeing a job done. "They *talk* about helping," she said, "and they feel a bit more guilty than their fathers in being so openly materialistic. But they cannot really identify with poverty. All these young management blacks have become white liberals."

Later she invited me to a beach party. As I sat in a summer night's calm and watched the embers from ten moonlight cookouts glowing along the white beach, my bourgeois friends rapped about how their attempts to help poor blacks had been met with hostility and scorn. The impenetrable communications barrier sapped their energies to the point where they longed to escape from the very people they supposedly wanted to help.

And then someone said: "We're going to have to leave the real work to our children. They are the ones who have always lived with black consciousness, and they will make all black people one." And another, his voice shaking with emotion, said: "We've got to build the economic futures of our children, and with money under their belts, they can take up the fight for all black people." I listened that night as black people pledged their children to the black nation while they remained safe and on the periphery of danger. Did they think they could ever accumulate enough money in America so that their children would be able to spend their lives making philanthropic gestures to other blacks? And what of the present? Must we wait until ten-year-olds grow up before we throw off the crutch of class and move en masse toward real unity? As the chatter died down, I asked a doctor, an old internist, if he thought that his peers should be redirecting their efforts toward the black poor. He said, no, then his face grew somber: "Have you thought about how hard we have had to work for what little we have? We cannot lead, Mr. Coombs, because we are tired people. And no one wants us to lead because we have sold out too often. So we spend our time with each other. We enjoy and respect each other, and we get drunk together. They say the younger guys are closer to their consciences, and that they will work with the poorer Negroes, but I don't believe it. What I do believe is that in this country all middle-class Negroes are fucked up."

AT THE END OF THAT long weekend there was in me a heaviness that would not go away, a feeling that in a time of challenge and danger these former integrationists are now floundering in their own indecision. They have not yet fully realized that no matter how agonizing the differences of style, a tight coalition with their brothers in the horrible slums is vital to their ultimate security. For there is no security for blacks in individual success; there is no escape from the seething underclass and therefore no way to avoid the political maelstrom.

At no small cost to their psyches, these middle-class men and women have won a measure of American comfort. But the work, the sweat, the numbing effort they have put into their endeavors should have made them rich. And had it not been for the racist crunch of their country, they would have by now tasted wealth. Yet they still find that they must work hard and scrimp on some necessities in order to keep up their posture of wealth, their pretense that they are free from financial stress.

It is not difficult to understand why the black bourgeoisie should seek privacy and each other's company. But if there was ever a time when the black masses—bereft of leadership, dulled by dope, by unemployment, by an official national policy of disregard and disrespect—needed the talented bourgeoisie with their degrees and their expertise, it is now. Many of these gifted people, however, seem to wallow in self-pity; and cursed as Oreos by the militants, they no longer want to fraternize with the white middle class. Today, the middle-class black man is, perhaps, the most disturbed of all black men. He is in limbo, and will remain there until he clearly begins to see that the destiny of blacks in the U.S. is in his hands.

THE MATERIAL COMFORT of t Northeastern middle-class bla is, in 1972, a direct result of the urb fires of the North and of the bla Southerners who marched dete minedly along their dustscapes a gave a semblance of change to th country. The thirty-to-forty-year-o black who holds down a good job the North must know that his prese success is a direct result of pa tumult. All his talent, all his effo would not have otherwise given him toehold in television, in consulti firms, in brokerage firms, in advert ing, and in publishing. If he doub this, he has only to look around a see how small his numbers are a how quickly the thrust to recru blacks has abated.

Many of these black men know th they owe their livelihoods to the poorer, more militant brethren. Th know, too, that with all the marchin the rioting, and the dying, the rel tive condition of most black peop has not greatly improved. *In fac only one black group has really ben fited from the turbulence; and that the middle class.* Seizing the mome of noisy change, armed with the ed cation that they had wondered ho they would use, they immediate managed to alter their econom status. If this is true, then the middl class blacks owe a debt to their po brothers that mere benevolence ca not repay. The only way to cancel th debt is to try to lead the weary, th dispossessed, out of their morass. I ca hear the chorus of middle-class ou rage: "Oh, but we have tried. We a the ones who bring the lawsuits, wh hold the benefits and the Nights Excellence for the Urban League." am not impressed. Though some ind viduals have, at great personal cos assumed the mantle of black ma leadership, most bourgeois black have cloaked themselves in recondi chatter about change and left the har task of organizing to those less ta ented than they. They have bee seduced by the American myth of i dividualism and have come to believ that their salvation lies in individu conquests of poverty.

If this were not so, the black midd class would have developed grou goals that would have embraced an funded black art, black music, an black institutions. But there seems t be little faith in black excellence creativity. Witness the fact that th United Negro College Fund, the N

nal Urban League, and the Legal fense Fund must raise most of their ney from white sources. There is tradition of black philanthropy l, with the exception of the rches, no attempt to sustain, ough black initiative only, the in- utions that serve black people. eryone decries this, or stresses our k of wealth, but no one demands t there be sacrificial giving on our t, that we give up another bottle Cutty Sark and send that money he National Scholarship Fund for gro Students.

SEEMS TO ME that the black bourgeoisie are now in a more precari- state than they will acknowledge. y can never feel comfortable with despair and filth of the ghettos; l their poor black brothers, having n so few examples of middle-class uism, look with deep suspicion on current halfhearted attempts to ablish blood ties. Therefore, many ddle-class blacks, pummeled and igned by the poor, are retreating n their responsibilities. And so k programs mushroom and die lack of black support, and we find selves fighting each other even as parrot talk of black unity.

Now, I am not advocating messi- leadership. I think the Moses drome has run its course for us. It imply that the time has come for affluent blacks to see that we must e toward broadly based collective ls and that the political and eco- nic power of the slums must be nessed for our collective welfare.

T A PARTY IN Oak Bluffs last sum- mer, I asked one lady what she ught of the Black Panthers, and backed away from me. Eyes king, nostrils opening: "Black thers? We don't talk about all up here. We leave those prob- s in the city, because in this place, ve want to do is relax."

Yes," chimed in a woman with r-blue hair. "We go to the beach, ell dirty jokes, we talk about our ans, about anything that does not uire thought. That is what the mer is all about."

n older friend whose wealth has diminished his fervor for black ration said to them: "Think about man's question. Do you know that too are in danger? Listen. Since invention of the electric motor and the internal-combustion engine, there is no longer any need for mules and niggers. They have already destroyed the mule by making glue out of him, and the question of the nigger is, as yet, undecided. Now do you understand your danger—that your very existence is a political question?"

The lady with the blinking eyes poured herself another jigger of gin, and the lady with the silver-blue hair said: "I want things to change. Quickly. But I also want some peace and quiet."

NOTHING, UNFORTUNATELY, will give her that peace, for the sands under our foundation are shifting, and will shift until the ghetto black can add some gravel to the mix. Yet I understand her ambiguity, for I too am affected with the black middle-class disease. I crave change, but I am afraid to face the fire: I indulge myself in writing harangues, but stay removed from rent strikes: I wince when I read of another black baby bitten in his crib, but I do nothing to make sure that child will never again feel the tooth of a rat.

It is the translation, then, from sensibility to action that the black bourgeois most urgently needs to make. For in the Northeast he has proved the indestructibility of the human spirit. He has carved out of the granite of white hostility and arrogance a semblance of independence. But it is now up to him to offer his talent to the black ghettos, because there can be no relaxation for him while his brother gazes at the world from a garbage can.

In Sag Harbor last summer, I could not help but think how as adolescents in St. Vincent we would wait until Carnival to shout in broken English to our poor black brothers that "all of we is one." Those of us who were light-skinned and educated trumpeted that phrase only once a year, for in that splurge of fantasy and color the wretched of our island could believe us, and we could afford our magnanimity because tomorrow the status quo would remain. It did not seem to us, then, that we were responsible for the black poor, and that we should do more than glimpse their enervating misery. But for the middle-class black American, such mirages of separation are no longer possible. □

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Evelyn Taylor

n sexuality and old age

WHOSE MORALISTS WHO VINDICATE OLD AGE claim that it sets the individual free from his body. The purifica- n of which the moralists speak consists for them essen- ly in the extinction of sexual desires: they are happy think that the elderly man escapes from this slavery d thereby achieves serenity. In his well-known poem, ohn Anderson My Jo," Robert Burns described the ideal couple in whom carnal passion has died quite away. e pair has climbed the hill of life side by side; once they ted blissful hours; now with trembling steps but still nd in hand they must go together along the road that ds to the end of the journey. This stereotype is deeply printed upon the hearts of young and middle aged peo- because they met it countless times in the books of ir childhood and because their respect for their grand- ents persuades them of its truth. The idea of sexual ations or violent scenes between elderly people is deep- shocking.

Yet there also exists an entirely different tradition. The expression, "dirty old man," is a commonplace of popular speech. Through literature and even more through painting, the story of Susanna and the Elders has taken on the value of a myth. The comic theater has endlessly repeated the theme of the ancient lover. As we shall see, this satirical tradition is closer to the truth than the edifying speeches of idealists who are concerned with showing old age as it ought to be.

In childhood, sexuality is polymorphous: it is not centered upon the genital organs. "Only at the end of a complex and hazardous evolution does the sexual drive assume a preeminently genital aspect: at this point it takes on the apparent fixity and finality of an instinct."* From this we may at once draw the conclusion that a person whose genital functions have diminished or become nonexistent is

*J. Laplanche and J.-B. Pontalis, *Vocabulaire de la psychoanalyse*.

not therefore sexless: he is a sexed being—even eunuchs and impotent men remain sexed—and one who must work out his sexuality in spite of a given mutilation.

An inquiry into the sexuality of the aged amounts to asking what happens to a man's relationship with himself, with others, and with the outside world when the preeminence of the genital aspect of the sexual pattern has vanished. Obviously it would be absurd to imagine that there is a simple return to infantile sexuality. Never, on any plane, does the aged person lapse into "a second childhood," since childhood is by definition a forward, upward movement. And then again, infantile sexuality is in search of itself, whereas the aged man retains the memory of what it was in his maturity. Lastly, there is a radical difference between the social factors affecting the two ages.

The enjoyment the individual derives from his sexual activities is rich and manifold to a very high degree. It is understandable that a man or woman should be bitterly unwilling to give it up, whether the chief aim is pleasure, or the transfiguration of the world by desire, or the realization of a certain image of oneself, or all this at the same time. Those moralists who condemn old age to chastity say that one cannot long for pleasures one no longer desires. This is a very short-sighted view of the matter. It is true that normally desire does not arise as desire in itself: it is desire for a particular pleasure or a particular body. But when it no longer rises spontaneously, reflection may very well regret its disappearance. The old person retains his longing for experiences that can never be replaced and is still attached to the erotic world he built up in his youth or maturity. Desire will enable him to renew its fading colors. And again it is by means of desire that he will have an awareness of his own integrity. We wish for eternal youth, and this youth implies the survival of the libido.

"Never, on any plane, does the aged person lapse into 'a second childhood,' since childhood is by definition a forward, upward movement."

Its presence is found only among those who have looked upon their sexuality as something of positive value. Those who, because of complexes rooted in their childhood, took part in sexual activities only with aversion eagerly seize upon the excuse of age to withdraw. I knew an old woman who got her doctor to supply her with certificates so that she could avoid her disagreeable "conjugal duties": as she grew older, the number of her years provided her with a more convenient alibi. A man, if he is half impotent, or indifferent, or if the sexual act worries him badly, will be relieved when age allows refuge in a continence that will seem normal for that time onward.

People who have had a happy sexual life may have reasons for not wishing to prolong it. One of these is their narcissistic relationship with themselves. Disgust at one's own body takes various forms among men and women: but in either, age may provoke it, and if this happens they will refuse to make their body exist for another. Yet there exists a reciprocal influence between the image of oneself and one's sexual activity: the beloved individual feels tha he is worthy of love and gives himself to it unreservedly but very often he is loved only if he makes a conscious effort to be attractive, and an unfavorable image of himself stands in the way of his doing this. In this event a vicious circle is created, preventing sexual relations.

Another obstacle is the pressure of public opinion. Th elderly person usually conforms to the conventional idea He is afraid of scandal or quite simply of ridicule, and in wardly accepts the watchwords of propriety and continence imposed by the community. He is ashamed of h own desires, and he denies having them; he refuses to k a lecherous old man in his own eyes, or a shameless ol woman. He fights against his sexual drives to the point o thrusting them back into his unconscious mind.

As we might on the face of it suppose, seeing that ther is so great a difference between them in their biologica destiny and their social status, the case of men is quit unlike that of women. Biologically men are at the greate disadvantage; socially, it is the women who are worse of because of their condition as erotic objects. In neither cas is their behavior thoroughly understood. A certain num ber of inquiries into it have been carried out, and thes have provided the basis for something in the way of statis tics. The replies obtained are always of dubious value, an in this field the notion of an average has little meaning.

The fear of ridicul

AS FAR AS MEN ARE CONCERNED, the statistics, as it s often happens, merely confirm what everybody know —sexual intercourse diminishes in frequency with ag This fact is connected with the degeneration of the sexu organs, a degeneration that brings about a weakening o the libido. But the physiological is not the only factor tha comes into play. There are considerable differences b tween the behavior patterns of individuals, some bein impotent at sixty and others very sexually active at ove eighty. We must try to see how these differences are to b explained.

The first factor, and one of perfectly obvious impo tance, is the subjects' marital status. Sexual intercourse much more frequent among married men than amon bachelors or widowers. Married life encourages erotic stim ulus: habit and "togetherness" favor its appeasement. Th "psychological barriers" are far easier to overcome. Th wall of private life protects the elderly husband from pub lic opinion, which in any case looks more favorably upo legitimate love than upon unlawful connections. He fee that his image is less endangered. The word image in thi context must be thoroughly understood. Whereas th woman object identifies herself with the total image of he body from childhood on, the little boy sees his penis as a alter ego: it is in his penis that his whole life as a man find its image, and it is here that he feels himself in peril. Th narcissistic trauma that he dreads is the failure of his sex ual organ—the impossibility of reaching an erection, o maintaining it, and of satisfying his partner. This fear i less haunting in married life. The subject is more or les

ɐe to choose the moment for making love. A failure is sily passed over in silence. His familiarity with his part-ɪr makes him dread her opinion less. Since he is less ɪxious, the married man is less inhibited than another. ıat is why many aged couples continue sexual activities.

The loss of his wife will often cause a trauma that shuts man off from all sexual activities, either for a long or ort period or forever. Widowers and elderly bachelors ɔviously have much more difficulty in finding an outlet ɪr their libido than married men. Most have lost their arm: if they try to have an affair, their attempts come nothing. All that remains is venal love: many men have runk from it all their lives, and it would seem to them a nd of giving-in, an acquiescence in the decline of age. ɛt some do turn to it: they either go with prostitutes or ey have a liaison with a woman they help financially. ıeir choice, continence or activity, depends on the bal-ce between the urgency of their drive and the strength their resistance.

Many find an answer in masturbation. A quarter of the bjects questioned by *Sexology* magazine said they had dulged in it either for many years or since the age of ɪty: the latter were therefore brought back to it by aging. ɑtistical cross-checks show that even among married ɛn, many turn to this practice. No doubt many elderly ɛn prefer their fantasies to their wife's age-worn body.

it may happen that either because deep-rooted com-ɛxes or awareness of age turn her against physical love, ɛ companion refuses. Masturbation is then the most nvenient outlet.

The subject's sexual activities are also influenced by his ɛial condition. They go on far longer among manual ɔrkers, among men with a low standard of living than ıong those who are well to do. Workers and peasants ve more straightforward desires, less dominated by ɔtic myths, than the middle classes; their wives' bodies ar out early, but they do not stop making love to them. hen a working man's wife is old, she seems to him less ɔiled than would be the case with a richer husband. Then ain he has less idea of himself than the white-collar ɪker. And he does not take so much notice of public inion, which has less and less force as one goes down ɛ social scale. Old men and women who live almost en-ɛly outside convention—tramps of both sexes, and in-ɒ tes of institutions—lie together without any shame, ɛn in front of others.

Finally, the happier and richer sexual life has been, the ıger it goes on. If the subject has valued it because of narcissistic satisfaction it gives him, he will break it as soon as he can no longer see a flattering reflection of nself in his partner's eyes. If he has intended to assert his ility, his skill, or the power of his charm, or if he has ant to triumph over rivals, then he may sometimes be d of the excuse of age to relax. But if his sexual activities ɛ been spontaneous and happy, he will be strongly in-ıed to carry them on as long as his strength lasts.

Yet the elderly man does not take so vehement a plea-e in intercourse as a youth does, and this is because the ɔ stages of ejaculation are reduced to one: he no longer s that piercing sensation of imminence which marks the passage from the first to the second, nor yet the triumphant feeling of a jet, an explosion—this is one of the myths that gives the male sexual act its value. Even when the aged man is still capable of normal sexual activity, he often seeks indirect forms of satisfaction: even more so if he is impotent. He takes pleasure in erotic literature, licentious works of art, dirty stories, the company of young women, and furtive contacts; he indulges in fetishism, sadomasochism, various forms of perversion, and, particularly after the age of eighty, in voyeurism. These deviations are readily comprehensible. The fact is, Freud has established that there is no such thing as a "normal" sexuality: it is always "perverted" insofar as it does not break away from its origins, which required it to look for satisfaction not in any specific activity but in the "increase of pleasure" attached to functions dependent upon other drives. Infantile sexuality is polymorphically perverse. The sexual act is considered "normal" when the partial activities are merely preparatory to the genital act. But the subject has only to attach too much importance to these preliminary pleasures to slip into perversion. Normally, seeing and caressing one's partner plays an important part in sexual intercourse. It is accompanied by fantasy; sadomasochistic elements appear; and often fetishism, clothes, and ornaments evoking the presence of the body. When genital pleasure is weak or nonexistent, all these elements rise to the first place. And frequently the elderly man prizes them very highly because they are manifestations of that erotic world that is still of the greatest value to him. He continues to live in a certain climate, his body still existing in a world filled with other bodies. Here again it is often timidity, shame, or difficulties from the outside that prevent him from indulging in what are called his vices.

WE HAVE A FAIR AMOUNT OF EVIDENCE about elderly men's sexual life. It depends on their past and also upon their attitude toward their old age as a whole and toward their image in particular. Chateaubriand so loathed his aged face that he refused to sit for his portrait. In the first part of *Amour et vieillesse—chants de tristesse*, which he wrote when he was sixty-one, he rejects the amorous advances of a young woman: "If you tell me you love me as a father, you will fill me with horror; if you claim to love me as a lover, I shall not believe you. I shall see a happy rival in every young man. Your deference will make me feel my age, your caresses will give me over to the most furious jealousy. . . . Old age makes a man as ugly as can be wished. If he is unhappy, it is even worse . . ." He was cruelly sensitive to the "insult of the years," and his refusal was dictated by a kind of inverted narcissism.

Old men's loves are not always doomed to failure: far from it. Many of them have a sexual life that goes on very late. The Duc de Bouillon was sixty-six when his son Turenne was born. The famous Duc de Richelieu's father married for the third time in 1702, at the age of seventy. When his son was sixty-two and governor of Guienne, he led a life of debauchery. In his old age he seduced a great many young women. At seventy-eight, bewigged, made-up, and very thin, he was said to look like a tortoise thrusting

its head out of its shell: this did not prevent him from having affairs with the actresses of the *Comédie française*. He had an acknowledged mistress, and he spent his evenings with whores: sometimes he used to bring them home —he liked listening to their confidences. He married when he was eighty-four and had recourse to aphrodisiacs: he made his wife pregnant. Furthermore, he deceived her too. He continued his sexual activities right up until his death, at the age of ninety-two.

Tolstoy is a well-known example of sexual vitality. Toward the end of his life he preached total continence both for men and for women. Nevertheless, when he was sixty-nine or seventy he would come back from a very long ride and make love to his wife. All the next day he would walk about the house looking pleased with himself.

Sexuality was of great importance in Victor Hugo's youth and during his middle years. The image of old age that he had always set up for himself allowed him to accept his sexual desires until he was very old: no doubt he thought of Boaz when a young woman offered herself to him. In his view, age was by no means a blemish, but rather an honor: it brought one nearer to God and it was in harmony with everything that is sublime, with beauty and innocence. The aged Hugo certainly suffered from no feeling of inferiority whatsoever. In his opinion he was answerable to no one but himself: at no time in his life did he ever yield to public opinion—if he had desires, he satisfied them.

There are many other examples to show that an elderly man may be importuned by the most urgent sexual desires. H. G. Wells was sixty when he fell in love with Dolores after they had corresponded: he fell passionately in love and found himself possessed of unsuspected sexual powers. "For the first time in my life it was revealed to me that I was an astonishing fellow, an extraordinary chap, an outstanding virtuoso. Casanova certainly could never have held a candle to me," he wrote with a smile. The affair turned sour: there were ugly scenes: in the end he could no longer bear Dolores and when he was sixty-six he broke with her. Having done so, he met the girl he called Brylhil: this was the most violent passion of his life—a mutual passion that lasted many years.

Among our contemporaries there are a very great many examples of elderly men married or attached to young women: Charlie Chaplin, Picasso, Casals, Henry Miller. These examples confirm the notion that if it has been rich, sexual life goes on for a long time. But it may also happen that a man who has been indifferent to women for most of his life discovers the delights of sex in his later years. Trotsky had looked upon himself as old since the age of fifty-five, but at fifty-eight he had an odd outburst of eroticism. Bernard Berenson, who died at ninety-four, wrote, "I only really became aware of sex and of women's physical, animal life at the period that might be called my old age."

Many elderly men look for younger partners. Those subjects for whom sex continues to play an important part are gifted with excellent health and lead an active life. Impotence does not exclude desire: desire is most often satisfied through deviations in which the fantasies of middle age are accentuated.



L'Après-midi d'un fau

WE HAVE ONE MOST REMARKABLE PIECE of eviden concerning an old man's relationship with his boc his image, and his sex: this is Paul Léautaud's *Journa* He provides us with a living synthesis of the various poir of view that we have considered in this study.

Léautaud always looked at himself with a certain a proval. It was from the outside that he learned he w aging, and it made him very angry. In 1923, when he w fifty-three, a railway official referred to him as "a little o gentleman." Furious, Léautaud wrote in his *Journ* "Little old man! Old gentleman? What the devil—am I blind as all that? I cannot see that I am either a little or old gentleman. I see myself as a fifty-year-old, certainl

Léautaud was a critic and an editor of *Mercure de France*, literary journal.

t an exceedingly well preserved fifty-year-old. I am slim d I move easily. Just let them show me an *old gentleman* such good shape!" At fifty-nine he looked at himself th a critical eye: "Mentally and physically I am a man forty. What a pity my face does not match! Above all lack of teeth! I really am remarkable for my age: slim, pple, quick, active. It is my lack of teeth that spoils erything; I shall never dare to make love to a woman ain."

In him we see with remarkable clarity how impossible is for an old man to realize his age. On his birthday he ote, "Today I begin my sixty-fourth year. In no way do eel an old man." The old man is Another, and this Other longs to a certain category that is objectively defined; in inner experience Léautaud found no such person. There re moments, however, when his age weighed upon him. April 12, 1936, he wrote, "I do not feel happy about health nor about my state of mind; and then there is the row of aging, too. Aging above all!" But at sixty-nine wrote, "During my seventieth year I am still as lively, ive, nimble and alert as a man can be."

potence does not exclude desire: desire most often satisfied through deviations which the fantasies of middle age are centuated."

Léautaud had every reason to be pleased with himself: looked after his house and cared for his animals; he did the shopping on foot, carrying heavy baskets of pro-sions; wrote his *Journal*; and he did not know what it was be tired. "It is only my sight that is failing. I am exactly I was at twenty. My memory is as good as ever and my nd as quick and sharp."

This made him all the more irritable when other people's ctions brought the truth home to him. He was seventy en a young woman lost her balance as an underground in started off with a jerk: she cried out, "I'm so sorry, andpa, I nearly fell on you." He wrote angrily, "Damn all! My age must show clearly in my face. How impos-le it is to see oneself as one really is!"

The paradox lies in the fact that he did not really dis-e being old. He was one of those exceptional cases I ve mentioned, where old age coincides with childhood tasy: he had always been interested in old people. On rch 7, 1942, when he was seventy-two, he wrote, "A d of vanity comes over you when you reach old age—u take a pride in remaining healthy, slim, supple and rt, with an unaltered complexion, your joints in good der, no illness and no diminution in your physical and ntal powers."

But his vanity demanded that his age be invisible to ers: he liked to imagine that he had stayed young in te of the burden of his years.

He only gave way to discouragement at the very end of life, when his health failed. On February 25, 1945, he ote, "I am very low indeed. My eye-sight. The horrible marks of age I see on my face. My *Journal* behind-hand. The mediocrity of my life. I have lost my energy and all my illusions. Pleasure, even five minutes of pleasure, is over for me." He was then seventy-five, and his sexual life had come to an end. But except in his very last years one of the reasons for his pride was that he still felt desire and was still capable of satisfying it. We can follow his sexual evolution in his *Journal*.

LEAUTAUD ONLY BECAME FULLY AWARE of women when he was approaching his fiftieth year. At thirty-five he wrote, "I am beginning to regret that my temperament allows me to enjoy women so little." He lacked the "sacred fire." "I always think too much of other things—of myself, for example." He was afraid of impotence and his love-making was over very quickly: "I give women no pleasure since I have finished in five minutes and can never start again. . . . Shamelessness is all I really like in love. . . . There are some things not every woman can be asked to do." He had a lasting affair with a woman called Bl——. He says he loved her very much, but he also says that living with her was hell. When he was about forty, although he was still rather indifferent, since he could give his partner no pleasure, he delighted in looking at pictures of naked women. Yet a few years later he speaks sadly of the "rare love-scenes in my life which I really enjoyed." He reproaches himself for being "timid, awkward, brusque, oversensitive, always hesitant, never able to take advantage of even the best opportunities" with women. All this changed when at fifty he met "a really passionate woman, wonderfully equipped for pleasure and exactly to my taste in these matters," and he showed himself to be "almost brilliant," although up until then he had thought that he was not very good—as he had only known women who did not suit him. From this time on, sex became an obsession to him; on December 1, 1923, he wrote, "Perhaps Madame [one of the names he gave to his mistress] is right: my perpetual desire to make love may be somewhat pathological. . . . I put it down to a lifetime's moderation—it lasted until I was over forty—and also to my intense feeling for her, which makes me want to make love to her when I see so much as a square inch of her body. . . . I think it is also because I have been deprived of so many things, such as that female nakedness for which I have acquired such a liking. I am quite amazed when I think of what has happened to me in all this. . . . Never have I caressed any other woman as I caress Madame." In the summer they parted, and abstinence lay heavy upon him: he masturbated, thinking of her. "Of course I am delighted to be such an ardent lover at my age, but God knows it can be troublesome."

Madame was a little older than he: all his life he had loved only mature women. A twenty-three-year-old virgin threw herself at his head, and he agreed to have an affair with her; but it did not give him the least pleasure and he broke immediately. Except for this one fling he was faithful to Madame for years. He liked watching himself and her in a mirror during their lovemaking. From 1927—age

"Young people are still very shocked if the old, especially old women, are still sexually active."

fifty-seven—on, he was forced to take care not to make love too often; he found consolation in bawdy talk with the Panther (another name he gave to his mistress). He did not get on well with her; "we are attached to each other only by our senses—by vice—and what remains is so utterly tenuous!" But in 1938 he did recall with great satisfaction the "seventeen years of pleasure between two creatures the one as passionate and daring as the other in amorous words and deeds." When he was fifty-nine his affair with the Scourge, as he now called her, was still going on, though she was already sixty-four. He was shocked by couples where the woman was much younger than the man. "I myself at fifty-nine would never dare to make any sort of advance to a woman of thirty."

He was still very much attracted to the Scourge, and he took great pleasure in his "sessions" with her. Yet he did complain, "What a feeble ejaculation when I make love: little better than water!" Later he wrote, "I am certainly better when I do not make love at all. Not that it comes hard—far from it—but it is always a great effort, and I do not get over it as quickly as I did a few years ago... What I miss most is female nakedness, licentious attitudes, and playing amorous games."

"Until I was sixty-six or sixty-seven I could make love two or three times a week." Now he complained that his brain was tired for three or four days after making love, but he still went on, and he corresponded with three of his former mistresses.

When he was seventy Léautaud wrote, "I miss women and love terribly." He remembered how he used to make passionate love to the Scourge from the age of forty-seven to sixty-three, and then for two years with CN [another mistress].

"It was only three years ago that I noticed I was slowing down. I can still make love, and indeed I quite often feel sad at being deprived of it; though at the same time I tell myself that it is certainly much better for me to abstain."

At seventy-two he was still planning idylls that never came to anything, and he had erotic dreams that gave him an erection. "At night I still feel ready for anything." But that same year he observed that his sexual powers were declining. "It is no use giving yourself over to lovemaking when the physical side is dead or nearly so. Even the pleasure of seeing and fondling is soon over, and there is not the least eagerness to begin again. For a real appreciation of all these things, there must be the heat of physical passion." It is clear that Léautaud's greatest pleasure was visual. He retained it longer than any other form of sensual enjoyment, and after the age of forty he prized it very highly indeed. When he lost it he considered that his sexual life was over. It is also clear how a man's image of himself is bound up with sexual activity. He was "in the depths of sorrow" when he could no longer experience these pleasures. Still, his narcissism did survive his sexual decline at least for some time.



The feminine disadvantage

BIOLOGICALLY WOMEN'S SEXUALITY is less affected by age than men's. Brantôme bears this out in the chapter of his *Vies des dames galantes* that he dedicates to "certain old ladies who take as much pleasure in love as the young ones." Whereas a man of a certain age is no longer capable of erection, a woman "at no matter what age is endowed with as it were a furnace . . . all fire and fuel within." Popular tradition bears witness to this contrast. In one of the songs in the Merry Muses of Caledonia* an old woman laments her elderly husband's impotence. She longs for "the wild embraces of their younger days" that are now no more than a ghostly memory, since he no longer thinks of doing anything in bed except sleeping, while she is eaten up with desire. Today scientific research confirms the

*Popular Scottish songs collected in the eighteenth century.

alidity of this evidence. According to Kinsey, throughout heir lives women are sexually more stable than men; when hey are sixty their potential for pleasure and desire is the ame as it was at thirty. According to Masters and Johnson, he strength of the sexual reaction diminishes with age; et a woman can still reach orgasm, above all if she is egularly and properly stimulated. Those who do not often ave physical relations sometimes find coition painful, ither during the act or after, and sometimes suffer from yspareunia or dysuria; it is not known whether these roubles are physical or psychological in origin. I may add hat a woman can take great pleasure in making love even hough she may not reach orgasm. The "preliminary leasures" count even more perhaps for her than they do or a man. She is usually less sensitive to the appearance f her partner and therefore less worried by his growing ld. Even though her part in lovemaking is not as passive s people sometimes make out, she has no fear of a particu- ar failure. There is nothing to prevent her from going on ith her sexual activities until the end of her life.

Still, all research shows that women have a less active exual life than men. Kinsey says that at fifty, 97 per cent f men are still sexually active compared with 93 per cent f women. At sixty it is 94 per cent of men and only 80 er cent of women. This comes from the fact that socially ien, whatever their age, are subjects, and women are ob- ects, relative beings. When she marries, a woman's future s determined by her husband's; he is usually about four ears older than she, and his desire progressively lessens.)r if it does continue to exist, he takes to younger women. An old woman, on the other hand, finds it extremely diffi- ult to have extramarital relations. She is even less attrac- ive to men than old men are to women. And in her case erontophilia does not exist. A young man may desire a oman old enough to be his mother but not his grand- nother. A woman of seventy is no longer regarded by nyone as an erotic object. Venal love is very difficult for er to find. It would be most exceptional for an old woman o have both the means and the opportunity of getting her- elf a partner; and then again shame and fear of what eople might say would generally prevent her from doing o. This frustration is painful to many old women, for they re still tormented by desire. They usually find their relief n masturbation; a gynecologist told me of the case of one oman of seventy who begged him to cure her of this prac- ce—she was indulging in it night and day.

When Andrée Martinerie was conducting an inquiry for *'lle* magazine (March 1969) she gathered some inter- sting confidences from elderly women. Madame F., a ch middle-class sixty-eight-year-old, a militant Catholic, nother of five and grandmother of ten, told her, "I was lready sixty-four. . . . Now just listen: four months after ny husband's death I went down into the street just like omeone who is going to commit suicide. I had made up ny mind to give myself to the very first man who would ave me. Nobody wanted me. So I went home again." When she was asked whether she had thought of remarry- ng, she answered, "That is all I ever do think of. If I dared would put an advertisement in *Le Chasseur français*. . . . would rather have a decrepit invalid of a man than no man at all!" Talking of desire, Madame R., sixty years old and living with her sick husband, said, "It is quite true that you don't get over it." She sometimes felt like beating her head against the wall. A woman reader of this inquiry wrote to the magazine, "I must tell you that a woman remains a woman for a very long time in spite of growing older. I know what I am talking about, because I am seventy-one. I was a widow at sixty; my husband died suddenly and it took me at least two years to realize fully what had happened. Then I started to answer advertisements in the matrimonial column. I admit that I did miss having a man—or rather I should say I do miss it: this aimless existence is terrifying, without affection or any outlet for one's own feelings. I even began wondering whether I was quite normal. Your inquiry was a great relief. . . ." This correspondent speaks modestly of "affection," an "outlet for one's own feelings." But the context shows that her frustration had a sexual dimension. The reaction of a young woman who wrote to *Elle* is typical: "In our group of young people we laughed heartily about the passionate widow (the member of the Action Catholique) who cannot 'get over it.' I wish you would now hold an inquiry on love as it appears to the fourth age of women, in other words those between eighty and a hundred and twenty." Young people are very shocked if the old, especially old women, are still sexually active.

"Whereas a man of a certain age is no longer capable of erection, a woman 'at no matter what age is endowed with as it were a furnace . . . all fire and fuel within.' "

A woman, then, continues in her state as erotic object right up to the end. Chastity is not imposed upon her by a physiological destiny but by her position as a relative being. Nevertheless it may happen that women condemn themselves to chastity because of the "psychological barriers" that I have mentioned, which are even more inhibiting for them than for men. A woman is usually more narcissistic in love than a man; her narcissism is directed at her body as a whole. She has a delightful awareness of her body as something desirable, and this awareness comes to her through her partner's caresses and his gaze. If he goes on desiring her she easily puts up with her body's aging. But at the first sign of coldness she feels her ugliness in all its horror; she is disgusted with her image and cannot bear to expose her poor person to others. This lack of assurance strengthens her fear of other people's opinions: she knows how censorious they are toward old women who do not play their proper role of serene and passion-free grandmothers.

Even if her husband wants to make love with her again later, a deeply rooted feeling of shame may make her refuse him. Women make less use of diversion than men. Those who enjoyed a very active and uninhibited sexual life before do sometimes compensate for their enforced abstinence by extreme freedom in conversation and the use of

obscene words. They become something very like bawds, or at least they spy upon the sexual life of their young women friends with a most unhealthy curiosity, and do all they can to make them confide their secrets. But generally speaking their language is as repressed as their lovemaking. Elderly women like to appear as restrained in their conversation as they are in their way of life. Their sexuality now shows only in their dress, their jewelry and ornaments, and in the pleasure they take in male society. They like to flirt discreetly with men younger than themselves and they are touched by attentions that show they are still women in men's eyes.

"Venal love is very difficult for her to find. It would be most exceptional for an old woman to have both the means and the opportunity of getting herself a partner; and then again shame and fear of what people might say would generally prevent her from doing so."

However, it is clear from pathology that in women, too, the sexual drive is repressed but not extinguished. Psychiatrists have observed that in asylums female patients' eroticism often increases with age. Senile dementia brings with it a state of erotic delirium arising from lack of cerebral control. Repressions are also discarded in some other forms of psychosis. Dr. Georges Mahé recorded twenty cases of extreme eroticism out of 110 sixty-year-old female patients in an institution; the symptoms included public masturbation, make-believe coition, obscene talk, and exhibitionism. Unfortunately he gives no idea of the meaning of these displays: he puts them into no context and we do not know *who* the patients were who indulged in these practices. Many of the inmates suffer from genital hallucinations such as rape and physical contact. Women of over seventy-one are convinced that they are pregnant. Madame C., seventy and a grandmother, sings barrack-room songs and walks about the hospital half-naked, looking for a man. Eroticism is the most important factor in many delirious states; it also triggers off some cases of melancholia. E. Gehu speaks of an eighty-three-year-old grandmother who was looked after in a convent. She was an exhibitionist, showing both homosexual and heterosexual tendencies. She fell upon the younger nuns who brought her meals; during these crises she was perfectly lucid. Later she became mentally confused. She ended up by regaining her mental health and behaving normally once more. Here again, we should like a more exact, detailed account of her case. All the observations that I have just quoted are most inadequate: but at least they do show that old women are no more "purified of their bodies" than old men.

Neither history nor literature has left us any worthwhil evidence on the sexuality of old women. It is an even mor strictly forbidden subject than the sexuality of old mer

There are many cases of the libido disappearing en tirely in old people. Ought they to rejoice in it, as th moralists say? Nothing is less certain. It is a mutilatio that brings other mutilations with it: sexuality, vitality and activity are indissolubly linked. When desire is com pletely dead, emotional response itself may grow loose a its edge. At sixty-three Rétif de La Bretonne wrote, "M heart died at the same time as my senses, and if sometime a tender impulse stirs me, it is as erroneous as that of savage or a eunuch: it leaves me with a profound feelin of sorrow." It seemed to Bernard Shaw that when he lo interest in women he lost interest in living. "I am agein very quickly. I have lost all interest in women, and th interest they have in me is greater than ever and it bore me. The time has probably come for me to die."

Even Schopenhauer admitted, "It could be said tha once the sexual urge is over life's true centre is burnt ou leaving a mere shell." Or again, "life is like a play acte at first by live actors and then finished by automata wea ing the same costumes." Yet at the same time he says tha the sexual instinct produces a "benign dementia." Th only choice left to men is that between madness an sclerosis. In fact what he calls "dementia" is the spring c life itself. When it is broken or destroyed a man is n longer truly alive.

THE LINK that exists between sexuality and creativity striking: it is obvious in Hugo and Picasso and i many others. In order to create there must be some degre of aggression—"a certain readiness," says Flaubert—an this aggressivity has its biological source in the libido. is also necessary to feel united with the world by an em tional warmth; this disappears at the same time as carn desire, as Gide understood very clearly when on April 1 1942, he wrote, "There was a time when I was cruelly to mented, indeed obsessed by desire, and I prayed, 'Oh l the moment come when my subjugated flesh will allow m to give myself entirely to . . . ' But to what? To art? T pure thought? To God? How ignorant I was! How mac It was the same as believing that the flame would bu brighter in a lamp with no oil left. If it were abstract, m thought would go out; even today it is my carnal self th feeds the flame, and now I pray that I may retain carn desire until I die."

It would not be truthful to state that sexual indifferen necessarily brings inertia and impotence. There are mar examples to prove the contrary. Let us merely say there one dimension of life that disappears when there is n more carnal relationship with the world: those who kee this treasure to an advanced age are privileged indeed.

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Inane slogans and expensive images

PRIMARY NONSENSE

by Richard Reeves

THE PRIMARY ELECTION is an American invention, sometimes hailed as the nation's most original contribution to the art of Democracy. But perhaps we shouldn't brag. The first real demonstration of the noisy new device, in the Republican Presidential contest of 1912, set an unhappy precedent of creative slander and empty victories.

Ex-President Theodore Roosevelt won 278 of the 360 delegates elected in fourteen primary states that year by describing the incumbent, William Howard Taft, as "a puzzlewit . . . a fathead . . . a guinea-pig brain." Taft, obviously overmatched, called Roosevelt "an egotist . . . a demagogue . . . a honeyfugler." Taft, of course, was nominated—leaving Roosevelt to bull on in his own third party.

By their very nature, primaries become an amalgam of high-school-yearbook contests ("most popular boy, most likely to succeed") and Tuesday-long protest demonstrations. They are unprofessional enterprises with surprising results: Nelson Rockefeller, fourth in preelection polls, won the 1964 Oregon primary with one of the most inane slogans in any political history. "He Cares Enough to Come"; Eugene McCarthy, nonexistent in poll ratings, won a moral victory in New Hampshire in 1968 not because he was against war but because he wasn't named Lyndon Johnson; George Wallace came close to winning in Wisconsin, Maryland, and Indiana as a Democrat in 1964 because he gave voters a chance to vent their Tuesday frustrations without binding results—voting for Wallace in a primary was a way of raising hell without taking the risk of putting the guy in the White House.

Wild endings are the rule in Presidential primaries for fairly obvious reasons: voter turnouts are low, and even the most competent political professionals are never quite sure just which voters will show up; the anchor of party loyalty is lacking in an intraparty fight; substantive issues rarely surface and when they do it's usually a mistake, triggered by somebody coming out for brainwashing or against Social Security; and there are always too many wrong candidates and not enough right ones—for example, Hubert Humphrey in 1968, or Edward Kennedy in 1972.

In fact, the "issue" that tends to dominate primaries—and will probably dominate the twenty-three Democratic contests this year—is electability. The predictable clincher is: "I can win; the idea is to beat Nixon," or, in simpler terms, "My father can beat your father."

The electability line has a split-level constituency—it is aimed as much at party leaders in nonprimary states as at the faithful voters and leaders in the state where the candidate happens to be running. Despite all the party-reform talk of 1972, things still haven't changed much since 1912: winning primaries can have very little to do with winning nominations. What the preliminary races usually accomplish is to weed out the halt and the lame—as with George Romney and Lyndon Johnson four years ago.

Electability elections are not much more than high-class popularity (or unpopularity) contests. Most of them will be decided by voters' gut reactions—their quick impressions and misimpressions—about what kind of men the candidates seem to be. As 1972 begins, American voters, or, more precisely, samples of voters reached in extensive public-opinion surveying, have clear and rather rigid perceptions of only three potential candidates: Richard Nixon, of course, and two Democrats, Humphrey and Kennedy. A third Democrat, Edmund Muskie, is almost as well known but there is no general feeling about what he stands for or what kind of man he is underneath that twang.

It seems a safe bet right now that *The Making of the President 1972* will be about Nixon and one of those three Democrats. Muskie could get half of Theodore H. White's time next fall by knocking down the unpredictability theories and running away with the first primaries in New Hampshire, Florida, and Wisconsin—the front-runner going all the way and never giving Humphrey or Kennedy an opening to come in saying he will unite the party. But if that doesn't happen (and Muskie probably will not be that lucky), the primaries will be an inconclusive mess. Then it could be argued that what Democratic National Chairman Lawrence O'Brien does between now and the last primary (Arkansas, June 27) will be at least as important as all the primaries together.

TWO HOPEFUL DEMOCRATS of sorts, Eugene McCarthy and John Lindsay, are fairly well known nationally, but mostly by their names and faces; voters don't yet feel strongly one way or another about

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James Grashow

them. Fewer people know who George McGovern is right now, but the ones who do show some passion because many of them believe he is a man who actually intends to change things; for better or worse, he is the radical candidate of the moment. Henry Jackson's name is recognized by fewer than one of three voters in his own party as the campaign begins.

With Lyndon Johnson retired to literature and George Wallace (maybe) out of the national party, there isn't another ambitious Democrat in sight as far as voters are concerned. All the others are in the Fred Harris class. Harris, a United States Senator and former Democratic national chairman, announced his candidacy for President last September. A month later, a poll taken by another candidate in Florida showed him with a "recognition factor" ranging from 10 to 14 in different parts of the state that is, 10 to 14 per cent of the registered Democrats interviewed were able to recognize the name "Fred Harris."

The Senator had the same recognition factor as "William Hagerty." But William Hagerty was a name picked at random to determine how many voters will not admit they have never heard of someone who is supposed to be famous. By November, both "Hagerty" and Harris were predictably out of the race, with the real and disappointed saying that he couldn't raise enough campaign money.

The voter recognitions and perceptions used here are based on tens of thousands of interviews in confidential polls commissioned by a number of different candidates—and on the few dozen interviews and eavesdroppings that give some men the nerve to predict elections.

Name recognition, of course, isn't everything in politics—but it's w comes first. Massive media can ma almost anyone a household wo these days—witness Spiro T. Agn and watch what happens to Rob J. Fischer—but the fact that th know who you are doesn't necessari mean that they like you. The cl "image configuration," to use pollsters' word, of President Nix includes many negatives. The uncl image of Lindsay means that a cle campaign could convince a lot people that New York's mayor somewhere to the right of Willi F. Buckley.

"Attitudes about Griffin were blank page," said Detroit polls Fred Currier of Senator Rol Griffin during a brilliant 1966 Mic gan campaign in which the Go water-lining Senator was sold voters as a model of moderation. was our job to fill up that page w information."

THERE ARE BLANK PAGES this year among some of the Democrats o think history needs them, and s is the way those pages and others ked as the 1972 campaign began:

mphrey: The Flabby Hippie—A y old friend of the Minnesota nator told me of walking through Pont Circle in Washington one ning and seeing a girl, a hippie by looks of her, sitting alone playing uitar. As he got closer, he saw she s a woman apparently in her late rties, heavily made up and wear- dungarees and fringes. "One ught hit me," he said. "Hubert elt very sad."

Humphrey has a recognition fac- of about 90 in almost every state. d there are some strong points in clusters: "Experienced, really ows his way around . . . liberal . . . derstands the common man."

That "common man" theme ld give Humphrey some chance as candidate if the 1972 economy is d enough to touch every common n's wallet. But there is still a per- ive and depressing strain: "Weak , soft . . . flabby . . . He talks too ch . . . He's not his own man . . . nson led him around by the nose."

nnedy: The Kid Brother—"It's a damned halo," said a Republican ister as he flipped through stacks computer printouts on the Mass- usetts Senator. "It borders on the redible: 'Sensitive to our prob- s . . . responsive . . . surrounds self with capable people . . . clear sp of foreign affairs.' People think y know this guy."

Kennedy's recognition is also in the per cent range—and what people ognize is the family. "Forty to 50 cent of the Kennedy responses we in every primary state begin with nething about the family," said the l analyst for another Democrat. hey say, 'the Kennedys are for rybody,' or, 'they're good people,' 'they care about all the people.'" The more Roman Catholics in a , the higher Kennedy's positive sters go. Republican analysts be the Catholic vote deeply, and y have reported three conclusions to the White House: (1) Kennedy will easily sweep the critical Catholic urban and suburban vote against Nixon; (2) Muskie will take a majority of that vote, particularly if he subtly underlines his own Catholicism; and (3) Lindsay would lose most of that vote to Nixon.

But there are things people don't talk about to strangers with clipboards. Chappaquiddick is certainly one: it never surfaces in the printouts but always seems to be the first thing that comes up in conversations about the youngest Kennedy brother. It does seem to show statistically in the large numbers of voters—up to 30 per cent—who volunteer the opinion that "Kennedy can't win."

Kennedy is the great enigma of 1972. Strange things do happen. Nelson Rockefeller of New York was reelected as governor in 1970 by 700,000 votes over Arthur Goldberg; never in that campaign were Rockefeller's 1963 divorce troubles even whispered about. Post-election polls indicated that men voted for Rocky by something like 3 to 2 while women split 50-50, with a majority of older women voting for Goldberg. Why?

Muskie: The Good Guy—The Senator from Maine has a name that about 75 per cent of the electorate recognizes, and he starts the campaign in an enviable position: voters admit that they don't know much about him except that he is a "sincere" guy—most political professionals think "sincere" is the best single word that can be associated with a candidate—and these voters don't identify him with any particular ideology. "We can go anywhere we want," said someone who has seen Muskie's own polls.

Muskie at this point is perceived almost exclusively in personal terms: "honest . . . kind of a warm guy." Many voters identify him vaguely as a liberal and sometimes add that "he's not so political as the rest of them." But that kind of fuzzy, warm profile has its drawbacks: he is also seen as "weak on foreign affairs," and a significant minority wonder "where does he stand?" and, more importantly, "I don't really know whether he has any guts."

McCarthy: The Saint Arisen—Although McCarthy's recognition ranges between 65 and 75 per cent, he is generally not taken very seriously by voters as a possible President. Among all the potential candidates, he scores lowest in the polls in categories using words like "qualified" and "experienced."

With only one group of voters, people in their late twenties and early thirties—the "young people" of 1968—does McCarthy score consistently high. And even that support seems a bit nostalgic, with answers clustering under headings like: "I like him for what he did in '68 . . . he turned the country against the war."

Lindsay: The Sex Symbol—"They never mention substance, never anything like, 'I like his stand on issues,'" said one poll analyst about his data on Lindsay. "It's all raw sex appeal; they talk about looks, energy, charisma."

Lindsay's recognition is just high enough (60 to 65 per cent) and perception of his record and ideology low enough (20 to 30 per cent) that he can run as any kind of Democrat he wants to be. "He's the man who stands to benefit most from communications, almost to the exclusion of everyone else," said a Republican pollster. "People are interested in [illegible] polls show that the interest is so shallow: if anything, he's seen right now as a Protestant Kennedy."

There is a decidedly dark side to Lindsay's glamorous profile: "the Robert Goulet syndrome," one professional called it. "You know Robert Goulet looks more like a photograph of Robert Goulet than like a person." There is also a geographical joke in the same poll data. The farther away from New York City voters live, the more likely they are to think Lindsay has done a good job as mayor: in California, 65 per cent of the Democrats who know who he is think he's doing a good job; in Rhode Island, that figure drops to just below 50 per cent.

McGovern: The Mad Professor—In contrast to Lindsay, the South Dakota Senator has negative physical appeal and is seen in starkly ideological

terms by the 50 per cent of voters who know who he is. Fifty per cent at this point, incidentally, is a triumph: when McGovern announced his candidacy early in 1971, his recognition factor was near 10 per cent.

More people know him now, but half of them are turned off: they think he's dangerous and use phrases like, "he's leading kids astray . . . he wants to change things too much."

"McGovern's profile, what there is of it, is strangely dissonant," said a Democratic analyst. "Some people like him or hate him because they think he's some kind of radical lion, yet they add on later that he's so unimpressive physically — looks and voice are important to voters looking for a President—and when you close your eyes and listen to him he *does* sound just like Liberace."

MCGOVERN AND MCCARTHY, however, symbolize the great virtues of the primary system. For all their absurdities, the primaries offer the only chance for an insurgent, a McGovern, to win a major-party nomination for President in 1972. And despite their general lack of influence on nominating conventions, the primaries have changed American politics. Perhaps the greatest change came in 1968 when the McCarthy candidacy mobilized a new corps of political activists, not only students but a significant, restless segment of the vast American middle class.

But the overall impact of the American invention has been assessed very well by three English observers, Lewis Chester, Godfrey Hodgson, and Bruce Page, who covered the 1968 Presidential election for the London Sunday *Times*:

> *The original idea of primary elections was to put an end to choosing candidates in those notorious smoke-filled rooms. About half a century ago, a principle was introduced which attempted to put the nominating power in the hands of the common voters of each party. That, at least, was the idea. In practice, the original purpose has been largely defeated . . .*
>
> *The result is a system so intricate -and so constantly changing —that it is quite beyond the comprehension of most voters and, for that matter, most politicians too. The present status of the primary has not eliminated backroom deals. Rather, dramatized and influenced by the national news media, the primaries have become costly battles between the candidates for cards to play when the backroom dealing starts.*

Larry O'Brien is not one of the politicians who can't comprehend the system. He *is* the system—or will be when the Democratic National Convention opens in Miami Beach on July 9, a place and date he picked himself. He is a professional, and professionals have always been uneasy about the uncertainty of primaries, and about the uncertainty of the kind of nomination reforms that have been proposed by the Democratic commissions headed by Senator McGovern and Representative James O'Hara of Michigan.

The McGovern and O'Hara commissions have tried to move their party into the dream area of citizen politics, to a truly open convention in which, ideally, each delegate would represent nothing more than his own conscience—no more bosses. Well, it is not going to happen that way, largely because O'Brien believes it would destroy the Democratic party and make it a national version of Manhattan reform politics.

The chairman has verbally supported the reformers at every turn. At the same time he has efficiently gone about the business of bringing the convention under his own control, at least under as much control as it's possible to get in a party without an incumbent President and with membership as diverse as James Eastland and Shirley Chisholm, Richard Daley and Joseph Rauh. Only once has O'Brien been forced to go public and he won easily, engineering the selection of Patricia Roberts Harris as temporary credentials chairman when the reformers shouted for Senator Harold Hughes of Iowa.

The temporary credentials job is one of the keys to controlling a convention. And this time, because of a delightful O'Brien maneuver, it could be *the* key. The reformers wanted to keep as much power as possible away from the temporary chairman—they wanted the power with a permanent committee selected by delegates at the convention—so they gave the temporary chairman significant jurisdiction only over delegations selected within seventy days of the convention. They assumed the convention would be in the middle of August and that the temporary chairman would have power over challenges involving the seating of only a handful of delegations selected after late June. O'Brien, by setting the July date, gave his choice, Mrs. Harris, a great deal of control over credentials fights between competing delegations, presumably pro- and anti-establishment delegations, from between thirty and forty-one states.

O'Brien has made his other moves quietly, placing himself as chairman of the site selection committee and as a member of the arrangements committee and selecting an old friend, Richard Murphy, as convention manager. The manager job is absolutely essential to controlling the bewildered delegates who make a convention—the man who runs the gates and telephones and microphones rules that crazy little world. Finally, while the world watches the primaries on television, O'Brien will move into the Rules and Platform committees and probably will first show up on camera himself as temporary chairman at Miami Beach.

He's just a man doing his job, and it would be hard to prove he's doing it for any candidate. He came up through the Kennedy family and served Humphrey as campaign manager in 1968, but if Muskie can come to Miami Beach with the nomination won, O'Brien will be Muskie's man, running the convention the way Muskie wants it run. He's a professional.

But if the primaries don't produce a winner and Kennedy and Humphrey make their moves that week in July, Larry O'Brien may very well have the power to turn all his keys and open the door to the nomination for the man he chooses. That's power, and it's the kind of power primaries were invented to eliminate. □



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BEYOND THE NIXON SHOCK

The President's famous August speech stunned America's allies, but the aftershocks may stunt Washington's ego. A special report on Japan's and Europe's agonizing reappraisals.

. Pearl Harbor in reverse

y Frank Gibney

—TOKYO

Japan's tireless businessmen are proving again the lesson of 1941: surprise attacks often turn the victims into victor

ARELY FOUR MONTHS after the American surprise attack on the Japanese economy, both ıe United States and Japan are undergoing and debating) the aftereffects of what Japanese ewspapers like to call "Pearl Harbor in Reerse." President Nixon's levying of an import ırtax, together with the devaluation of the dolır in the international money market, has reaked temporary havoc in the Japanese busiess community. Prime Minister Sato and the overning Liberal-Democratic party have been rought to the edge of political ruin, and the ock market in Kabuto-cho continues to look ke Hickam Field in mid-December 1941.

Although the short-term effects of the Nixon olicy conceivably might result in economic adantages for a number of American business inrests (most notably the steel companies and the outhern textile manufacturers), the long-term ffects will alter, if not destroy, the Asian balance f power that, for twenty-five years, has assumed ı alliance of aims and methods between the nited States and Japan. Japan's acquiescence ı the alliance depended on faith in American onsultation and commitment: that faith has een irrevocably weakened.

Others, too, can play at economic politics. hou En-lai is serenading conservative Japanese usinessmen in Peking like a hardworking Pied iper, and they rarely leave town without signing eclarations against Japanese "militarism" and ı independent Taiwan. Nor was it coincidence at a Soviet foreign-trade delegation appeared Tokyo in late September with new proposals r Japanese development projects in Siberia. he *Realpolitik* practiced in both Moscow and eking is tougher than President Nixon's, and pan predictably will become more responsive both.

But disastrous as the result of an ultimate olitical break with Japan would be, our shor n delusions about international economics may ove just as damaging. The Nixon "dollar ock" is apparently based on the theory that U.S. economic pressures not only will force a revaluation of the yen, but also will bring an end to the problem of "unfair" Japanese competition in the nearly $12 billion annual trade with the United States. It is here that we err most obviously. The imbalance between the dollar and the yen we can align to our own advantage. The success of Japanese business we cannot. For, behind all the talk of "human sea salesmanship," "unfair Japanese government subsidies," "dumping practices," etc. stands the assumption that a revalued Japanese yen and an old-fashioned protectionism will be enough to restore the trade balance to where it naturally should be, i.e., either equal to or in favor of the U.S.

This assumption is in its own way as naïve as the thinking of Japanese planners in 1940 and 1941 about the efficacy of a sudden, sharp blow at the U.S. fleet. The economic warriors of Secretaries Stans and Connally, like Yamamoto's planners in 1941, seem to overlook the tenacity of the people they are attacking.

I HAPPEN TO BE AN AMERICAN businessman, resident in Japan. At this particular point in history, the self-description sounds almost polemical —like a Turkish gunman in the Greek section of Cyprus, an avowed Tupamaro at Montevideo police headquarters, or George Wallace visiting the Panthers up north. In fact, it is nothing of the sort. The reaction of the Japanese toward the Nixon policy continues to be one of hurt rather than antagonism, although pessimistic predictions and ironic post-mortems about the U.S.-Japan relationship are much in evidence.* But the Japanese are more upset about the failings of

*One magazine ran a satirical photograph of the famous statue of the Marines raising the flag on Iwo Jima, with a huge ten-thousand-yen note substituted for the Stars and Stripes. The caption below made a p[illegible] of the words of a well-known Japanese proverb: "*Kane no kireme wa en no kireme da* [When the money goes, the whole relationship is off—and the yen with it]."

Frank Gibney is chairman of Encyclopaedia Britannica (Japan) Inc. and president of TBS-Britannica, a joint venture between the Tokyo Broadcasting System and Encyclopaedia Britannica.



tis tendency was reinforced. Because of the lack o capital in a devastated country, the governm nt, through the national bank, was the only a ilable source of money. The Bank of Japan d tated policy to the large city banks in Tokyo a Osaka, and they in turn secured their hold o r industry. Today, more than ever, Japanese b nessmen visit their local bank managers with th reverence of Irish housewives paying a call o the Monsignor.

o an American, educated in our eighteenth- a nineteenth-century tradition of checks and b ances, such cooperation seems vaguely im- m al, as if all three parties—banks, businesses, a government—were off in a hideaway violat- ir the Sherman Antitrust Act together. To a Jap- a se, who dislikes public conflicts of interest a is nervous about modern Anglo-Saxon ideas li the adversary system of justice, such a co- o rative effort is merely second nature.

As the economy prospered in the late Fifties, th constant availability of credit inflated the busi- n sman's ideas for expansion. The banks stood r dy to bail out any unfortunate speculator who r into trouble and was too big to let fall. Why w ry about a high debt ratio as long as the local b k manager is still smiling? This was, and is, a major factor in Japan's steady economic g wth.

THERE WERE AND ARE, however, flaws in this arrangement. From Meiji until this day, Ja- p has accompanied its industrial expansion w h a conspicuous disregard for improving basic li ng standards and distributing the fruits of ex- p sion throughout the economy. The Meiji plann s industrialized only part of the country. B eath the facade of vast industrial and trading c glomerates, there still exists a tangle of tens o thousands of small contractors and subcon- t tors, many of whom are almost literally cot- t (or garage) industries. Unstable though th y be, these concerns have their uses. They e loy millions of people, on small profit mar- g s, and they do jobs in many ways more e aply than the larger companies. And, con- s ring the voters they employ, no government i ormal times can afford to "rationalize" them. T need to maintain them is responsible for m ch of Japan's own protectionism, so intent on p venting foreign capital from competing with th more fragile growths within its own garden.

The Japanese consumer, frugal and saving by n ure, has been amazingly restrained about de- m nding the big public service creature comforts r oads, sewage systems, housing that e en for granted in other big consumer societies. A editorialist in *Yomiuri* once described the J anese economy as "one hundred men in a h ." As long as they are content to travel in the h , his reasoning ran, the country can continue its pursuit of capital growth. Once the 100 passengers get out and start going their several ways in private cars, however, the trouble will begin.

"You foreigners come to Tokyo," said the president of a large Japanese corporation, "and see the big buildings and hotels. You immediately presume that we have a big modern civilization like yours. You couldn't be more wrong. Look at the average houses people live in—rickety, small, bad sewage—Americans wouldn't use them for doghouses. Even the new apartment houses in Tokyo are worse than the tenements you put up in America for the blacks. Behind the skyscrapers, we have a poor society, and we must protect it.

"Look at our dairy industry, such as it is. We import the fodder for the cattle from America. Now you want to ship us milk too. We couldn't compete. Look at our new citrus growers. Japanese farmers now plow up the rice fields to grow oranges, but to succeed, they have to put half of the product into juice. If American frozen orange juice comes into our market, they are ruined. Small things, perhaps, but typical examples.

"We are still a weak society. Japan, Inc. can never compete with America, Inc. on anything like even terms. We have to get together."

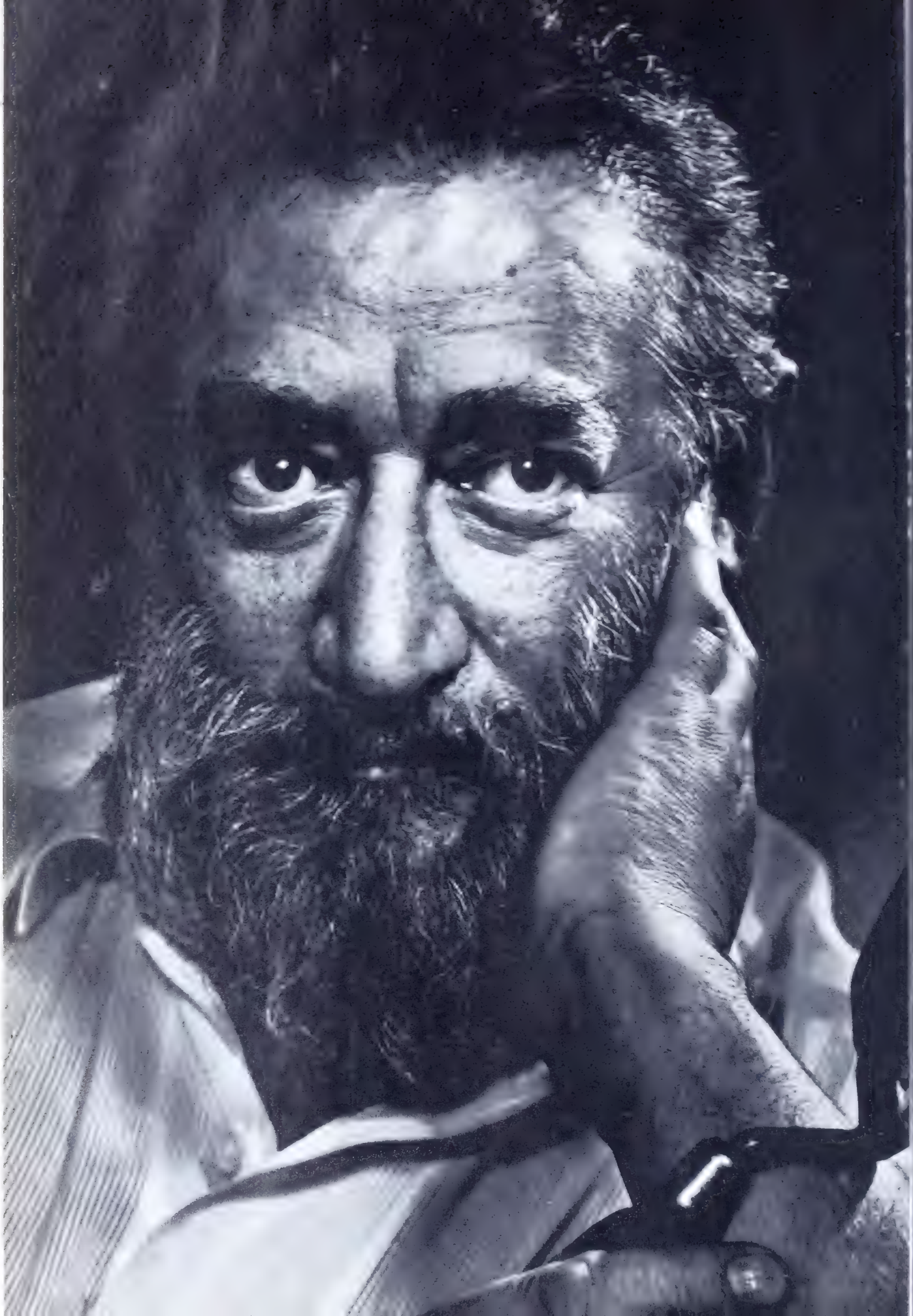
A family affair

THIS IS A FAMILIAR REFRAIN. U.S. negotiators have heard it during the discussions of every outstanding issue between the two countries from textiles to the return of Okinawa. It has a certain validity, however, and awareness of this inner weakness tends to make Japanese businessmen even more clan-conscious than their homogeneous heritage dictates.

Of course, Japanese businesses do compete among themselves. Infighting among the great companies is formidable. (Approach a Mitsubishi man, and he will tell you he is one, and expect you to notice his diamond-shaped lapel button so certifying, long before he will get around to any such lofty concepts as "Japan, Inc.") The underground competition *within* any Japanese company, among executives painfully aware of the slightest differences in company rank, has to be experienced to be believed. It is rather like *Executive Suite* played out in a closed basket of eels.

Yet even the strongest competitive urges are always subordinate to a sense of community. It is precisely this sense of community within the country, and within individual companies, that made the Japanese worker and the Japanese businessman so formidable. At a time when the rest of the civilized world is suffering from heavy alienation and withdrawal symptoms, the 100 Japanese on a bus show only a few signs of going

"Japanese businesses do compete among themselves. Yet even the strongest competitive urges are always subordinate to a sense of community."



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off in separate ways. It is true that consumer selectivity grows more exacting and public works expenditures are now a matter of heavy demand. But a rockbound economic society where private savings rates remain astonishingly high, and workers under the age of thirty demand the traditional benefits and seniority systems, is a long way from fissuring.

The American businessman is taught early that profits are the name of the game. His P & L record is his Bible and also his report card; his success with the profit percentage is by and large what will determine his utility to his next employer. The Japanese businessman is primarily interested in the growth inside his particular business community. He is anxious for profitability and realizes as well as the next man that no company can operate indefinitely at a loss. But profitability is not his main yardstick of achievement.

The American businessman demands efficiency of a business. The Japanese wants permanence. For all the group-think at work in our society, the American still sees himself as a free agent. The Japanese, once he has entered a company, does not contemplate any changes. He has entered a family, so to speak, and divorce woul be a most serious matter. Americans who boa about the variety of companies they have worke for shock their Japanese counterparts by th thought of such impermanence.

The American businessman dotes on memo countermemos, and multiple-copy Xeroxing. H stands and falls by the adversary system of ju tice. It often seems that every proposal he make in his company must be tested in a Toynbeea process of challenge and response. The simple agreement will require the services of the cor pany counsel, several subsidiary lawyers, and retinue of supporting accountants.

The Japanese businessman lives in a comm nity of trust. He dislikes memos, but dotes o interminable conversations. He rarely debate but never tires of exchanging opinions. Whe agreement is reached, it should best be a conse sus. The Japanese are intensely disturbed n only by the "table pounding" of American bus ness confrontation but by the analytical a proach that brings every business problem dow to a matter of numbers. The keen-eyed controlle with his insistence on cost control and manpow efficiency, may be a hero back at the Busine School, but he brings only trouble to the Ja anese. If the American feels his severest oblig tion is to save the company's money, it is th major concern of the Japanese to save the cor pany's people. They are part of his communit As Ichiro Kawasaki, a perceptive Japanese dipl mat turned writer, has said: "In Japan work is ceremony . . . To the Western worker, the j is an instrument for the enrichment and sati faction of the real part of his life, which exis outside the place of work. For the Japane worker, life and job are so closely interwoven th it cannot be said where one ends and the oth begins."



IT IS A SOBERING EXPERIENCE to hear the Ja anese express their view of American bus ness. They are quick to criticize our lack concern for people, our obsession with the cu rent year's profits as opposed to long-ter growth, our apparent refusal to permit worker now cut off from the outdated communities of th village, farm, or church, to take shelter in th embrace of the corporation. "You work f money," says a Japanese friend, "we work f status and permanent position. You may laug at our caste-consciousness, but isn't it healthier?

I have no doubt that the Japanese worker far happier than his American counterpart—d rectly in the proportion that one feels he is secure citizen of a permanent community ar the other does not. The company baseball tear the company travel, the company loan, the cor pany wedding, the company house—the embrac may be stifling, but it is secure.

It is hardly surprising that the strengths of s people-centered business are underestimated the U.S. Their practical advantages, however, e enough to absorb far more of the "Nixon ock" than one might think. Strikes and labor rest are rare, morale is generally good, and a panese labor force will put up with many hard- ips for the future good of the company.

Given the policy of virtually permanent em- oyment, with the high fixed cost of labor, every panese company insists on its share of the arket and will continue to do so even if it ans lower profits. Thus, the export sections Japanese business are preparing to take their nps now, rather than lose their markets. In- ed, the whole dogged Nixon economic offen- e may prove to be a blessing in disguise. It t an end to the Micawberism that was devel- ing among Japanese businessmen so confident maintaining their growth rate indefinitely. The ility of political pressure on the "economic imal," whether from Washington or Peking, now all too clear. No one talks anymore of the ce respected doctrine of *seikei bunri*—separa- n of economics from politics—in Japan's lomacy. The Japanese consensus moves wly; but conclusions are finally being reached out the direction of future policy.

' IS TRUE THAT THE STRESSES of the Nixon shock are driving many small and medium- ed Japanese firms up against the wall. evitably, suicides are reported—the owner of mall textile workshop in Osaka, the wife of a all manufacturer in Tokyo. The stringencies d bankruptcies will continue, amid a kind of tional economic glumness. In October the pop- r front-page column in the *Asahi* found it cessary to criticize both the public and the ws media (presumably including itself) for eading what it called the *joho fukyo*—depres- n by communication.

Yet the net effect of this disiocation will be to ke Japanese business, inside and outside the ntry, far more aggressive. Generally speak- , the enterprises being eliminated are the rginal manufacturers, the inefficient subcon- ctors, or the fly-by-night exporters who have en cashing in on the American export trade r the past few years. Strong businesses react consolidating. The mergers that have already en place among steel and automobile manu- turers are now taking place in electronics. mpetition is giving way to collaboration. If the agined unities of Japan, Inc. did not com- tely exist before, the Nixon shock is now rivet ; them into place.

We can assume, also, that Japan's research and velopment effort will be intensified. It is al- dy more impressive than that of the West ropean countries. Between 1953 and 1969 it expanded twenty-fold, and R and D expenditure now amounts to 2 per cent of the national product. Japanese business is increasingly innovation-conscious, and it is not insignificant that Japan, still widely regarded by Americans as a nation of borrowers, has now a higher average of patent applicants per capita than the United States.

The trapped cat

THE SHOCK VISITED ON JAPANESE export business has brought home to everyone in Japan the danger of piling too many eggs in one basket. Kiichi Miyazawa, former Minister of International Trade and Industry and one of Japan's most able economic leaders, noted in a recent reflective memoir: "The fact that Japan exports one-third of its products to the U.S. no doubt evolved from America's long sponsorship of Japan's postwar recovery. Yet it is quite unnatural to rely on one country for one-third of your trade. Even in Europe there isn't one country that depends on the United States for more than 15%. Hence the American 10% surtax. This should teach us, above all, to restructure our trade multilaterally, on a world basis."

The first step in this process has already begun: an intensification of trade overtures toward China. Within a month after the Nixon announcements, the cautious visits of Japanese businessmen to Peking had turned into a stampede. Led by paladins like Japan Steel Company's Shigeo Nakano and Tokyo Electric Company's Kazutaka Kikiwada, the procession of the industrial *daimyo* to Peking now stretches endlessly. Despite the fact that Japan's trade with Taiwan is still slightly larger than that with mainland China, the boardroom at the recent meeting of the Japan-Republic of China (Taiwan) Cooperation Committee was full of empty places. Chou En-lai's refusal to trade with firms possessing interests in the Republic of Korea has resulted in similar withdrawals from the Japan-Korean association. Since the Chinese also frown on Japanese companies entering joint ventures with U.S. firms, that territory, too, is being resurveyed.

These demands on the part of China represent nothing new. But for some years Japanese businessmen had resisted them, not merely wishing to retain some political as well as economic bargaining power for their country but sincerely faithful to Japan's pro-American political commitment. The one-two punch, as Japanese commentators see it, of Henry Kissinger's famous trip to Peking, plus the Nixon economic policy, was enough to change the rules of the game.

Japanese businessmen have made enough trips to Peking by now to gain some idea of the market there. They are aware of its limitations, as well as its possibilities. As an equal trade partner, China has little immediate export potential, but the

"The Japanese continue to feel that their country was singled out—as no other ever has been—as the cause of America's economic problems."



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troubles with the U.S. have made Japanese participation in this market seem more like a necessity than an option.

Similarly, the Japanese can be expected to look with increasing interest to the northwest, toward Siberia. Past Soviet political and economic policy toward Japan has not been particularly auspicious. But even a few slight concessions on the disputed Russian-held Japanese northern islands could induce dramatic changes in the popular attitude of the Japanese toward the U.S.S.R., as well as their business evaluations.

Under the circumstances, it does little good for Secretary Connally to talk tough to the Japanese, like an honest sheriff addressing a group of rustlers. It was also something less than a diplomatic masterstroke to send Ronald Reagan into Tokyo in a Presidential aircraft, at the height of the monetary crisis, to remind the worried Japanese that the future of the "free world" rested on America's economic health and, concurrently, to assure them that they are regarded by the U.S. as "co-equal partners," along with Taiwan, Thailand, South Vietnam, and other countries that Reagan had visited. It is ironic that Premier Sato, the man most hurt by t Nixon policy, represents the last of the gene tion of Japanese politicians who remember t war and the occupation most vividly and w are most susceptible to the "partnership" app based on past American credits.

That check has now been cashed, however. cannot be used again. The new generation co ing to power in Japan does not seem to ha nostalgic memories of past decades. For better worse, phrases like "free world," "Commun aggression," and "Japan's defense commitmen now sound like old man's talk.

The Japanese, of course, understand t American problems that led to Nixon's abru announcements last summer. Yet the big q remains: "Why Japan?" The Japanese contin to feel that their country was singled out—as other ever has been—as the cause of Americ economic problems. "What about the swoll expenditures of the Vietnam war?" they as "What about the huge overseas investment American business?" "What about the Europe protectionism against Japan that helped dri the Japanese further into the American market "America: The trapped cat bites the rat," r the title of a recent editorial commentary.



IT IS HARD NOT TO AGREE with the Japanese. Noboru Yoshii, a director of Sony, explain the problem: "America may be sick. But ac ally the reason why the country and its indust look so thin and wasted is simply the fact th wages, over the long term, have increased higher than productivity. The American public holding all the money."*

In Japan, where productivity increases ev faster than the high annual wage rises, an afflue public exists that is highly "Americanized" its urban culture and almost embarrassing prone to buy products with U.S. labels. But, ev allowing for the restrictions the Japanese gove ment has put on a variety of U.S. products a business importations, the U.S. salesman Japan is less aggressive and far less responsive the needs of the local market than his Japane counterpart in the U.S. Not long ago the Asia Pacific Council of the U.S. Chamber of Co merce, composed of American businessmen the Far East, noted this flatly: "If the Unit States economic presence is to be a future fact in international trade and investment, especia in the Far East, we must all recognize that Ame can competitiveness, materially as well as me tally, is rapidly becoming a myth."

Both Japan and the U.S. are huge, comp cated "economic animals," conspicuously ine

*He added, interestingly, that as far as Sony w concerned, surtax or not, "As long as we give t American people what they need, we can sell th anything."

nternational politics, defensive about their ures, intensely pragmatic, and—despite the tests of intellectuals, conservationists, and trated youth—largely given to believing vin Coolidge's aphorism that the business of country is business. Not only do they contain ain themselves extraordinary resources of rgy, wit, and ingenuity; they are the two most nsely urban civilizations of our time. Despite deceptive facade of the rice farmer in his aced paddy and the homespun small-town chant or rancher, the American and the Japse are both mortgaged to technological living ach additionally equipped with a press, teleon, publishing, and film complex that is more erful than the creatures it reports on.

An outstanding hope of Americans, not to ation Japanese, was that a kind of competitive economic partnership could exist between such highly developed countries, founded on the observed realities that one country can make some products better than another, and vice versa. A 10 per cent protective tariff is a wretched answer to their first major disagreement, particularly coming from a country once widely regarded as the apostle of free trade.

The Nixon shock is perhaps a salutary lesson for the Japanese. For people who have managed their own collective economic society so brilliantly to discover that the outside world is really quite unmanageable after all is an awakening as peremptory as getting a few battleships sunk. Secretary Connally argues that the U.S. has "changed the course of history" with its new economic policies. He is probably more disastrously right than he realizes. □

. Supermarket or superpower?

Anatole Shub

—PARIS

NCE THE MID-SIXTIES, European leaders have become increasingly dubious about the caty of the United States either to govern itself o protect its allies abroad. They have been urbed by U.S. conduct of the Vietnam war. y are worried by an apparent revival of erican isolationism and economic protecism. They feel threatened by the seemingly tiable appetites of U.S.-dominated multional corporations. Behind all this, some opeans see a deep social and psychological s within American culture—a fall-of-the-man-Empire syndrome, as one French diplo- put it.

ast a decade ago, European leaders enoned an "Atlantic Community" in which ope would play a wise old Greece to Ameri- robust Rome. At that time, only De Gaulle osed what he called United States hegemony the Old World. Nowadays, the fashionable is all about greater European unity. British ne Minister Edward Heath has declared that erica's growing tendency to deal directly with Soviet Union and China, without consulting llies, makes a united Europe more necessary ever. West German Chancellor Willy Brandt es European unity precisely in order to transn the present Washington-Moscow-Peking t power triangle into a "quadrangle." And ach President Georges Pompidou last spring his countrymen, "Either we give up trying ount for anything in the face of these super-ers, or else we try to regroup the nations of stern Europe and bring together all their hid- potentialities and possibilities."

To be sure, most European leaders still hope that America's self-absorption and withdrawal will end with the Vietnam war, thereby avoiding the nightmare of a sudden, drastic U.S. repudiation of long-standing European commitments. Yet many on the continent believe that, with the entry of Britain, Denmark, Ireland, and Norway, the new European Community of Ten will play a more active role in the world, especially toward its immediate neighbors in Eastern Europe and around the Mediterranean. With 255 million people, the Ten last year produced 35 per cent of world exports and more steel than either the U.S. or Russia. The very size and economic strength of the enlarged Community will compel it to become something more than a super-Switzerland, a consumer lotusland and touristic paradise dependent on political and military decisions taken in Washington and Moscow. Indeed, the Chinese Communists have already hailed the European-unity movement as a potential challenge to Soviet-American hegemony.

One of Belgium's top diplomats, Etienne Davignon, believes that the Community of Ten will inevitably be drawn into world affairs in the same way that the United States was earlier in this century. "Whatever we might wish," Davignon says, "the Community will simply not be able to close its shutters and say, 'Sorry, that's none of our business.' And sooner or later there is bound to be some downgrading of American participation. At that point, whenever it comes, the European states will be forced to consider what must be done to affirm the credibility of our own policies.'

European unity is no longer a romantic dream. Now political realists argue that Europe's only choice may be a new "nation" of 255 million people.

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Question of self-defense

QUESTIONING THE CREDIBILITY of European policies in a diplomatic way of referring to Europe's capacity for backing up its [illegible] is not alone in the new. Alfredo Spinelli, an Italian Socialist member of the Common Market's executive commission, agrees that "Europe cannot remain an enlarged Switzerland even if it wants to." He, too, [illegible] the need for ultimate West European military force. He hopes to avoid that a united Western Europe, cultivating its own economic garden, can long continue to enjoy the protection of the U.S. nuclear umbrella, just as the U.S. in the days of the Monroe Doctrine enjoyed the military protection of the British fleet.

"However," Spinelli points out, "there is a difference between the old British fleet and the American nuclear umbrella today. The U.S. nuclear umbrella is ambiguous. It is, at the same time, a force both for protection and for attack. But what, precisely, does protection mean for Europe? Protection against just what dangers, in what areas, in what circumstances, at what price? There are serious problems here that [illegible] be solved, and we Europeans must begin trying to solve some of them ourselves."

European doubts about American protection, as well as a stirring resolve to grasp some autonomy on the world stage, were accelerated by a traumatic events—the Middle East war of 1967 and the Soviet occupation of Czechoslovakia in 1968. In the former, Edward Heath often cited as a symbol of European impotence the meeting of the seven-nation Western European Union, largely unarmed military alliance [illegible] Britain and the Six, which was taking place in Rome during the Six Day War between Israel and the Arabs. The Europeans, though almost totally dependent on the Middle East for oil, were [illegible] while Washington and Moscow were active both diplomatically and militarily. Czechoslovakia showed not only that the Soviet leopard had yet to shed its spots, but that the U.S. nuclear shield, and the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, would be of little use to Europeans if Washington were to be preoccupied elsewhere.

More recently, European leaders have become increasingly uneasy about the steady buildup of Soviet military, especially naval, capabilities. I suppose that the Soviets will refrain from employing their military strength in new political power plays is largely an act of faith, and the faith of even détente-minded European leaders has waned noticeably. The Scandinavians, for example, who originally pooh-poohed the Soviet naval presence in the Mediterranean, have now begun to express alarm that the Baltic, too, is fast becoming a "Soviet lake." According to NATO experts, the Russian fleet is now capable almost overnight, of closing the Skagerrak, the strategic channel between Denmark and Norway and passage from the Baltic to the North Sea.

There are also potential internal threats. One reason Pompidou is determined to "build Europe," according to a top aide, is the possibility that within a few years Italy may be unable to form a government without including its powerful Communist party. The French President reportedly hopes to create a firm European structure in which Italy could remain even if a Communist-influenced government were to withdraw wholly or partly from NATO. Similarly, a European confederation would provide Spain, where anti-American feeling now runs high, with an attractive *chambre d'accueil* after Franco's departure.



Groping for u

CONSIDERING THE HISTORIC CHALLENGE, E[illegible] pean progress toward political union (as [illegible] tinct from tariff cutting or farm-subsidy de[illegible] has been rather meager. De Gaulle had first

ed a "Union of States" in the fields of "poli- economics, culture, and defense" in the ner of 1960, but discussion of concrete s based on his ideas broke down two years , largely as a result of growing hostility be- n the General and "*les Anglo-Saxons*."

here was little further talk of political unity l the December 1969 summit meeting of the t the Hague, where Pompidou, Brandt, and r colleagues agreed to reopen negotiations i Britain and instructed their diplomats to up a new plan for coordinating foreign ocies. The plan, drafted by a committee led by Belgium's Davignon, was submitted to foreign ministers of the Six at a meeting in rbo, Italy, on May 29, 1970. Briefly, the called for the European foreign ministers nfer twice a year, while lower-level officials ld meet more often to draft joint reports on ific issues—reports the ministers might then t as "the" European foreign policy.

t the first meeting, in Munich in November 0, the ministers mainly "exchanged views." also commissioned reports on a European rity conference and on the Middle East for r next session. At this second meeting, in s last May, they quickly approved a policy r on a security conference. But the Middle was another matter. Officials had worked out eace plan" two weeks earlier, but the Israelis, judged it pro-Arab, had lobbied strongly inst it. Divided, but also in a hurry, the Six hed a Solomonic judgment: they "agreed" ke note of the plan, but not to make it public. ertheless, copious details of both the plan and disagreements among the Six were soon ed to the press. The ministers of the Six e angrily berated when they met next day h Sir Alec Douglas-Home, the British foreign retary: this was no way, he said, for Europe define policies that the world could take ously.

ome Europeans argue that it is not too im- ant for their nations to agree on problems the Middle East, Vietnam, and South Africa. at counts, it is said, is that they agree on their European affairs. In this perspective, the rreling over what might have been yet an- r useless Mideast peace plan is of far less rtance than, for example, the solid support en by both Britain and France to Chancellor ndt's *Ostpolitik* during seventeen months of ky Big Four talks on Berlin. The teamwork ng London, Paris, and Bonn this time con- ted sharply with the bitter inter-allied quar- during the 1958-61 Berlin crises. It was also ontrast to the grave alarums sent up by ini- ial foreign-policy experts in the U.S. who saw ous dangers in Brandt's initiative.

loreover, during the long negotiations over ish entry into the Common Market, Pompi- , Brandt, and Heath worked together behind the scenes with unusual effectiveness. In the past two years, more private letters have been exchanged between Pompidou and Brandt than during all of De Gaulle's famed courtship of Konrad Adenauer, and since 1970 Heath has joined in a unique three-way correspondence. At numerous tense moments, Pompidou, Brandt, and Heath have picked up the telephone to cool off their quarreling ministers and negotiators in Brussels and Luxembourg, urging pragmatic compromises in the name of a higher political interest.

Yet Berlin is a problem on which the European allies have been working together for twenty-five years, and the first British-entry negotiations began in 1961. In the face of a radical new challenge of vital interest—namely, the collapse last summer of the international monetary system based on the "dollar-exchange standard"—goodwill at the summit was not sufficient to produce a unified European response.

It took the Europeans six weeks of nearly continuous meetings of finance ministers and central bankers to arrive at even the vague semblance of a compromise proposal with which to confront Nixon and Treasury Secretary John Connally at the Washington international monetary conference late last September. After the meeting, Paris and Bonn again went their separate ways. Now it appears that a summit conference of the ten members of the enlarged Community, early in 1972, may be necessary to resolve the crisis.

As Jean Monnet, eighty-three-year-old "father" of the European-unity movement, observed sadly, in the monetary crisis "Europe had not really reflected in common. The United States acted." Like the Mideast quarrel among the foreign ministers, the monetary crisis showed how difficult it was in practice to achieve the elusive ideal of "Europe speaking with one voice"—either through the ad hoc "consultations" established under the Davignon Plan or through the institutions of the Common Market.

Shaky institutions

INDEED, EVEN BEFORE THE monetary crisis, the Common Market's institutions were causing increasing disillusionment. Rereading the 248 articles of the Rome Treaty of March 25, 1957, which established the Market, is a mournful exercise today. Its plans for moving toward "supranational" European government—plans largely nullified by De Gaulle—are so many promises still unmet. The treaty's provisions for common European business law and a common ort policy have never been implemented. Euratom, the Common Market's nuclear affiliate, has been moribund for years. The European Coal and Steel Community, which pre- the Mar-

"The Chinese Communists have already hailed the European unity movement as a potential challenge to Soviet-American hegemony."



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ket, has gradually lost significance with the rise of atomic power and multinational corporations. The European Social Fund, aimed at restraining workers and promoting the mobility of labor, spends less for these purposes than individual member governments.

The multinational corporations have also largely squelched the Common Market's embryonic "antitrust" program. Decisions by, say, Henry Ford on how to operate his various European subsidiaries have had greater impact than most Common Market regulations. Nor have the Europeans, separately or together, asserted any control over the $60 billion "Eurodollar" capital market.

The Common Market's principal aim was to eliminate tariff barriers among the Six and apply a common external tariff against imports from abroad. Over a decade, this goal was formally achieved, but at the cost of so many loopholes and new "non-tariff" trade barriers that the Six have yet to create a single, unified market like that of the United States. Even before the era of "floating" currencies, a Volkswagen cost one-fourth more in Brussels than in Frankfurt, while the same Italian washing machine cost nearly a third more in Paris than in Rom

Meanwhile, the Market's common exter tariff, applied to imports from the outside wor proved far less imposing a barrier than ma U.S. and British, not to mention Japanese, straints on trade. Between 1958 and 1970, U exports to the Six tripled, from $3 billion to billion. At last count, American firms inside t Common Market were doing sales of $15 billi a year, and remitting nearly a billion dollars profits to the U.S. (These and similar statist largely explain the bitterness with which Eu peans greeted the Nixon-Connally economic p gram. "Why are they punishing *us*," Europea asked, "for their troubles with Japan and C ada?")

The most elaborate and controversial aspe of the Common Market is the Common Agric tural Policy, which De Gaulle imposed on F partners in 1962 mainly for the benefit of Fren farmers. Under this policy, the Community gu antees high prices for its own farmers, withc any restrictions on how much they can produc It subsidizes the export of their surpluses arou the world and meanwhile levies high duties farm imports entering the Market from abroa

Ministers of the Six have spent an estimat 90 per cent of their time discussing the workin of the farm policy, which also preoccupies m of the 7,000 "Eurocrats" (some 5,000 in Br sels, the rest in Luxembourg and Strasbourg Indeed, the farm policy has become the ma "European" activity. More than 90 per cent the Community's budget through 1974 is alrea earmarked for agriculture. (In 1971, the fa fund was expected to pay out $3.3 billion in su sidies, including $815 million for dairy farm alone.) Though many hope that the British a Danes, on entering the Market, will dismantle t agricultural system, France still regards it as t very "foundation" of European unity. Indee the question arises: if by some chance Pa agreed to the scrapping of the farm policy, wh would remain, in substance, of the Comm Market?



Illiberal bureaucrac

A SLASHING ATTACK ON THE MARKET'S insti tions was made last summer by the Co munity's own Commissioner for External Affai the brilliant West German sociologist Ralf Da rendorf. His criticisms showed why there a few cities in which to despair more easily of pr pects for European unity than the three "ca

*One cause of such discrepancies was the differe rates at which the Six applied the controversial Val Added Tax, which is levied at every stage of the p duction process. While Italy avoided enacting the t for years, and West Germany's high rate was 11 p cent, rates in France and Belgium ranged up to 23 a 25 per cent.

' of the European Community: Brussels, embourg, and Strasbourg.

trasbourg is the principal home of the Euro- n Parliament, whose members, delegated by r national parliaments, lack any power what- . "A democrat can only feel shame," wrote rendorf, "when he sees adult parliamen- ans, honorably elected in their own coun- s, playing out the farce they must put on ten es a year, a week at a time, in Strasbourg or embourg. Either they have to discuss mat- which interest them only slightly, if at all, lse they become interested in problems which are not allowed to discuss. Either way, they not decide anything."

uxembourg is the permanent seat of the Euro- n Court of Justice, which arbitrates arcane nomic disputes with somewhat less verve than U.S. Interstate Commerce Commission. Dur- April, June, and October, Luxembourg also vs host to meetings of the Community's ncil of Ministers (nearly always foreign, agri- ural, or finance ministers; never defense min- rs, since defense is outside the scope of the ne Treaty). It was in Luxembourg in 1966 , on De Gaulle's demand, the Six retained unanimity rule—thus abandoning the Rome aty's provisions for transition to a system of lified majority voting. The unanimity rule is ely responsible for the most familiar "Euro- n" tradition: the Council of Ministers' habit rarely deciding anything, even the support e for Italian pasta, before five o'clock in the ning.

Brussels is where the Council of Ministers' athons take place nine months of the year. wever, when the ministers are otherwise en- ed, which is most of the time, the member es leave their Common Market business in hands of Permanent Representatives with the k of ambassador. According to Commissioner rendorf, these officials ("responsible in prac- to nobody, nor even in law to any Parlia- nt") have in recent years "effectively posed of nine out of ten outstanding ques- ns without their ministers ever having heard ut them." Dahrendorf considers the so-called ncil of Permanent Representatives "the least trolled, least authorized and—believe me— t qualified European institution."

o complete the Brussels structure, there is nine-member European Commission, which architects of the Rome Treaty expected to lve into the executive branch of an ultimate pranational" European government. De lle checked such pretensions, reducing the mission to what he called a "specialized or ism." The Commission proposes original as as well as compromise plans to the minis- , but mainly administers the day-to-day car- ng out of decisions taken, in reality, by the ernments of the member nations.

By and large, Dahrendorf considers the Brussels institutions both "illiberal and bureaucratic," obsessed by a mania for standardization: "Wherever there is a chance for a common regulation, or even a proposal for one, it has been pursued—regardless of whether it concerned common shapes for bottles or accounting units, insurance systems or ice-cream-making processes, truckdrivers' work schedules or the size of agricultural enterprises." Mixed in such trivia, the Brussels Eurocrats meanwhile lost sight of the great-power game between America and Russia, even when it directly touched European interests.

"Considerable belt-tightening, over several years, would be required to mount a European defense program even remotely comparable to those of Russia and the U.S."

Infantile dependence

EVEN THOUGH MOST OBSERVERS outside Brussels consider the Brussels institutions inadequate, new ideas for institutionalizing European unity have thus far been few, vague, and modest. There has been talk of providing the Council of Foreign Ministers with a permanent "political secretariat," which might become the nucleus of an eventual European foreign ministry. Monnet has urged the direct election of the European Parliament, to stimulate popular interest in unity; but Dahrendorf, among others, thinks the manner of the Parliament's selection less important than its lack of any real powers. Pompidou in turn sees no point in giving powers to the Parliament before there is a European Government. The French President last winter suggested, "as one scheme among others," that each of the governments name a special Minister of European Affairs; he could "imagine" that in a "final phase" such ministers "would only have European powers and would no longer belong to the national governments." But Pompidou failed to spell out how the Europeans might arrive at that final phase.

Brandt and Heath, as well as Pompidou, have spoken of a process of evolution lasting a decade, without indicating the steps along the way. Such reticence has been partly deliberate, in order to avoid trouble from sovereignty-conscious anti-Europeans in the British House of Commons. But, even now that Parliament has ratified British entry, European hesitations over taking the "great leap" to unity seem likely to persist—primarily because of a reluctance to face the defense question and to end what Britain's Labour M.P. Harold Lever calls an "infantile dependence" on the United States.

So long as American disengagement looms as a potential future danger rather than an acute immediate one, most European politicians see [illegible] reason to hurry and drastically reverse priorities with which they have been comfortable for years. Though European members of NATO have two million men under arms and spend



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more than $20 billion on defense, education long ago replaced military spending as the largest item in the budgets of most West European countries. Indeed, the West Europeans have developed their educational health and other social services to such a level of "built-in" spending that their budgets contain little flexibility to permit financing of long-term defense projects. Considerable belt-tightening, over several years, would be required to mount a European defense program even remotely comparable to those of Russia and the United States. Moreover, with memories of two world wars receding and a third war long pronounced "unthinkable," younger Europeans (like their American counterparts) tend to be allergic to any talk of military spending, let alone of the "will to supremacy" that some of their elders consider essential for a united Europe. Calls for higher defense expenditures, whether coming from their own colleagues or from U.S. generals in NATO, have left most European politicians unmoved. "Forget about it," commented one Brussels official. "It's not for tomorrow or even the day after tomorrow—unless the Russians become monstrous or the U.S. pulls out altogether."



For a generation now, most Europeans ha
been content to rely on the U.S. for military pr
tection, but it would be wrong to imagine, as
many Americans do, that they have been enjo
ing a "free ride," Indeed, since the Eisenhow
Administration, Washington has been vexing t
Europeans with the so-called question of "burd
sharing"—linking U.S. defense spending, rig
ly or wrongly, with the defense of the dollar a
the U.S. balance of payments. European gove
ments, faced with the choice of asking their p
liaments for higher military budgets (and high
taxes) or of obliging Washington by other mea
accepted a long series of ingenious expedie
to "offset" the costs of U.S. military protectio
European air forces bought large quantities
Starfighters, Phantoms, and other military cra
civilian airlines bought Boeing and Douglas je
European central banks bought up frequent
sues of U.S. Treasury bonds and often held the
beyond term. They also held billions of dolla
in reserves, deliberately refraining (with the e
ception of France) from converting them in
gold. European governments permitted Ame
can corporations to acquire a dominant share
many key industries, ranging from tin cans a
razor blades to oil and computers. The Comm
Market rigged both its external tariff and
common farm policy to guarantee an Americ
trade surplus ($2.4 billion in 1970).

West Germany, which is most dependent
U.S. military protection, went farthest in
economic concessions to Washington. But su
cessive British governments refused to deval
the pound until 1967—thus imposing growthl
"stop-go" policies on the British economy f
two decades—at least partly because the pou
was regarded as a "line of defense" for the d
lar. Even France, which under De Gaulle wag
a mini-war against the dollar and tried to blo
American industrial takeovers, has run a su
stantial trade deficit with the U.S. every ye
since World War II.

In retrospect, many European officials reg
that they tied their own economies to U.S. mi
tary protection. Karl Blessing, long West G
many's top central banker, recently remark
that the biggest mistake of his career had be
to yield to an American threat of troop wit
drawals and agree not to convert German-he
dollar reserves into gold. Others have pointed o
that, while the Europeans have been helpi
shore up the dollar, the gap between Europe a
the U.S. in advanced technology has continu
to widen. The U.S., for example, has three tim
as many computers per capita as West Germa
or Britain.

Yet old habits die hard and after two decad
of relying primarily on the U.S. rather than
each other, it is not easy for European gove
ments to begin "Europeanizing" and rational
ing even their present levels of defense spendi

Brussels, Commissioner Spinelli has been urg- a joint European program of scientific and nological research and development, under ch the enlarged Community would draw up inventory of Europe's resources, establish ir priorities, and work out a suitable division abor. However, joint research and develop- nt faces resistance from strong economic, aca- nic, and bureaucratic interests within the ious national states, and it is hard to see how Ten could ever negotiate such a program nin the ramshackle Common Market institu- ns.

Denis Healey, when he was defense minister Britain's Labour government, was influential pushing joint development of the so-called tirole combat aircraft (MRCA), which is ng built by a special Anglo-German-Italian sortium called Panavia. Most observers be- e there will be more of such ventures.

However, in a given decade, there are only r or five big defense-procurement projects, the MRCA, in which European cooperation ht bring about substantial cost savings. And n these are often held back by the varying tegic doctrines of the British, French, and st German high commands.

Therefore, such experts as Francois Duchêne, d of Britain's prestigious Institute for Stra- c Studies, believe that joint policy planning ht be the most useful path for the Europeans ollow at this point. If European defense min- rs harmonized their tactical concepts and rational requirements, Duchêne argues, then er needed reforms could follow, such as a uni- logistics system and harmonization of train- So far, most European countries have been tent to leave strategic planning largely to TO (thus, to the U.S.), while France con- es to stress "national independence."

Military logic

OPINIONS DIFFER AS TO WHETHER common defense efforts will come soon or at a later e of European unification. Most observers ld argue that any truly European defense rt will occur as a result of political unifica- . Politics, they say, must come first. However, ose associate of Prime Minister Heath recent- emarked that defense collaboration—at least ween Britain and France—"will come a lot ner than most people think." He may be right. or, quite apart from the political atmosphere, tary technology has a logic and timetables ts own. According to military experts, both British and French nuclear forces (a half en Polaris-type submarines each) will cease e "credible" in three or four years. Thus, by 4 or 1975, London and Paris will each have ecide whether to enter the next "generation" of nuclear-weapons systems on its own, opt out of the nuclear race altogether, or seek to join together in a "European" nuclear force.

Still, even if an Anglo-French nuclear force were encouraged by the U.S.—and both President Nixon and Henry Kissinger were in favor of the idea before taking office—it would pose delicate political problems. A purely Anglo-French force, allegedly "held in trust for Europe" by London and Paris, might raise cries of discrimination in West Germany and Italy, each of which is capable of becoming a small-scale nuclear power but has chosen not to.

If Britain and France were prepared to transfer their nuclear forces to the government of a European confederation, West German, Italian, and perhaps even U.S. objections might be overcome (although the Soviet Union might well then raise the cry of "German fingers on the trigger"). But first a European confederation would have to be created, with some sort of executive authority or government more plausible than the current Brussels institutions. Thus far, there has been little sign that today's West European leaders are ready to take that giant step, which would require new treaties and new parliamentary struggles to ratify them. There is still no sense of a crisis demanding radical measures.

Most observers agree that American neo-isolationism would probably be the strongest stimulus to West European unity. The more the U.S. draws back and turns inward, disregarding European interests, the more the Europeans will be drawn together and compelled to take the major decisions they have hitherto been able to avoid.

However, a hasty, intemperate U.S. disengagement from Europe could be extremely destructive. While great political and economic decisions can often be carried out in a matter of months (as the history of the Rome Treaty itself demonstrated), defense planning always requires a "lead time" measured in years. The danger, as one U.S. official at NATO put it recently, is that "we will pull out too much, too fast before the Europeans are ready with anything of their own —and then, in the panic, Moscow will call the tune." This observer—and he is not alone—sees such a crisis coming in 1973 or 1974.

In the early years of this century, the French historian Elie Halevy predicted that Europe would ultimately have to choose between "a universal Swiss Republic and bellicose Caesarism." If the United States does not falter, Europe by 1980 might well have both: "bellicose Caesarism" in the East, directed from Moscow, and a "universal Swiss Republic" in Western Europe. But if reports of America's "decline and fall" prove not to be exaggerated, then the Europeans may have to create a superpower merely to survive. Once again, as has been the case for two generations, what they ultimately do depends largely on us. □

"Most observers agree that American neo-isolationism would probably be the strongest stimulus to West European unity."

Russell Baker

THE SAYINGS OF POOR RUSSELL



The wry aphorisms of an American humorist

In April, if the glands still work properly, it is possible to see the world as it might be if only it were not the world.

The dirty work at political conventions is almost always done in the grim hours between midnight and dawn. Hangmen and politicians work best when the human spirit is at its lowest ebb.



Following are some translations into English from that strange tongue, Politigabble:

"My fellow Americans" —*Anybody who switches to the channel showing the movie is unpatriotic.*

"It's wonderful to be back here in the American heartland" —*What's the name of this dump?*

"Let's look at the record" —*Let's not.*

"Peace with honor" —*War.*

"Never has the threat to democratic government been graver . . ." —*My polls show I am likely to get beaten.*

Sociologists agree that the worst thing that can happen to an American child nowadays is youth. When the malady strikes, it may help a little for the parent to take his child aside and gently explain that while youth is indeed a terrible affliction, every case in history has been cured — and that the cure is usually worse than the ailment.

The sinister nature of the American soil is apparent in places like Gettysburg. Fertilize it with the blood of heroes, and it brings forth a frozen-custard stand.

English is a language in which grown people see nothing peculiar about telling a child, "Sit down and sit up . . . ." in which a man can "sit out" a "sit-in" without feeling foolish, then go home and tell his wife he has been "sitting around" all day. . . . It is easy to "sit still," but impossible to "sit loud." It is no problem at all for an English speaker to "sit tight," but ask him to "sit loose" and he will go to pieces.



Frozen food is not progress.

The magic of children is their abili to cloud our memories so that wher we look back we recall only the gol moments, the sweet laughter and t sentimental tears, and none of the ful trials. What we forget is that parenthood is also going through w the PTA again, being humiliated b a fourteen-year-old at Indian wrest ling, having a daughter in love wit a saxophone player, snarling about book reports for fifteen years, goin mad in the multiplication tables, a trying to persuade a nine-year-old t he must learn about Leonid Brezhn or be turned down by Harvard.

The people who are always hankeri loudest for some golden yesteryear usually drive new cars.

Constant exposure to the shocked reports that America is a wild part may alarm the naïve, but the sensi person will eventually start wonder why he never receives an invitation . . . With age, he slowly accepts the drab truth: in the average city of th million people the number of wild parties held in the average year can be counted on the fingers of one han What is worse, these four or five wil parties are always attended by the same people—a handful of profes sional wild-party goers and five hundred magazine writers who are gathering material for articles on sex-drenched America.

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ks have acquired a sacred quality
is shared by no other medium of
ession. Let us say that a general
a few forgettable ideas about
FO. If we see him expounding
n on television, we may listen and
et. . . .
ut let him spin out his ideas to
thousand words, have them
aged between two pieces of
eboard and placed on the coffee
e, and the general becomes part of
household for life. When the
ily moves, he moves with it, along
the dog and the goldfish. He has
dusted year in, year out. He sits
e on the shelf, while the children
, marry, and drift out of your life;
n you die, lawyers have to be paid
ecide who must support him for
next sixty years. . . .



utting [books] in the trash is
ost as grave a social offense as
ing them. And yet at the rate they
being produced something must
one . . . Book burning will have to
ade an honorable trade, like
age disposal. . . . When it is, we
l be able once a year to lay an
ging hand upon the bookshelf. . . .
The firemen are on their way!"
hall shout to our wives.
Throw down all books whose titles
ain the words 'Strategy,' 'Crisis,'
utie,' 'Society,' 'Power,' 'The
t,' 'The Day,' 'How to,' 'De
lle,' 'Tito,' 'Danger,' 'Freedom,'
rld,' 'Survival,' and 'Creative.'"
nd the rest of us will start throw-
[out] every book described as
e and witty," "sensitive and per-
ive," "haunting," "shocking,"
der and insightful," "searing,"
allenging," "brilliantly funny,"
arious and fascinating," "particu-
lucid," "charged with suspense
narrative drive," "terrifyingly
iled," "stark," and "bold, bril-
t, and revealingly candid."

If publishers conceive their function to be the reduction of literature to hamburger we should feel no guilt about barbecuing it.

More translations from Politigabble:

"The disgruntled young must learn to work effectively within the system for the reforms they so ardently desire"—*Do as I say, and in time you may be elected to public office to do as I don't, and have no intention of doing.*

"My opponent's religion should not be an issue in this campaign, and I will never heed the advice of those who are urging me to make it an issue"—*In case it has not been generally observed here, I would like to point out that he adheres to a minority sect with extremely odd views on transubstantiation.*

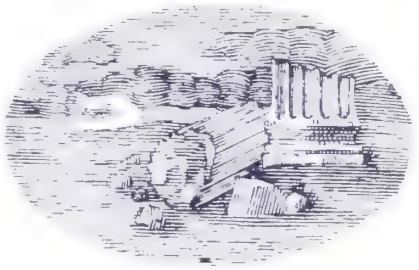
"And standing there in that kibbutz, I said . . ."—*No Arab, I.*

"Let us remember that these wonderful young people are our citizens of tomorrow"—*At present, however, they are still just young punks.*

"I shall never stoop to smear and innuendo"—*The polls show I have it won if I play it cool.*

"My opponent has sought to sell himself as though he were a powder for the relief of acid indigestion through the use of the most expensive campaign of television huckstering in the history of American government. This crass commercial cheapening of public office is a vice in which I shall never indulge"—*I am in truly desperate need of funds to purchase television time.*





Charles B. Slackman

Usually, terrible things that are done with the excuse that progress requires them are not really progress at all, but just terrible things.

How many more years will our educators continue to lecture us on the evils of whipping the children until they bring home high grades? Year after year we listen to these fellows tell us that it is not the grade that counts but the development of the child's personality. After the lecture they go back to all the best schools and reject our children because they have C averages.

There are no liberals behind steering wheels.

The peculiarity of the unanswerable question is that it can rarely be answered again, once its answer becomes lost. Science can go to the laboratory and produce an irrefutable answer, but half the population that knows better will merely point out that science also said once that the earth was flat.

Misery no longer loves company. Nowadays it insists upon it.

People who have the power to make things happen don't do things that people do, so they don't know what needs to happen.

One snow in a winter is happiness. Two snows are too many. Three snows are a penance visited upon cities that are unjust. Wise is the man who goes to Yucatan after the first snow for he shall escape the ravages of dipsomania, self-pity, and misanthropy, and his shoes shall not be ruined.

The high cost of protecting our future

SAVING THE CRUSADE

by Peter F. Drucker

EVERYBODY TODAY IS "for the environment." Laws and agencies designed to protect it multiply at all levels of government. Big corporations take full-color ads to explain how they're cleaning up, or at least trying to. Even you as a private citizen probably make some conscientious effort to curb pollution. At the same time, we have learned enough about the problem to make some progress toward restoring a balance between man and nature. The environmental crusade may well become the great cause of the Seventies—and not one moment too soon.

Yet the crusade is in real danger of running off the tracks, much like its immediate predecessor, the so-called war on poverty. Paradoxically, the most fervent environmentalists may be among the chief wreckers. Many are confused about the cause of our crisis and the ways in which we might resolve it. They ignore the difficult decisions that must be made; they splinter the resources available for attacking environmental problems. Indeed, some of our leading crusaders seem almost perversely determined to sabotage their cause—and our future.

Consider, for example, the widespread illusion that a clean environment can be obtained by reducing or even abolishing our dependence on "technology." The growing pollution crisis does indeed raise fundamental questions about technology—its direction, uses, and future. But the relationship between technology and the environment is hardly as simple as much anti-technological rhetoric would have us believe. The invention that has probably had the greatest environmental impact in the past twenty-five years, for instance, is that seemingly insignificant gadget, the wire-screen window. The wire screen, rather than DDT or antibiotics, detonated the "population explosion" in underdeveloped countries, where only a few decades ago as many as four out of five children died of such insect-borne diseases as "summer diarrhea" or malaria before their fifth birthday. Would even the most ardent environmentalist outlaw the screen window and expose those babies again to the flies?

The truth is that most environmental problems require technological solutions—and dozens of them. To control our biggest wat pollutant, human wastes, we will have to draw all sciences and technologies from biochemist to thermodynamics. Similarly, we need the m advanced technology for adequate treatment the effluents that mining and manufacturing sp into the world's waters. It will take even mo new technology to repair the damage caused the third major source of water pollution in t country—the activities of farmers and logge

Even the hope of genuine disarmament—a the arms race may be our worst and most da gerous pollutant—rests largely on complex te nologies of remote inspection and surveillan Environmental control, in other words, requi technology at a level at least as high as the te nology whose misuse it is designed to corre The sewage-treatment plants that are urgen needed all over the world will be designed, bu and kept running not by purity of heart, balla or Earth Days but by crew-cut engineers work in very large organizations, whether business research labs, or government agencies.

Who will pa

THE SECOND AND EQUALLY DANGEROUS d sion abroad today is the common belief t the cost of cleaning the environment can be p for out of "business profits." After taxes, profits of all American businesses in a good y come to sixty or seventy billion dollars. And n ing and manufacturing—the most polluting dustries—account for less than half of this. at the lowest estimate, the cleanup bill, even just the most urgent jobs, will be three or f times as large as all business profits.

Consider the most efficient and most profita electric-power company in the country (and p ably in the world): the American Power C pany, which operates a number of large po systems in the Midwest and upper South. It always been far more ecology-minded than r other power companies, including the gov ment's own TVA. Yet cleaning up Amer Power's plants to the point where they no lo

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oul air and water will require, for many years come, an annual outlay close to, if not exding, the company's present annual profit of 00 million. The added expense caused by giv- up strip mining of coal or by reclaiming p-mined land might double the company's l bill, its single largest operating cost. No one even guess what it would cost—if and when an be done technologically—to put power ısmission lines underground. It might well a good deal more than power companies have r earned.

7E FACE AN ENVIRONMENTAL CRISIS because for too long we have disregarded genuine s. Now we must raise the costs, in a hurry, here they should have been all along. The nse must be borne, eventually, by the great s of the people as consumers and producers. only choice we have is which of the costs be borne by the consumer in the form of ıer prices, and which by the taxpayer in the n of higher taxes.

may be possible to convert part of this eco- ic burden into economic opportunity, though without hard work and, again, new technol- Many industrial or human wastes might be -formed into valuable products.The heat pro- d in generating electricity might be used in nhouses and fish farming, or to punch "heat s" into the layer of cold air over such places os Angeles, creating an updraft to draw off mog. But these are long-range projects. The ased costs are here and now.

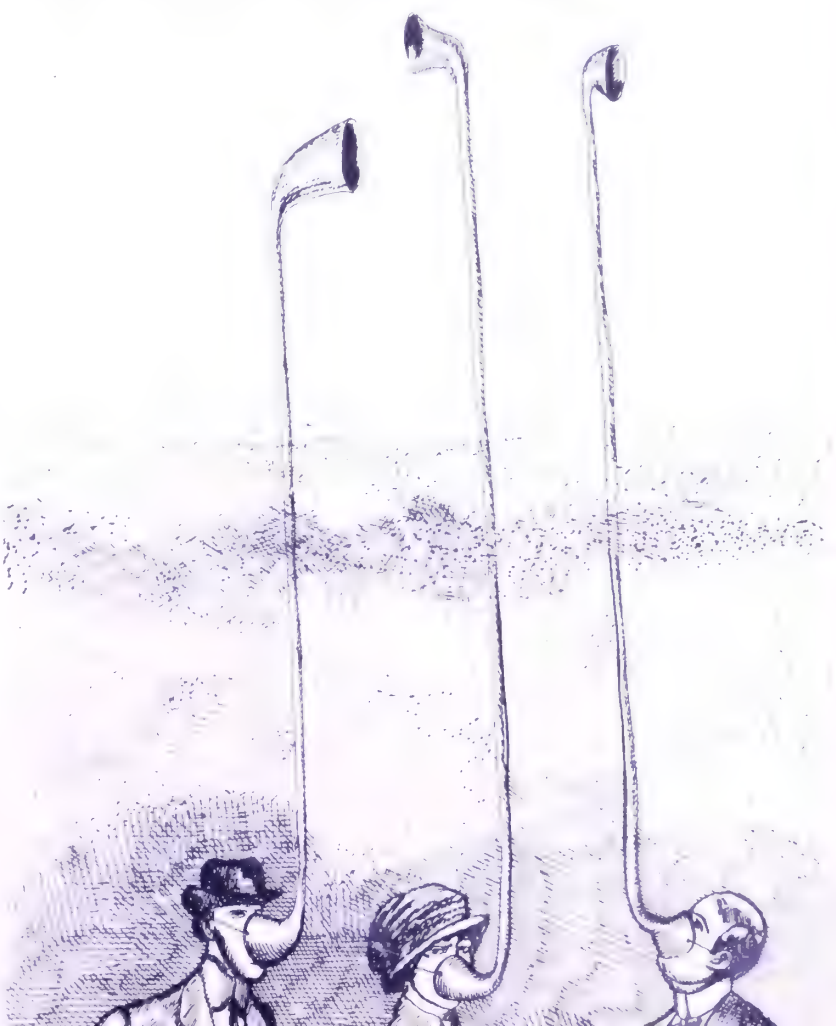
osely related to the fallacy that "profit" can he environmental bill is the belief that we solve the environmental crisis by reducing strial output. In the highly developed af- t countries of the world, it is true that we be about to de-emphasize the "production- tation" of the past few hundred years. In- the "growth sectors" of the developed omies are increasingly education, leisure ties, or health care rather than goods. But loxical as it may sound, the environmental will force us to return to an emphasis on growth and industrial output—at least for xt decade.

Overlooked facts of life

ERE ARE THREE REASONS FOR THIS, each dequate in itself.

Practically every environmental task de- s huge amounts of electrical energy, way d anything now available. Sewage treat- s just one example; the difference between ıditional and wholly inadequate methods modern treatment plant that gets rid of a and industrial wastes and produces rea- sonably clear water is primarily electric power, and vast supplies of it. This poses a difficult dilemma. Power plants are themselves polluters. And one of their major pollution hazards, thermal pollution, is something we do not yet know how to handle.

Had we better postpone any serious attack on other environmental tasks until we have solved the pollution problems of electric-power generation? It would be a quixotic decision, but at least it would be a deliberate one. What is simply dishonest is the present hypocrisy that maintains we are serious about these other problems—industrial wastes, for instance, or sewage or pesticides —while we refuse to build the power plants we need to resolve them. I happen to be a member in good standing of the Sierra Club, and I share its concern for the environment. But the Sierra Club's opposition to any new power plant today —and the opposition of other groups to new power plants in other parts of the country (e.g., New York City)—has, in the first place, ensured that other ecological tasks cannot be done effectively for the next five or ten years. Secondly, it has made certain that the internal-combustion engine is going to remain our mainstay in transportation for a long time to come. An electrical automobile or electrified mass transportation—the only feasible alternatives—would require an even more rapid increase in electrical power than



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any now projected. And thirdly it may well, a few years hence, cause power shortages along the Atlantic Coast, which would mean unheated homes in winter, as well as widespread industrial shutdowns and unemployment. This would almost certainly start a "backlash" against the whole environmental crusade.

2) No matter how desirable a de-emphasis on production might be, the next decade is the wrong time for it in all the developed countries and especially in the U.S. The next decade will bring a surge in employment-seekers and in the formation of young families—both the inevitable result of the baby boom of the late Forties and early Fifties. Young adults need jobs; and unless there is a rapid expansion of jobs in production there will be massive unemployment, especially of low-skilled blacks and other minority group members. In addition to jobs, young families need goods—from housing and furniture to shoes for the baby. Even if the individual family's standard of consumption goes down quite a bit, total demand—barring only a severe depression—will go up sharply. If this is resisted in the name of ecology, environment will become a dirty word in the political vocabulary.

3) If there is no expansion of output equal to the additional cost of cleaning up the environment, the cost burden will—indeed, must—be met by cutting the funds available for education, health care, or the inner city, thus depriving the poor. It would be nice if the resources we need could come out of defense spending. But of the 6 or 7 per cent of our national income that now goes for defense, a large part is cost of past wars, that is, veterans' pensions and disability benefits (which, incidentally, most other countries do not include in their defense budgets—a fact critics of "American militarism" often ignore). Even if we could—or should—cut defense spending, the "peace dividend" is going to be 1 or 2 per cent of national income, at best.

But the total national outlay for education (7 to 8 per cent), health care (another 7 to 8 per cent), and the inner city and other poverty areas (almost 5 per cent) comes to a fifth of total national income today. Unless we raise output and productivity fast enough to offset the added environmental cost, the voters will look to this sector for money. Indeed, in their rejection of school budgets across the nation and in their desperate attempts to cut welfare costs, voters have already begun to do so. That the shift of resources is likely to be accomplished in large part through inflation—essentially at the expense of the lower-income groups—will hardly make the environmental cause more popular with the poor.

The only way to avoid these evils is to expand the economy, probably at a rate of growth on the order of 4 per cent a year for the next decade, a higher rate than we have been able to sustain in this country in the postwar years. This undoubtedly entails very great environmental risks. B the alternative is likely to mean no environment action at all, and a rapid public turn—by n means confined to the "hard hats"—against a environmental concern whatever.

Making virtue pa

THE FINAL DELUSION is that the proper way t bring about a clean environment is throug punitive legislation. We do need prohibitions an laws forbidding actions that endanger and d grade the environment. But more than that, w need incentives to preserve and improve it.

Punitive laws succeed only if the malefa tors are few and the unlawful act is cor paratively rare. Whenever the law attempts prevent or control something everybody is doin it degenerates into a huge but futile machine informers, spies, bribe givers, and bribe take Today every one of us—in the underdevelope countries almost as much as in the develope ones—is a polluter. Punitive laws and regul tions can force automobile manufacturers to p emission controls into new cars, but they w never be able to force 100 million motorists maintain this equipment. Yet this is going to h the central task if we are to stop automoti pollution.

What we should do is make it to everyone advantage to reach environmental goals. An since the roots of the environmental crisis are largely in economic activity, the incentives w have to be largely economic ones as well. Aut mobile owners who voluntarily maintain in wor ing order the emission controls of their ca might, for instance, pay a much lower automob registration fee, while those whose cars fall belo accepted standards might pay a much higher fe And if they were offered a sizable tax incentiv the automobile companies would put all the best energies to work to produce safer and em sion-free cars, rather than fight delaying actio against punitive legislation.

Despite all the rhetoric on the campuses, w know by now that "capitalism" has nothing do with the ecological crisis, which is fully severe in the Communist countries. The bathi beaches for fifty miles around Stockholm ha become completely unusable, not because of t wicked Swedish capitalists but because of t raw, untreated sewage from Communist Leni grad that drifts across the narrow Baltic. Mosco even though it still has few automobiles, has bad an air-pollution problem as Los Angeles and has done less about it so far.

We should also know that "greed" has little do with the environmental crisis. The two ma causes are population pressures, especially t pressures of large metropolitan populations, a the desire—a highly commendable one—to bri

ent living at the lowest possible cost to the st possible number of people.

e environmental crisis is the result of suc--success in cutting down the mortality of ts (which has given us the population ex- on), success in raising farm output suf- ıtly to prevent mass famine (which has ı us contamination by insecticides, pesti- , and chemical fertilizers), success in get- people out of the noisome tenements of the eenth-century city and into the greenery and ıcy of the single-family home in the suburbs ch has given us urban sprawl and traffic). The environmental crisis, in other words, ry largely the result of doing too much of ight sort of thing.

o overcome the problems success always es, one has to build on it. The first step en- a willingness to take the risks involved aking decisions about complicated and peril- lilemmas:

What is the best "trade-off" between a ıer environment and unemployment?

How can we prevent the environmental cru- from becoming a war of the rich against the , a new and particularly vicious "white racist rialism"?

What can we do to harmonize the worldwide s of the environment with the political and omic needs of other countries, and to keep rican leadership from becoming American ession?

How can we strike the least agonizing bal- of risks between environmental damage and starvation of poor children, or between en- umental damage and large-scale epidemics?

An environmental crime?

ORE THAN TWENTY YEARS AGO, three young chemical engineers came to seek my ad- They were working for one of the big chem- ompanies, and its managers had told them gure out what kind of new plants to put into Virginia, where poverty was rampant. The young men had drawn up a long-range plan ystematic job creation, but it included one ect about which their top management was dubious—a ferroalloy plant to be located e very poorest area where almost everybody unemployed. It would create 1,500 jobs in a g small town of 12,000 people and another jobs for unemployed coal miners—clean, hy, safe jobs, since the new diggings would rip mines.

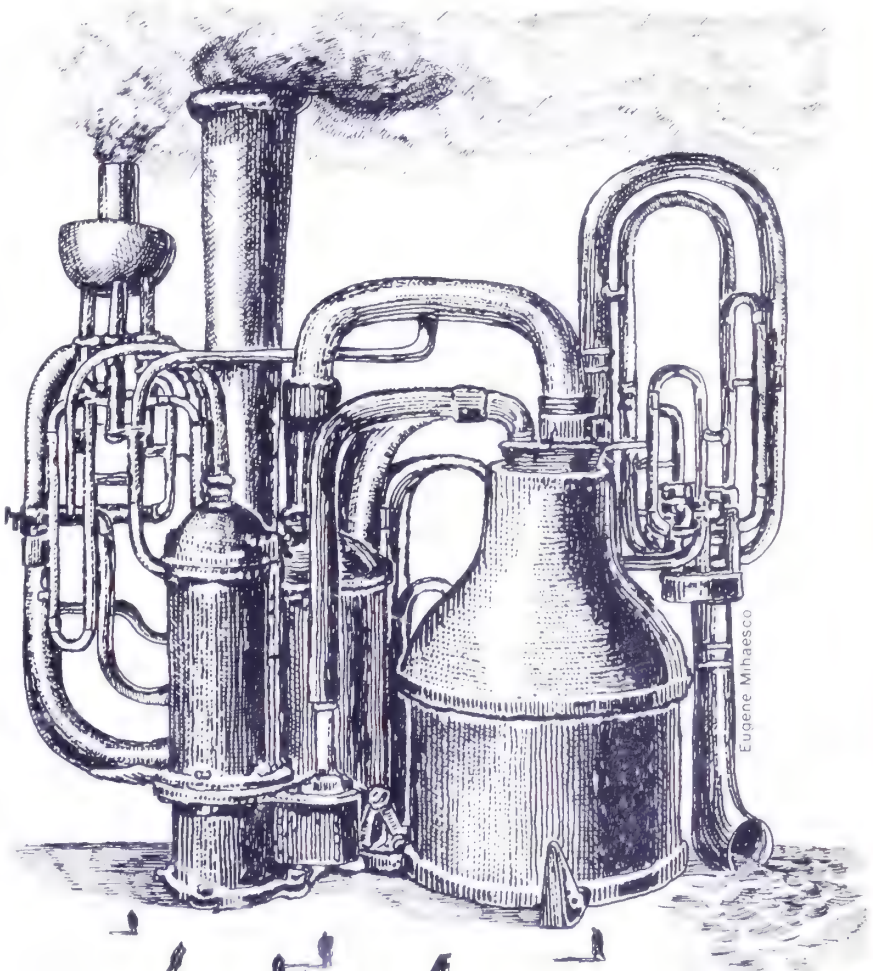
at the plant would have to use an already lete high-cost process, the only one for which materials were locally available. It would fore be marginal in both costs and product ty. Also the process was a singularly dirty and putting in the best available pollution controls would make it even less economical. Yet it was the only plant that could possibly be put in the neediest area. What did I think?

I said, "forget it"—which was, of course, not what the three young men wanted to hear and not the advice they followed.

This, as some readers have undoubtedly recognized, is the prehistory of what has become a notorious "environmental crime," the Union Carbide plant in Marietta, Ohio. When first opened in 1951 the plant was an "environmental pioneer." Its scrubbers captured three-quarters of the particles spewed out by the smelting furnaces; the standard at the time was half of that or less. Its smokestacks suppressed more fly ash than those of any other power plant then built, and so on.

But within ten years the plant had become an unbearable polluter to Vienna, West Virginia, the small town across the river whose unemployment it was built to relieve. And for the last five years the town and Union Carbide fought like wildcats. In the end Union Carbide lost. But while finally accepting federal and state orders to clean up an extremely dirty process, it also announced that it would have to lay off half the 1,500 men now working in the plant—and that's half the people employed in Vienna. The switch to cleaner coal (not to mention the abandonment of strip mining) would also put an end to the

"Practically every environmental task demands huge amounts of electrical energy, way beyond anything now available. . . .This poses a difficult dilemma. Power plants are themselves polluters."



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800 or so coal-mining jobs in the poverty hollows of the back country.

There are scores of Viennas around the nation, where marginal plants are kept running precisely because they are the main or only employer in a depressed or decaying area. Should an uneconomical plant shut down, dumping its workers on the welfare rolls? Should the plant be subsidized (which would clearly open the way for everybody to put his hand in the public till)? Should environmental standards be disregarded or their application postponed in "hardship" cases?

If concern for the environment comes to be seen as an attack on the livelihood of workers, public sympathy and political support for it is likely to vanish. It is not too fanciful to anticipate, only a few years hence, the New (if aging) Left, the concerned kids on the campus, and the ministers in a protest march against "ecology" and in support of "the victims of bourgeois environmentalism."

Third World ecology

IN THE POOR, DEVELOPING COUNTRIES where men must struggle to make even a little progress in their fight against misery, any industry bears a heavy burden of high costs and low productivity. Burdening it further with the cost of environmental control might destroy it. Moreover, development in these countries—regardless of their political creed or social organization, in Mao's as well as in Chiang Kai-shek's China and in North as well as in South Vietnam—cannot occur without the four biggest ecological villains: a rapid increase in electric power, chemical fertilizers and pesticides, the automobile, and the large steel mill.

That poor countries regard those villains as economic saviors confronts us with hard political choices. Should we help such countries get what they want (industrialization), or what we think the world needs (less pollution)? How do we avoid the charge, in either case, that our help is "imperialistic"? To complicate matters, there is a looming conflict between environmental concern and national sovereignty. The environment knows no national boundaries. Just as the smog of England befouls the air of Norway, so the chemical wastes of the French potash mines in Alsace destroy the fish of the lower Rhine in Belgium and Holland.

No matter what the statistics bandied about today, the U.S. is not the world's foremost polluter. Japan holds this dubious honor by a good margin. No American city can truly compete in air pollution with Tokyo, Milan, Budapest, Moscow, or Düsseldorf. No American river is as much of an open sewer as the lower Rhine, the Seine, or the rivers of the industrial Ukraine such as the lower Dnieper. And we are sheer amateu in littering highways compared to the Italia Danes, Germans, French, Swedes, Swiss, a Austrians—although the Japanese, especially littering mountainsides and camp grounds, a clearly even more "advanced."

If not the worst polluter, however, the U.S. clearly the largest one. More important, as t most affluent, most advanced, and biggest of t industrial countries, it is expected to set example. If we do not launch the environmen crusade, no one else will.

We shall have to make sure, however, th other nations join with us. In the absence international treaties and regulations, so countries—especially those with protectior traditions, such as Japan, France, and even t United States—may be tempted to impose e logical standards on imports more severe th those they demand of their own producers. the other hand, countries heavily dependent exports, especially in Africa and Latin Ameri may try to gain a competitive advantage by enforcement of environmental standards.

One solution might be action by the Uni Nations to fix uniform rules obliging all its me bers to protect the environment; and such act is, in fact, now under official study. The Uni States might help by changing its import re lations to keep out goods produced by flagr polluters—allowing ample time for countr with severe poverty and unemployment proble to get the cleanup under way. We have good p cedent for such an approach in our own histo Forty years ago we halted the evils of child la by forbidding the transportation in interst commerce of goods produced by children.

Such a course, however, will demand extra dinary judgment. Unless we persuade other tions to join with us—and set an example c selves—we may well be accused of trying ag to "police the world."

Choosing the lesser ev

THE HARDEST DECISIONS AHEAD are even m unprecedented than those we have b discussing. What risks can we afford to take w the environment, and what risks can we *not* ford to take? What are the feasible trade-o between man's various needs for survival?

Today, for example, no safe pesticides ex nor are any in sight. We may ban DDT, but the substitutes so far developed have highly desirable properties. Yet if we try to do with pesticides altogether, we shall invite mass hazards of disease and starvation the world ov In Ceylon, where malaria was once endemic was almost wiped out by large-scale use of DI but in only a few years since spraying halted, the country has suffered an almost ex

resurgence of the disease. In other tropical tries, warns the UN Food and Agricultural nization, children are threatened with ne, because of insect and blight damage to s resulting from restrictions on spraying. larly, anyone who has lately traveled the England turnpike will have noticed whole ts defoliated by the gypsy moth, now that ave stopped aerial spraying.

hat is the right trade-off between the health rd to some women taking the pill and the of death to others from abortions? How do alance the thermal and radiation dangers of ear power plants against the need for more ricity to fight other kinds of pollution? How ld we choose between growing more food he world's fast-multiplying millions and the ing of fertilizers that pollute streams, , and oceans?

ch decisions should not be demanded of an beings. None of the great religions offers ance. Neither do the modern "isms," from ism to the anarchism popular with the g. The ecological crisis forces man to play

Despite the fact that we are unequal to the we can't avoid it: the risks inherent in re- g to tackle these problems are the greatest l. We have to try, somehow, to choose some bination of lesser evils: doing nothing invites greater catastrophe.

Where to start

LEANING UP THE ENVIRONMENT requires determined, sustained effort with clear targets deadlines. It requires, above all, concentra- of effort. Up to now we have had almost [illegible] f everything—and tried to do it in the head- —when what we ought to do first is draw list of priorities in their proper order.

irst on such a list belong a few small but ly definable and highly visible tasks that be done fairly fast without tying up im- ant resources. Removing the hazard of lead oning in old slum tenements might be such ction priority. What to do is well known: off the old paint. A substantial number of eremployed black adolescents could be easily ited to do it.

nce visible successes have been achieved, the task of priority-setting begins. Then one : 1) what are the biggest problems that we w how to solve, and (2) what are the really ones that we don't know how to solve yet? n air should probably head the first list. It's orldwide problem, and getting worse. We t know all the answers, but we do have the nological competence to handle most of the lems of foul air today. Within ten years we ld have real results to show for our efforts.

Within ten years, too, we should get major results in cleaning up the water around big industrial cities and we should have slowed (if not stopped) the massive pollution of the oceans, especially in the waters near our coastal cities.

As for research priorities, I suggest that the first is to develop birth-control methods that are cheaper, more effective, and more acceptable to people of all cultures than anything we now have. Secondly, we need to learn how to produce electric energy without thermal pollution. A third priority is to devise ways of raising crops for a rapidly growing world population without at the same time doing irreversible ecological damage through pesticides, herbicides, and chemical fertilizers.

Until we get the answers, I think we had better keep on building power plants and growing food with the help of fertilizers and such insect-controlling chemicals as we now have. The risks are now well known, thanks to the environmentalists. If they had not created a widespread public awareness of the ecological crisis, we wouldn't stand a chance. But such awareness by itself is not enough. Flaming manifestos and prophecies of doom are no longer much help, and a search for scapegoats can only make matters worse.

What we now need is a coherent, long-range program of action, and education of the public and our lawmakers about the steps necessary to carry it out. We must recognize—and we need the help of environmentalists in this task—that we can't do everything at once; that painful choices have to be made, as soon as possible, about what we should tackle first; and that every decision is going to involve high risks and costs, in money and in human lives. Often these will have to be decisions of conscience as well as economics. Is it better, for example, to risk famine or to risk global pollution of earth and water? Any course we adopt will involve a good deal of experimentation—and that means there will be some failures. Any course also will demand sacrifices, often from those least able to bear them: the poor, the unskilled, and the underdeveloped countries. To succeed, the environmental crusade needs support from all major groups in our society, and the mobilization of all our resources, material and intellectual, for years of hard, slow, and often discouraging effort. Otherwise it will not only fail; it will, in the process, splinter domestic and international societies into warring factions.

Now that they have succeeded in awakening us to our ecological peril, I hope the environmentalists will turn their energies to the second and harder task: educating the public to accept the choices we must face, and to sustain a worldwide effort to carry through on the resulting decisions. The time for sensations and manifestos is about over; now we need rigorous analysis, united effort, and very hard work.

"[Despite all the] rhetoric on the campuses, we know by now that 'capitalism' has nothing to do with the ecological crisis, which is fully as severe in the Communist countries."

Fred Feldkamp

GAMES SOME PEOPLE PLAY: THE "TIERCE"

THE PATTERN OF LIFE on a Sunday in France was, they say, laid down—like everything else in this country—by Napoleon, who worked out the modern French legal, judicial, educational, financial, and social structures during time left over from plotting his grand strategy for the conquest of Europe and the world. (In spite of much talk of educational reforms, the students at the French *lycées* still learn by rote; their lessons are crammed into them in much the same manner as the forced feeding of the Strasbourg geese.)

But the traditional Gallic Sunday —morning Mass, elaborate picnic lunch in the country or a grand repast at an inn, a little football with the *gosses*—all that came to an end as a way of life in 1954, when a perspicacious citizen of the Republic named André Carrus introduced an idea that was to prove irresistibly fascinating to six million Frenchmen. Each Sunday morning, on fifteen holidays, and on about a dozen ordinary working days during the year, Frenchmen of all persuasions sit shoulder to shoulder in some 5,000 cafés bearing the designation PMU (*Pari-Mutuel Urbain*) throughout the nation, hard at work on their solution to that particular day's puzzle.

The *tiercé*, in its simplest form, calls for the selection of the first three horses to finish in a specified race, usually at one of the Paris tracks. For three francs (about sixty cents) one has a chance at a return as high as $70,000, depending, of course, on the winning combination.

The French love to make things complicated, and there are seemingly endless variations on playing the *tiercé*. The six million *citoyens* who participate in the Sunday morning ritual each week at their local PMU cafés are equipped with their own book of tickets (ten for twenty centimes) and their own *pince*, a small clipping instrument the size of a miniature nail scissors. Over an aperitif or two, the form sheets must be studied; every detail of the horses' past performances and workouts is considered in scrupulous detail, as well as the digestion and state of mind of the jockeys, and even the position of the stars. Finally the selection is made: a *joueur* with more money to spend may pick four horses (for twelve francs), five (thirty francs), six (sixty francs), seven (105 francs), and so on; he may even pick every horse in the field, which ranges from eleven to more than thirty, but of course in almost all cases he wouldn't win in that situation.

If the first three finishers are included in his list in order (even if not necessarily consecutively), he wins the top award; if out of order (and not necessarily consecutively) the lesser amount. Thus, if our Sunday *tiercé*-player chooses, let us say, horses numbered 4, 17, 12, and 3 in that order (for twelve francs) and the actual order of finish is 4, 12, and 3, our man wins in order.

But that, says Pierre Carrus, son of the originator of the *tiercé* and currently the general manager of the PMU, which handles all offtrack betting in France, is the *combinaison simplifié* (CS). "The specialists tend to play the *combinaison complète* (CC), which requires them to bet six times the CS amount; in return they will win— if they have the first three horses—once in order and five times in *désordre*."

The aficionado may also pick two horses and have all the remaining horses in the field for the third horse —for a stiff price: fifty-four francs if it is a field of twenty horses.

There are 6,840 possible combinations, if the field includes twenty horses, and the Sunday morning habitués of the PMU cafés usually play them all. Each *tiercé* day some 70 million francs ($14 million) is bet on the *tiercé* alone, not including other bets.

"My father never imagined how successful his idea would become," Pierre Carrus recalls thoughtfu "We had had quite a bit of inte in the *couplé*, a bet on two horses he thought to increase the payoff must complicate the problem.

"The Frenchman is attracted to *tiercé* because it's not just a gam chance like the *loterie*: his judgm comes into play. When he wins *tiercé*, he proudly shows his ticke all his friends before cashing it."

THE SYSTEM OF SORTING OUT tickets—an ingenious one inv ing the use of knitting needles, wh hold up the tickets punched with wrong combinations and allow winners to drop—makes it poss to announce the exact amounts of winning payoffs, in order and ou order, by eight o'clock on the ev ing of the race, run at about f thirty that afternoon. Of the total the winners share 68 per cent; per cent goes to the racetracks, wh support the PMU, a nonprofit-mak operation employing 2,500 work and the French government coll 23.5 per cent.

On a certain Thursday during reign of the late President Charles Gaulle, one surprised customer a PMU bar asked what was the rea for a *tiercé* on a midweek busir day. "This is the one," he was t "that pays for General de Gaul state visit to South America."

In sum, M. Carrus' game has k the French occupied, amused, reasonably content with their lot life, and sometimes rewarded for th Sunday morning labors; brought average of 17 million francs ($ million) into the government's fers seventy-eight times a ye helped make French horseracing best regulated sport of its kind in most stunning surroundings a where in the world; brought the owner a considerable increase in Sunday morning bar busine and, finally, brought home to the fact that a majority of six mill Frenchmen can indeed be wrong.

Fred Feldkamp's book on leisure life in France will be published by Harper's Magazine Press in the fall of 1972.

nald Hogan was something of a wandering idealist, a ltogether uncommon kind of twentieth-century man. ıce described the following article as his "credo"; it ıritten to persuade the editors of Harper's *to assign o report the Berrigan conspiracy trial, but its purpose s much personal as journalistic, pulling together the ds from years of widely diverse experiences.*

gan was born and brought up in Connecticut. After ıg Yale University in 1950 (just prior to his gradua- , he worked for a succession of newspapers, initially -town papers, then the Hartford Courant, *the* Boston *and the* New York Herald Tribune. *In 1957 he was econd U.S. journalist to interview Fidel Castro in his Sierra Maestra mountain hideout, and his dispatches were front-page news for the* Herald Tribune. *In the year following Batista's fall, Hogan worked for the Castro government, but later, disillusioned, he left Cuba—eventually to join the forces seeking Castro's overthrow.*

Following two years of world travel for an international paper company, he spent three years in the Peruvian jungle operating an isolated sawmill. When the 1969 change of government there resulted in the mill's being foreclosed, he moved to Mexico with his wife and two children to work on a novel. Last August, his novel uncompleted, Hogan was shot and killed in an incident the details of which remain unknown. He was forty-two.

HE CATHOLIC EDGE ON REVOLUTION

rsonal testament by Donald Hogan

e letters from Sandra stopped at an awkward time, ıugh in our self-imposed Mexican exile there is ly any other kind. I am diminished by my need to ı when a defoliated flower child floats through our ge on a sea of grass. (It is time for me to face a writer and the people I have already been.) My wife curios in a tourist shop.
ıe Fathers Berrigan are in prison; the FBI has ed down a nun.
hn Dillinger and Lee Harvey Oswald went to the ies afterward, which is where Father Dan says it's at, een illusion and hopelessness. I usually tried to go ad, but at times have summoned courage to ride tall npty streets. At the age of sixteen on Good Friday I e into the deserted town (in the hour graves give up dead) and parked my car in front of church. I lled on the seat, a Protestant girl knee to knee, d and was not struck dead.
lo not think that hell waits me still.
y teeth are bad. I smoke tobacco.
thers Berrigan: I'm coming home to watch your (Once I ran with Fidel Castro.) I like to see priests ront where they belong, whooping it up for Peace on ı, pouring blood over draft cards. (I arrived in abamba soon enough after the death of Che to be ed the sale of his freshly severed hands.)
ther Dan and Father Phil: considering the charges have laid on you, you must have believed what you ched. Maybe you even practiced it a little, but we t know that until the verdict is in. (Once I hid in an way with a Jesuit who wore a white soutane azoned with the Bleeding Heart of Jesus, and heard *ilicianos* looking for us say, "Watch out for t t: under the skirt he's got balls.")
ıat makes three of you who believe in a higher law, h isn't very many.



Robert DeCarlo

Che's hands (they were *someone's* hands) lay in a freshly woven basket under a layer of banana leaves. "They are very white," the stone-faced indian said. He nudged me with the basket, urging me to buy. Che was a foreigner come to save them; of course he was white. Incas knew the color of God before the first Spaniard came: it is why they lay down for the slaughter.

"They are like stones," Che wrote in his diary. (In ten months not a single recruit.)

Had I been offered his boots I would have bought them.

With pocketsful of money, Che preferred to wear boots he had made himself awkward, ill-fitting, slow-moving boots. I suppose it did not matter. He could not run anymore, his asthma was too bad. There were no fears left to provide him with a rush of adrenaline big enough to clear his lungs. Over the radio he heard the news of Tania's death, caught in a cross fire at a river. They slit open her belly and pronounced her pregnant with his child, then they announced that too, over the radio, so he would know.

Overhead, CIA helicopters held him transfixed for days but let indians make the kill. They punched holes in him like sticking pins in a doll.

"I am Che, and I have *failed*."

The magic word, the only thing that all of us are certain that we can do.

For an instant, as he lay wounded in the schoolhouse at Valle Grande, he would have exchanged his image for his life.

"I am worth more to you alive than dead."

But not to the men who killed him. There is not a stone left of the schoolhouse (nor a marker to show that it was ever there—how the generals fought over souvenirs), nor can I discover who took off his boots before the famous photograph was taken of him barefoot, Christlike, and dead.

An image was born: the pieces were sold for cash.

A schoolteacher came through town a while ago (her hair in a bun), major in art history at Hunter, her specialty medieval stained-glass windows. On her way to Mexico she stopped at the Smithsonian Institution in Washington to see John Dillinger's penis, which she understood was pickled there.

"That's too bad. That's really too bad," the guard said, looking her up and down, wondering if his would do.

She held her hands apart like lying about a fish.

The guard shrugged, unable to compete. But he was certified by the FBI for security work, and wasn't going to give anything away. "Like I was trying to say, it's away on tour."

Let me go back to pick up another thread and carry that one forward.

Sandra's letters—like curtains in a proper home, the envelopes are lined—are written in Greenwich, Connecticut, where she lives, and where my exile bega with the feeling that I was surfeited with luxury that di not belong to me. I understand that this is now a natio disease. Obligingly my brother takes the letters to New York on the train and mails them from his office, wher like my father (dead and buried before I went to Cuba he trades in raw sugar. We were lace-curtain Irish, Catholic prep schools before Yale. As a child I said "H to Bobby Kennedy; he always said "Hi" back. Bill Buckley didn't bother.

For punishment of my childhood sins my father had me memorize poetry by the yard, Shakespeare whom h held was secretly a Catholic, Chesterton and Belloc wh wore their religion on their sleeves, Baudelaire because I was failing French in school and needed practice. (Besides, one assumed that the French were Catholic too, except that they sinned differently from the Irish, and so did I.)

I do not know if Che still had a copy of Baudelaire with him when he died in Bolivia. Regis Debray said th he did, but is he believable?

In the first idiotic days after Batista fled, Che's mother, settling herself disdainfully in a Louis XV chai in a splendid Havana home, told me it was Baudelaire rather than her own preference for hard-shell Communism that first awakened her son. I told her that Che and I were born in the same year. "I owned a farm then," Che's father said disconsolately from an Empire sofa across the room. He sold the farm to become an architect, at which he failed; was wearing a borrowed suit. Perhaps Che could get him a job.

Down the ornate staircase came a dowager who, seeing the Argentinian ambassador in a fashionably sh dinner jacket and tight trousers, said, "I do hope the ambassador's not in heat. My grandson is a sodomite." In a minute the women were seated side by side, Mrs. Guevara with an old and tattered letter in her hand. She had not seen her son in years, had arrived in Havana that day, had not seen him yet. "He's married," she said, holding out the letter fitfully. "You know how you men are." The dowager took the letter. She did not hav her glasses. Someone read it aloud. Che Guevara apologizing to his mother, explaining that in Peru he h met an indian woman, got her pregnant, and so had married her. "She's as ugly as sin," Che wrote his mother. "I did not mean to marry her, but had to."

The dowager and Mrs. Guevara touched hands. Mrs. Guevara said she understood that divorce was allowed i Cuba; not so in Argentina. They agreed that he should divorce her as soon as possible and make a better matc Che was at the pinnacle. "Married to an indian?"

"make it on my own." I hitchhiked from city, [illegible]

[illegible] Southern town a grizzled city editor, a [illegible] wasn't sure I'd do. "Let's hear you recite a thousand lines [illegible]," he said.

I was afraid he would ask me if I could type.

He went on reading copy, wetting the pages with sweat in the incredible Louisiana heat.

[illegible]

An old-fashioned water cooler was behind the desk, a [illegible] spigot dripping into a paper cup.

I reached for the button.

He waved me down. "You ain't been asked. Yet."

I finished dry.

Slowly he reached into his desk, took out a jar of olives, dropped one each into paper cups. "We deduct



[illegible] Foreign Ministry in [illegible] limousine straight from the airport. Mother [illegible]

"Welcome to our revolution," the Foreign Minister [illegible] under a crystal [illegible] of the [illegible] He was a hastily appointed liberal who owned [illegible] striped pants, a survivor of a political party [illegible] founder a few years earlier had committed suicide [illegible] radio. *The next sound you hear will be the shot* [illegible] He opened Mrs. Guevara's [illegible] honed document awarding her Cuban citizenship [illegible] birth.

"Where's Dr. Guevara?" the woman asked. When [illegible] her husband he was practicing medicine illegally [illegible] He was an allergist, specializing in asthma. [illegible] cardboard suitcases were hustled out of sight. [illegible] young *barbudo* hastily entered the room, with his [illegible] [illegible] the Foreign Minister aside. [illegible] Foreign Minister blanched. He was sure he had done [illegible] wrong that day, in the morning had even [illegible] his friend, the Minister of the Treasury [illegible] other winner to congratulate him on his new law [illegible] a tax on each adjective used to describe a hostess [illegible] pride on the society pages of the newspapers. [illegible] wasn't interested in the woman. He had arranged her [illegible] because divorce was not legal in Cuba [illegible] it. Meanwhile, the Foreign Minister would [illegible] to find her a place to stay.

[illegible] woman watched the huddle, drinking it in as [illegible] *altiplano* drinks in rain, then, ignoring the petit-point [illegible] sat down on the floor to wait, camping as [illegible] were camped. The child wandered a few feet away, [illegible] a puddle, got a paper napkin from her mother, [illegible] the puddle with it, then returned and sat [illegible] next to her under the chandelier. It might have [illegible] the moon and the stars.

[illegible] had only recently quit the *New York Herald Tribune* [illegible] still itched to write. I did a story, more or less as I [illegible] done it here. There was no room for it. It did not [illegible] the image. (Gild is an interesting word. Once it [illegible] to cover with blood, not gold.)

[illegible] someone did, however, pass the story on to the CIA be- [illegible] not long afterward a man came around in squeaky [illegible] and asked if I had any more stuff like that. He [illegible] it fine. "That's the sort of stuff we need in our files." [illegible] CIA got Che in the end: we got the image.

five dollars a week from your salary to keep the cooler filled with gin."

Two weeks later in the courthouse-jail a Negro addled with syphilis and booze stumbled unattended down the stairs from the cellblock (like a horse, he was supposed to know the way), saw daylight in front of him, and instead of turning left into the courtroom to get his thirty days for drunkenness, staggered into the street.

"Why that nigger's leaving us," someone said.

"Too hot to go chasing after him," someone else said, as if it didn't matter.

The sheriff drew his pistol. It was a frontier model with a heavy butt.

From thirty yards away he shot the Negro in the head.

He twirled the pistol before dropping it back into the holster, then smiled at me.

"Best goddamn gun ever made. Drive nails with it all day, shoot niggers with it all night."

I handed the story in.

"Oh, no," the city editor said. "I knew I shouldn't have hired anyone knew a thousand lines of poetry."

I reached in his drawer for an olive.

"They're extra," he said. "Twenty-five cents a week."

(But don't blame the South. On the *Herald Tribune* the same things would have been left out of the story, plus one—the color of the prisoner.)

Let me go back for another thread and bring it up to braid.

Sandra's letters, fattened with clippings meant for me, stopped a few days after Father Dan was arrested, and did not resume until after he was named co-conspirator with his brother Philip in the kidnap plot. I missed the clippings sorely.

In the gap should have been the articles that I wanted most to see—on what the government supposes they meant to do with Mr. Kissinger once they had him.

I have not the facility to make the government's charges ridiculous, but hope the Fathers Berrigan will make them absurd.

To end the war a few years ago, a different group conspired to depants President Johnson and make love to him on the White House lawn. But these are priests and nuns of the Roman Catholic Church, who would prefer Lysistrata's approach of not giving them any. If the government had called the depantsing plot a crime, the Fathers Berrigan would have called it a mortal sin.

Yet the question of what they meant to do with Mr. Kissinger remains.

Suppose they merely meant to talk to him about the immorality of war?

A legal definition of conspiracy is to plan the accomplishment of legal purposes through illegal means, a problem Jesuits have wrestled with before. The legal definition is but a straitjacket to confine the moral question—when does the end justify the means?

But only in the answer to the moral question is the right of the United States to wage war in Vietnam, or the right to revolution of anyone opposed to the war.

The legal definition can have but a single answer: *when by my definition I say so.*

And there it is. Absurdity.

The only higher law that men can live by is at the ris of death, and if there is no life after death (and I do believe in one beyond the repetitive cycle of cells) th too is absurd.

But the sense of a higher law provides the Catholic edge on revolution.

The whole concept is a heavy trip.

Allen Dulles, when he built the CIA, staffed the ser offices heavily with predestinarians like himself. For openers that means they believe that no matter what do on earth their souls are predestined for eternal glo in heaven when they die, and that yours and mine are

It's hard to tell a fellow who thinks like that to go to

But if *he* tells you to go to hell—watch out, becaus conversely he believes that as men have souls, the gov ment, his employer, has not, and therefore is not subj to moral law.

This is fine with me, provided the CIA sticks to ex- pediency and doesn't try to tell us what is right or wr or pretend to have a moral leg to stand on. What it ha got is carte blanche.

In South America, at whose revolutions we were ta to laugh, I have heard the awful groaning of Catholic men as they wandered among the profanities of death treason, desertion, and murder. At those moments, no matter how far from church, they believed in God, in higher law. They were certain that if they died they would live happily with Him forever in heaven. It is of the elements that has traditionally made Catholic countries susceptible to revolution or anarchy.

There is no parallel to be made simply because at l two of our priests have chosen dissent. The similaritie between North and South America are few. I just like idea. A little anarchy is like a purgative. But our inability to believe in life after death makes death obsc and life by a higher law ridiculous.

Norman Mailer said it long ago when everyone was first worried about the bomb. He said it wasn't worth worrying about, that long before anyone dropped it, v all be drowned in shit.

I like Norman Mailer, don't get me wrong. I just do want him covering the Berrigan trial. This one is on Catholic guilt. I don't want his ego in the way of our shame.

Father Dan said that the Catholic Church in Ameri is the largest single supportive force for the war in Vietnam outside of the government itself—all on the simplistic theory of stopping Communism.

A group of Basque Franciscans in Cuba so despaire of this sort of nonsense (many of them had been thro the Spanish Civil War where the Falangists went into battle shouting, "Long Live Death!") that they wrote apology in favor of Communism when Fidel finally discovered that that is what he was.

The moral problem they had to overcome was the totalitarian aspect of state capitalism, the withdrawal individual human rights in favor of the state.

Classicists forever, the Franciscans based their arg

on the original Marxist concept of the dictatorship proletariat being a transistory phase, and the state course withering away.

ey said that the Church has traditionally supported sence of dictatorship, the right of the state to ie arbitrary power of life and death over its citizens ieir property in time of war. Then they asked if a n poverty was not a just war, however terrible. eiding that it was, the Franciscan community in granted morally all power to Fidel, who had taken way.

iong the great social documents that are never read *erum Novarum*, *Cuadragessimo Anno*, *Mater et :tra*, and *Populorum Progressio*.

ey go so far as to suggest that a share of the excess produced by the sweat of man (beyond the market of his labor) belongs to him and not to the man ut up the money.

it is to say that men are worth almost as much as y. These encyclicals represent quite a step forward the days when Spanish Catholic priests justified the vement of indians by proving they had no souls be- "they do not even believe in private property." other group of Spanish Catholic priests thought ently and won the day and freedom of indian slaves 51.

groes in North America were private property by definition 300 years later, and 420 years later we lling North Vietnamese because they don't believe vate property either.

He would not have seen me unless he thought that someone had paid me to write the paper, or that I had written it to protect a financial interest of my own.

It took two or three hours before I thought of what I should have said, that perhaps the men who were going to die should have some say in the matter. At least I did think of it before I was supposed to see Adolf A. Berle in the Department of State late that afternoon. But I was in the movies when I thought of it, watching John Wayne shoot people that I didn't like either, and decided to stay until the end.

Sandra's letters came finally in a batch, five or six at once, numbered in the corners so we could read them in sequence. I shall use her words, between dots, unamended, skipping from letter to letter without a break. If you do not hear the same things as I do, put it down to another of the differences between us. Some names are changed.



nonth before the Bay of Pigs I went, I ran, from to office in Washington.

ou see, I've written this paper. Forty-seven pages." s what I told them.

iad a nice blue cover.

e paper said the invasion was going to fail, that ut Marines or air support it was bound to fail ise there would be no internal Cuban support. The oicked by the CIA and Department of State for 's President after the invasion was raised politically e gang of murderers and thieves that the revolution st Batista was all about.

the Metropolitan Club I met Clark Clifford, then an er to President Kennedy. He was waiting for me, a of the paper on his lap.

Ve're paying for this invasion. Don't you think the we can get for our money is someone we can count protect our interests later?"

ad ordered sherry. I don't know why. It came in a emmed glass with a narrow rim. My hand was oling. I could not drink, nor put it down.

looked at my hand. He had seen hands tremble id a glass before.

ou're an ex-newspaperman, aren't you?" he guously.

es, but I'm here on my own."

ome. Come."

She speaks first of her husband, my brother:

My darling came home tonight exhausted and worried . . . we were due at the Purcells for dinner . . . went anyway . . . later he could not sleep . . . today he told me what it was . . . our dear friend Roberto has been kidnapped in El Salvador . . . a million dollars ransom . . . Tony sent a cable full of love and worry, apologies at not being there . . . what can we do to help . . . Roberto absolutely non-political, no, apolitical . . . largest sugar mill in El Salvador . . . brand new . . . lands that go on for miles . . . two children, beautiful boys . . . Tony has been all day on Telex waiting for news . . . won't mail you these letters until we know the outcome, don't want you to worry . . . his wife has spoken with the kidnappers . . . police traced the call . . . always visited with us when they came to New York . . . I love her . . . they are the cultural life of El Salvador . . . sponsored the whole music festival . . . Roberto terribly conservative . . . Tony would stay up all night arguing with him at the Plaza in New York . . . his body has been found . . . mutilated . . . the police know who did it . . . two Salvadorian youths, drop-outs from the Christian Action Democratic Party . . . Tony left this afternoon to attend the funeral . . . when the police traced the call they sent one man to the place, he was killed, the next day they killed Roberto . . . he was so sweet . . . never thought of having guards . . . was driving his Volkswagen to work . . . wooden horses across the road . . . Radio Havana has taken credit [crossed out] blame . . . the youths who did it were there in November or December to be trained . . . Radio Havana has taken credit . . . they have broadcast the names of the boys describing them as heroes . . . can you believe it.

Roberto went to Portsmouth Priory, a Catholic prep school in Rhode Island, and to Georgetown, a Catholic university in Washington, D.C. He was well educated by Catholic standards, wealthy beyond any, charming, deferential to his peers, interested in music, and thirty-six years old. He did not know that anyone hated him that much.

We speak of a generation gap. Roberto's North American Roman Catholic education and money opened a gap between him and reality so wide that he was no longer a man, but a symbol, to the men who killed him. His death was not an accidental criminal action, but a planned act of terror by men who were willing to risk their own lives to kill him.

To make this clear I should explain something about sugar.

Until Cuba and the United States broke relations, Cuba alone in Latin America had the right, under the quota system, to export raw sugar to the United States, 3,000,000 tons of it a year at about $120 a ton. Nonquota sugar, which may not enter the United States, sells for about half that much, which often is less than the cost of production. The quota system is the method by which the United States Congress fixes an artificially high price, then restricts the amount of raw sugar to enter the United States.

For all this incredible wealth and windfall they used to call Cuba an island of cork. It did not matter how often politicians and thieves tried to sink it, it always came back up.

Then came Fidel; relations were broken, and Congress rewrote the sugar law, redistributing the quota among countries that promised to be good. If they aren't good the quota can be taken away.

What I am getting at is that Roberto's family built a sugar mill in El Salvador motivated wholly by the law of the United States. Tacitly, he agreed as well to help keep his own country in line lest the quota be taken away and his investment lost. That alone would make him the agent of a foreign power. Further, to supply the mill with cane he took out of effective use a minimum of 6,000 acres of land (once planted, sugarcane needs no tending for a year to eighteen months). El Salvador is the smallest country in Central America. Three hundred thousand of its citizens have fought their way across the border into Honduras looking for land and work. In exchange Roberto was murdered by political activists, citizens of his own country but trained in Cuba, a country whose entire economy before the revolution was based on exactly the same principle and exactly the same law of United States.

The Fathers Berrigan have said that they are not attempting a revolution or to change the world. Father D says that he has resolved instead upon "so simple a thi as being a man."

He says that, and sure I hear a drum.

Revolutionary reenlistment blues, this time at home.

But then I remember that he is a Roman Catholic priest and means a man created in the image and likenes of God. And I am not.

But there I am, mixed up with images again. Priests were the first image makers. Now governments and new papers and magazines and television stations and adver tisers have all gotten into the business.

They have all bent me, and none of them likes the tr

But, as I said, I like to see priests out front where th belong. The clash belongs to them. I've already fought their battles inside out, and don't want to be in the middle anymore. I'll settle for an attendant job of painting on the warts.

I knew another priest once who went the route. The one with balls underneath his skirt.

When Batista fled and Fidel came down from his mountaintop (and Che left behind in the Sierra Maestr the only thing he ever did right, a cottage industry for making boots) and together they began the long victor march from Santiago into Havana, they also left behin Fidel's brother Raul to take care of unfinished busines Father Ossorio (I've changed the name) stayed with h The quotes are around his words.

"I fought. Men died because of me. Jack Paar said Fidel was not a Communist because I was in the Sierra Maestra saying Mass. My picture was in the newspape in the United States to prove it."

do not know of a single correspondent who did not tion that.

But I did not want to join the victory march. I am a st. I stayed behind.

belonged with the people whose turn it was then to

s Fidel and Che made their slow way through bare- crowds in streets with palms (in Havana the Foreign ster brushed the mothballs from his striped pants), got down to the business at hand.

We executed twelve a night, in groups of four, hand- d two by two, three groups a night."

ost of them needed it.

heard their confessions," Father Ossorio said. Batista had sent the worst of his murderers to Oriente. raged like madmen in the foothills near Bayamo Santiago. To spread the terror they castrated the , stuffed penises in their mouths.)

n the sixth or seventh night (Fidel was in Holguín, rowds were going wild), there was one who did not to die.

n the afternoon I went to his cell to tell him that he d be shot that night. He said I was mistaken. Every- had been allowed a final visit from his family. He not seen his. It must be a mistake.

went to the *comandante*. It was not a mistake. His ly was in hiding. The daily lists came from Raul.

n the cell I told him to prepare himself to die.

You lied to me, Father. You promised I would get e my family.'

explained they could not be found, but that men out looking for them.

Prepare yourself, my son. Tonight you will see God. y and make your peace. Eleven others are to die. I also attend to them.'

I will not go to confession, Father, until I see my ly.'

left him alone and went to the others. The last, a us killer, made a beautiful confession. We spent an on our knees together. I left him pure in heart."

ne *comandante* was young. The firing squad was ger still, pimply-faced boys scarcely able to raise ds who had fled Havana slums and peasant huts to k through Batista's lines and join Fidel on his ntaintop.

ney did not even know how to shoot.

ne killing was done against the inside prison wall. But ights on top of the wall could not be deflected ght down. The men who were to die stood handcuffed v feet from the wall, illuminated from the waist up, ness below, the lights in the eyes of the firing squad. were such bad shots the *comandante* took their s away, gave them submachine guns instead.

"or God's sake. Just empty the clips," the *andante* said.

ne hour came.

atista's men died well against a wall. Scarcely one pted a blindfold. The last request most often heard to call the commands themselves.

n case his family was found," the priest said, "I d the *comandante* to leave that man to the last group ur. It did no good. They were not found.

"'It is time, son,' I told him in his cell. He would not listen to me. I pleaded with him as he was handcuffed to the man who had made a perfect act of contrition. I walked by their sides to the wall. He would not listen. I begged.

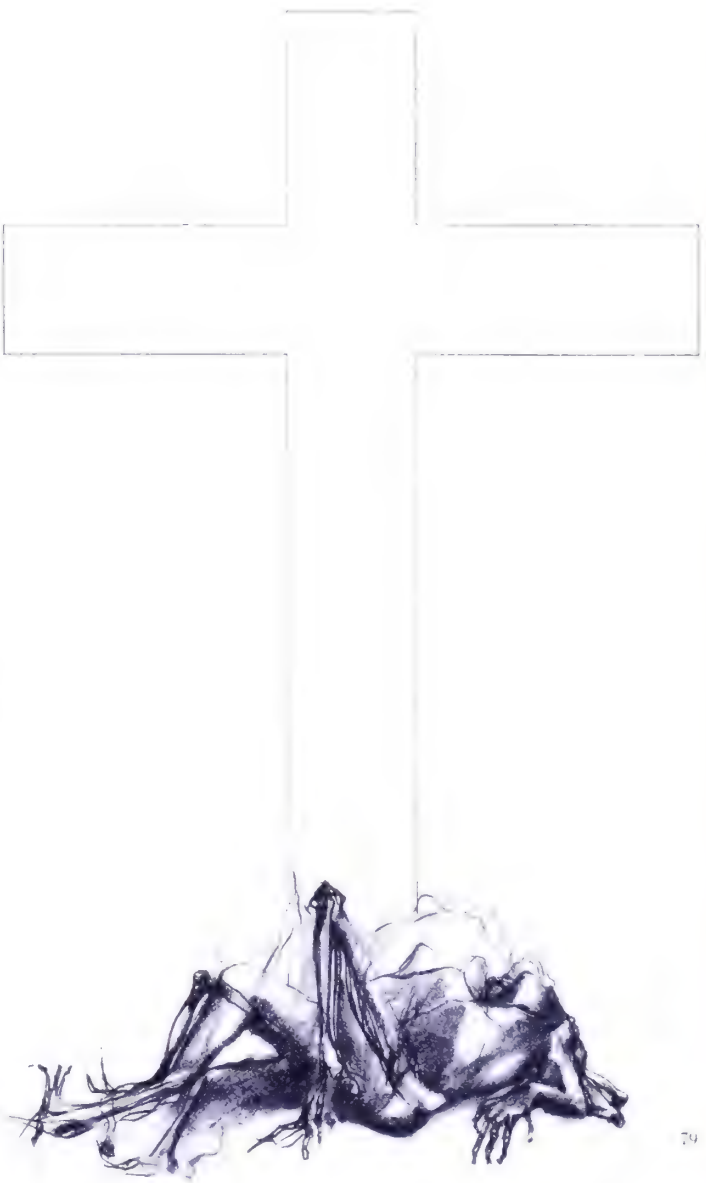
"The squad had killed eight men that night. They weren't going to wait. They wanted out.

"The man he was handcuffed to asked to call the commands. The request was granted. There was no more time. I stepped aside. '*Atención!*' 'Please!' I shouted in the silence between commands. He pulled at the handcuffs, the man next to him grabbed him and held him still and roared the last command.

"Before the clips were half empty he was on the ground, but not the man who had called the command. His body had been partly shielded by the other, but we could see late bullets rip into him, splatter his shoulders and hips with blood, his body bounce off the wall, but he would not fall down.

"'Another clip,' the *comandante* ordered. The boys fumbled with their guns, one got his loaded, moved a few feet closer, and emptied it into his chest.

"The silence was so thick it hurt to move your hand.



"The lights went out but we could not move away.

" 'I'm not dead yet,' a voice came from the darkness on the ground.

"The *comandante* waved his arms desperately at the men on the firing squad to finish the wounded man off.

"They could not do it. 'You do it,' the boys said, and walked away. [Outside, the streets were crowded with jubilant girls waiting to make them men.]

"We approached the shape together. I saw it was the man who had not gone to confession, wounded but still alive. I ran to him.

" 'My son. Don't you see this is a reprieve, the hand of God giving you a second chance. Make your confession!'

"He raised his head.

" 'A second chance, you bastard. For whom? I'd rather go to hell than to you for absolution.'

"The *comandante* drew his pistol and shot him in the head.

"That night he called me into his room. He had drunk a bottle of rum, had the same pistol in his hand.

" 'Now it's my turn, Father,' he said. 'I'm going to kill myself. Give me your blessing.'

"I thought that I would die of shame. 'You can't. It would be a mortal sin. I cannot give you absolution for suicide.'

" 'What if I call the commands, and you pull the trigger.'

" 'You know I can't. But I can pray for you.' And I began to pray out loud. I prayed for an hour. He did not move, but listened. I could see that he was listening. Sometimes I stopped and we talked carefully, but his finger never strayed from the trigger. I could not get close enough to grab the gun.

"I prayed for God's infinite mercy on us all. I prayed to the Blessed Virgin Mary who saw her son crucified on the Cross. He seemed to relax. And then I saw that it was getting light. The dawn had come. I was overjoyed; we had made it through the night. We had survived.

" 'Look,' I said. 'The sun's come up. We've made it.' And I ran to the window.

"When I was opening it, he shot himself.

"I am a priest. My vocation is not to save lives, but souls. I lost two souls that night."

I saw Father Ossorio again after Fidel had called himself a Communist.

We met in an alleyway in Havana just after twelve men had escaped from the Morro castle. All twelve had fought with Fidel against Batista and now were fighting against him, and so was I. Several of the men who had arranged the escape were friends of mine.

The plan bogged down halfway through.

The men made it out of the prison and across the harbor into a safe house in downtown Havana near the seawall, the *Malecón*, but could go no further. A thirty-six-foot private yacht had been found to get them out of Cuba, but they could not be driven through the city to reach it. Every road was blocked with *milicianos* arme with machine guns and their pictures.

Father Ossorio heard about it and asked me to meet him.

"I thought you were out of it," I said. "I thought yo had decided a priest's place was in church, concerned with souls."

"I am concerned with my own," he said. "But this i easy. I'll bring the boat to them."

"Get off it, Father. They've thought of that. Bring it into the harbor, get a rowboat up to the seawall and le them make a break for it. Night or day, they'd be spot right away."

"Who said anything about the harbor? I said I'd bri the boat to them. I will. To the house. I'll tow it behin a car."

"To the front door. That's beautiful, Father," I said

"You've got it," Father Ossorio answered, beaming with pleasure. "Cover me with cars back and front. Wh I get to the house, I'll stop to check the hitch. Leave a hole in the tarpaulin. They'll only have to leap out and jump in. Hurry. Get word to your friends. Tell them th the boat is coming to them."

"If you get caught, you'll be killed. The men are armed. They don't mean to be recaptured."

"I know that," he answered. "Look." He lifted up hi skirt and fished in his pocket. (He wore trousers under the skirt.) "Look at this."

I had expected to see a gun. He was as eager as a child.

It was a yellowed clipping cut from an old newspape wrinkled by a year in his wallet: Pope Pius XII at the time of the Hungarian uprising granting a plenary indulgence and the title of martyr—instant sainthood—to anyone who died fighting Communism.

"Go tell them," Father Ossorio said, waving the clip ping at me. "This is the chance I have been waiting fo

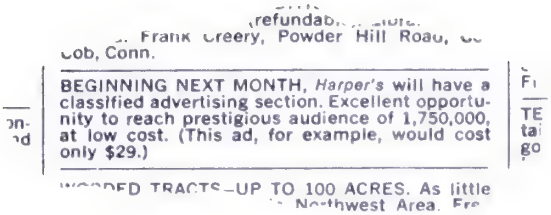
I have no way of knowing the motives of the Fathers Berrigan but have no reason to suspect they were actin for anyone but themselves, or from any motive other th obedience to their vows as priests. Shortly they will be tried as criminals. I want to be there when that happen

No longer am I a Catholic, nor a revolutionary. I am not an idealist, nor a cynic, but merely unafraid of con tradictions. I have seen men face each other when both were right, yet each was determined to kill the other, which was wrong. What each man saw was an image of the other, made by someone else. That is what we are prisoners of.

I have no ancestors other than the people I have already been.

I will go home and watch the Berrigans on trial.

I need to touch, but cannot hold hands with everyone at once (unlike Che I've only two) and must resort to words, quickly, while they still have meaning to me.


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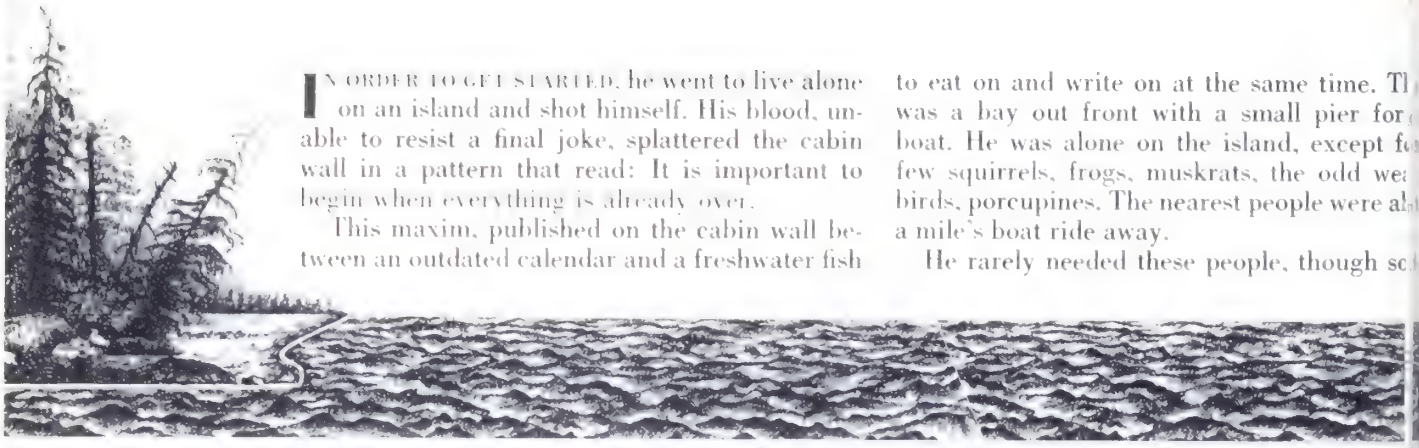
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CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

a
story
by
Robert Coover

BEGINNINGS



IN ORDER TO GET STARTED, he went to live alone on an island and shot himself. His blood, unable to resist a final joke, splattered the cabin wall in a pattern that read: It is important to begin when everything is already over.

This maxim, published on the cabin wall between an outdated calendar and a freshwater fish chart, would have pleased him. He had once begun a story about the raising of Lazarus, in which Jesus, having had the dead man dragged from the tomb and unwrapped, couldn't seem to get the hang of bringing him around. There was an awful stink, the Jews crowding around were getting sick, and Jesus, sweating, was saying: Heh heh, bear with me, folks! Won't be a minute! If I can just get it started, the rest'll come easy!

This, then, was his problem: beginning. And having begun: avoiding resolutions. Thus, there were worse jokes his blood might have played on him. Its message might have read: All beginnings imply an apocalypse. Perhaps, in fact, that's what it did say, how was he to know? Pulling the trigger, he thought: This is working! I'm getting on!

It was comfortable, that cabin, roomy and clean-smelling, with walls of unvarnished Norway pine, Coleman lanterns for light, a wood cookstove, and a long pine table with a yellow checkered oilcloth he'd bought for it, big enough to eat on and write on at the same time. Th was a bay out front with a small pier for boat. He was alone on the island, except fo few squirrels, frogs, muskrats, the odd wea birds, porcupines. The nearest people were ab a mile's boat ride away.

He rarely needed these people, though so times he visited them when his imagination fa him or he ran out of peanut butter. On these casions, they often told him stories, astoun him with their fearless capacity for denouen and he'd return to his island shaken, think I'm the last man alive on earth! Once they him about a man who had come to one of islands to write, but on arriving had shot h self. Yes, he told them, that was me, and noticed then that his head was coming ap and on the wall was a message: You ain't nothin' yet, friends!

He once wrote a story about a man who born at the age of thirty-two with a self-dest mechanism in his gonads, such that he coul sure of only one orgasm before he died. man traveled all over the world, seeking out perfect mate for this ultimate experience, blew it one night in a wet dream on a jet fl over Bangkok. What was fascinating about story was neither his travels nor his dream, rather the peculiar physical appearance of a

*Robert Coover won the William Faulkner prize for the best new novel of 1966 (*The Origin of the Brunists*). A collection of his plays will be published by E. P. Dutton in 1972.*

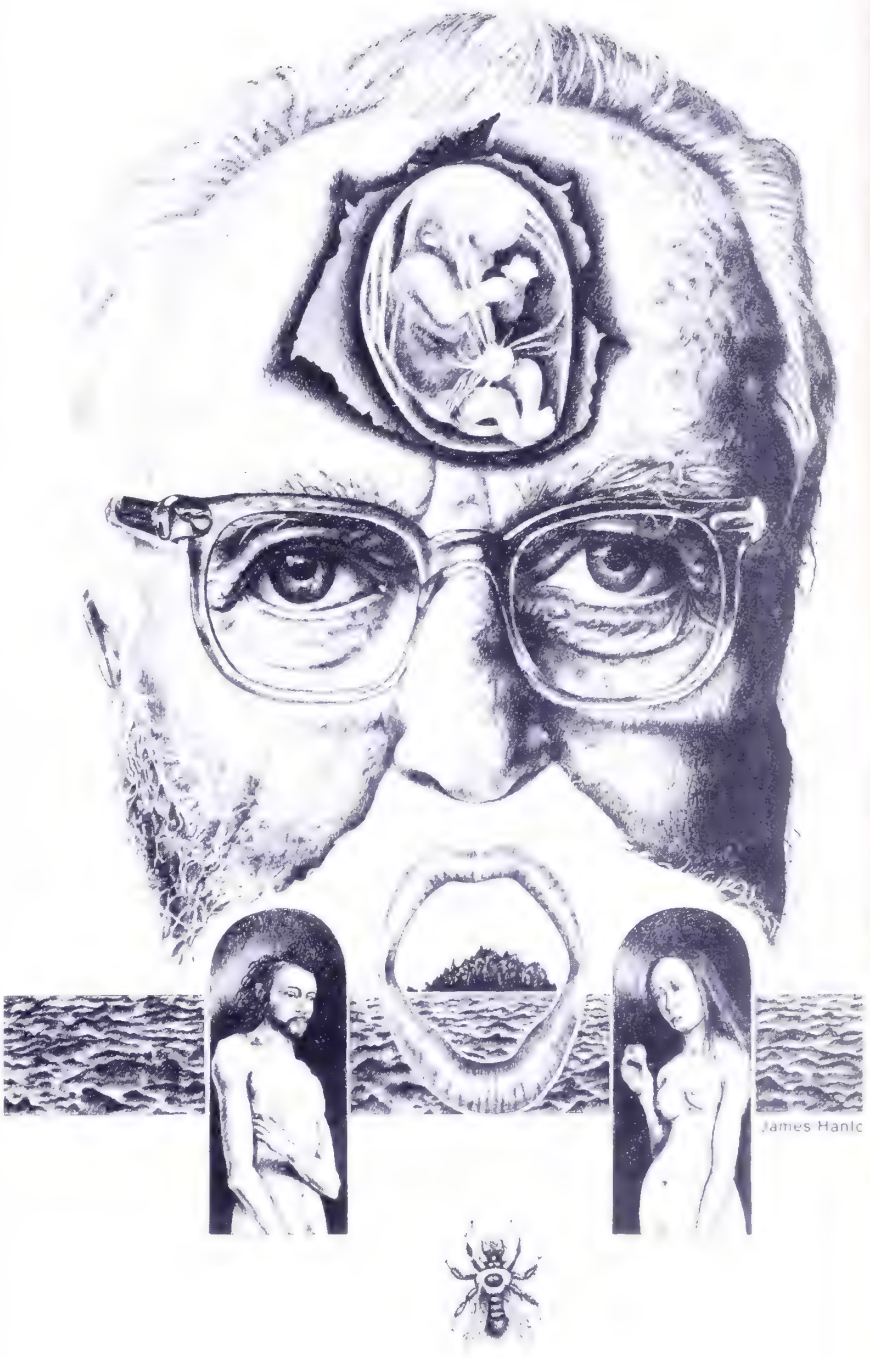
so long in the womb. He had rather liked story and stayed and stayed with it longer most, but had had to abandon it finally he'd heard about the new cults forming rd jetliners.

ell, we've made a start, his blood said on the Nothing else matters. The people who had to identify the body crowded around, starn disbelief. This is impossible, they cried. story wasn't true, it was only a legend! They ed that he'd left the coffeepot on the stove it had boiled over. They pointed to it and Aha!—satisfying thereby their lust for ve, but they couldn't conceal a certain disintment. They scratched about, however, finally found enough peanut butter for two wiches, though there wasn't any bread. Well, ast we haven't come for nothing, they said.

IERE WAS NOTHING PRIMITIVE about this isand. He had a shallow bay to bathe in, a to eat and sleep in, an outhouse to shit in, ir to read in, wild blueberries for breakfast, and axes for cutting wood, a boat to go to in, and he could write anywhere. If he sted largely on peanut butter, that was his fault, because he even had a gas refrigerator stove. These he used as little as possible, gh, because his principal hardship was exging used butane tanks for new in town, single-handedly dragging the loaded one to the boat, later heaving it out of the boat up the steep hill to the cabin, and finally ng it up in place and lighting it without ing himself up.

s for the old wood cookstove, he loved it. n the lake was darkened by a storm, or at t, he could sit for hours in front of it, watchhe flames, warming himself, brewing coffee, g up feasts of fish and potatoes when he them, imagining a life free of settings forth, so immortal. What limited his use and dished his enjoyment of the stove was the to chop wood for it. There seemed to lurk kind of unpleasant moral here, and it was nore than the hard work, which in his wombkled condition he should have welcomed, made him use the cookstove less and less. vould have abandoned it altogether, but for nsomnia. On bad nights, he could stare at lames, each one new, violent, unique, and er or later all this variety would put him to).

n ordinary island then, with ordinary trees bushes, ordinary bugs, birds, and reptiles, nary lake water lapping it about, yet even re pulling the trigger, he recognized that was something suspicious about it, as gh it might have been, like the air he thed, just another metaphor. So many other- solid and habitable islands had gone that



way in the past, it was a kind of pollution. Perhaps he should have shot himself in the boat on the way to the island, spared the world another bloody epigram and the island this transgression, this erosion. It was Adam did the naming, why did Eve get all the blame?

Because she was near at hand. This was her offense: affectionate trespass. She wanted company. She couldn't leave well enough alone, she had to turn up and tax his vocabulary. She must have come there sometime between the pulling of the trigger and the loosing of his blood and brains against the cabin wall. He named her many times over, but never Eve. What could he

say in her behalf? That she helped him drag the butane tanks up the hill. But she helped him use them up faster too.

Yet he was grateful, because he was able to throw away everything he had written before she had come there, and this altered the fuel balance, permitting more fires in the cookstove. Also she was good at finding blueberries and cleaning fish. But she confused him by insisting she had been there first, he was the newcomer to the island, and she lifted her skirts to show him the missing rib. It was at this time that he began to suspect that he, not the island, was the metaphor. He began a story in which the first-person narrator was the story itself, he merely one of the characters, dead before the first paragraph was over.

He returned the rib to her and discovered it was more blessed to give than to receive, though this was not accomplished without some bloodletting. They found much peace and pleasure in this sharing of the rib, and called it fucking. Thus, he was still naming things. Perhaps because it rhymed with luck: fucking, they thought, was good for it, good for the raw nerve ends of his navel too. I think this is the beginning of something, he said, as his hips bucked. Though they never let it get in the way of their struggles with one another, it always proved useful whenever they began to repeat themselves. It was almost like a place, somewhere to go when the island and his work became hostile and wounded them, an island within an island.

Small wonder, then, that he took to inventing stories in which time had a geography, like an island, place moved like the hands of a clock, and point of view was a kind of punctuation. He assigned numbers and symbols to death, love, characters, unexpected developments, transition; then submitted them to the rhythms of numerologies. He invented a story with several narrators, each quoting the next, the last quoting the first and telling the story being told. He began another, added footnotes, subfootnotes to the footnotes, further footnotes to the subfootnotes, and so on to exhaustion, which came early: he still had something to learn about pacing himself.

The woman, like all women no doubt, was always the same woman and never the same woman twice. Sometimes she was pregnant, sometimes she was not. Sometimes she soaped him up when they bathed in the bay, and then they fucked in the water, or else on the shore, under the trees, in the cabin, out in the woodpile, less often when she was pregnant. She did her best to hide the children from him for fear he'd eat them. Sometimes she was distracted and then he did eat them. He was always sorry about it afterwards, because he missed them and they gave him constipation for a week. In which case she cared for him, scratched his head, gave him enemas, strewed the path to the outhouse with rose petals.

THE OUTHOUSE WAS A SHORT WALK away [from] the cabin, up a path made cushiony by [the] pine needles, hidden from the cabin by the [...] forest of pines, poplars, birch, and dogwo[od] was strictly for shitting or thinking, since i[t] their habit to piss wherever they were whe[n] need hit them, except inside the cabin. S[ome] times, at night, simply out the front door [...] the moonlight, hoping not to get bit by [...] quitoes. Hoping did little good, they go [...] anyway. This added purpose and energy to [...] fucking, but did little to improve their techn[ique] It was like the sting of conscience, teaching [...] to murder or be damned.

The children were less scrupulous about [...] toilet with the result that the cabin often sm[elled] worse than the outhouse. On such days, he w[ould] take the boat out on the lake and fish for [...] eyes and bass, pretending to be the Good [Pro]vider. He was not lucky at it, though, and l[oved] taking the hook out, so sooner or later he'[d] on into town and buy fish at the store. [His] woman was always amazed at his luck in c[atch]ing filleted fish. It's a parable, he explained, [to] put the gun to his head. Soon I'll be able to [dis]pense with this gun altogether, he thought [of] his scattering brain. It's like taking a catha[rtic]

Sometimes he thought that might be the [key] to get started at last: with a cathartic. But wh[at] the trouble was heartburn? For it was true [that] writing was a vice and tended to alienate th[e] He found he did no writing at all while fuck[ing] and vice versa. It could be even worse inbetw[een] times, when he wasn't sure which he was do[ing] or should be doing. He ate better than whe[n] lived alone, slept better, she even took to c[hop]ping the wood and dragging the butane t[anks] up by herself, he had all the time in the w[orld] and yet if anything he was writing less. He [had] to spill beer, ashes, peanut butter, kerosene [on] his typewriter, and hardly noticed; now she [kept] it clean for him, and it kept breaking do[wn] Whenever an idea really gripped him, she w[ould] cry and accuse him of leaving the island; [he] apologize and take her for a ride in the B[oat] wondering where it was he'd been. She diap[ered] the children in the climaxes of his stories, d[id] him a service, but she also borrowed his typ[ing] ribbon for a clothesline and mistook his story [for] a grocery list, nearly poisoning them all.

And yet, she was indispensable. When he c[om]plained about the suffering of the artist, [she] added more fruit to his diet, and in truth [he] suffered less. Alone, he used to sit in front of [the] cookstove and listen to the stillness beyond [the] flames; now there was her breathing. And [...] else was there to read to? He realized he [had] been writing so as to be able to sleep at ni[ght] but she could purge his guilt with a simple b[ack] rub, confirming his suspicion that it was noth[ing] more than a cramp in the lumbar region. W[ell] he reasoned that perhaps he needed the writ[ing]

all, to stay awake in the daytime, she sent
ildren in to play with him. He began a
y on Plato's cave parable, in which he cele-
l not the shadows but the generosity of the

o, it became important to delay the climax.
he got involved with spirals, revolutions,
tenses, and game theory. There were puns
ould make endings almost impossible, like
n very thick prophylactic devices. He
d a story about a man who was granted a
by a good fairy and kept wishing for more
s. He applied Zeno's paradox to a suicide
, and kept it up all night. He invented a
about Noah in which the old man starts
aking the door and the window, then can't
out how to build the ark around them. God,
s confused by this approach, but is too
l of his storied omniscience to admit it, and
ovides dogmatic solutions that turn out to
f-contradictory. Many volumes of profound
nents ensue. Noah builds himself a cap-
bridge meanwhile, but God, annoyed by
etensions, turns Noah into a pillar of salt.
instructs Noah on the laying of the keel,
Noah misunderstands the symbology, and
quently his keel has fourteen stems, but no
Enough of these false starts, he reasoned,
g his children down to the bay for an after-
swim, and the flood will never come.
was beautiful, that little bay, clean and
cool, with only the occasional leech like a
nary tale. Sometimes a turtle would swim
oking for the old days. The woman would
on a flat rock at the lip of the bay like
ie, washing out diapers. On sunny days,
ls of tiny fish would arrive like visitors
the city, white and nervous, and birds would
down, looking for action. His children
ied at the edges, played in the sand, scram-
bout in the boat, chased toads, cried when
got ants on them, peed on the bluebells and
other, ate mud. Now and then, one would
n or get carried off by the crabs, and he'd
er: why do we go on making them if they're
oing to quit on us? Neither the woman nor
alls ever seemed to ask that question, and
lt alienated. He contemplated a detective
in which all the victims and suspects are
ered, as well as the detective and all those
come to investigate the murders of the
tives who came before. But he was an in-
gent realist, and he knew, as he climbed
the small pier, that he'd probably bog down
research. He dove off, projecting out a mul-
me work to be entitled, *Adventures of a*
oloid Idiot, and struck his head on the bot-
thinking: all this from the pulling of one
r!
e message on the bloodspattered wall was a
ed discourse on the forty-seventh chromo-
of mongoloid idiots, and its influence on
the prime number theorem of imminent apocalypse. Was it enough to say that he'd shot himself because he'd let the coffee boil? Probably it was enough. He'd apparently run out of bread and had been eating his peanut butter between manuscript pages. His typing ribbon was missing. First lines lay scattered like crumbs, and ants were carrying them off. One of them read: In eternity, beginning is consummation.

"The blast of the gun, the crash in his skull, were already fading shrinking into history, wouldn't hear them at all soon, feel them at all."

MUCH OF THE ISLAND WAS UNVISITED, being too thickly overgrown with trees and brambles. You could sink up to your knees in pulp from the last era's forest. His children occasionally wandered off and never returned. Perhaps there were ogres. Probably not, for they'd have heard them snorting and farting on still nights. Sometimes they took the boat around the shore of the island, gathering bleached driftwood. One of these twisted shapes led him to a story about a monster that was devouring the earth in bits and drabs, but he threw it away, recognizing it as genteel autobiography. On one corner of the island, amid tall reeds, herons nested. If my head was on a neck like that, he thought, I might not have to shoot it off.

The cabin itself sat in a small sunny clearing above the little bay, with a view out over the lake and other islands. Now and then, a boat passed distantly, put-putting along. He wondered about the people who used to tell him stories. They probably died when the bombs fell. Some politician did it one morning in a fit of pique or boredom, blew the whole thing up. The earth was never revisited. In time, the sun burned out. The cooling planet shuddered out of orbit and became a meteor disintegrating gradually in its fierce passage through eons. Nothing was ever known of man. He may as well have never existed. He liked to sit in a chair in front of the cabin in the warm sunshine, gazing out over the blue lake, contemplating the final devastation, and thinking: all right, what next? He could just imagine that politician, the last giant of his race, pushing the button and thinking: this is one day they won't soon forget.

He sat in the chair less often when the woman was on the island, for he seemed then to attract chores and children like flies. At such times, he would go up and sit among the spiders in the outhouse, contemplating his aesthetic, which seemed to have something to do with molten flats, hyperbole, and scarecrows. He wanted to write about Job's last years, after he'd got his wealth back. He thought: the central theme should be stated in the title and then abandoned altogether. He had a story about a soldier who'd been in a foxhole for fifty years and who, having forgotten entirely who the enemy was or what his rifle was for, crawled out one day and got shot. He could call it: "Beginnings." He planned

to write about Columbus voyaging to the end of the world, and finding it. He imagined an Eden in which nothing grew, but always seemed about to. To keep Adam from starving, Eve turned herself into an apple, which quite willingly he ate, forgetting that without her he could never find his way out of the place. He shat and called the turd Unable, because this was his prerogative. He wiped his ass, and, glancing at the paper before dropping it down the hole, saw that it read: Once upon a time they lived happily ever after. Maybe I've got cancer, he thought.

Though on still days the outhouse could be a little suffocating, the smell was not really unpleasant. It was said that people who grew up in the days of outhouses often longed for that smell for the rest of their lives. The same could be said for piles of dead bodies, the important thing being the chlorinated lime. And to keep the door open.

Of course, that was an open invitation to bees and wasps. One thing leads to another, he thought, and that's how we keep moving along. The blast of the gun, the crash in his skull, were already fading, shrinking into history, wouldn't hear them at all soon, feel them at all. Once, frantically shooing a yellow jacket out the door with a rolled-up manuscript, he hadn't noticed the wasp that had gone down the hole, while he'd bobbed up off it. He sat down and then he noticed it. He howled all the way down the path, through the cabin, and on down the hill to the bay, and what the woman, ever his best critic, said was: Hush, you'll wake the baby. After that, he always took a can of bug spray with him on trips to the outhouse, learning something as he squirted about the essential anality of the apocalyptic aesthetic.

AT THIS TIME, HE WAS ALSO a great killer of flies. He carried a flyswatter around with him, indoors and out, and when he couldn't think how to start a story, he killed flies instead. There were a lot of first lines lying about, including a new one about an apostate priest in a sacred-fly cult, but there were a lot more dead flies. It's too bad they're not edible, said the woman. She prepared him a fresh pot of coffee, then took the boat to town to have another baby and get some food.

He knew that what he was doing was good, because the flies were holding the earth together. He swatted them badminton-style, caught them on the hairline edge of sills and chair arms, laid jelly-blob traps for them and outscored that holy fiend the tailor, and always with a smiling self-righteous zeal: cleanliness is next to—WHAP!—godliness! He felt like Luther, his finger on the trigger, splattering dark ages against the cabin wall like brains. It's the beginning of something, he thought, wielding the flyswatter like a pastoral staff. A disease perhaps. The coffee was boili over on the stove when the woman returned. think I missed my calling, he said. It's a boy, s replied, and opened her blouse to give it suck.

He understood there was nothing banal abo giving birth, even to mongoloid idiots, a through the first half-dozen or so, he suffer nearly as much as she did, writing odes to na strings and the beauty of ripe watermelons keep his mind off the unpleasant tearing sen tion in his balls. He began a story about a m who brings his wife to the hospital to have child. They're both excited and very happy. T wife is led away by the doctor and the man joys a sympathetic and good-natured exchan with the staff. The delivery seems to take lon than it ought, however, and he begins to wor When he asks the staff about it, he gets o evasive answers. Finally, in a panic, he goes search of the doctor, finds him at a party, ro ing drunk and smeared to the ears in blood. realizes that in fact he's in some kind of nig club, not a hospital at all. The doctor is a stand comedian, delivering a dirtymouth routine on facts of life and using his wife's corpse as a pr The worst part is that he can't help laughing. what shall we do with all these dead? he w dered. The island was becoming a godda necropolis.

He'd even managed to kill the snake and frog, though the woman had spared them. It as though they couldn't escape their natural stincts toward snakes, his panic, her affect The frog was just one of those innocent bysta ers who come along to thicken the plot, himself or Jesus Christ. The woman was bath in the bay, standing in shallow water, haloed v suds, and he was on his way down the path shampoo and towel to join her. There wa snake across the path and he stopped short, heart racing. Its mouth was stretched around bottom half of a frog. He could see the fr heart pounding, in fact he could hardly see frog for its thumping panic. He ran to the w pile and grabbed up an ax. The woman, who seen his heart pounding in his ears and e came up to see what had frightened him. bottom half was dripping wet, and there soap-scum in her pubes. He was trembling a crept up on the snake with the ax: he thou that the frog might be a decoy, a secret ally, *he* was the one the snake was after. It's s kind of identity crisis, he realized. The fr eyes blinked in the snake's maw. The wo kicked the snake gently. It disgorged the f feinted as though to strike, then suddenly gone. Stupefied still, he hopped a few feet int underbrush and began a story about the old pent, left behind in Eden after the action moved elsewhere, who comes on a frog, gree the New Testament, first one he's seen in y swallows it, and dies of indigestion. She nu

ass with her toe, but he only cowered
eart thumping in his ears. She saw
in trouble and went down to secure
ainst the coming storm.

S LIKE THIS, he thought. You just get
and then the storm comes. He knew
wrote a story about the heath, after
ool, Old Tom, and all the rest were
one, just the heath, the storm raging
be the most important story of his
also knew the age would be over be-
ld ever begin. He no longer believed
be any message on the cabin wall:
o illusions, he thought, about blood
Outside, the wind was howling, the
umping against the pier, and pine
wept the cabin roof restlessly. They
ad played strip poker, starting naked.
pair of queens and a king, but the
him with a heart flush. Off with his
screamed. What have I got to lose?
e wind blew in and swept the cards
d their sheets flapped like sails.
e the next morning, tangled in first
wrinkled sheets. The windows were
d birds lay about with broken necks.
was down at the bay, rinsing diapers,
huddled about her like the sting of
He went out to pee and saw that
d sunk. First lines lay all about like
shattered and twisted. Columbus was
the end of the world and coming
illeted fish. Jesus was raising mongo-
from the grave. He half hoped that,
the boat would bob to the surface,
lay there on the bottom in a gray
or, only its gunwales showing like a
g for a suppository or a cathedral
felt as if he'd opened one too many
body, and the wind had blown in and
ith dead bees. It's time to leave the
old the woman. I've already packed.
e'll make a fresh start, he shouted.
ldn't hear him because the children
. She was bailing the boat out with
ucket. A fresh start!
in the cabin, the coffee was boiling
stove and he saw there was no bread
nut butter. Everything seemed to be
hey were in the boat and as they pulled
sland suddenly sank into the lake and
l. Hey, look, he cried. You did that
, the woman said. You always have
d it all! He had his reasons, but they
y such devastation. Who was he to be
t of his race? Who was he to christen
uch for fresh starts. He might as well
lled the trigger in the first place. But
and that was an end to it. Or so it
cabin wall. □

LAYING ON OF HANDS
by Allen Kanfer

Over and over we assure each other
Escape is coming if we have the patience.
Darkness buffeting, to endure the vipers.
Small thirsts, veins drier than Tibetan dung.
Waking, we saw an ordered universe:
Asleep, I turned to mine, and you to yours.
This is a cruel time, and children throw
The shrapnels of their scattered selves at us
To scar us with the spectacle of despair
Intended as creation, apes delousing
Themselves and worshipping the lice: the divers
Into mirrors weeping at the wounded shards.
Too late for satire, we must choose to bless.
For laying on of hands may be what's left.

HOW GOD SPENT HIS SUMMER
by Raymond Henri

> Summering at Honfleur, God watched Eugène
> Louis Boudin painting some of His favorite
> works. And God again saw that it was good.

Regretting His own haste at the Creation
And using Eugène Louis' precise glosses,
He shifted dunes and leveled others,
Regrouped, retinted cloud forms in the firmament
And redirected wind and ocean currents
At, for instances, Martha's Vineyard,
Concarneau, Caerleon, Chiavari,
Mimizan, Coney Island and Chu Lai:
Thus recreated pattern, color, atmosphere
So that no seabeach exists anywhere
Without at least a touch of Boudin's brush.
These are the monuments to Art
Established by a grateful God.

> God subsequently spent several summers at
> Honfleur and all of these proved pleasantly
> profitable. He made many lasting friendships
> there.

Note that lily ponds, whatever time observed,
Obey the self-same laws of light Monet subserved.

Irving Howe

BOOKS

Sylvia Plath: a partial disagreement



Stacy Rogers

A GLAMOUR OF FATALITY hangs over the name of Sylvia Plath, the glamour that has made her a darling of our culture. Extremely gifted, her will clenched into a fist of ambition, several times driven to suicide by a suffering so absolute as to seem almost impersonal, yet in her last months composing poems in which pathology and clairvoyance triumphantly fuse—these are the materials of her legend. It is a legend that solicits our desires for a heroism of sickness that can serve as emblem of the age, and many young readers take in Sylvia Plath's vibrations of despair as if they were the soul's own oxygen. For reasons good and bad, the spokesmen for the sensibility of extreme gesture—all the blackness, confession, denial, and laceration that are warranted by both modern experience and the moral bromides of this moment—see in Sylvia Plath an authentic priestess. Because she is authentic, the role would surely displease her: dead now for almost nine years, she can offer no defense.

Quantities of adoring criticism pile up around her. It is a criticism that whips itself up into a semi-mimetic frenzy designed to be an equivalent in tone to its subject. The result is poor criticism, worse prose. In a new collection of essays devoted to Sylvia Plath, the editor writes—almost as if he too were tempted by an oven—"The courting of experience that kills is characteristic of major poets."* Is it? Virgil, Petrarch, Goethe, Pope, Hugo, Wordsworth, Bialik, Yeats, Stevens, Auden, Frost?

In dissenting a little from the Plath celebration, one has the sense not so much of disagreeing about the merits of certain poems but of plunging into a harsh *kulturkampf*. For one party in this struggle Sylvia Plath has become an icon, and the dangers for those in the other party are also considerable, since it would be unjust to allow one's irritation with her devotees to spill over into one's response to her work. So let us move quickly to the facts about her career and then to the poems she wrote toward the end of her life, crucial for any judgment of her work.

HER FATHER, A PROFESSOR of biology and (it's important to note) a man of German descent, died when she was nine. The reverberations of this event are heavy in the poems, though its precise significance for Sylvia Plath as either person or poet is very hard to grasp. She then lived with her mother in Wellesley, Massachusetts; she went to Smith, an ardent student who swept up all the prizes; she suffered from psychic disorders; she won a Fulbright at Cambridge University, then met and married a gifted English poet, Ted Hughes. In 1960 she published her first book of poems, *The Colossus*—it rings with distinguished echoes, proclaims unripe gifts, contains more quotable passages than successful poems (true for all her work.) She had two children, in 1960 and 1962, to whom she seems to have been fiercely attached and about whom she wrote some of her better poems. She was separated from husband, lived one freezing wint London with her children, and periencing an onslaught of ener once overwhelming and frighte wrote her best-known poems d the last weeks of her life. On Febr 11, 1963, she killed herself.

Crossing the Water, recently is contains some of the poems she w between the early work of *The C sus* and the final outburst that w posthumously appear in 1965 as Her gifts can be seen in *Crossin Water*: her failings too. There graphic lines, but few poems achieved. "The desert is white blind man's eye,/ Comfortless a . . ." we read in a poem not othe notable. The drive to self-destru that would tyrannize the last poe already at work in these "mic ones:

If I pay the roots of the heather
Too close attention, they will invi
To whiten my bones among then

The poems in *Crossing the W* are, nevertheless, more open in and variable in theme than thos which Sylvia Plath has becom mous; there is less power but als pathology. She writes well, in sna and stanzas, about the imper moments of personal experi when the sense of everything be one's selfhood dominates the r She writes well, that is, prec about the portion of human ex ence that is most absent in the poems; such poems as "Parlia Hill Fields," "Small Hours," a few others in *Crossing the Wate* heroic in temper and unforce pitch, can yield conventional sures. The flaws in her work sh scribes charmingly in "Stillb though it's characteristic that, the vivid opening stanza, the po self should seem stillborn:

**The Art of Sylvia Plath*, edited by Charles Newman (Indiana University Press).

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"Edge" from Ariel *by Sylvia Plath. Cop © 1963 by Ted Hughes. By permiss Harper & Row Publishers, New York Faber & Faber, London.*

e poems do not live: it's a sad
ignosis.
grew their toes and fingers
ll enough,
· little foreheads bulged with
ncentration.
y missed out on walking about
e people
isn't for any lack of mother
e.

II

A CRUCIAL POINT in her career Sylvia Plath came under the ce of Robert Lowell's *Life s*, and it is this relationship s led many admirers to speak late work as "confessional " The category is interesting ious, both in general and when l to Sylvia Plath. A glance at *udies* (1959) may help us the to understand *Ariel*.

ife Studies Lowell broke into a le. He abandoned the complex cings of idea and image, the ysical notations and ironic s of his earlier work, and in- vrote poems that were to deal iately with his own experience: e as a CO, his nervous break- his relations with his wife. he wrote "I" it was clear he lid mean his private self, not a *a* created for the poem's oc- To the small number of people ad poetry at all, *Life Studies* s a valued, perhaps overvalued, —a harsh abandonment of the n impersonality that had previ- dominated American poetry. ibly, this new style was widely d and its inherent difficulty fre- y ignored. The readiness with Lowell exposed his own life people to admire his courage than scrutinize his poems. Can- is raised to an absolute value. s it need not often be in either or literature. Our culture was tarting to place an enormous on self-exposure, self-assault, relation—as if spontaneity sure warrant of authenticity, illing out a sure road to com- sion. The bared breast replaced ive head.

far as a poem depends mainly substance of its confession, as r shock revealing some hidden in the writer's experience, it ely be a first-rate piece of work. lack that final composure that ne most excited composition re- Insofar as it makes the con- al element into something integral to the poem, it ceases, to that extent, to be confessional. It becomes a self-sufficient poem, not dependent for its value on whatever experience may have evoked it. Perhaps the greatest achievement of this kind in English is the group of poems Thomas Hardy wrote in 1912-13 after the death of his first wife: they are full of the regrets of wasted life, missed opportunities, shamed quarrels, but they take on an autonomous life, beyond the rawness of confession.

Now, this is dogma and, as such, suspect—even by those who may agree with it. For obviously there are cases where residues of personal confession can be detected, yet the poem constitutes more than a mere notation of incident or memory. I would also add that the short lyric is a form likely to resist confessional writing, since it does not allow for the sustained moral complication, the full design of social or historical setting, that can transform confession from local act to larger meaning. The confessions of Augustine and Rousseau are long works, and they are in prose.

A flaw in confessional poetry, even the best of it, is one that characterizes much other American poetry in the twentieth century. It is the notion that a careful behavioral notation of an event or object is in itself sufficient basis for composing a satisfactory poem: the description of an orange, a wheelbarrow, a woman's gait. What such poems depend on, for their very life, is the hope of creating an aura, a network of implication, that will enlarge the scope of their references. Sometimes, as in Frost's "Spring Pools," this feat is managed: too often, what we get is a mere verbal snapshot, a discrete instance, that has little reverberation. And this holds true even if the snapshot records an event that rouses our curiosity or dismay.

Robert Lowell's poem, "Man and Wife," shook many readers when it first appeared in 1952. When you read a poem that begins—

> *Tamed by* Miltown, *we lie on*
> *Mother's bed;*
> *the rising sun in war paint dyes us*
> *red;*
> *in broad daylight her gilded bed-*
> *posts shine,*
> *abandoned, almost Dionysian.*

—some feeling of involvement, even pain, is likely to be invoked through the very announcement of its subject. There is the compressed suggestibility of "Mother's bed," the vividness of the "war paint" image in the second line. But the poem as a whole no longer seems quite so remarkable as I once thought. In the middle—and the middle is where confessional poems get into trouble, once the subject has been declared and something must now be *done* with it—Lowell declines into a fuzzy recollection about the time he "outdrank the Rahvs in the heat/ Of Greenwich Village." Most readers do not know "the Rahvs," and the reference is therefore lost upon them; those few who do may find it possible to resist the poet's intention. Here the poem has slipped into self-indulgence. At the end, Lowell does achieve a recovery with several lines describing his wife's invective after a quarrel, presumably before Miltown "tamed" them both:

> *your old-fashioned tirade—*
> *loving, rapid, merciless—*
> *breaks like the Atlantic Ocean on*
> *my head.*

These lines move the center of the poem away from the confessing, preening self of the poet and reveal a counteraction: that's not just a prop lying there in bed with him: it's another human being. True, the reference remains local and thereby, perhaps, open to the kind of criticism I made earlier of confessional poetry as a whole. But Lowell has managed here, through severe detail, to suggest reverberations that move the poem beyond the edges of his personal wound.

AT TIMES SYLVIA PLATH also wrote confessional poetry, as in the much-praised "Lady Lazarus," a poem about her recurrent suicide attempts. Its opening lines, like almost all her opening lines, come at one with the force of a driven hammer:

> *I have done it again.*
> *One year in every ten*
> *I manage it—*
>
> *A sort of walking miracle, my skin*
> *Bright as a Nazi lampshade,*
> *My right foot*
>
> *A paperweight,*
> *My face a featureless, fine*
> *Jew linen.*

The tone is jeeringly tough, but at least partly directed against herself. There is a strain of self-irony ("a sort of walking miracle") such as poetry of this kind can never have enough of.

But one must be infatuated with the Plath legend to ignore the poet's need for enlarging the magnitude of her act through illegitimate comparisons with the Jewish-Nazi holocaust (a point to which I will return later).

Sylvia Plath's most notable gift as a writer—a gift for the single, isolate image—comes through later in the poem when, recalling an earlier suicide attempt, she writes that they had to "pick the worms off me like sticky pearls." But then, after patching together some fragments of recollection, she collapses into an archness about her suicide attempts that is shocking in a way she could not have intended:

I do it so it feels like hell.
I do it so it feels real.
I guess you could say I've a call.

It's easy enough to do it in a cell,
It's easy enough to do it and stay put.

As if uneasy about the tone of such lines, she then drives toward what I can only see as a willed hysteric tone, the forcing of language to make up for an inability to develop the matter. The result is sentimental violence:

A cake of soap,
A wedding ring,
A gold filling. . . .

Out of the ash
I rise with my red hair
And I eat men like air.

In the end, the several remarkable lines in this poem serve only to intensify its badness, for in their isolation, without the support of a rational structure, they leave the author with no possibility of development other than violent wrenchings in tone. And this is a kind of badness that seems a constant temptation in confessional poetry, the temptation to reveal all while one eye measures the effect of the revelation.

There's another famous poem by Sylvia Plath entitled, "Cut," in which she shows the same mixture of strong phrasing and structural incoherence. "Cut" opens on a sensational note, or touch:

What a thrill—
My thumb instead of an onion.
The top quite gone
Except for a sort of hinge

Of skin,
A flap like a hat.
Dead white.
Then that red plush.

This is vivid, no denying it. Morbid too. The question is whether the morbidity is an experience the writer struggles with or yields to, examines dispassionately or caresses indulgently.

There is a saving wit in the opening lines ("My thumb instead of an onion") and this provides some necessary distance between invoked experience and invoking speaker. But the poem collapses through Sylvia Plath's inability to do more with her theme than thrust it against our eyes, displaying her wound in all its red plushy woundedness.

The stain on your
Gauze Ku Klux Klan
Babushka
Darkens and tarnishes . . .

The bandage is seen as a babushka, an old lady's scarf. All right. But the Ku Klux Klan? And still more dubious, the "Ku Klux Klan Babushka"? One supposes the KKK is being used here because it is repressive, the Babushka-bandage is "repressing" the blood, and in the poem's graphic pathology, the flow of blood from the cut is attractive, fruitful, perhaps healthy ("a celebration, this is," runs one line). But even if my reading is accurate, does that help us very much with the stanza? Isn't this stanza an example of weakness through excess?

SYLVIA PLATH's most famous poem, adored, it seems, by many sons and daughters, is "Daddy." It is a poem that deals with an affecting theme, the feelings of the speaker as she regathers the pain of her father's premature death and her persuasion that he has betrayed her by dying:

I was ten when they buried you.
At twenty I tried to die
And get back, back, back to you.

In the poem Sylvia Plath identifies the father (we recall his German birth) with the Nazis ("Panzer-man, panzer-man, O You") and flares out with assaults for which nothing in the poem (nor, so far as we know, in Sylvia Plath's own life) offers any warrant: "A cleft in your chin instead of your foot/But no less a devil for that . . ." Nor does anything in the poem offer warrant, other than the free-flowing hysteria of the speaker, for the assault of such lines as, "There's a stake in your fat black heart/And the villagers neve
you." Or for the snappy viole

Every woman adores a Fasci
The boot in the face, the brut
Brute heart of a brute like y

What we have here is a r
fantasy feeding upon filial
hatred, and thereby mostly of
interest. But seemingly aware t
merely clinical can't provide t
terials for a satisfying poem,
Plath tries to enlarge upon th
sonal plight, give meaning
personal outcry, by fancying t
as victim of a Nazi father:

An engine, an engine
Chuffing me off like a Jew.
A Jew to Dachau, Auschwitz
Belsen.
I began to talk like a Jew,
I think I may well be a Jew.

The more sophisticated ad
of this poem may say that I fail
it as a dramatic presentation, a
logue spoken by a disturbed g
necessarily to be identified
Sylvia Plath herself, despite the
similarities of detail betwe
events of the poem and the ev
her life. I cannot accept this vi
the following reasons: the pe
confessional element, striden
undisciplined, is simply too
sive to suppose the poem no
than a dramatic picture of a
style of disturbance. If, howev
do accept such a reading of "D
we fatally narrow its claims t
tional or moral significance,
then confine it to a mere vivid
ing of a pathological state.
surely, is not how its admirers
take the poem.

IT IS CLEARLY NOT how the
George Steiner takes the
when he calls it "the 'Guerni
modern poetry." But then, in
tonishing turn, he asks: "In
sense does anyone, himself
volved and long after the event
mit a subtle larceny when he i
the echoes and trappings of
witz and appropriates an enorm
ready emotion to his own priva
sign?" The question is devas
and makes nonsense of his
comparison to "Guernica." Pic
painting objectifies the horr
Guernica, through the distanc
art; no one can suppose that he
or participates in them. Plath's

ndizes on the "enormity of
emotion" invoked by references
concentration camps, in behalf
ill-controlled if occasionally bril-
outburst. There is something
trous when tangled emotions
one's father are deliberately
ared with the historical fate of
uropean Jews; something sad, if
mparison is made spontaneous-
Daddy" persuades one again,
gh the force of negative ex-
e, of how accurate T.S. Eliot was
ying, "The more perfect the art-
ne more completely separate in
will be the man who suffers and
ind which creates."

III

IE MOST INTERESTING POEMS in *triel* are not confessional at all. A ssional poem would seem to be n which the writer speaks *to* the r, telling him, without the medi- presence of imagined events or *na*, something about his life: I a nervous breakdown, my wife sometimes lie in bed, sterile of , through sterile nights. The of direct speech addressed to udience is central to confessional ng. But the most striking poems a Plath wrote are quite different. are poems written out of an me condition, a state of being in n the speaker, for all practical oses Sylvia Plath herself, has doned the sense of audience and nothing about—indeed, is y aware of—the presence of any- ut herself. She writes with a hal- atory, self-contained fervor. She esses herself to the air, to the . She speaks not as a daylight with its familiar internal strug- and doubts, its familiar hesita- before the needs and pressures hers. There is something utterly olithic, fixated about the voice emerges in these poems, a voice odulated and asocial.

s as if we are overhearing the of a mind that has found its own ation and need not measure its nce from, even consider its rela- to, other minds. And the stakes ar higher than can ever be in- d in mere confession. She exists me mediate province between g and dying, and she appears to alancing coolly the claims of the drawn almost equally to both yet y comfortable with the perils of e she is. This is not the by-now romanticism of *Liebestod*. It is something very strange, very fearful: a different kind of existence, at ease at the gate of dying. I don't believe that the poems Sylvia Plath wrote in this state of being are "great" poems, but I can hardly doubt that they are remarkable. For they do bring into poetry an element of experience that, so far as I know, is new, and thereby they do advance the thrust of literary modernism by another inch or so. A poem like "Kindness" is set squarely in what I have called the mediate province between living and dying:

What is so real as the cry of a child?
A rabbit's cry may be wilder
But it has no soul.

And then, a few lines later:

The blood jet is poetry,
There is no stopping it.

The poems written out of this strange equilibrium—"Fever 103," "Totem," "Edge"—are notable, and the best of them seems to me "Edge":

The woman is perfected.
Her dead

Body wears the smile of
accomplishment,
The illusion of a Greek necessity

Flows in the scrolls of her toga,
Her bare

Feet seem to be saying:
We have come so far, it is over.

Each dead child coiled, a white
serpent,
One at each little

Pitcher of milk, now empty.
She has folded

Them back into her body as petals
Of a rose close when the garden

Stiffens and odours bleed
From the sweet, deep throats of the
night flower.

The moon has nothing to be sad
about,
Staring from her hood of bone.

She is used to this sort of thing.
Her blacks crackle and drag.

The vision of death as composure, a work done well, is beautifully realized in the first four stanzas. The next several, with "Each dead child coiled, a white serpent," seem to me to drop into a kind of sensationalism—not the kind one finds in the confessional poems, with their alternating archness and violence, but one that invokes the completion that may come once death is done and finished. The penultimate stanza is very fine; the last lines again seem forced.

Even in this kind of poetry, which does strike an original note, there are many limitations. The poems often shock; they seldom surprise. They are deficient in plasticity of feeling, that modulation of voice that a poet writing out of a controlled maturity of consciousness can muster. Even the best of Sylvia Plath's poems, as her admirer Stephen Spender admits, "have little principle of beginning or ending, but seem fragments, not so much of one long poem, as of an outpouring which could not stop with the lapsing of the poet's hysteria." For, as Elizabeth Hardwick has written, "the elements of pathology" are "deeply rooted" and "little resisted" in both Sylvia Plath's work and her life.

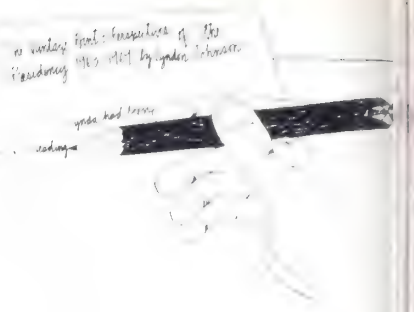
PERHAPS THE HARDEST critical question remains, and in a short essay I won't pretend to answer it. Given the fact that in a few poems Sylvia Plath illustrates an extreme state of existence, one at the very boundary of nonexistence, what illumination—moral, psychological, social—can be provided of either this state or the general human condition by a writer so deeply rooted in the extremity of her plight? Suicide is an eternal possibility of our life and therefore always interesting; but what is the relation between a sensibility so deeply captive to the idea of suicide and the claims and possibilities of human existence in general? That her story is intensely moving, that her talent was notable, that her final breakthrough rouses admiration—of course! Yet in none of the essays devoted to praising Sylvia Plath have I found a coherent statement as to the nature, let alone the value, of her vision. Perhaps it is assumed that to enter the state of mind in which she found herself at the end of her life is its own ground for high valuation; but what will her admirers say to those who reply that precisely this assumption is what needs to be questioned?

After the noise abates and judgment returns, Sylvia Plath will be regarded as an interesting minor poet whose personal story was deeply poignant. A few of her poems will find a place in anthologies—and when you consider the common fate of talent, that, after all, will not be a small acknowledgment. □

Garry Wills

BOOKS

LBJ: he who gets slapped



The Vantage Point: Perspectives of the Presidency 1963-1969, by Lyndon Johnson. Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $15.

IT WAS NOT THE BEST IN US, it was very nearly the worst, that despised him. No wonder he despised us back. But it makes for unpleasant reading, nonetheless. The quintessential American became, by accident, an interloper; considered not only an intruder, but the Usurper. Some forget how acrimonious were the sneers at him — the horrendous charges only half-jestingly leveled in *Macbird*. If he had not actually killed the King, he did dispel the dream atmosphere about his court. He was guilty of murdering a style, and those most bemused by the style were implacable.

There was nothing he could do about it—only smile and smile, and be (in their eyes) a villain; act the grateful understudy brought onstage by disaster, never openly challenging the real (though dead) star; bearing insult, and regional slur, and the worst kind of snobbism. Smile, and try to hide resentment—though it kept seeping through. It reeked from his very pores while he mumbled uncharacteristic, high-minded things through the pained grimace of his television mask. He must spend his years of power staggering about in parodies of sorrow, the crowd sniggering all the while; and under theatrical laments the pain became ever more real for him, though not for us. Only the malice, when it broke out, when hints of it slipped through his guard, seemed real. If he had not actually been Macbird, still he looked the part; and we had learned from Kennedy to take appearances for substance—princely looks, until the slaying; then the clown came on, to angry, disappointed laughter.

An American outsized, almost too American, one of our rulers for decades, knowing us inside and out, summing up large parts of our past, owning a piece of American history—and now he could not even speak our language. The accent was so typical it sounded false. He was the stage American, something we had outgrown; the Broadway-musical Texan, overdoing everything—even his attempts to be non-Texan. It cracked us up; and did worse things to him. We did not know, then, what worse things could follow. He had arrived before his time—before his America, old middle hard-hatted tongue-tied majority America, fell back to a more constricted spokesman. He was Paul Bunyan bound and gagged in the interregnum between Prince Val and Babbitt.

THE TROUBLE WITH being wronged is that scars do their damage, deserved or not. Malice, even when forced on one, still poisons. Thus Johnson acquired "an alacrity of sinking" (as the *Peri Bathous* put it), a way of living down to what we thought of him, earning our low estimation after all. He seemed to "hang on lead [weights] to facilitate descent." And the proof of that is in his book.

A book like this is not written, of course, but decided—and is meant to show how good the author is at deciding. Nixon wrote little of his *Six Crises*; but he made the key decisions on its shape, shrewd choices that swept all bad things out of the way (Voorhis, Mrs. Douglas, Joe McCarthy), put a good light on his worst liabilities of that time—his losses—by changing them to "crises," ordeals mere survival of which did him credit, taught him lessons, led him to tempered wisdom.

Garry Wills is a syndicated columnist and the author of Nixon Agonistes.

Johnson's problem as Presi was to get out from under—to es Kennedy's shadow, the darkness on all the real things Johnson di an unreal promise his predece had held out. It was an insoluble p lem at the time: independence his part would have confirme Usurper interpretation of his But what he could not do as Presi he might have done as an aut decider, turning defeats to victo (as Nixon had). His job was to s back into the Presidency from a chosen angle, not through the g entry history had forced on him was his job—and his chance—at to create a Johnson Presidency opposed to the mere post-Ken era he had lived through. This p some hard choices, e.g., the agon Vietnam would have to be made not fobbed off as part of Kenne legacy (acolytes of JFK would gl accept this part of the bargain). that would give Johnson ground making the Great Society somet more than a piece of rhetoric drea up by a Kennedy speech writer, under way by Kennedy leftover office, and partially wrecked Kennedy enthusiasts.

It is clear that Johnson unders some of these imperatives; but efforts at taking credit are clumsy petty, not balanced by a willingne share blame. He downplays ot labor without substituting a con ing personal struggle or achieve of his own. Thus we hear about civil-rights bill, but not about church strategy conceived u Kennedy and carried out by Jo Rauh; of the War on Poverty, bu about Robert Kennedy's "d quency" team from Justice that it shape; of bright moments Howard University speech) wit their accompanying shadow chaos of the subsequent conferen Then, after trying to run off

ever he can, however he can, ison turns around and gives nedy full credit, too full credit, ne war. He makes a great point of ng each President stands alone— pudiated Nixon's suggestion that were collaborating at the job in ast months of 1968. But then he ly shares responsibility for the hardest decisions, those concern- Vietnam.

orst of all is his starting point: as, the old memories, the legend its searing finale—the things that fed Johnson before, and do so n. He could have begun with e personal crisis (the *Pueblo*, or act of diplomacy (Glassboro) oment of steadiness (the Six Day). These all show up, of course, too late, after we have gone ugh the lachrymose protestations he never wanted to be President l, much less by this means. (Any who wakes up in the White se surprised is a damn fool, and dy has thought that of Lyndon son.) We hear from all sources he loved Jack, and Jack loved why, then, did Jack's followers se to love him? Don't they believe ie?—on the plane she said, "Oh, Bird, we've always liked you so much." Don't they believe Kennedy?—on the phone she "I know you loved Jack and he l you." Don't they believe oy?—in the Oval Office he said, u are a brave and dedicated ." Why, old Joe Kennedy had l that he and John Kennedy ed to support me for the Presi- " in the Fifties. Jack was "my ident and leader, my confidant friend." Proof? "He sent me to ty-six foreign countries." John- as to nag at old grievances from chester's version of the flight from Dallas, renew the rumors ettiness, ask to be let into that med circle at the back of the e, hauling up the shirt to point at is Kennedy scars, calling them ical, cuts meant to cure (and any- all of them are healed, look at , *look*).

MAN BORN TO BELLOW was thus reduced to whining. A pattern s repeating itself, suggesting to son that we must be wrong in things because we were so wrong r first assessment of him. He had after all, killed Kennedy— though people acted as if he had. So it was easy to tell himself that we *had* won at Tet—though we would not admit it to ourselves. That he *was* a great President—people just did not recognize the fact. That we *could* win the war—though we did not seem to want to. That he *was* seeking peace though his goodwill was constantly questioned. That he had *not* sought the Presidency—though everyone denied he would be able to give it up. He exaggerated his assertions, to match exaggerated charges brought against him: "I think perhaps we tried *too* hard to spell out our honest desire for peace." Or: "The Tet offensive was, *by any standard*, a military defeat of massive proportions for the North Vietnamese and the Viet Cong." Of 1960: "I had *not* wanted the top spot on the ticket."

The treatment we gave him led to pre-Agnew hatred of what Johnson calls here "the metropolitan press of the Eastern seaboard," and to pre-Haynsworth half-articulated grumbles that "emotional clichés outlast all others and the Southern cliché is perhaps the most emotional of all." Alerted by the sniping at him, he finds hostility everywhere, and evil plans, evil men. Demagogues urged the 1967 riots on: "We had experienced widespread disturbances the previous summer, many of them exploited, I believe, by men who took advantage of distressed people to advance their own political cause." "Deliberate and systematic vilification" was directed at his friends: "Abe Fortas' chief assets—his progressive philosophy, his love of country, his frank views always spoken from his heart, and his service to the President—brought his downfall." Plotters and connivers undermined the peace to win an election: "People who claimed to speak for the Nixon camp began encouraging Saigon to stay away from Paris and promising that Nixon, if elected, would inaugurate a policy more to Saigon's liking. Those efforts paid off. On November 1, after previously indicating that they would go to the Paris peace talks, the South Vietnamese leaders decided not to participate. That, I am convinced, cost Hubert Humphrey the Presidency."

Under the large marmoreal chill of this great slab of a book, only the little meannesses live—a dig at Humphrey's small, delayed rebellion in Salt Lake City; quoting bad grammar from a note by Jackie; drawing



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attention to Jack's weak showing in Vienna, and Bobby's early hawk talk, and the Clan's team of Catholic city bosses. "I had never been able to establish a close relationship with Bobby Kennedy . . . Perhaps his political ambitions were part of it." Johnson the author wanted to strike a classical nude statue-pose, but the penis froze erect—and that proves distracting.

WHEN PEOPLE so misjudged him, what *could* they be trusted to judge? Even his beloved polls turned against him in time. All right—he would stand alone. Fat lot they knew, anyway, with their gaping idolatry of Harvard fancy-pants. And so, by defying the suspicions, he came to fulfill them. He lost his one great source of strength, his ability to read people. The man once so close to the currents of feeling, so sure in his touch, became a stranger in his own land. Anyone who can write the following sentences does not know what the Sixties were all about: "Space was the platform from which the social revolution of the 1960's was launched. We broke out of far more than the atmosphere with our space program. We escaped from the bonds of inattention and inaction that had gripped the 1950's." Our space program led to the Pacemaker (much as schoolmarms used to tell boys to learn Latin so they would be able to write grammatical English; it's much easier just to learn English in the first place).

For a while, people suspected that Johnson "might know what's goin' on, but ain't tellin' "—which just made him a liar. But soon the awful possibility arose that he did not even know what was goin' on. At that point, the credibility gap became an incredulity gap—we moved from asking, What is he *doing?* to, Is there anything he *won't* do?

In Vietnam, there was not much he did not finally do—bomb, napalm, defoliate, resettle, "pacify," "free fire," even put up an electronic Maginot Line for Mr. McNamara. Only the nukes he forbore—and for one wild moment around Khesanh, while Tet and Seoul and the *Pueblo* all broke about his head, there was a toying with that ultimate temptation (not mentioned here, of course). Here was a last fulfillment to the wild charges once made against him, a sense in which the comic Macbird did become Macbeth-like in his t choice (or nonchoice):

I am in blood
Stepp'd in so far, that, shoul wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'

Go o'er. Because we had starte *on.* Because we said we would. G We would look bad otherwise. going. To show the Commu "The protection of American ests in a revolutionary nuclear is not for men who want to thr our hand every time we face a lenge." To show the columnists wife wrote, in one of her ego-str notes, "I am not afraid of *T* Go on, to show this country is st that we are winning. Go, to get at those who have made us v

Lynda had been reading ab those demonstrators and cri who looked on such sacrifices hers and Chuck's as meaningless worse. The hurt that had b building up inside her was now leased in a flood of tears. Why, asked, was her husband going a to fight, and maybe die, for pe who did not even want to be tected?

Go because we are losing; or be we cannot lose; or because it be this man who admits we lose: "Lyndon Johnson was not to pull up stakes and run." Be going is all that's left, that's thinl Because it's there.

What right, finally, did a have to criticize, when he had criticized so much, from the for so little reason? And so cause we did not think he cou anything right, he came at la think he could do nothing wro he had to fall for being right, a he would die defiant; build his pyramid in Austin; bury his fa servants there with him; and rai goddamnedest big triumphal in tion you ever saw.

For that is what this book is. records, compiled by lackeys t King, in uningratiating forn The nemesis is absolute: just a earthy American lost contact wi land, or the innocent man turne ploiter, or our victim took rev so—to crown it all—this most ful of men ends up dull. Eve snake oil one expected would had fizz. This is mere Nile wate channeled down the Pedernales

am C. Martin

T THE CORNER OF GLORY AVENUE AND ALLELUJAH STREET

e gospel singers: making a joyful noise unto the Lord

:Y HAVE COME from all over this rner of Texas. Most are prob- :om Houston, but a good many lriven in from Jasper and Con- nd Angleton. They are not d like the usual patrons of con- it opulent Jones Hall, but it is they thought about what they oing to wear. Many of the men, ally the younger ones, sport colors—shirts, ties, handker- , an occasional suit in lime, or raspberry. The women favor subdued colors, most wear no ip, and their below-the-knee ies signify modesty rather than ashion; yet one scarcely thinks m as plain: they have teased led and woven their uncut hair narvelous creations. Their chil- re all scrubbed and bright, and ttle boys have haircuts any parent would approve. They ike honest folk, and they are. of them love the Christian gos- ey have heard proclaimed in ern Baptist, Pentecostal, and fundamentalist churches; all of love gospel music. They have for a big evening and they are to get it, for tonight, right here ies Hall, where the Houston Opera and Andres Segovia rtur Rubinstein perform, Mr. Nowlin of Fort Worth, Texas, is ting a Battle of Songs, a mara- concert featuring just about big-name group of white gospel s you can think of.

ll, not every one of them. The wood Brothers aren't here, and r are Hovie Lister and the men, and everybody knows hose two groups have meant to music. But just look at who *is* the Blue Ridge Quartet, Jim ill and the Rebels, the Dixie s, Les Beasley and the Florida Boys, Steve Sanders, Jerry Goff and the Thrashers, the Inspirations, the Four Galileans, Eva Mae Lefevre and all the Lefevres, J. D. Sumner and the Stamps Quartet, the Oak Ridge Boys, and the Happy Goodman Family. Now you'd have to be mighty particular not to be satisfied with that.

To many Americans, especially outside the South, the term "gospel music" conjures up images and sounds of Mahalia Jackson and the Edwin Hawkins Singers or, if they are more knowledgeable, of James Cleveland, Doris Akers, Crouch and the Disciples, and the Mighty Clouds of Joy. These folk gathering at Jones Hall would never deny the moving and magnificent contributions black singers and composers have made and are making to religious music, nor would they deny that the music of these black performers fully deserves the "gospel" label. Still, when they speak of gospel singing, they are referring to "white gospel," a music that is white in its origins and history and is sung almost exclusively by white performers for white audiences. There are signs that black and white gospel may be moving closer together, but the differences are deep, clear, and will not easily be erased. Some say the white singers don't have soul. Perhaps. But they are abundantly possessed of spirit, and their spirit is abroad in the land.

White gospel sprang from and still has deep roots in the fundamentalist South, but in the past two decades it has, like its musical cousin, Country and Western, developed a wide following throughout the United States and Canada. Now that Jesus has become one of the brightest new faces in popular music, and singing the Good News has become good business, some gospel artists envision for their music a sweeping popularity and influence comparable to blues, rock, or Country and Western. Others feel gospel music belongs primarily to the church and should stay out of the secular arena, lest it be brought low by the snares of the world.

WHATEVER THE FUTURE of white gospel music, the concert tonight clearly reflects its past and present. The program opens with a prayer, reminding us that the Lord is in our midst. But the Lord loves a good time as well as anybody, and any notion we are in for a somber evening is quickly shattered as the Blue Ridge Quartet bounds onstage for its half-hour set. Like most of the younger men's groups, the Blue Ridgers' appearance is reminiscent of early Beatle Mod—gray Edwardian suits, dark plum shirts, and hair worn fairly long but neat. They have a good, strong, exuberant sound, and as they belt out, "I know, I know, there's no doubt about it, he lives in my heart and I'm gonna shout it," the audience claps and bounces in time and very nearly joins them in the shouting.

An early highlight of the evening is J. D. Sumner and the Stamps Quartet. Sumner is a legendary force in the development of white gospel and the granddaddy of gospel bass singers. Between songs, J. D. and the Stamps' miniature pianist, "Tarzan" Tony Brown, engage in some broad comedy banter. Then, with the quiet immodesty that has become a trademark ("when I started out singing at age eighteen, I had a great bass voice, and I've gotten better every year"), J. D. announces he is going to shower the audience with some real bass singing. Gospel music fans love good bass singing and groups with an exceptional bass like the Blackwood's London Parris or the Statesmen's "Big Chief" Wetherington will seldom fail to feature him in a number that allows him to exhibit the richness of his voice and then, like a juggler who finally

i C. Martin, Assistant Professor of gy at Rice University, has contributed to Esquire *and* The Atlantic.

gets all twelve hoops spinning while balancing on a slack wire, to hit and hold his lowest note.

Sumner is billed as "the World's Lowest Bass Singer," and, as he leans his long thin torso into the microphone, there is genuine excitement in the audience. The first few dips and runs bring smiles and scattered applause. Then, almost eating the mike, Sumner heads into the depths. As he moves down a note or two, Tarzan lowers his piano stool an inch and the audience laughs nervously. Finally, as the little pianist covers his eyes, Mr. J. D. Sumner hits a double low C. For those who may not recognize the magnitude of this feat, a double low C is only three notes off the bottom of the piano. One can almost see his vocal cords going whap . . . whap . . . whap. As he glides back up the scale, the audience bursts into laughter and applause at the wonder of it all. I feel the man next to me expresses it pretty well when he says, "If you had a voice like that, you just couldn't ask for anything else."

The next two groups epitomize the old and the new in gospel music. The Lefevre family has been a fixture in the field since 1921, when Alphus and his brother Urias and their sisters Maude and Omega began singing in churches and schools to raise money to send the boys to Bible college. The Lefevres sing what Eva Mae (Urias's wife and the First Lady of Gospel Music) describes as "really the square, old-time gospel singing, without any of the new sounds." They shun fancy costumes; Eva Mae wears a modest evening gown and the men wear black suits and white shirts, with matching pink ties and handkerchiefs. The only signs of extravagance are the hand-tooled leather guitar straps bearing their first names. In keeping with their appearance, the Lefevres avoid contrived body movements. They just stand up there and play their guitars and sing while Eva Mae makes the stage jump with the heavy, even beat and the colorful rills and runs that are the hallmark of gospel piano. They are bucking a trend, they know it, and the crowd loves them.

In sharp contrast, the Oak Ridge Boys feature "the New Sound in Gospel Music" and set the standard by which many of the younger groups measure themselves. They are one of the few groups to use drums—drummer Mark Ellerbee, complete with drooping moustache and tinted aviator glasses, admits that "it really freaks people out to see a gospel drummer"—but it is virtually certain others will follow their lead. The Oaks are superb showmen. After a spirited rendering of their current hits and new releases, they wind up the set with a good-humored parody of leading gospel groups, including some on the program tonight. The delighted crowd instantly picks up every nuance of voice, expression, and gesture, indicating this concert is but one in a long string they have attended.

THE DEFINITIVE HISTORY of white gospel music has yet to be written, but several developments have been of unquestioned importance. In the first half of the nineteenth century, singing-school teachers from New England traveled throughout the South and what was then the West, teaching literally millions of Southern and frontier people to read music and to sing well in harmony. The singing schools improved church choirs and congregational singing, but they also enriched the cultural life of the whole community as the new singing enthusiasts organized themselves into what they called "conventions." These conventions, whose membership was usually drawn from a single community or county, met each weekend, ordinarily on Sunday afternoon. Once a month they might meet with a convention from the next county, and in months with a fifth Sunday, they might go clear over to the third county to share in what came to be, and in some places remains, a marvelous Southern institution: "Singing-all-day-and-dinner-on-the-grounds."

After the morning service and a huge dinner served on long tables lined up under the shade trees on the side of the church away from the cemetery, various members of the assembly would take their turn at leading selections from soft-cover songbooks with titles like *The Timbrel of Zion*, *Tidings of Joy*, and *Crowning Hymns (Number Ten)*. Most of the singing at these early convention meetings was congregational, but, in time, some of the better singers began to form small groups to present "specials." Because their music usually had four parts, the most natural group was the quartet. Quartet singing gained enthusiastic acceptance, and alert music publishers such as James D. Vaughn, Virgil O. Stamps, and J. R. Baxter seized upon the id using quartets to publicize the less parade of new songbooks companies were producing. On ends, the quartets traveled out to ventions and churches, sang the songs, then sold the songbooks contained them. By this means, gospel music became the music folk.

As the popularity of gospel grew, quartets proliferated and to take themselves seriously. Ev ally, in the Thirties and Forties, a few became full-time professi and tried to piece together a l out of personal appearances, sales, and local radio programs most groups, these were lean y J. D. Sumner recalls that in his year with the Sunny South Qu he lost his car, his furniture, an credit rating as the group tried t on $25 a week split six ways a the four singers, the pianist, an car. Sumner admits he was sidered "a downright lazy perso his family. He explains his pers ance in simple words that see express the sentiments of all the a who struggled through these da "I just loved to sing."

In the Fifties, the Blackwood B ers and Hovie Lister and the S men paved the way for white gos present success when they expa their tour schedule beyond the S and proved their kind of music w draw good crowds all over the na Today no gospel quartet can cla has really arrived until it spends of the year traveling the length breadth of the nation in a huge with the group's name emblaz along its side. The big buses— fitted with individual sleeping ters, lounge, eating areas, and c amenities—provide safe, depend flexible transportation, and to ve performers like James Black and Jake Hess, who remembe days of Plymouth coupes packed performers, equipment, records, songbooks, they are marvels of fort. Still, nothing can remove a strain involved in traveling 100,000 miles a year to play as m as 300 concerts, with nightly rid 300 to 800 miles the rule rather the exception.

SOME GROUPS OCCASIONALLY on the road for as long a weeks, but most try to return h

- three times a month to tape
nd syndicated television shows,
to the record and sheet music
sses many of them operate, and
olish contact with their families.
stionably, the tour puts fami-
a stiff test. Roger McDuff, who
aveled with the Stamps, the
wood Brothers, and his own
, the McDuff Brothers, found
train too great—"The Lord
t mean for a man to be gone
is family 390 days a year. It's
o way to live." McDuff has
a comfortable existence by
g occasional dates and operat-
wholesale record business out
music store, the House of Mc-
n Pasadena, a suburb of Hous-
e admits there are times, how-
when he would like nothing
than to "get on the bus again."
can't imagine the effect it has
ople," McDuff says, "when you
nto a parking lot in a big bus
your name on it. It's prestige
t's class."

e all performers, gospel singers
oy the recognition and acclaim
receive from their fans. Still,
readily acknowledge McDuff's
that family life suffers when the
nd and father is gone three-
s of the time, not simply be-
of his absence, but also because
temptations that seem to befall
gospel singers. Though a large
ntage of the singers conform
strict personal morality of fun-
ntalist Christianity, one occa-
ly hears dark allusions to gospel
ies and performers who "drink
all night and sing in church the
norning."

ave no reason to doubt there is
in in the camp, but these forces
kness have quite a struggle with
rces of light and innocence.
I discussed their church affili-
and evangelistic work with
nspirations, a group of fresh-
young men not long out of
County (North Carolina)
School, Tommy Atwood of the
a Boys walked through the
and asked archly, "You boys
ything to drink?" As he left,
pleased with his joke, the boys
crimson and looked as if they
to be swallowed by some Bib-
arthquake. Finally, one of them
his head ruefully and said, "As
as I saw him come in, I knew
ay was going to do something
at. Mr. Martin, we don't *drink*.
Not any of us." When I related the incident to an acquaintance who knows many of the performers, he laughed and said, "That Tommy's a regular cutup. He's liable to say anything. But, you know, they tell me he's one of the most spiritual fellows around."

Whatever the incidence of hypocrisy, it can safely be reported that Satan does not as yet enjoy anything like complete dominion on the gospel music circuit.

The tours feed and are fed by the other facets of the business. Fans want to see the artists who have made their favorite records, and they want to buy the records of the artists they have seen. A standard feature of virtually every white gospel concert is the "record table" in the lobby or foyer, where the various groups sell their records, sheet music, and soft-cover songbooks. Somewhat surprisingly, fans do not regard this as unwarranted huckstering but as a service owed them by the performers. As a consequence, concert sales are not just a gimmick for picking up a little loose change, but a basic means of distributing gospel records. On an evening when an audience has been especially receptive to a group's performance, record sales may run into thousands of dollars.

As WITH OTHER FORMS of popular music, the role of radio is immense. At the end of 1970, an estimated 150 to 200 North American stations featured white gospel music and were enjoying good ratings in major markets, especially in areas where Country and Western music is popular. In Houston, the Big Bright Happy Sound of Colorful Gospel Music emanates from KFMK, an affiliate of the Crawford Broadcasting Company, the nation's largest gospel chain, with nine stations in major urban centers, including Chicago, Detroit, and Buffalo.

KFMK is managed by Hardy Brundage, who is also the disc jockey on the nightly *Dixie Gospel Caravan*. A pleasant and transparently sincere young man, Brundage was once a traveling evangelist for the Assemblies of God and still preaches frequently on the weekends. He broadcasts the *Caravan* from a small studio in his home, a fact he often mentions as he strives to establish a bond of friendly trust with his listeners, whom



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he addresses as "neighbor." Brundage usually begins the show with the faster moving songs and slows down the pace as the evening progresses. If the mood seems right, he will sometimes softly embellish the words of the song, as during a recent number by Nancy Harmon and the Victory Voices:

I've placed my trust in Jesus . . .

"You know, neighbor, I've placed all of my trust in Jesus. I've turned it all over to him."

I'm so glad . . .

"Yes, praise God, neighbor. I'm so glad. Listen to the words and let it bless you tonight. Sing it, Sister Nancy."

I've got a better place to go.

"When I leave this old world, I'll look up to Jesus and be able to say that I've got a better place to go. And you're going to be there with me, neighbor. Praise the Lord."

This open and genuinely pious approach has been highly successful. Most of the people at the concert in Jones Hall tonight are here because Hardy Brundage invited them. He has had some difficulty lining up sponsors for the *Caravan*—"when you tell people you are in gospel music, right away they peg you as a loser"—but once they sign, they usually stay signed. They have learned that Hardy's neighbors will patronize them, not only because they appreciate their sponsorship of the program but also because when Hardy tells you that the Bonner Motor Company is "Christian owned and operated, under the direction of the Rev. Mickey Bonner," and that he has personally toured their building and had them work on his car, it is difficult indeed not to believe that the Rev. Mr. Bonner and his Christian mechanics can handle all your auto-repair needs and will give you honest work for an honest dollar.

This neighborly, down-home spirit permeates the white gospel scene. Instead of trying to distance themselves from their fans, as performers in some fields seem to do, gospel singers take pains to make it clear they are "just folks," from Bible-preaching churches and Bible-believing homes like those of their fans. Duane Allen, lead singer for the Oak Ridge Boys, recalls how he felt when he first heard about Jesus in a little Baptist church in Taylorville, Texas, and Buck Rambo of the Singing Rambos speaks of chopping firewood on washday in the hills of Kentucky. Buck's wife, Dottie, whose rich contralto voice and songwriting abilities have established her as a top gospel star, tells of a tour of Vietnam during which "we cooked for the boys, cut their hair, and looked at pictures of their kids. We just tried to be a good example of the things we sing about."

BEFORE CONCERTS and during intermission, performers mingle easily with the crowds at the record stands, signing autographs, selling records, and just visiting. Buddy Thrasher, one of the best at making folks feel welcome, is at his best tonight during intermission: "Evening there, neighbor. How're you feeling? Let me shake your hand. I'm Buddy Thrasher. Good to have you out tonight." Buddy has a lot of friends from other visits. A middle-aged lady who shows signs of having worked hard all her life pumps his hand happily: "Hi, Buddy. I had to work it special at my job to get to come tonight, but I got my tickets six weeks ago, so I wasn't going to miss it." Buddy is real proud she could work it out. A giggly, gangling girl with a mouthful of braces tells him the pictures she took of him last time turned out real good. Buddy is surprised he didn't break the camera, but he makes her promise to bring some of the pictures the next time the Thrashers are in town.

It is hard for fans to hold people like Duane Allen and the Rambos and Buddy Thrasher in much awe. It is not so hard to come to love them.

AT A TIME when everything not nailed down seems about to come loose and when men living in larger and larger crowds grow more and more lonely, it is hardly surprising that an essentially simple music sung by unpretentious and uncomplicated performers should be enjoying broad success. The core of white gospel's fans is still church people who have grown up in the South. Its early successes in the North came in industrial centers like Detroit and Cleveland and Chicago, where thousands of Southerners had moved to find work. But a Southern heritage, while it helps, is not required for the enjoyment of this music.

There are folk all over America—some say they are a majority—share a background of eco strain, hard work, church twi Sunday, prayer meeting on W day night, and a close-knit f circle in which Daddy sang bas Mama sang tenor. Some are fa and workingmen; others are neers, attorneys, physicians, an lege professors—even at meetir learned academic societies it terribly difficult to find three o good old boys who know all the to "Gathering Flowers for the ter's Bouquet" and will sing th the drop of a funeral-home fan all these, gospel music offers a c to cling to their origins, or at le give them an affectionate stroke

The appeal of gospel singin in both the music and the words tunes and harmonies are emin singable, but they could not su were it not for the words, with distinct version of history an gospel. History—at least one's personal history—is seen as a stage progression. The first sta remembered in songs that About the Good Times" when dren learned of life and God Mother's Knee" and on the wooden pews in "The Old Co Church." Work, family, neigh church—all found their place world in harmony. Now, in the s stage, the harmony has turned t cord. "Mama's Teaching Angels to Sing," "They've Torn the Country Church Down," and world seems to have slipped God's pocket. The present is th point in the panorama of history. "Thanks to Calvary," the belie not discouraged. He knows the ness of the valley is temporary that on "The Night Before Ea and he can shout with the ranso "Thank God I'm Free—He Lo Beyond My Faults and Saw Need." He knows "The King Is ing" soon to lead history into its stage, and he longs for the day he can "Shake Hands with M Again," build his mansion " Door to Jesus," "On the Corn Glory Avenue and Hallelujah Str and spend eternity "Sheltered i Arms of God."

The fact that the words of songs play such an important rol created some tension within the of white gospel artists. Some g feel the true purpose of singing gospel is ministry, and regard no

nce as complete until they have time out from their singing to their faith with the audience. Rozelle and the Searchers de- they would gauge their success 71 not by income or concert ngs but by the number of people "accepted Christ as their per- savior" after hearing them sing. ks like a banner year. "We set oal at one soul a week," Rozelle "and by the middle of Febru- we were already eight months ." Others, however, regard their rmance primarily as entertain- with any spiritual effect it have coming as a bonus. J. D. er observes: "I don't preach to son that's paid $3.00 to hear me The songs themselves are gh to make people realize they God in their lives."

E ENTERTAINMENT-ORIENTED roups, who tend to affect the er clothes and bolder sounds, undoubtedly helped open the l field to a wider range of artistic ssion than the four-men-and-a- that characterized it for years. 'our Galileans, a fast-rising Mex- American group, have recently ded an album with a mariachi , and a new instrumental release, *Jericho Brass*, features gospel ards as someone imagines Herb t might play them in the Little n Church in Tijuana. The hottest n on the gospel charts in 1970 a comedy record by singer-hu- t Wendy Bagwell, and the big- concert attraction of 1971 was *ospel Festival U.S.A.*, an elabo- roduction that culminated in the ntation of *The Three Nails*, a -minute musical drama of the fixion as seen through the eyes ardware dealer.

ese departures from the old have drawn mixed reactions the fans. Most seem to welcome ew sounds, but others dismiss as "frambanging music" and that "the tried and true will be when the fads are gone." Hap- he two viewpoints coexist rather fully, and some groups seem to the best of both worlds. The os, for example, have a strong nercial sound and applaud the n and innovations of the enter- ent-oriented groups, but both and Dottie take time in every rt to "give testimony," and nineteen-year-old Reba always sings at least one song in which she tries to "put across the message of Calvary in a way that young people can understand it."

WHEN THE ROLL IS CALLED up yonder, however, perhaps no group will prove to have combined entertainment and ministry more successfully than the Happy Goodman Family of Madisonville, Kentucky. Their annual income from concerts, television, and sales of records and music is estimated at $250,000, hardly astronomical among entertainers but still at or near the top in a field in which even headliner performers seldom earn as much as $25,000 a year. They could doubtless make more were it not for the fact that Happy Howard Goodman is pastor of the Life Temple Pentecostal Church of God in America in Madisonville, and insists on being at home on the weekends to look after his flock. The Goodmans are the final act at the concert tonight. As they wait their turn backstage, Howard bounces a baby on his great lap and holds court with a semicircle of Houston residents who once belonged to his church in Madisonville. His wife Vestel, a round but radiant woman with a braided hairdo that adds at least a foot to her height, has spent most of the evening talking to a young woman who sought her out for spiritual advice. This is not unusual for Vestel. Onstage at a Grammy Awards presentation, she told old friend Johnny Cash, "Johnny, you ought to get down on your knees and thank God for the talent He's given you. If you ever dedicate yourself fully to the Lord, you call me up, even if it's in the middle of the night, because I want to be the first one to shout." As Vestel tells it, "A big old tear popped into Johnny's eye and he turned to his wife and said, 'June, honey, did you hear that? I believe that's the sweetest thing anybody ever said to me.' "

I am curious as to why Vestel spends her life singing. With as lovely a smile as I ever hope to see, she says, "Because I just love to. I love to sing about the Lord, because He's real. Music has a way of soothing people in troubled times. You're a Bible student, aren't you, Bill? You remember how Saul asked David to sing for him when he was vexed in his soul. Well, God gave music to lift the hearts of humanity. For me, singing is a calling, and God grant that I always use my singing for Him. Does that make sense? Don't put it down if it doesn't, because I'm not that good at saying what I mean. Listen, it looks like we're fixing to go on now, but I sure enjoyed talking with you. Lord bless you, Bill. I hope to see you again." I hope to see you again too, Vestel.

AS THE HAPPY GOODMAN FAMILY takes the stage, Howard's brother, Sam, deftly milks the audience: "Are you glad to have Howard and Sister Vestel in Houston? Are you glad to see Rusty and Bobby? Are you glad to see Vickie and Ricky?" They are, and the excitement backstage is almost as great, as members of the other groups crowd into the wings—" 'Scuse me, neighbor, I didn't mean to step on you"—to watch and listen. At the close of their set, the Goodmans win a standing ovation with a song that tells of the Grand Reunion with the saints "Just Inside the Eastern Gate" of heaven. They decide to sing it again and Vestel asks the audience to "remain standing and clap your hands with us, would you? Don't anybody leave." Howard is in tears, Sam declares he has never felt a sweeter spirit in a gospel singing, and Rusty is shaking hands with people in the front row. As they repeat the song, Howard signals one of the Florida Boys onstage to sing with them, and even some of those in the wings join in. (The bass part is easy; mostly *do*'s and *fa*'s.) At this moment, I am almost certain I know where I would go to church if I ever moved to Madisonville, Kentucky. I might not "put my letter in," but I would visit every chance I got.

A few minutes later, the concert closes as it had opened, with a prayer, led by Hardy Brundage. At the MC's suggestion, members of the audience shake hands with each other and say, "God bless you, neighbor," to those around them, then file out singing "God Be With You Till We Meet Again." As they pass through the plush foyer, an older gentleman captures the small but, in these parts, significant wonder gospel music has worked on this audience. "Just look!" he marvels. "You can't tell a Baptist from a Methodist." □

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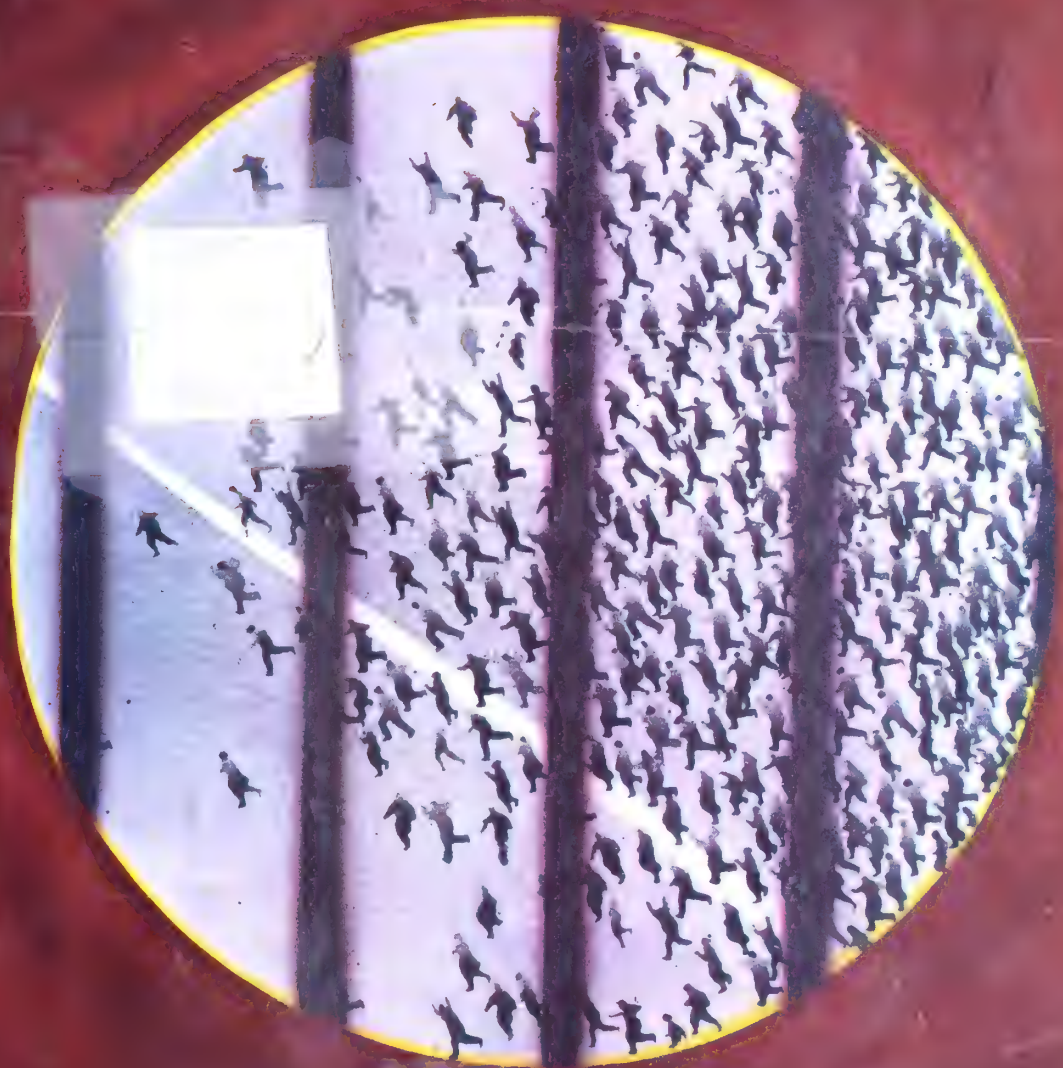
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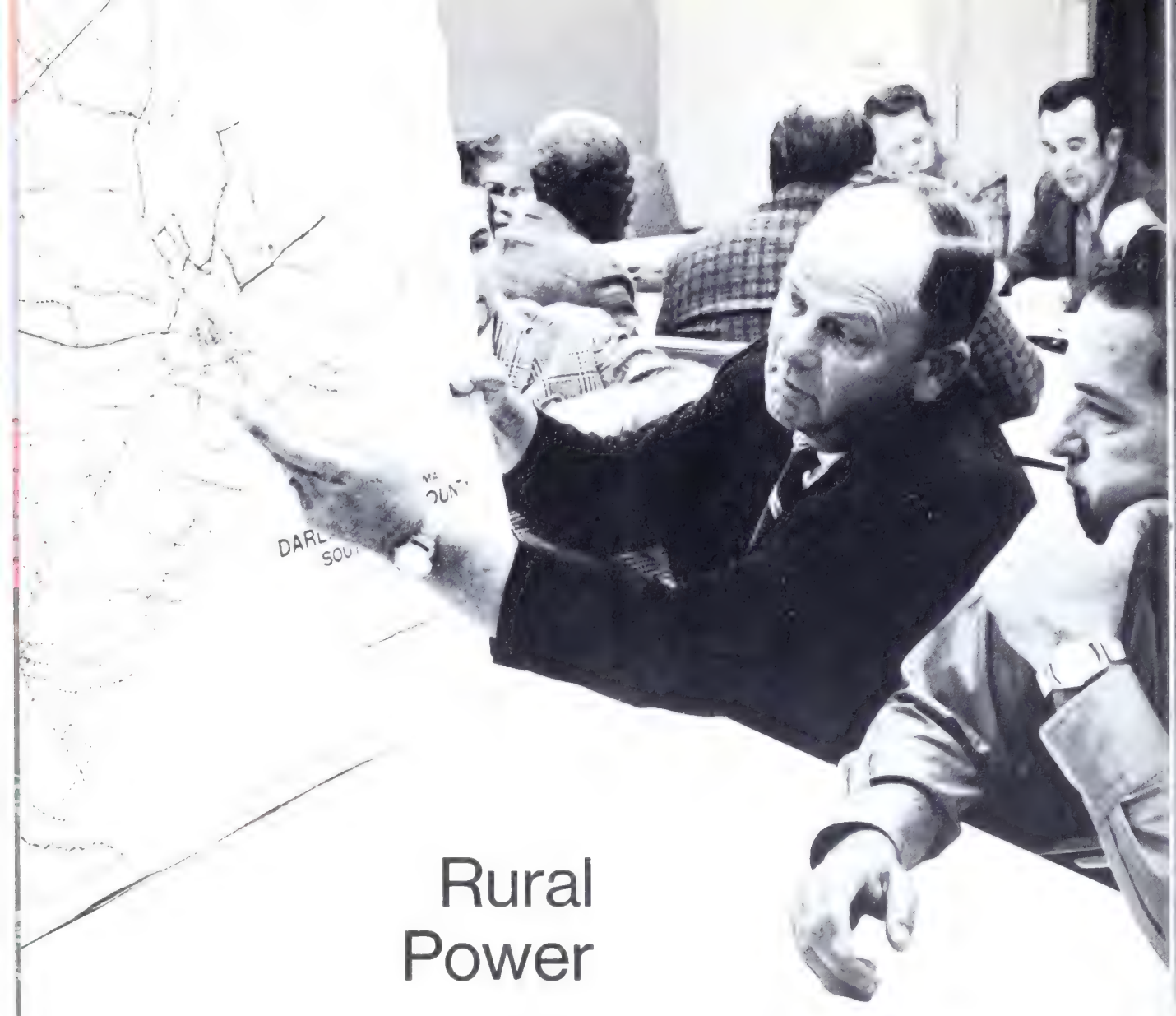
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ABOUT THIS ISSUE

Edward Bunker, author of the article on racial violence at San Quentin (p. 39), wrote to his New York literary agent in 1964 to say that "all my yesterdays have blocked but two courses in my life—writing and crime." He was thirty years old, a former story analyst for a Hollywood movie studio who was then serving time for forgery. Subsequent events proved him correct in his own prophecy.

In August of that year he was released from San Quentin and given "quite a nice suit and $50." But he couldn't find suitable employment in Hollywood, and so, failing to place himself in the way of literature, he took up burglary. By October he was back in prison.

For the past seven years Bunker has been working in prison libraries, reading extensively at random among the masters of English prose, and writing novels as yet unpublished. Following the events described in his article, he was transferred to Folsom Prison in Represa, California. At the moment he has an understanding with the authorities that if he can sell a novel, he can be released on parole. Apparently they assume that without financial testimony to his literary ambition, Bunker will resort to the more conventional forms of larceny.

Catharine Meyer, for twenty-four years a mainstay of *Harper's Magazine*, died on November 20.

From 1946 until her retirement in 1970 she assumed the responsibility for the accuracy of every word and figure published in the magazine. As a Senior Editor she also saw to it that the magazine came out on time every month, shepherding the other editors and writers toward their deadlines with a delicate combination of fi ness and good humor. At the sa time she carried more than her sh of other editorial duties—read and revising manuscripts, encou ing authors, and teaching score beginning writers to put their mate into clear, precise, and enjoy English. For more than a decade also served as Poetry Editor, and contributed many reviews and arti to the magazine.

Born in Cleveland, Ohio, Meyer was a graduate of Rado and taught at Vassar until sh after Pearl Harbor. She then jo the Office of War Information, w she served in varied editorial as ments until she came to *Harper's* of her colleagues came to de heavily on her devotion, taste, i tence on getting things right. utter intolerance of stuffy, pomp or overwritten prose.



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LETTERS

The Donner Party

I am writing to you in reference to the handsome presentation in your November 1971 issue of excerpts from George Keithley's *The Donner Party*, which we are publishing in February 1972. We were unaware at the time that the poem "Ash Hollow" and stanzas 93-101 of "After This Life We Will Listen" had originally appeared in the *North American Review*, published by the University of Northern Iowa, in the November-December 1968 issue of that journal, and hereby wish to make acknowledgement of this.

EDWIN SEAVER, Editor-in-Chief
George Braziller, Inc.
New York, N.Y.

The Selling of the Pentagon

There are a lot of things wrong with Martin Mayer's discussion of "The Selling of the Pentagon" [December], but one of the most glaring is this quotation from his article: "The problem was in part that CBS itself was heavily involved in some of the activities the program criticized. (Wolff, in fact, had been the producer of the CBS series on *Air Power* back in the 1950s.)"

Anyone reading this would have to believe that *Air Power* was a Pentagon propaganda series and I was somehow a propagandist.

But I would refer you back to *Harper's* itself. The December 1956 issue of your magazine spent eight pages on the troubles I had producing the series. At one point the author details quite clearly that when the Pentagon leaned too heavily on us we simply stopped production "until CBS and the Air Force had reached a new agreement, which gave Wolff the desired freedom . . ."

At another point the author details that the Air Force contact "was transferred to London" because he interfered too much in the production of the broadcasts.

Indeed the whole tenor of the earlier article was to praise CBS and me for not turning out a propaganda series.

The author of the earlier article was the same Martin Mayer.

PERRY WOLFF, Executive Producer
CBS News
New York, N.Y.

I note in your December issue a quotation taken from an interview with me by Mr. Martin Mayer. The quote leaves the impression that I was interviewed on the subject of CBS's program, *The Selling of the Pentagon*. I have never been interviewed on that subject.

If I remember correctly, that particular quotation was in relation to the editorial control of public television.

HARTFORD N. GUNN JR., President
Public Broadcasting Service
Washington, D.C.

MARTIN MAYER REPLIES:

I don't know whether Mr. Wolff is being oversensitive here or whether the article does indeed imply what he thinks it implies. If it does, I apologize. Wolff produced his own series. So do most other people who use the Pentagon's PR resources. But *Air Power*, which I admired for many reasons, was of course a celebration of the role of bombing in the winning of the second world war, and contributed in its own way to the "selling" operations of the U.S. Air Force, who invested a fortune to help Wolff make the films.

If it helps Mr. Gunn, I freely acknowledge that our discussion of *The Selling of the Pentagon* occurred in a context of a more general discussion of editorial responsibility, rathe
vice versa.

It has been urged on me rathe
sibly that the long drawn-out e
of the first cut of the program d
really soften the show but imp
it, leaving the message and mo
portant details the same. Tho
said clearly that the show had l
public service, I probably shoul
noted also that many of the Pen
tactics criticized were revamp
the aftermath of the broadcast.

The statement that the editi
the Henkin interview showe
least subconscious malice" has
rebutted, rather oddly, with t
gument that if there had bee
malice the editors could hav
stroyed Henkin, cutting back
forth between his statements
comments by others or picture
would contradict his words and
him look really bad. The wor
least" are thus, I guess, demons
wrong—the malice was subcons
But I must admit that I am mo
turbed than ever by the conti
effort to defend this example o
editing on the grounds that "we
make him say anything he
say." The man who put togeth
composite picture of Senator Ty
and Earl Browder back in the M
thy days didn't touch up the p
graph of Tydings either. We a
dealing with an offense of the
degree, but it is of the same ki

A man was asked questions
interview for television. He w
sponsive to the questions he
asked. The film was then cut to
him unresponsive, apparently
ing the questions he was asked
answering other questions tha

EDITOR'S NOTE: The Janua
Harper's cover painting
Evelyn Taylor was courtesy
the FAR Gallery, New Yo
which represents her.

any viewer could know) he had
en asked. Such actions are the
ainst the ghost of this business.
people I respect at CBS News
need to make some act of con-
for it bothers me more—and
more aid and comfort to the
es of television journalism—
ything that has been broadcast.

The Politics of Cancer

as disappointed in the article
by Lucy Eisenberg [*The Politics
ncer*, November]. It was super-
done, full of misconceptions
rors; far below *Harper's* usual
tandard.

fact that she misspelled my
throughout is a minor matter,
her inaccuracies I feel should
rrected. She quotes unknown
ists as saying that the cancer
am has attracted a number of
l-rate scientists in the field of
c acid enzymology and that this
sely related with my work. The
of Temin, Spiegelman, Green,
nore, August, Scolnick, Bishop,
Hatanaka are not second-rate:
re celebrated everywhere. Also,
enzymology is not my "bag" at all.

My own area of research, and that of many colleagues, that led to the so-called Huebner and Todaro oncogene theory was not based on Temin's RNA dependent DNA polymerase (although the latter does provide powerful arguments in support of the theory), but on the detection of subinfectious virus expressions (gs antigens) of RNA tumor viruses in virus-free cancers of chickens, mice, hamsters, rats, and cats, and in many embryonic tissues of these animals. If, as seems likely soon, similar evidence of identifiable RNA virus genes can be found in human tumors, the hopes for understanding the basic cause of cancer in man will have been advanced by several light-years, a likelihood that deserves all the support it can get.

The statement that the Yarborough Cancer Advisory Panel took its views from "people like Heubner and Baker" simply doesn't fit the facts. I never did testify before the panel, although I went to one of the meetings expecting to do so; and to my knowledge Dr. Baker had only one opportunity to testify. Obviously many who did testify must have thought the Cancer Conquest program worthwhile.

The disagreement between the scientific community and the recommendations of the panel adopted by the Senate bill had to do not so much with the large scope of the program as with legitimate serious questions about how an expanded cancer program could best be managed; was it to be by the NIH or a new authority? This point has largely been settled, or will be settled soon in committee by the House and Senate. It is clear, however, that more funds will be available not only for cancer research but also for a large segment of the academic scientific community, including many of those who were most fearful of reduced funding in other areas; the latter will (as often happens) be funded at higher levels than in the past. The spectacle of scientists objecting to greater funding opportunities provided to other scientists to do their science is unbecoming as well as self-defeating. Sour grapes were never a remedy for anything, much less a disease. It is also silly to say or imply (as several of the unidentified scientists were reported as stating) that additional funding and

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greater efforts in science to solve important problems such as cancer are from the beginning doomed to failure. There are too many success stories in the annals of past as well as recent support of science to take such claims by unidentified "scientists" very seriously.

Neither my associates in NCI nor I personally believe for a minute that good "management" of research development programs will in itself provide the answer to cancer or to any complex disease problem. Better management of programs can and will help, of course, but (as has been true in all previous work in virus and molecular biology research) all the new breakthroughs that can hope to bring solutions to complex disease problems must come from discoveries by the best scientists available doing what can only be described as basic research. Such research must always be part of any targeted "big science" program that hopes to be successful. One of the objectives is to increase the rate of discovery, and it is because of increased funding in recent years that new and important discoveries in the cancer field now provide the justification for a Cancer Conquest program.

It seems to me incredible that Miss Eisenberg should name those scientists (Billy Graham's??) who have put some of their efforts into urging increased research efforts in cancer and yet fail to reveal the name of the "prominent scientist" who stated "that little would be lost if most of this work were burned." This remark apparently referred to the results of research funded during the past twenty years by the National Cancer Institute. To anyone familiar with the literature on cancer research and with how much the programs of this Institute have already achieved, such a statement is too ridiculous to take seriously. If any such "prominent scientist" exists, he should be named immediately and he should be ready to defend his statement, which is terribly insulting to some of the most productive and dedicated scientists in the world.

Finally, Miss Eisenberg describes the oncogene theory as if it were the result of some wild, intuitive concept. Actually it is anything *but* that. It was a conclusion that my associates and I could not escape after analyzing numerous previous observations pointing in this direction, plus our own recent findings of subinfectious expressions of RNA tumor viruses in the cancer cells of many different animals. Very few knowledgeable cell biologists now doubt that the genetic information responsible for cancers is already present (and repressed) in normal cells. The contribution of my associates and me was to point out that newer techniques make it possible to study in great detail the nature of this oncogenic (oncogene) information and its expression as virus and cancer; we now have handles on this "built-in" genetic information in at least seven different species belonging to three different classes of vertebrates; five of these species are mammalian relatives of man. Recently, viruses of this type have been described in human and monkey tumor cells grown in the laboratory. Those who are involved in cancer investigations are not engaging in some kind of public-relations game; ours is a deadly serious enterprise, one that could lead to great new possibilities for modifying and even preventing a disease that accounts for 20 per cent of the deaths in the U.S.

The facts are that the size and scope of funding for medical research have always reflected the people's desires and have generally been expressed by the actions of their representatives in Congress. President Nixon's personal decision to push for more cancer research funds is a unique and most welcome involvement. Let us hope that it will lead to as successful an outcome as did FDR's involvement in the search for the polio vaccine. I personally have no doubt that the success will be considerable. In any case it will lead to an "explosion" of new information on how "sick" and/or "cancer" cells develop, particularly with aging; how the body manages to deal with them; and what science can do to help. This is precisely the kind of research approach now needed to conquer not only cancer but many of the other chronic and as yet largely incurable diseases.

ROBERT J. HUEBNER, M.D., Chief
Viral Carcinogenesis Branch
National Cancer Institute
Bethesda, Md.

LUCY EISENBERG REPLIES:

I apologize to Dr. Huebner for misspelling his name. I am not surprised, however, that he was unhappy with my article; Dr. Huebner believes in a "crash program" approach to cer and he administers a big res empire that will undoubtedly even bigger when cancer fundi increased.

The crucial question is wh cancer research is at the point w a massive crash program is rea able. Is there enough known abou biology and chemistry of cancer to justify a huge spending prog at this time? Men of good faith di on the answer to this question, though Dr. Huebner clearly th that it is "yes," many promi scientists, including those in the of cancer, think that the answe "no."

It is true that Congressional fi ing reflects "the people's desires" that all of us want to see cancer cu But Congress must rely on ex scientific opinion in deciding much and when to invest in scien research. And the fact is that the majority of research scientists very much opposed to the Conq of Cancer Act as it passed the Se The aim of my article was simpl point out that this opposition di fact exist and to explain some o reasons behind it.

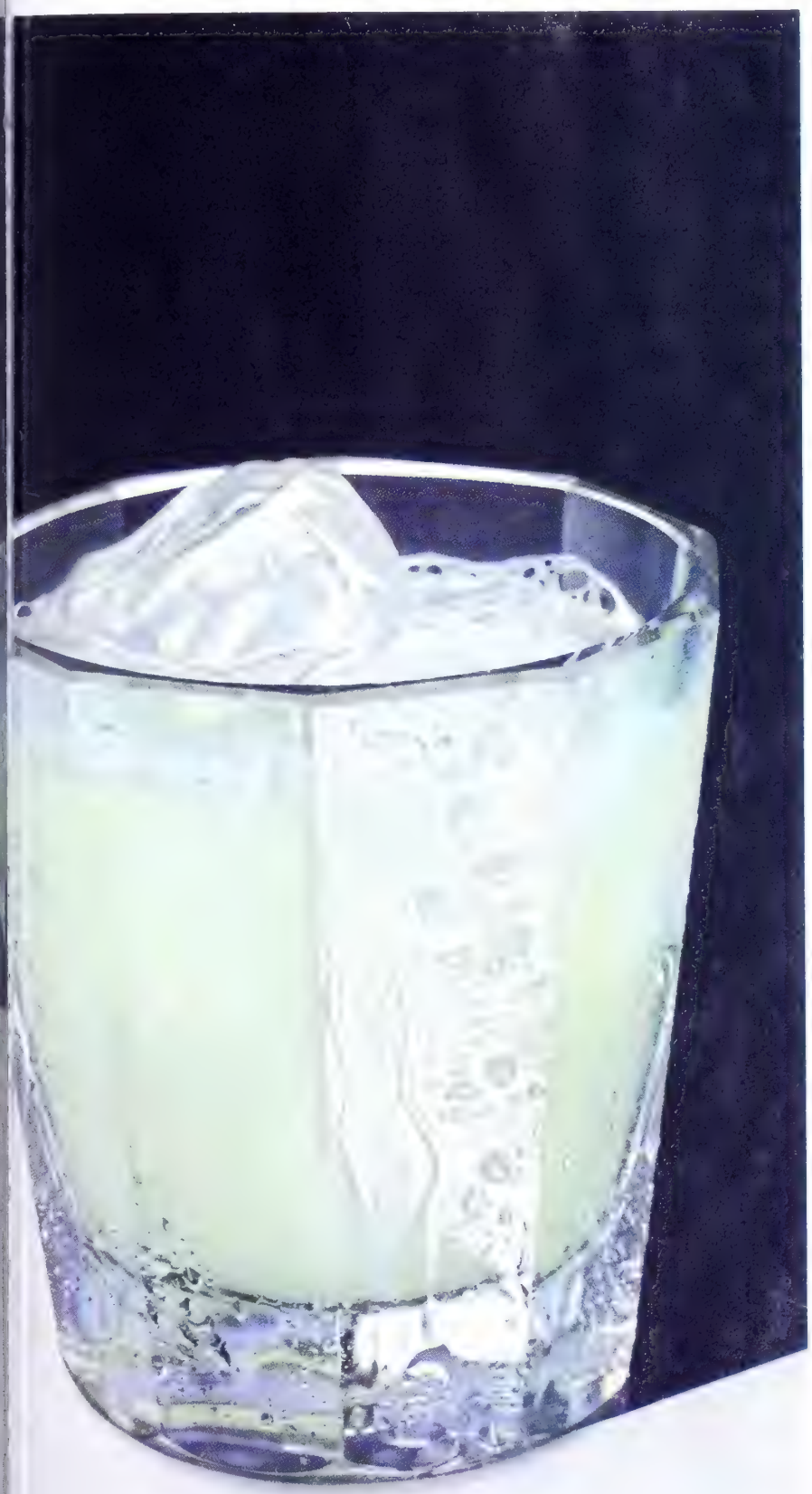
Professors, Un

Myron Lieberman's article ["fessors, Unite!" October] perfor useful function in bringing to pu attention one of the most impor developments in higher educatio

It is my belief that he is too e to cast college unionism comple in the mold of the traditional in trial sector. One difference that is cial is that college professors are ployed professionals dealing living students. That is why our u approach has been to secure in a tract the right of the faculty (reg less of union affiliation) to detern the curriculum and scholastic s dards; to evaluate fairly the perfo ance of colleagues (provided that process, stated reasons for nonr pointment, denial of promotion denial of tenure, and accessible sonnel files are included). We d believe that college administrator trustees are qualified in these ar The union contract grievance cedure acts as a protective umbr against reprisals visited against c tive dissenters on the faculty.

Oddly enough, in our actual

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ninistrators who have resisted
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d and salary. They eagerly
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aginable "management pre-
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rights through the representa-
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okesmen. If vying student
openly proclaimed their rival
ing programs, elected a repre-
e group by secret ballot by a
y of votes cast (standard cri-
r selecting bargaining agents)
we would have student respon-
and would willingly negotiate
faith.

DR. ISRAEL KUGLER, President
United Federation of
College Teachers
New York, N.Y.

LIEBERMAN REPLIES:

Kugler's letter merely illus-
hat some of the supporters of
ve bargaining can be as con-
s its opponents over the im-
ns of the process. Insofar as
exercise significant responsi-
for evaluation, promotion, and
they are making traditional
ement decisions. Unless and
r. Kugler can explain how fac-
embers can be held account-
r such decisions in a practical
is point of view seems unac-
e. What, for example, would
gler do about a majority white
that denied promotion to a
rofessor on racial grounds?
ofessor claims that he was de-
nure or a promotion because
unfair or incompetent recom-
ions of other professors, whom
e UFCT represent—the pro-
evaluated or those making the
ion? What would Dr. Kugler
ut a faculty that insisted upon
programs not in the public
? Apparently nothing—what
e or anyone else do if the fac-
elf had the right to determine
riculum? In short, Dr. Kugler
nd it politically advisable to
s if decisions are right if only
e made by the faculty, but I
is private views are more real-
d more consistent with collec-
gaining.

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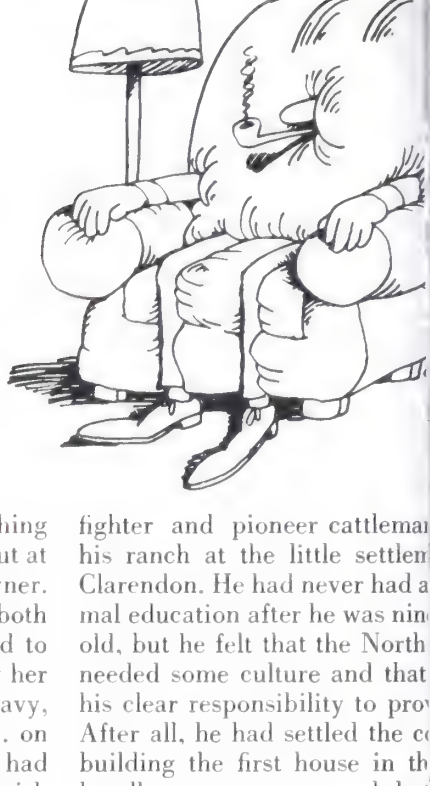
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John Fischer

THE EASY CHAIR

Women's Lib and the Caperton girls



UNTIL SHE DIED a few months ago at the age of eighty-seven, my mother held strong opinions on every conceivable subject except one. Women's Lib baffled her. She never could figure out what the movement was all about, and my efforts to explain it seemed merely to increase her exasperation.

"Liberation from what?" she would ask.

"Well, men, I guess."

"Fiddlesticks!"

She had never felt oppressed for a moment in her life, and the idea that other women might rear and whinny against male domination was simply beyond her grasp. Her attitude toward men was one of wary affection, like that of a lion tamer toward her performing cats. If she didn't watch them carefully they might try to get out of hand, but it was then her duty to put them, firmly and kindly, back into their places; and she never had the faintest doubt that she could do it. If she got clawed now and then, well, that was just the nature of the beasts, and she didn't resent them for it.

All the current talk about careers for women puzzled her too, because she had no trouble starting her own career at the age of seventeen. It was then about the best job available in the Texas Panhandle, for men or women—easier and less dangerous than punching cattle, which is what all her brothers and boyfriends did, and better paid to boot. A good cowhand at that time got $30 a month and found. As teacher of a one-room school, she got $35. The work also carried more prestige than anything except landowning; and she set out at the same time to become a landowner.

She had a dozen pupils of both sexes, ranging from six years old to seventeen. The biggest was a boy her own age and nearly twice as heavy, who let it be known at 8:05 A.M. on the first morning of school that he had no mind to take orders from any girl, much less little Georgie Caperton whom he had known practically all his life. She picked up a chunk of firewood from the box beside the Franklin stove and knocked him down. When he got up spluttering she knocked him down again. By 8:10 A.M. there was no doubt about who was foreman in that classroom, and she told me that she never again had any serious disciplinary problems—nothing that she couldn't handle with a cottonwood switch.

Didn't the children ever complain to their parents about such pedagogical methods?

"Of course not," she said. "They knew that if they did they would get another switching at home."

THE WHEELER COUNTY school board offered her the job because she was better educated than most people thereabouts. For two years she had attended Goodnight College—more of a high school, really, than a college, but at that time the only place in north Texas offering any learning above grade school. It was a private undertaking, started in 1898 by Colonel Charles Goodnight, Indian fighter and pioneer cattleman, on his ranch at the little settlement of Clarendon. He had never had a formal education after he was nine years old, but he felt that the North Texas needed some culture and that it was his clear responsibility to provide it. After all, he had settled the country, building the first house in the Panhandle—a one-room sod hut, descendants of which are still standing in Palo Duro canyon—and for decades had led the community in everything from suppressing rustlers to improving the breed of livestock. So when he decided that the next necessary step toward a civilization was a college, he took $30,000 out of his own bank account to put up a building and import a faculty, including a Ph.D. from Heidelberg.

The college survived for only a decade or so, because there was not enough money in the community to support it. The students paid what tuition they could, often in beef or hides, and the boys—who usually commuted on horseback—tended a small garden and dairy herd in the back lot. The girls lived in and helped pay their way by doing the housekeeping. On at least one occasion the whole student body, together with faculty and the Goodnight cowhands, had to turn out with brooms and gunnysacks to fight a prairie fire that threatened to destroy the place out. To hear my mother tell it, the college operated much like a modern commune. Complete equality of the sexes, in both rights and responsibilities, was taken for granted.



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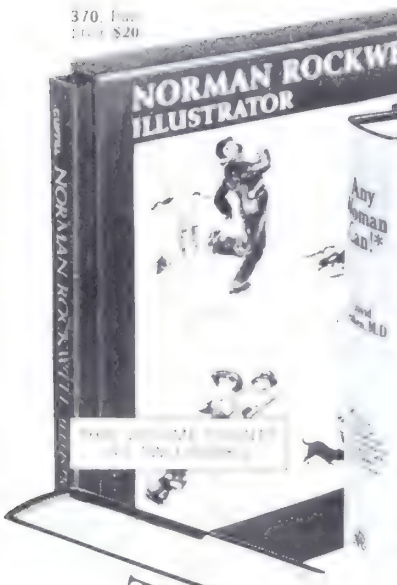
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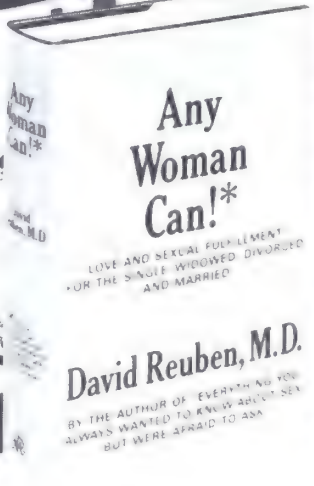
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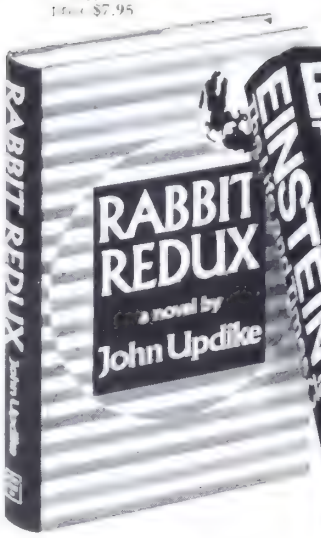
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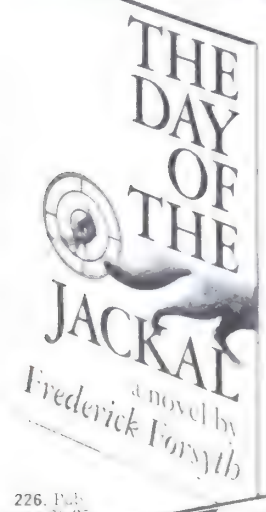


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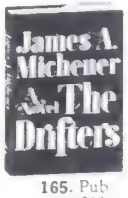
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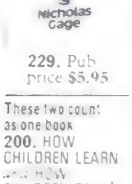
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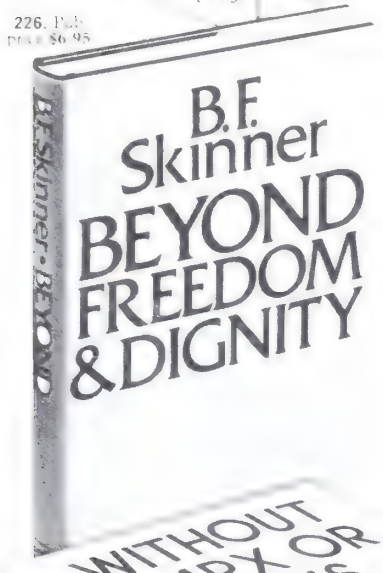
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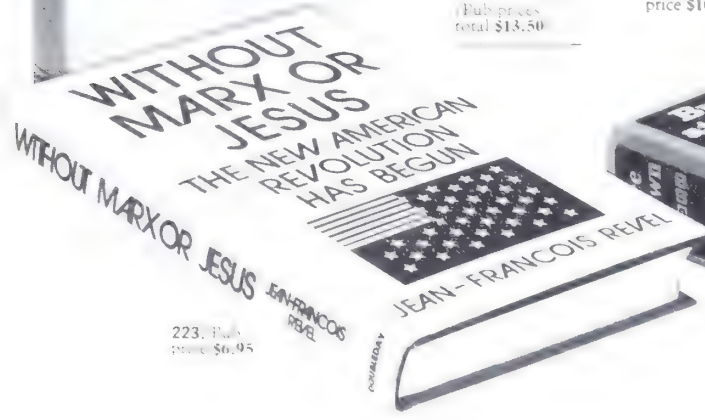
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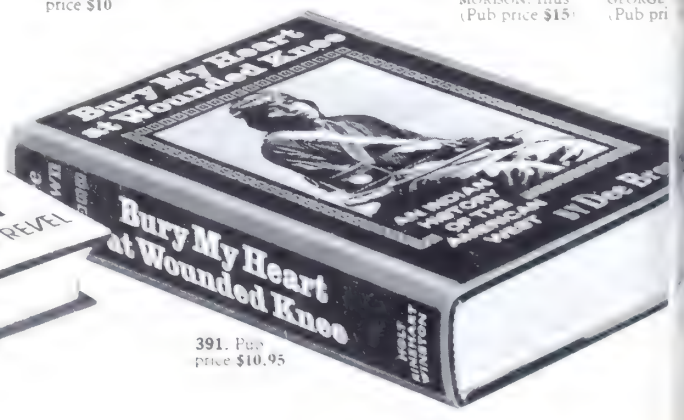
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although sexual permissiveness was of course unheard of, like drugs and liquor on campus. (Colonel Goodnight would never tolerate whiskey even in his bunkhouses and line camps, on the theory that any man who drank was liable to mistreat his horses.) Undergraduates never dreamed of rebelling against the Establishment, because there wasn't any establishment as far as the eye could reach, barring a windmill and a barbed-wire fence. Their role was to learn to found some kind of establishment in an all-but-empty country.

ABOUT HER STUDIES my mother was never very specific, although to the end of her life she remembered a little Spanish, Shakespeare, and music. She also persuaded the school board that she was qualified to teach the only subjects required: reading, writing, arithmetic, and history. Politics also may have had something to do with her appointment. Her father had served as a Confederate cavalryman under General Joe Wheeler, as had a good number of other post-Civil War migrants to the Panhandle: hence the christening of Wheeler County. Fellow veterans weren't about to let the Caperton family starve, if a teaching job for one of its girls would help—and hunger, though not actual starvation, was no stranger in those parts. The staple diet for most families was beef, beans, and cornbread, with maybe an orange for each of the kids at Christmas. And for the first few years after moving west from Alabama, the whole Caperton family—a big one—lived in a two-room soddie. To build it, they simply dug a rectangular hole in the ground about three feet deep and maybe twenty-by-twelve feet in area; above the ground they built up sod walls for another four feet and roofed it over with cedar posts, brush, and a layer of sod. In a country without timber, aside from a little cedar and cottonwood in the canyons, such architecture was the only choice. It served well enough: warm in winter, cool in summer, and since the door—the only opening—faced east, it kept out the ceaseless wind. Eventually, when the family got established in the cattle business in a small way, they managed to haul in enough lumber from the nearest railroad depot to build a proper house. Today it would be considered substandard, but my mother remembered it as luxurious; for one thing, it had a wooden floor.

So did her own house, or hut, when she embarked on her career as a landowner, soon after she started teaching school. Under the Homestead Law anybody could file a claim on 160 acres of unoccupied government land. To "prove up the claim," you had to live there for at least a year, build a house, and produce some kind of crop. The law was originally designed for the Middle West, where a farm family could make a reasonable living off 160 acres. In north Texas, however, it made little sense, because only about twenty inches of rain fell a year. The only feasible crop, therefore, was the native grama and bunch grasses—and a mere 160 acres of such pasture didn't begin to make a ranch big enough to support a family.

So it was customary for every child in a family to file a claim as soon as he or she was old enough, with the idea of adding the new acreage to the original family homestead. Additional land could usually be purchased for about twenty cents an acre from bachelor cowboys or railroad grants, until enough was accumulated for a decent-sized ranch—normally a minimum of two or three sections, each measuring a square mile, or 640 acres. A big ranch, such as Colonel Goodnight's or the XIT, might run well over a million acres.

My mother filed her claim on a piece of land nearly half a day's ride from the home place, and her father and brothers put up the one-room shack where she was to live out the required year. Her school was only a couple of miles away, and a few other homesteaders' shanties were within equally easy range, so she never felt too lonesome. Besides, any cowboy whose work brought him somewhere near was sure to drop by for a chat and a cup of coffee; pretty girls were scarce, and none of the five Caperton sisters ever lacked company for long. She also had the companionship, such as it was, of Little Blue, an elderly retired cow pony on whom she depended for transport.

Didn't a teenaged girl ever get scared under such circumstances?

"Yes," she said. "I got real scared once. I was about halfway to school one morning when a hailstorm broke. Some of the hailstones were nearly as big as baseballs, and if one of them hit me, I was pretty sure it would crack my skull. So I took the sad off Little Blue, held it over my he and ran the rest of the way to schoolhouse."

What happened to the horse asked.

"Oh, he got a few lumps, but hailstones didn't really hurt him. old head was too thick."

She was never sentimental ab horses, and to my knowledge never got aboard one except wh necessary. Riding as a sport never curred to her, for the same reason t truck drivers don't go pleasure-dr ing on Sunday mornings.

Incidentally, I suspect that h memory exaggerated the size of the hailstones. In that same country, ho ever, I have seen them as big as g balls, pelting down with enough fo to dent car tops and knock the sh gles off houses, so her fright was just a case of girlish hysteria.

THE U.S. Land Commission Off in Texhoma, where she had to f her homestead claim, was then bei run on a part-time basis by a you man who also dabbled in politics a put out the weekly newspaper. Li other land commissioners throughc the West, he realized that the Hon stead Law couldn't be applied t literally in the semi-desert climate the Great Plains. Consequently wasn't bigoted in his inquiries ir how much farming a homestead actually did, or even whether an a plicant was of legal age. His duti did require him, however, to che on every claim from time to time see whether the claimant was in fa living there. Perhaps he inspect Miss Georgie Caperton's homeste more often than was strictly nece sary.

She didn't mind. As she remei bered it a quarter of a century late he was about the first man she ha ever met who didn't have to make h living on horseback, or keeping sto —certainly the first who owned derby hat. He was better educate too, than most eligible young m thereabouts, having finished the be part of high school in the effete Eas i.e., Marietta, Ohio. Already, mor over, he had had the gumption homestead a place of his own—not the dry and windy plains, but southeastern Oklahoma where the was enough rainfall most years raise a crop of corn, cotton, or broo

Before her homesteader's year
ıt, she had made up her mind
ry him. I don't think either of
ver regretted it.

IR MOTHER RAISED all the
aperton girls to be experienced
gers of men. Because she was
sy running the household to pay
attention to the younger chil-
she handed that responsibility
o her daughters as soon as they
old enough to change a diaper;
ecame, in effect, a built-in nur-
nd day-care center. Their home
and Mountain in Alabama,
most of the brood was born be-
ıe family moved west, was a log
surrounded by woods and a
in acres of crop land. Their life
ot much different from that of
achian country people today,
scribed by Robert Coles in the
nber issue of *Harper's*: a hard
ole all the way. Sometime in
isty past, before the first Caper-
had migrated from Scotland,
nad acquired a coat of arms of
ful authenticity, bearing three
heads and a Celtic motto. No-
of her generation could read the
, but my mother would always
that it meant "Root, hog,
."

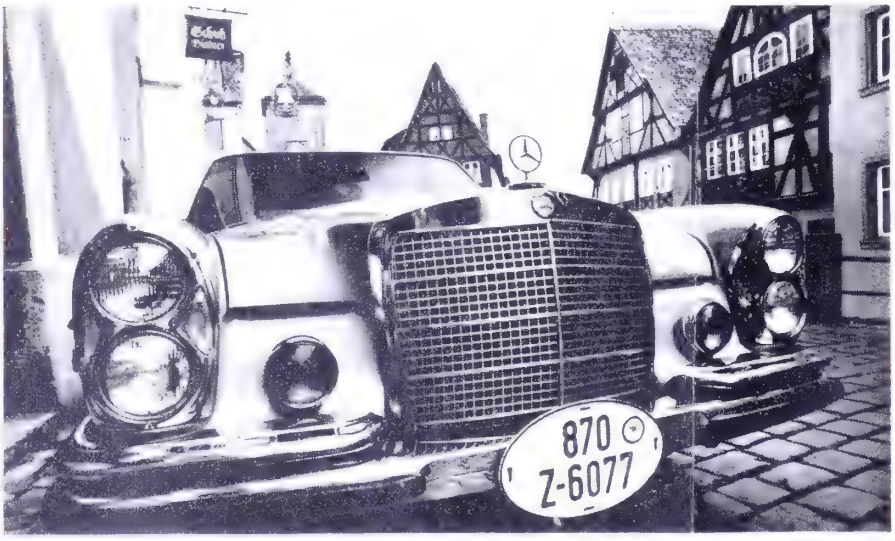
least that would have been ap-
iate, since all the children be-
he toddling stage were expected
ry their full share of work. For
irls, the upbringing of their
er brothers was just a starter.
also shucked corn, picked wild
s, made soap out of bacon
e and leached wood ashes, and
ıe laundry over an outdoor fire
same big kettle used for boil-
ap and scalding pigs. They knew
ıese chores, plus any number of
, were just as essential to the
's survival as the work done by
ys. They never had any feeling
ordination to males.

the contrary, they grew up
ng that one of their prime
in life was to keep menfolks
doing something foolish. For all
e Caperton men were, as my
r put it, "a little wild." George,
ther, evidently fitted the tradi-
pattern of Confederate cavalry-
debonair, charming, reckless,
ot-tempered. (The only scar he
om the war was from a knife
l inflicted in a campfire brawl
ome of his fellow troopers.) He

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also was given to sudden ext
gances, such as buying a piano
the family could ill afford, or a
colt instead of the mule he
needed. From time to time, more
he drank too much.

Several of his sons inherited
of these traits: one died an alcol
another was killed in an acci
while racing a quarter horse. It
hardly surprising, then, that
Caperton women regarded liqu
the devil's favorite weapon. B
her marriage, my mother asked
fiancé to promise that he would
take another drink—a pledge he
with no strain, since he too had
raised in a strict Methodist fa
Even in his relatively carefree b
lor days he had never drunk anyt
more than an occasional glass of
at a political rally. His reputatio
sobriety helped reconcile her fa
to the marriage—although Ge
Caperton never could quite fo
his daughter for marrying a Ya

IN ADDITION TO protecting the
under their jurisdiction from
evils of drink, the Caperton wo
considered themselves guar
against sin in all its other g
notably gambling and wastrel h
Consequently my father n
touched a card or bet on a horse
his wife couldn't quite manage to
press his inclination to specula
land and livestock, which he ins
was investment, not gambling.
result, on two occasions—the de
sions of 1920 and 1932—he
everything and found himself d
in debt. These disasters reinforce
mother's conviction that frugality
a cardinal virtue. She cut dow
father's old suits to make clothe
me and my brother, saved his
ties to make piece quilts, and co
on a wood range long after mo
our neighbors had shifted to g
electric stoves. Even in her old
when she didn't really need to
thrifty, she insisted on saving s
of leftover food that any ordi
housewife would have tossed i
garbage pail: and I don't think
ever took a taxi without feeli
twinge of guilt.

Regular churchgoing was of c
regarded as a prophylaxis agains
My mother saw to it, therefore,
the whole family went to Su
school and two services on Sun
and usually to a prayer meetin

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church supper in midweek. She also took us to hear every traveling revivalist who came to town and enrolled me early in the Epworth League, the Methodist equivalent of Hitler's *Jugend*. The upshot of this enforced piety was that I felt, when I was old enough to leave home, that I had heard enough sermons for one lifetime; I have avoided churches with marked success ever since.

By no means, however, was my mother the most churchly of the Capertons. One of her sisters joined an obscure Baptist sect notable for its austerity; it held that everything pleasant, including music in church, was sinful. Her husband, a robust, lusty cattleman—known as Whispering Till, because he could seldom get his voice down below a bellow—put up with this for a good many years. Then he ran off with a show girl from a traveling carnival.

AMONG HER MAXIMS for the governance of males, one of my mother's favorites was: "The devil finds mischief for idle hands to do." My brother and I were saved from idleness, so far as she could help it, from the time we were big enough to make ourselves useful. At the age of six, for example, my list of chores included taking care of a pen of chickens, smelly, addlebrained creatures that I loathed. Most Sundays, moreover, I had to catch a rooster, chop off his head, and clean and pluck him for dinner—an assignment I loathed even more, since a determined rooster is a fairly even match for a small boy. To this day I have no appetite for chicken in any form.

The anti-idleness program also included such jobs as chopping firewood, stoking and cleaning the furnace, mowing lawns, peddling comb honey from door to door, delivering papers, and selling the *Saturday Evening Post*. For the household chores I got no allowance—Mother didn't hold with such foolishness—but I did keep anything I earned from outside enterprises. I was encouraged, however, to set aside a tenth of these earnings for Sunday school collection, and to salt away at least half of what was left in a savings account, against the day I might go to college.

All this, I am afraid, sounds a little grim; which would be misleading. Like all small boys, I developed a considerable talent for passive resistance, thus defeating many of my mother's schemes to lead me into the paths of industry and righteousness. She gave up on piano lessons, for instance, before I was ten, and at all times I contrived to spend more hours at play than at work. Besides, for all her determination, she didn't have a grim bone in her body. She loved gaiety of all kinds—at least those that didn't cost much money—and was forever organizing picnics, fishing trips, taffy pulls, and hayrides. She also loved to dance (as my father, alas, did not), and one of her abiding sorrows was that neither she nor anybody else could teach me how to waltz. A boy who couldn't waltz, she felt, was as ill-educated as one who couldn't ride, shoot, fish, swim, or handle an ax.

She disapproved of fighting, but she disapproved even more of my getting licked. When I came home from school one day, bloody and blubbering, at about the age of seven, she insisted that my father give me boxing lessons. Though she didn't know it, he was nearly as unskilled in that art as I was; but he dutifully bought boxing gloves for both of us, and sparred with me in the backyard until he thought I was passably nimble, or he got bored. I must have learned something, because I seemed to hold my own at recess from then on; and when I finally did get to college I was able to earn part of my expenses by boxing occasionally in welterweight matches at American Legion and Elks Club smokers.

IN PUBLIC LIFE, as in the home, she believed that women were divinely appointed to serve as custodians of morals. She worked hard for the Women's Christian Temperance Union and for its main cause, Prohibition; and she was an early, enthusiastic advocate of women's suffrage. She also held strong, if sometimes eccentric, political opinions, which occasionally led to a certain amount of domestic strife. The earliest arguments I can remember between her and my father were about politics—for she was a hereditary Democrat and he was a hereditary Republican, and neither ever succeeded in changing the other's mind. At an age when I could barely count pennies, much less understand the Gold Question, she took me to a Chautauqua lecture by William Jennings Bryan, who was as interminable as he was illustrious. When I bega[n] after the first hour or two, to squir[m] whine, she told me to hush up.

"Never mind if you can't u[nder]stand the words," she said. "H[e] a great Democrat, and you shou[ld] edified to be here."

I wasn't. But again I learned [so]mething; when I was asked, many [ye]ars later, to help write speeches for [a] ocratic Presidential candidat[e] made them short and I avoide[d] Gold Question.

One of her more original po[li]notions was that all bachelors s[hou]be heavily taxed. The Christian [d]of every man, she believed, was [to] married early, raise a family, an[d] port it as best he could. Any s[in]manifestly should be made to fe[el] teeth of the public fisc. Some[ti]usually after she had been con[fi]with an old maid, she went furth[er].

"An old bachelor," she would claim, "is the meanest thing [in] world. If I had my way, I would [tax] them all."

I WISH SHE HAD LIVED to discu[ss] proposition some day with Friedan or Gloria Steinem. S[he] would, I am sure—well, fairly s[ure] have tried her best to be gent[le] understanding. She realized th[at] had grown up with advantag[es] longer available to them, and p[ro]never again to any but a neg[li]number of American wome[n] tably an early chance to sprou[t] fidence and self-reliance und[er] best of growing conditions. She [w]have sympathized, too, with Wo[m] Lib in its complaints about th[e] rent crop of young men, who [are] mostly considered a sorry lot—[a] uncurried, rarely harness-broke [and] unschooled in the deference the[y] to the more responsible sex. B[ut] also believed that those failing [are] largely the fault of today's w[o]who had failed to enforce I[t]Standards; and for the whinin[g] pity that seems to afflict so ma[ny] types she would have had no pa[ti]whatever. If she had ever heard [of] those lectures in which Miss St[ei] tells women "how to seize con[tr] your own lives," I suspect my r[ea] would have exploded. Seize ir[on]

Any woman who ever lacke[d] trol of her own life after the [a] ten had, by the Caperton light[s] herself to blame.

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The easy accommodation to evil is revealed in a documentary of life in Nazi-occupied France

A WELL-DEVELOPED SENSE of scandal is a necessary condition of high civilization. The French have it. They have intricate, exhausting political scandals, like the Dreyfus Affair and the cynical palace sellout of Jeanne d'Arc. They have spicy little court scandals, like Pauline Bonaparte's nymphomania and the diplomatic accidents of Mme. de Gaulle. (Once at luncheon she informed Prime Minister Wilson in her sketchy English that the thing she wanted most in the whole world was a penis. "What Madame means to say," De Gaulle hastened to reassure his startled guest, "is happiness.") They have morose and chronic social scandals, like the state of French plumbing, the national liver condition, and the mass production of alcoholic babies. Now for a change they have a nasty national scandal that was touched off by a movie.

Le Chagrin et la Pitié, like the child in the story of "The Emperor's Clothes," has exposed something everybody knew but was afraid to talk about, an historic lie that involves the whole nation, something big and rotten that has been stinking up the cellar of French experience for the past thirty years. The lie is the myth of "*le peuple en marche*," the political fairy tale in which France vigorously resisted the Hitlerian occupation during World War II and then rose to help drive the enemy out. The unlovely truth, as this documentary presents it, is that France was Hitler's most docile province, that almost all Frenchmen collaborated passively, that millions in fact collaborated eagerly with the New Order. Demonstrated with flat French clarity in *Le Chagrin et la Pitié*, these facts have thrown the country into an uneasy national debate.

Brad Darrach was for years Time*'s pithiest, punniest movie reviewer.*



MARCEL OPHULS, the forty-four-year-old Frenchman who made *Le Chagrin*, looks like Voltaire without a wig. The son of Max Ophuls, the celebrated director of gorgeously decadent romances (*Lola Montès*, *The Earrings of Madame de . . .*), he spent his adolescence in Los Angeles and took a graduate degree in philosophy at Berkeley. Ophuls made one excellent comedy (*Banana Peel*) before the French film industry collapsed in the mid-Sixties, and he had already done some highly regarded documentaries for French television when he found Swiss and German backing for *Le Chagrin*.

The film took five weeks to shoot and five months to assemble. It was shown immediately on Swiss and German stations, but the Gaullist [illegible] in charge of French television, Jacques de Bresson, banned th[illegible] ture without even bothering to [illegible] "Myths," he explained later, "a [illegible] portant in the life of a people. C[illegible] myths must not be destroyed." [illegible] theless, after being screened pri[illegible] in Paris during the next yea[illegible] *Chagrin* built up a strong cland[illegible] reputation. Eventually, a libera[illegible] Gaullist Minister of Inform[illegible] Jean Duhamel, was persuad[illegible] grant a *visa de sortie* for thea[illegible] presentation, and a small grind[illegible] on the Left Bank offered a week [illegible] On opening night huge crowds [illegible] in front of the tiny theater, and f[illegible] next month 500 people a day [illegible] turned away. "Suddenly," [illegible] Ophuls, "the commercial distrib[illegible] who had slept through the p[illegible] screenings, discovered a great [illegible] otic urge to show the film." It o[illegible] at a major theater on the Ch[illegible] Elysées and eight months aft[illegible] premiere was still showing in [illegible] Paris houses. Several hundred [illegible] sand Frenchmen have already [illegible] *Le Chagrin*, and the provincial [illegible] are just beginning. It was first s[illegible] in the United States at the New [illegible] Film Festival and over the nex[illegible] months will be exhibited in [illegible] major North American cities as [illegible] *Sorrow and the Shame*.

THE FILM REQUIRES a clear [illegible] and a strong seat. In the [illegible] version (which may be cut for [illegible] audiences), it runs exactly four h[illegible] and twenty-five minutes, plus i[illegible] mission, and consists of newsreel [illegible] other documentary footage [illegible] World War II. These are su[illegible] mented by Ophuls' interviews [illegible] survivors of the era: British and [illegible] man generals, a Vichy cabinet m[illegible] ter, several Resistance leaders, a

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tapo agent, a Wehrmacht captain, a British spy, a Buchenwald survivor, a housewife convicted of collaboration, a French aristocrat who fought for Hitler in Russia, and politicians of all stripes. Among them: Churchill's Foreign Secretary, Anthony Eden; Hitler's production genius, Albert Speer; De Gaulle's wartime associates Pierre Mendès-France and Georges Bidault, both of whom later became Prime Ministers of France: and Jacques Duclos, who later became Secretary of the French Communist party.

Ophuls has told his story wherever possible in terms of a fairly typical occupied city called Clermont-Ferrand, located about fifty kilometers from Vichy. When the French Army collapses, Clermont-Ferrand has the privilege of surrendering to the Adolf Hitler Division of the Waffen SS. Traditionally conservative, the town rallies instantly to the collaborationist regime at Vichy headed by Marshal Pétain—and to Pierre Laval, a local boy who soon becomes the Marshal's Prime Minister. In the first world war Pétain had been known as the Rock of Verdun, but when Eden saw him after the German breakthrough in Belgium, the Rock had turned to blancmange. Eden reports that all Pétain would talk about was what the Germans were doing to the beautiful cities and cultural monuments of *La Belle France*. "But there are worse things, *Maréchal*, than the loss of buildings and cities," Eden said quietly. Pétain did not reply.

After Pétain takes power, Ophuls uses newsreels to record the rapid growth of native fascism: the delusionary cult of the *Maréchal*; the silly little Hitler moustaches that sprout on the lips of Vichy officials; the hearty-sinister paramilitary organizations in which French youth is taught to march and sing like the master race; the obliging epidemic of anti-Semitism.

In a moving and ironic interview, Mendès-France describes how the pregnant wife of a French patriot named Jean Zay was refused medical treatment when she had her baby—partly because her husband was a Jew, partly because he had shamed his countrymen by continuing the fight against Germany after they had surrendered. Mendès-France is a witty man, and now and then some shuddery memory makes him crook a macabre smile. The night he escaped from a Vichy prison, for instance, he lay crouched on the prison wall staring down at a couple of young lovers and waiting in a cold sweat for the girl to give in or the man to give up. "She took a very long time," he recalls with a faint sigh, "to take a position."

THE ATTITUDE of the young man on the ground, *Le Chagrin* stingingly suggests, was more common during the Occupation than the mood of the man on the wall. Ophuls includes some depressing passages that picture the high life in gay Paree under Nazi supervision—the huge crowds at the racetrack, the French businessmen wheeling and dealing for German war contracts, the nightspots jammed with big-spending pleasure seekers ("believe me, in those days you couldn't get a table at Maxim's for love or money").

In one sequence of operatic unreality, of true Wagnerian *Kitsch*, Ophuls shows a German newsreel that records Hitler's one and only visit to Paris. Touchy about snipers, the conquering hero comes sneaking into the city just after dawn and goes roaring down the empty Champs Elysées in a bulletproof limousine. At one point he passes a troop of French gendarmes saluting stiffly. At the Eiffel Tower and Les Invalides he gets out to gawk like any other German tourist. He looks naïvely happy, as though he really thinks he owns all this now. At his side we glimpse that marmoreal eminence, Albert Speer, and later someone interviews him. He says little but looks awful—one of the great bad faces of the century. It is the face of a Borgia pope, cold and glittering and intricate; but there is something music-hall about it too, the actorish *hauteur* of a fake aristocrat who has substituted charm for breeding and almost made it work.

The contrast between Speer and a genuine aristocrat, whom Ophuls also interviews, is telling. The man was a fascist too, but the story of his surging, boyish hopes for Hitler's New Order and of his swift and total disillusionment is one of the most moving episodes in the film. His final shrug is an oratorio of regret.

Ophuls is sly. Having shown us a good fascist with the air of a geneticist displaying a kind-hearted shark, he allows us to discover that the shining heroes of the Resistance tarnish a little in retrospect. One Resist leader, looking back on the war y fumes pettishly about the Comm underground but finds nothing cial to say about the German en A lonely woman, a hairdresser h convicted of collaboration and tenced to twenty years in prison, chilling suspicion on the quali Resistance justice. We see one most daring of the Maquis ra riding around only twenty-five later in, sure enough, a Mercedes suspicions are summed up by de la Vigerie, the wartime chief Resistance, who admits that in to fight the Germans at that poin had to be "maladjusted."

But one scene says it all. Ophuls asks two perfectly nice sc teachers now in their sixties t him about the boys from the s who had joined the Resistance been killed by the Germans, looked puzzled. When he points plaque on the wall of the schoo lists the boys' names, the tea look surprised, and one of the plains: "I thought that was fro first world war."

After that, it's something of lief to meet an Englishman. the most glorious figure in *The row and the Shame* is a small, bunnylike Briton named Denis Homosexual and somehow afrai he had let the side down, Rake l to prove that "I had the courage things that ordinary people did of course he did things that ord people would never dare. Pe partly because his father had b spy in the first world war, Rake j British Intelligence and was se France, where he posed as a B nightclub entertainer. In his off- he executed so many dangerous sions that he was described b head of British Intelligence as bravest man I have ever kn Rash is the word that some comes to mind. One day Rake f love with a German officer and n in with him, but after a few m moved out—not because the d of the situation disturbed him b cause he felt that his secret life spy was a betrayal of the ma loved. He makes this statem simply that we know it is true. W believe him when he makes a q devastating observation abou French middle class during the pation. As a spy, he says, he kne the average working man woul

him, but the bourgeois 't be trusted: "They had too to lose." Many of his col- s, he says, were betrayed to the ns, who tortured and executed One, a Frenchman, was turned the Gestapo by his own aunt. as lucky. He got safely home to id, where for many years he has d as a janitor in an apartment

'T GO TO SEE *The Sorrow and he Shame* expecting conven- aesthetic pleasure. The surface film is dull or messy. The cam- wks at its subjects; technicians onally stroll into a scene. Even Clermont-Ferrand as a center rrative straggles. But the strag- is intentional and in the long mportant. Ophuls is in no to make points. He lets us steep period, see more than we need e side trips, rummage casually h the evidence. In the end, per- l that nothing is being hidden, g put over, we find ourselves g the film. Trusting, in effect, n conclusions. Ophuls is a man moderate Left who privately ses political opinions that even very few in Clermont-Ferrand approve; but he relishes diver- There aren't just two sides to a on," he told me. "There may be ven sides. Or one side. Or no Anyway, I didn't make the film ke a point, although it makes oints. And when I made it I try to be fair, although on the I think the picture is quite fair. e it because the subject fasci- me, and I learned more and bout it as I went along. I hope who see it have the same ex- ce and I don't really care what sions they reach. I only hope ught some of the terrible power angeness of those times."

rmity is the word I would use. I left the theater I felt I was ng from an enormous gullet d far back into time, and I l fast for about twenty blocks I lost a vague dread that some- night be closing down on me, g jaws. It never occurred to me ne anyone in the film for actions ordinary situations I'm sure I think blameworthy. Ophuls me understand that ordinary can't be blamed if they fail to vith events of great size and violence. The French coped in the first world war, the Danes coped in the second. A few extraordinary spir- its invariably master the whirlwind— De Gaulle was one of these. The rest of us do well if we survive—our model is Shakespeare's Parolles, a resilient fellow, who said when worst came to worst: "Simply the thing I am shall make me live." Judged by the heroic standard, the French behaved badly during the Occupation. But they sur- vived, and there is still a France to reproach them. What they lacked, and perhaps can be blamed for lacking, was wise and creative leadership. They did not insist upon it and they did not get it. This is the most signi- ficant parallel the film suggests be- tween France then and America now.

FOR THE FRENCH, *Le Chagrin et la Pitié* has sharper implications. Again and again the film draws subtle parallels between the role of Pétain and the role of De Gaulle in French public life. Both, Ophuls suggests, came forward in a mortal crisis to of- fer France "the gift of my person" and a Caesarian rebirth. Both told the French that they were brave fellows, that there was nothing about their de- feat to be ashamed of, that if they all worked together France would rise from the ashes greater than ever be- fore. Both laid a bandage of grandeur on the nation's wounded sensibilities. And in return for these benefits, both won massive electoral approval. In fact, as the film points out, they won the same electoral approval—the peo- ple who voted for Pétain during the Occupation are the same people who voted for De Gaulle during the years following the war. If they were fascist when they voted for Pétain, were they republican when they voted for De Gaulle?

"If a film had asked such questions five years ago in France," Ophuls once remarked, "the audience would have rioted and burned the theater. But the passing of De Gaulle and the student uprising of 1968 have changed the whole atmosphere there. Even very ordinary Frenchmen are much more open to change now. They are questioning, listening, looking for something new. *Le Chagrin* contrib- uted something to the process. France is recovering at last from her defeat by Hitler. The French spirit is coming alive again." □

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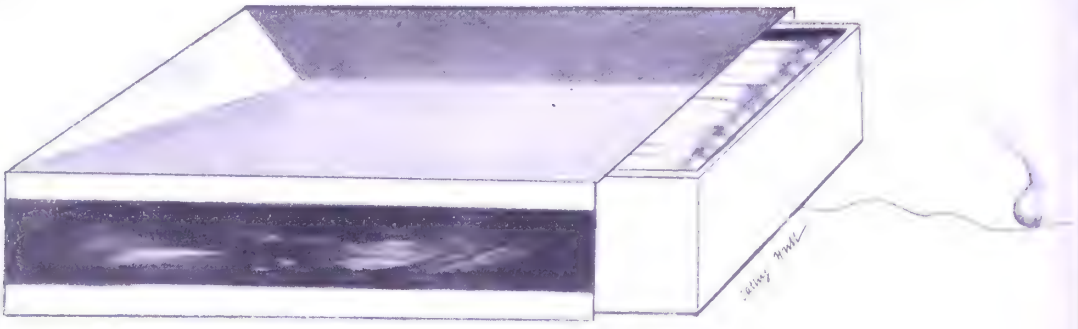
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Tom Buckley

CORKS IN THE PACIFIC

Letter from Manila



WHEN FERDINAND MARCOS, the President of the Republic of the Philippines, and his Vice-President, Fernando Lopez, had a noisy public falling-out last year, no one in Manila was particularly surprised. They wondered what had taken so long. From the Spaniards, who ruled them for more than 300 years before yielding to the United States, Filipinos have inherited a bristling pride, an exquisite sensitivity to slights, and an imperfect understanding of the principles of cooperative endeavor. The two top men in any organization almost invariably become bitter enemies. Typically, when the mayor of Manila returned from a vacation trip last summer, the first thing he had to do was reinstate the commissioners whom the vice-mayor had dismissed in his absence.

Although Marcos is notably strong-willed and ambitious, and Lopez is rich and aristocratic in outlook, there was more to their quarrel than a clash of personalities. A look at its causes provides as good an introduction as any to the perilous situation in which the only former colony of the United States that is now an independent country finds itself as it begins its second quarter-century of freedom.

Ever since July 4, 1946, when the shackles were struck off, Washington has routinely hailed the Philippines as the beacon light of democracy in Southeast Asia, an exemplar of progress under free enterprise, and a faithful ally in the cause of freedom. But these encomiums have not prevented [illegible] social chaos—a decline that is apparently being accelerated by the gradually changing relationship with the United States, by the American disengagement from Vietnam, and by what seems to be a general pullback from Asia. President Nixon's announcement that he would visit Peking and the ouster from the United Nations of Nationalist China, the Philippines' closest neighbor to the north, sent almost palpable tremors through a government that outlaws the Communist party, does not have diplomatic relations with a single Communist nation, and refuses, with rare exceptions, even to trade with them. (In mid-December, responding to these pressures, Marcos said he was seeking relations with certain Eastern European nations, but not Russia or China.)

The dominant mood, I found in a recent visit, is of powerlessness and drift, a fear that the country's notably imperfect democratic institutions are proving inadequate to the strains they are undergoing. The example of Cuba came up constantly. Some Filipinos forecast a right-wing dictatorship within five to ten years, or even sooner if Marcos, as some suspect, tries to turn himself into a ruler by decree. Others, noting that a new guerrilla movement has begun, foresee a Communist revolution; and still others the first followed by the second. "We are not islands," said one high official. "We are corks bobbing in the Pacific."

The United States is held responsible for much that has gone wrong, [illegible] vience. Nevertheless, most Filip[illegible] seem to have an affection for [illegible] country that is rare anywhere t[illegible] days and unique in that part of [illegible] world, and is easy for a visito[illegible] reciprocate.

IT WAS IN 1969, just when Ma[illegible] and Lopez had become the [illegible] President and Vice-President [illegible] independence to win reelection [illegible] there were hopes of a period of v[illegible] ous reform, that conditions b[illegible] unmistakably to worsen. The ele[illegible] campaign itself had been at [illegible] partly responsible, and it prol[illegible] opened the breach between the [illegible] men.

Reportedly against the advic[illegible] Lopez, Marcos spent $150 millio[illegible] pork-barrel projects—roads, sch[illegible] cash grants to every *barrio* (har[illegible] in the country—in the months b[illegible] the voting. These expenditures [illegible] tied the treasury at a time wher[illegible] eral large foreign loans were co[illegible] due. The Philippines already ov[illegible] couple of billion dollars aroun[illegible] world. Seventy per cent of its ex[illegible] were, in effect, mortgaged to pa[illegible] interest and amortization.

Marcos found it increasingly [illegible] cult and expensive to arrange [illegible] nancing. Under pressure fror[illegible] creditors, he was forced to br[illegible] campaign promise by permittir[illegible] peso to float and, as it turned o[illegible] sink dramatically in relation t[illegible] dollar. He also moved to inc[illegible] government revenues, not by ti[illegible] ing up income-tax collections, [illegible] are scandalously low, but by in[illegible]

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five of them foreign-owned—that do business in the Philippines to raise their prices, reportedly in return for help in getting new loans.

The only flaw in this arrangement, as I was told the story, was that a few months earlier Meralco—the Manila Electric Company—the largest user of fuel oil in the country, in which the Lopez family holds a controlling one-third interest, had received a smaller rate increase than it wanted, but as compensation got a promise from Marcos that fuel-oil prices would not be increased. The President also refused to allow the drivers of Manila's "jeepneys" to pass along the increase by raising fares. The drivers called a strike, and since the jeepneys—eight-passenger buses that ply the main avenues—are basic transportation for the three million inhabitants of greater Manila, they effectively tied up the city.

Marcos called out the troops in an attempt to break the strike. Radical students joined forces with the drivers. In the disorders that followed, three persons were killed and scores badly hurt. But just when Marcos was beginning to feel the pressure, the drivers and students, in true Filipino fashion, had a falling-out, and the students split into conflicting factions.

On the night before the strike began, Marcos was scheduled to address the nation on radio and television. It was known that he intended to attack the Lopezes, accusing them of having fomented the strike in retaliation for the rise in fuel prices, of blocking his social programs, and of putting their interests ahead of the nation's. A few minutes before air time, however, the usually reliable Meralco had a power failure that blacked out Manila. Marcos raged, the nation laughed, and the Lopezes explained that it was all because a truck had run into a power line, no one knew quite where.

A week or so later Fernando Lopez resigned as Secretary of Agriculture and Natural Resources, a post he had held concurrently with the Vice-Presidency. Soon afterward, the Lopez newspaper, the *Manila Chronicle*, began running a series of cartoons that purported to expose Marcos's grafting as President—which most people I talked to in Manila say has been extensive, even by the relaxed moral standards of the country. Each cartoon showed a teacher quizzing his class. "Who is the richest man in Asia?" asked one. Others accused Marcos by indirection of having a vast collection of diamonds; of being, through intermediaries, the biggest stockholder in several Filipino corporations; of having acquired vast landholdings around the country and lavish villas all over the world; and of having, "by conservative estimate," $160 million deposited in Swiss banks.

In the Philippines comparatively few families own an enormous, and increasing, share of the national wealth. With it, of course, goes control of the nation's commerce, politics, and government agencies. On the low side it is estimated that 10 per cent of the population of 38,000,000 holds 80 per cent of the wealth; on the high side that 400 families own 90 per cent, and that forty of these families own half of that. The families, which are closely intermarried, are known collectively as the Oligarchy. The Lopez holdings, for example, besides Meralco and the *Chronicle*, include the hotel where I stayed in Manila, two of the city's seven television channels, several radio stations, vast sugar haciendas, banks, and much else. This is thought, moreover, to represent only a fraction of the family's wealth, since the Oligarchy is notorious for preferring to invest most of its money abroad.

Meanwhile, Marcos blocked two Lopez projects—the construction of a $38 million lubricating oil refinery and the purchase of one of the oil companies, Caltex of the Philippines. (One rumor that I heard several times in Manila was that the quarrel between Marcos and the Lopezes *really* began when Lopez refused to cut the President in for a piece of the refinery action.)

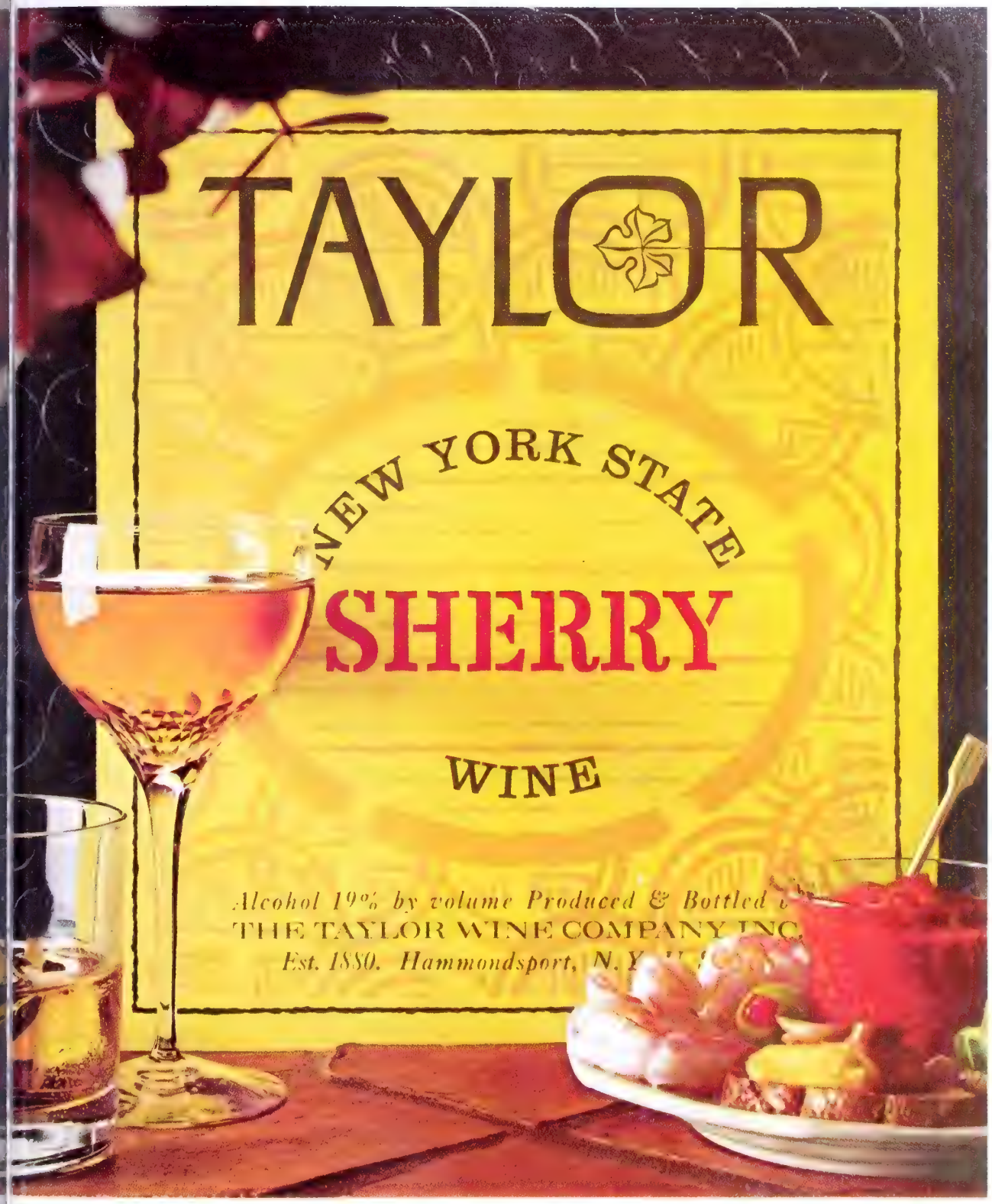
No one much likes the Lopezes. They are known as arrogant and ruthless. Yet there was a certain amount of sympathy for them, since their enterprises are regarded as efficiently and honestly run, business practices that are less than common among the Oligarchs.

An American with long experience in the Philippines and elsewhere in Southeast Asia told me, "The rich here—and in this league ten or twenty million dollars is practically poverty—are just like a bunch of kids playing king of the hill. Each one wants to be the richest and the most powerful, and they don't give a damn about anything else. The corru[p]tion is unbelievable. They ought to m[a]ke it a tourist attraction. There[']s 500,000 people working for the g[o]vernment, at least twice as many as they need. The judges are for sale, so are the police. Eighty thou[s]and cases are pending in the courts. G[o]ing to jail here is a social disgrace, [e]ven because you have committed a c[r]ime and been caught, but becaus[e] it proves you don't have an influe[n]tial friend in the world."

Certain of these conditions are [a]lmost unknown in the United States, [o]f course, and a visitor to the Phi[l]ippines may even admire the lac[k] of hypocrisy and the up-front devo[t]ion to greed that hasn't been heard [o]f in this country since the dawning o[f] the age of public relations and the [t]ax loophole. But the fact is that [t]he Philippines is much less able to [a]fford this boodling, the takings [a]re proportionately far larger, and t[h]ere is almost no counterbalancing s[e]nse of public service among the rich.

"The average American do[e]s not know much about the Philippin[e]s," my informant went on. "To him i[t] is third-class Hawaii, the place w[h]ere all those tough little bantamwei[g]hts come from. Filipinos don't k[n]ow what to think of themselves eit[h]er. Ninety per cent of the people [l]ive just eke out an existence. Th[e]re is enough social dynamite to blow [u]p a country twice as large. The [o]nly question is, when will it go off?"

The fuse is already burning. [T]he economy is stagnant. Unemploym[e]nt totals at least 8 per cent of the w[o]rk force and is rising. Another 25 [p]er cent is underemployed. Thousand[s] of young physicians, nurses, and o[t]her professionals emigrate each y[e]ar, mainly to the United States, beca[u]se jobs are not available. One of [t]he highest birthrates in the world all[m]ost wipes out modest gains in per ca[p]ita income, which stands at less t[h]an $100 a year. From 1950 to 1970 [t]he population doubled, and the s[a]me rate of growth is continuing. [T]en years ago the peso was worth 1[0]0 cents. Now, after two devaluati[o]ns, it's worth fifteen. The consumer p[r]ice index rose more than 20 per cen[t] in a recent twelve-month period. Fu[n]ctional illiteracy stands close to 50 [p]er cent of the population. The aver[a]ge Filipino gets 500 calories a day [l]ess than the minimum nutritional [r]equirement. The development of h[i]gh-yield "miracle" rice has brought



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Philippines close to self-sufficiency in its basic food grain, in good growing years. The trouble is that half the population can't afford rice at all, and eats corn instead.

ROXAS BOULEVARD IS LINED with stumpy palms. The fronds dangle and turn brown in the haze of exhaust fumes. On one side of the boulevard stand hotels, villas, nightclubs, illegal gambling casinos, brothels, the ferroconcrete ribs of new buildings, winking neon signs advertising Sanyo, Seiko, Marlboro, Coca-Cola. On the other side there is the foaming phosphorescence of Manila Bay. Fishermen's shacks stand on the littered beach; at night, by dim lights on their outrigger canoes, they spear eels on the muddy bottom. Farther out, freighters silhouetted by the rising moon swing at the same moorings as the Spanish fleet that was blown out of the water by Admiral Dewey's Asiatic Squadron in 1898.

Past the broad lawns of the Luneta park and the columned white Congress building, where visitors are supposed to check their guns in the lobby but don't, the road narrows and turns into Intramuros, the old walled city. In the other direction is a wilderness of factories and warehouses, and huddled along one edge the shacks of Tondo, the largest and oldest of Manila's squatter settlements.

At least a third of the population of greater Manila are squatters. There are 250,000 in Tondo. In this city within a city, dwellings are hammered together of scrap wood, cardboard, and bent rusting sheets of galvanized iron. The streets are alleys five or six feet wide. There are no sewers. Rivulets of waste water turn the packed earth to slimy mud. There is no drinking water. A fifty-gallon drum, drawn from a public tap at the edge of the settlement, is sold for two pesos.

Yet Tondo throbs with life. There is music, the commerce of hole-in-the-corner shops that sell dried fish, rice, soft drinks, and cigarettes. There are swarms of naked children, shouting mothers, howling dogs, toothless grandmothers; at night the men, dockworkers mostly, drink beer and play dominoes by the dim flare of kerosine lamps. This is the swarm of Asia—an oppressive, unstable, heedless, dangerous crush of humanity, pulled relentlessly from the hopeless countryside to the cities, where, if all else fails, a woman can become a whore and a man can steal.

Take the new highway north from Manila to Tarlac Province in the fertile Luzon plain. The fields of rice and sugarcane stretch away to the horizon. The *barrios*, the farming hamlets, are found off the highway, down dirt roads. Huts are perhaps fifteen feet square, built off the ground, roofed with palm thatch. There are the inevitable hordes of curious children. It is quiet, sunny, altogether pleasanter than Tondo, but the cane, ten feet high, dusty green, seems to push menacingly against the huts.

The people who live here are sharecroppers, as are most of Tarlac's farmers. It is like Mississippi a half-century ago—an account at the company store at high interest, the borderline existence, and the pervasive fear that, at any moment and for any reason, the *hacendero* may throw them off his land. The farmers can say little. The *barrio* chief and the militia man walk with us. I see what I have seen all over Asia—hollow bellies, sinewy muscles under rags, a man swinging a bolo and saying, "It is hard, it is hard."

THE FAMILIES OF THE *barrios* and squatter settlements might be excused for feeling proud if they could see the gracious way of life their hard work has created in Forbes Park, the walled and guarded suburb where Manila's big rich reside. I went there one evening with friends to help Freddie Elizalde, whose family belongs to the inner Oligarchy, celebrate his thirty-first birthday.

I was passed through the gates by grimly polite guards who carried automatic rifles. Inside I found a paradise of spreading palms, frangipani, orchids, and bougainvillea. Two hundred of Manila's loveliest people were there. Waiters drew champagne bottles from deep tubs and heaped caviar on triangles of thin toast. An orchestra—guitars, marimbas, violins—played softly under a marquee.

Elizalde and his beautiful wife took a special interest in a visiting journalist—he runs his family's television station and its two newspapers. I admired a half-size replica of a Gatling gun. Elizalde offered to show me his gun collection. He unlocked two wall cabinets, displaying not the harquebuses and inlaid dueling pistols I had expected, but enough modern weaponry to equip an infantr[y] toon. There were stubby Sw[edish], Spanish, and Israeli subm[achine] guns, Soviet AK-47 and Am[erican] M-16 automatic rifles, and twe[nty] thirty pistols and revolver[s] greased and ready for use.

Politics was in the air that [night]. The Elizaldes, like the Lopez[es], Nationalists, although they ha[ve] quarreled with the President. [An] ticle in the *Philippines Free Pre[ss]* that the Elizaldes had been a[llowed] borrow $38 million on easy [terms] from the state-owned Philippine [Bank] velopment Bank.) Freddie's [younger] brother, Manuel Elizalde, Jr., [who] had just resigned as Secretary [of] tional Minorities to run for the [Senate], stood in a circle of young [politi]ticians.

A tall, rosy-cheeked young [man] joined the group. He was Joh[n Os]meña, a member of the House o[f Repre]sentatives who had been selec[ted] a Senate candidate by the oppo[sition] Liberal party. The difference b[e]tween the parties are more app[arent] than real, since both are owne[d] operated by the Oligarchy. F. [Sionil] Jose, the editor of *Solidari[dad]* monthly review that is essential [to] understanding of the country, c[alls] "a one-and-a-half party system."

From time to time, efforts [have] been made to organize third p[arties] with a more progressive pro[gram], most recently in 1965 when [Raul] Manglapus, the Presidential [candi]date of the Party for Philippine [Prog]ress, finished a distant last. It [could] hardly have been otherwise. By [law] only the Nationalists and Libera[ls are] permitted to have poll watchers [at] every Election Day turns the [whole] country into a thieves' market of [vote] buying, ballot-box stuffing, st[ealing] arming, and wholesale murder.

The kidding between Osmeñ[a], Elizalde and his friends got [a bit] rough. Osmeña's face reddened [and] Elizalde, with an edge to his [voice] predicted that he would finish [at the] bottom of the Liberal list. (Eig[ht of] the twenty-four members are el[ected] for a six-year term by the coun[try] a whole every two years.) Os[meña] turned to me. "I really feel lik[e] in the enemy camp tonight," he

THE NEXT NIGHT, at a rally [in] Plaza Miranda in the old qu[arter] of Manila, the Liberals began [the] Senate campaign. While the [crowd]

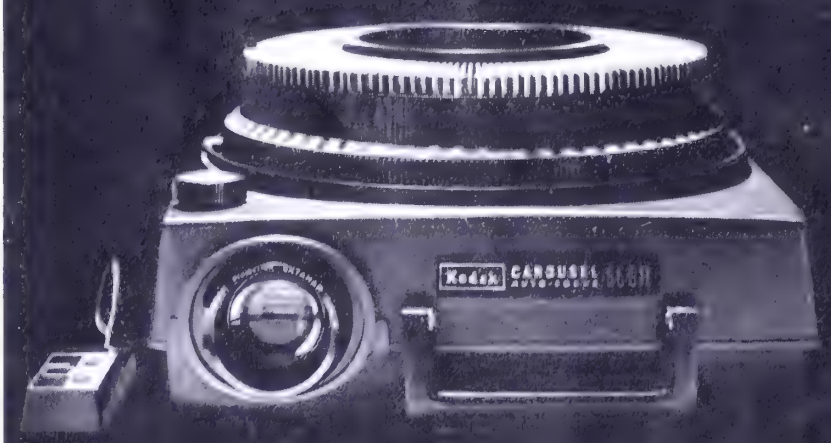
vatching a fireworks display, two
ides were thrown out of the dark-
to the speakers' platform. Nine
ons were killed and 100 were
The candidates were badly bat-
. Two hovered near death for
al days and Osmeña's legs were
r shattered. All recovered, how-
and, campaigning from hospital
wheelchairs, and on crutches,
won six of the eight seats. The
t reflected about equal parts sym-
y for the Liberals and dissatis-
on with Marcos and the state of
economy.

few hours after the bombing
os went on television to say that
Communists were responsible. He
es them for nearly everything
goes wrong, except for the ty-
ns that periodically ravage low-
areas. Habeas corpus was
ended and the police rounded up
s of suspected members of the
al *Kabataang Makabayan*, which
s Patriotic Youth in Tagalog. In
bsence of evidence to the con-
, however, the Liberals said that
s the Nationalists who had tried
itical Pearl Harbor attack.

olence—domestic, felonious, in-
rtent, and political—is common
in the Philippines. Almost
yone seems to carry a gun. The
y murder rate, according to re
and probably incomplete statis
is 48 per 100,000 of population,
h is *eight* times higher than the
e for the United States, the homi
leader of Western civilization.
y national political campaign in
t years has produced a few hun-
killings, and last year's was no
ption, but these are usually the
t of shoot-outs between the pri-
armies of provincial magnates.
arcos himself was convicted of
ler in 1939. The victim was a
who had beaten Marcos's father
election for the House of Repre-
atives; he was shot dead through
pen bathroom window as he
ed his teeth. The verdict was
aled to the Supreme Court. Mar
who was just completing law
ol, conducted his own case and
a reversal.

refresh the memory of the elec
e during the 1969 Presidential
aign, supporters of the Liberal
idate, Sergio Osmeña, Jr., John
eña's uncle, distributed thou
s of toothbrushes. Striking back,
os used television commercials
ling that Osmeña had been con

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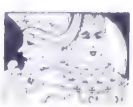
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victed of treason for collaborating with the Japanese Occupation forces during the second world war. This verdict had also been reversed on appeal, leading a Filipino friend of mine to suggest that in both cases the fix was undoubtedly in for the initial conviction, the appeal, or both. In any event, it must have been the first time that two men convicted of capital crimes opposed each other for election to the highest office in a representative democracy.

THE 1970s WILL BE a decisive decade for the Philippines. The ties that have bound it to the United States since independence are being loosened. Agreements that permit Americans to own businesses in the Philippines, an advantage enjoyed by no other foreigners, expire in 1974 and will not be renewed. The question of whether present American holdings, which have been valued at $800 million or more, will have to be sold by then is currently before the Supreme Court of the Philippines. Meanwhile, the country is slipping into the Japanese trading orbit, which many Filipinos find just as disturbing.

American dominance has meant, or seemed to mean, money. Billions of dollars have been poured into the country since independence. There have been war-damage payments; salary checks; military pensions; grants for schools, social services, and military equipment; and every year a subsidy of $150 million or so under the sugar quota.

The official view of these payments is that it will be tough to see them reduced or eliminated but that in the long run it's a small price to pay for the substance as well as the shadow of independence. The radical and not so radical young take a somewhat different view. In return for the billions that have been pumped in, they say quite accurately, probably a good deal more has been pumped out as profits for American concerns. The sugar subsidy has benefited the *hacenderos* and the millowners rather than the field workers. Little more than a start has been made in industrialization; most manufacturing consists of the assembling of components from abroad.

Despite all the defeats and disappointments, attempts at reform are still being made. Raul Manglapus's Christian Social Movement elected a third of the delegates to the constitutional convention that was convened last June to draw up a new national charter. (The present constitution was adopted in 1935 during the period of American tutelage for independence and has more in common with Philadelphia than Manila.)

Manglapus told me that his organization was pushing for clauses that would nationalize agricultural land; abolish the Senate, which he sees as unnecessary in a country without the doctrine of states' rights; lower the voting age to eighteen; and provide guarantees of education, social services, and the like. The outlook is not bright. The Oligarchy is firmly in control of the convention. Reports of vote-selling by the delegates are already widespread.

On Negros Island, where the bulk of the country's sugar is grown and where working conditions are close to intolerable, a coalition of farmers, union organizers, and priests have been leading strikes against several of the biggest haciendas for more than a year. I spoke to one of the leaders, the Rev. Hector Mauri, an Italian Jesuit. Mauri, who served in China from 1939 to 1952, said even there "I never saw the exploitation of man by man that I have seen in the Philippines."

Organizing themselves with the help of priests, who have always in the past been the allies of the landlords, has already made a difference in the attitudes of workers. "They are not afraid anymore," said the Rev. Fernando Yusingco, an intense young Redemptorist. "We have taken four shotguns away from the security guards just by surrounding them and saying, 'You can kill some of us but then we will kill you, so put down your guns.' "

From time to time, laws have been enacted to assist the 70 per cent of the population that scrapes out a living on the land. For the most part the landowners have simply chosen not to obey them, and the government has shown no desire to enforce them. Last summer, after the Free Farmers Federation, a reformist organization, staged a sit-in on the steps of the Congress building for several months, a new land-reform law was enacted, but one can be excused for skepticism about the energy with which it will be implemented.

Tondo has also begun to organize itself. In 1968 several thousand residents demonstrated unsu fully at City Hall for formal ti the tiny patches of land on whic have built their shacks. In 197(hev banded together, this time wit side help, to fight the planned ning of Tondo to expand the port of M nila a plan that didn't include an new housing. Protest marches, presst s on City Hall, and general hell-r ing stalled the project, and the res nts went on to set up "a score of her organizations to improve housin and recreation and health faciliti a mong other objectives.

One of those helping out in T ndo is Herb White, a member of the taf of Saul Alinsky, the American g an izer. What would happen, I aske if a well-organized Tondo still co ld t move the government and the C gar chy? "In that case, within three ars you'll have 30,000 revolutionari s in Tondo," he said flatly.

A NEW COMMUNIST INSURG ICY has already begun in the ills of northern Luzon, on Negros and perhaps elsewhere.* With the old Hukbalahap movement all but eli inated as a revolutionary force, the Communist party of the Philip nes was reorganized in 1969 on Ma ist principles by a brilliant thirty-wo year-old University of the Philip n s scholar named José Maria Sison, ow in hiding with a price on his ad Sison, under the pen name A ado Guerrero, recently published w t is rapidly becoming an influential rib cal study among the young, "P lip pine Society and Revolution." ar ly in 1970 the Party's military arm, the New Peoples Army, was establ ed under the command of a former s ar cropper, Bernabe Buscayno, w ose alias is Commander Dante. Th army probably doesn't number o e than a few hundred men, but it has already secured the defection o wo regular army lieutenants, on of whom took forty weapons with in Not long ago a New Peoples Army detachment raided the headqua ers of the task force that was sear in

*In other parts of the country, the e been bloodshed not related to Comm st activities. In Mindanao, the souther major island, some 2,000 people have been killed in recent years in fighting be ee Filipino Moslems (or Moros, as they e first called by the Spanish, after the of North Africa) and settlers from h islands who are encroaching on the ditional lands.

em, destroying two helicopters. one expects the New Peoples to come charging out of the o take over the government in ar future, but it seems equally ly that the government will be o destroy it. In fact, given the ning economic situations in the ryside and the frequent reports ting and other abuses by gov- nt troops, it seems more likely he guerrillas will be able to in- their strength.

most serious impediment to owth of the New Peoples Army, ally, is its Maoist doctrine. Al- ll Filipinos dislike and distrust ing Chinese. Among the Ma- olynesians of Southeast Asia inese have about the same repu- as the Jews in, say, Czarist a—that is, as ruthless and ng businessmen and clannish, imilable foreigners.

ne Marcos government knows ll it has to do to rally the people shout. 'The Chinese are com- ' a journalist told me. Even so, oral fact of Chinese Commu- —an apparently absolutely hon- vernment that has markedly im- d the lot of the common people ittle outside help at the price of dom that never really existed— a difficult problem in the minds ny thoughtful Filipinos.

tudent at Santo Tomas Univer- n Manila, one of the reported 0 members of the *Kabataang bayan*, expressed it this way: "I a really bloody revolution," he "I know that if I don't do any- things will never change. I may yet, but, you know, damn it. your parents are killing them- in the *barrio* to keep you in e. My getting a diploma will be greatest pride. But even then have *I* got to look forward to? government job if I'm lucky, to little bureaucrat at 280 pesos a . It's not enough, and so I I have to steal like everyone else pport a family, and then I'm part at I hate. So it's now or never. myself."

he spoke—this intense, skinny. -haired youth—I could feel, n ache in the bones, his frustra- nd rage; and I thought of other nts, in St. Petersburg, Shanghai. na, Hanoi, who had had the debate with themselves, and of ecision they had come to. □

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d Bunker

AR BEHIND WALLS

not worth killing about, forget it, for if you punch someone in the mouth e liable to come back later with a knife."

hite and I'm a convict, and this story is from that view. Though I've tried to be onate, I see that bias creeps in, for I'm ! and threatened by the violence, and lieve that every word tries to be true and Some things have been written in less nplete detail to avoid murder charges be- against anyone.

QUENTIN there is so much racial paranoia provocation is unnecessary to incite the . Almost any excuse is enough to start ng. So it was that the prison's last epi- as opposed to the routine stabbings) be- events just slightly related to race.

700 inmates of the East cellblock strag- ck from the messhall after the evening he five tiers were crowded. Some men ear their cells for lockup. Others roamed, l cigarettes on the NCAA basketball which would be broadcast over the cell es, or tried to hustle a bindle of heroin, a cid, a quart of homebrew, or anything uld soften the edges of reality during the ght. A humming roar of noise hung over ing, a sound so common and pervasive in ouse that it went unnoticed by those ac- d to it, the kind of sound that attracts n when it stops or the rhythm changes.

ght the rhythm changed. From the fourth e the thud and grunt of struggling bodies. s nearby froze and turned, wary as ani- a sharp sound. Others, on tiers above ow, craned their necks to see what was n. Tension spread like electricity through ed wires. Men forty yards away knew seconds that something had happened.

gunrail guard, his khaki uniform (rather e usual green worsted) indicating a was drawn to the sudden jumble of mo- e saw something. His whistle bleated, re- itself, amputated the last vestige of doubt neone was being stabbed, for San Quentin convicts long ago gave up fistfighting to settle disputes. If it's not worth killing about, forget it, for if you punch someone in the mouth they're liable to come back later with a knife. Now silence fell, except for the scrape of running feet. More than one man was breaking through the crowd to get away. The guard leveled his rifle, but was unable to shoot into the press of bodies. He tried to follow along the gunrail, whistle still screaming accusation, but his quarry disappeared down the stairs. Guards on the cellblock floor failed to arrive before the assailants got away.

Someone had been stabbed. The question was: white or black? And then: was the stabbing across racial lines? If a white had stabbed another white, or a black another black, the incident would end with the participants and their cohorts. But if a black had stabbed a white, or vice versa, there was no telling what might happen. Mexicans make up 13 per cent of the convict population, and many are quick with knives, but usually it's on another Mexican; and even if it does cross racial lines it hasn't, as yet, resulted in a general war.

The first rumor had black against black.

Four blacks appeared on the floor, pushing a flatbed handcart used to move laundry hampers and metal trash barrels. Now it carried a "brother" being rushed toward the hospital. He was on his back, legs drawn up, denim jacket open; a red stain spread across his white T-shirt. The blacks who pushed the cart would have let a white man die, and a white convict who gave aid to a black (unless the white was assigned to the hospital) was ostracized by other whites, if not attacked. On the gallery of tiers above, hundreds of convicts watched the exiting group. Rumor now was that he'd been stabbed and thrown from the tier, but that was hard to believe. His head was raised. He was alert. Nothing seemed broken. The human body breaks when it drops thirty feet to concrete.

Extra guards rushed into the building. The

public address speaker blared: "Mandatory lockup! All inmates lock up!"

The Watch Lieutenant began questioning inmates with cells near where the incident had occurred. While the officials tried to find out what had happened, the convicts already knew. The tier workers carried the word while making their rounds selling grilled cheese sandwiches (two for a pack of cigarettes) or delivering outfits and narcotics. Two Chicanos had kept lookout while a third Chicano stabbed the black. The anger had commenced in the education building where there had been an exchange of stares, then sneers, and finally hot words. Both assailant and victim came from worlds where it was impossible to conceive, much less articulate, the senselessness of murder arising from locked stares and nothing more.

When word got around that it was Chicano and black, most whites relaxed, uninvolved and glad about it. Some especially militant blacks conspired to retaliate: a brother had been hit and revenge was required. Chicanos recognized the possibility of trouble and readied themselves. Black tier tenders delivered knives from mattresses, ventilators, and drainpipes. Chicano cellblock workers did the same. (Despite repeated searches of the sprawling prison by an elite squad of half a dozen guards with special equipment, any convict wanting a knife can have one in minutes.) No more than ten on each side actually armed themselves, taping large and crudely honed (but deadly) knives to forearm, easy to jerk from a sleeve, or poked a hole in the bottom of pants pocket so the blade rested on a bare thigh and the handle was hidden. It could be drawn in an instant. As in the Wild West, a quick draw sometimes decides who lives.

The prison slept without anticipating that the match was set to the tinder of black hate for Whitey, and that the ensuing flame would continue week after week: stabbings and murders, attack and retaliation, ending only through attrition. Indeed, it isn't over now, not really.

The yard's territorial imperative

TWO GIANT MESSHALLS FEED the prisoners. One has sections with murals of California history on the walls, as if it were a high-school cafeteria rather than the feeding place of robbers, rapists and murderers, drug addicts and child molesters. Both messhalls together are unequal to the task of feeding everyone at the same time, so the feeding is in running shifts. The North and West cellblocks, which are honor units, begin breakfast at 6:40 in the morning, and when the prisoners are finished they can go back to the cellblocks or into the yard.

The yard is half again the size of a football field. The immense faded-green cellblocks wall the yard on three sides, holding out the until it rises high. The asphalt paving is pitte decades of being hosed clean with water the Bay. A high, corrugated weather shed out walls covers half the yard, sheltering pr ers from the frequent rain and the shit of cir seagulls. The shed's roof is marked from b holes of warning shots fired upward.

By 7:30 the East and South cellblocks f breakfast. The yard fills with denimed con streaming from the messhalls. The gate fror yard to the rest of the prison's walled are shops, factories, and education department mains closed until 7:50. Just before the opens, two thousand convicts fill the yard.

In recent years the races have segreg themselves. Along the North cellblock wall i ghetto, where the blacks congregate. Thirty y from the wall is a vague territorial line, marked and shifting. When there is no high r tension (some always exists) the blacks l their area to go to the canteen or take ca other business. Mexicans and whites have the of the yard, but cliques and gangs are comm found in certain areas, where an individual seek out his friends when the yard is crow In the messhall, Anglo and Mexican eat toge but blacks have again segregated themselves. mingling of white and Mexican doesn't mean all Mexicans are friendly to all Anglos, or versa, but they are generally closer to each c than either is to blacks.

The morning following the East cellblock bing, the yard was silent. The usual flux of m ment was also missing. Three hundred bl stood balefully near the North cellblock sta at the Mexicans, about one hundred of w were gathered under the shed to the right o blacks. Another hundred Mexicans stood fa the blacks across thirty yards of empty asp Almost all whites stayed back. Among these two dozen young Nazis and half that many l Angels and sycophants of the motorcycle g Twenty or more whites were sprinkled among Chicanos, ready to back "homeboys" or friends. One clique of about a dozen whites s conspicuously against the East cellblock wal the last black-versus-white war they had ca the brunt of the killing, and had notched nu ous other prison stabbings and murders. It the strongest white clique, but its number the general population had been depleted officials locking them up in segregation. The violent, the clique was not especially racist; is, it would not *start* a race war. But it had n Chicano friends, and when it had almost trouble with a larger Mexican clique, other M cans had sided with the white clique. Now t Mexicans were in the forefront, facing the bla

Guards, too, were aware of the volatile si tion. Half a dozen with rifles and a sergeant an antiquated but effective Thompson

gun poised on the gunrail twenty feet
ıe ground. Most were lined up on the
blacks had killed three guards and
ınother dozen in other California prisons
ıe preceding year), but one black guard
spicuously lined up on the Mexicans.
s the situation in San Quentin.
aredown went on for ten minutes while
shalls continued to disgorge prisoners
yard, swelling the ranks. The riflemen
d an open riot. Then, from the sidelines,
and Chicano appeared. They were
The black was a prizefighter so out-
everyone in the prison that nobody
ıre to fight him. He was also a dope fiend
egarded racial lines to satisfy his vice.
ıot known as a militant, though some sus-
im of undercover agitation. The Chicano
er of a clique of fifteen, whose members
ıong the Mexicans under the shed. When
reached the center of the empty asphalt,
ck prizefighter motioned toward the
anged near the wall. Two came forward.
ead was shaved and oiled so that it glis-
the wan morning light. He was high
he Black Muslims. The other wore tiny
ınklin glasses and a bushy Afro. Both
and slender.
uartet stood in a tight circle. The blacks
gestured, tense with ire and accusation.
cano took over, held the floor, and the
ıtion went on while the yard gate was opened and the steam whistle blew the morning work call. Half the convicts in the yard streamed out, glad to avoid possible trouble. The warriors on each side remained. So did the riflemen, allowing the conference to go on because it might settle the incident without further bloodshed.

The conference broke up. The Mexican stalked back to his followers, said something and gestured toward the gate. His clique left the yard. The black spokesmen went to the throng along the North cellblock. A dozen blacks crowded tight around them, listening to what was said.

The public address system blared an order to clear the yard.

The confrontation broke apart, became clots of walking men. In minutes the yard was empty except for a few convicts with long-handled dustpans and small brooms sweeping up orange peels from the breakfast ration. Rumor had it that the trouble had been avoided. No whites knew what was said. Days later the truth was revealed. The Mexican clique leader had disowned the assailant, claiming he was a Nazi, not a Chicano; hence no trouble between brown and black.

"Both assailant and victim came from worlds where it was impossible to conceive, much less articulate, the senselessness of murder arising from locked stares and nothing more."

WHILE THE TROUBLE WAS BREWING between Chicano and black at the school building, another fuse was being lighted elsewhere. Two burly whites with reputations as brawlers had swindled a black for twenty papers of heroin, giving him a phony $100 bill. An hour after the



Juan Genoves / Courtesy Marlborough Gallery, N.Y.C.

confrontation in the yard, the swindled black and his friends trapped the two whites on a stairway in the South cellblock and began swinging knives. The whites, both young and strong, managed to fight off being killed, but they were badly carved up and hospitalized.

The leading white clique knew about the burn, knew what lay behind the stabbing, and judged that it was justice. The knifing was over narcotics, not race. But to the prison's hate-filled young blacks, all events involve race. Nothing occurs unrefracted through racialist lenses, often delusional.

A religious doctrine of hate

THE PHENOMENON OF ENRAGED BLACKS existed in prison long before anyone dreamed of Detroit, Watts, or the hot summers of the late Sixties. Indeed, both Malcolm X and Eldridge Cleaver first experienced racial militance in prison. But what is relatively new and what increases racial polarization in prison beyond conciliation is the mutative leap in black militant rhetoric. This rhetoric is heard within the prison walls by unsophisticated minds and gives those blacks who already hate all whites a rationale for murder. Such a black takes "off the pig" and "ten for one" as a license. He can find murder to be the means of assuming dignity in his own eyes, in having identity. Blacks have taken to killing prison guards, without any hope of getting away, almost as if seeking martyrdom —as a form of suicide.

Everyone understands that blacks have been brutalized by generations of institutionalized racism, and recently by inertia and indifference. What the sympathetic fail to grasp is that sometimes the psychological truncation is so great that it cannot be repaired. Nothing is left but hate. They have no desire—no motivation—for anything except revenge and license for whatever they desire. Additionally, they've decided that they are political prisoners. The black realizes that he has committed a crime, or has acted against the statutes. However, the claim of "political prisoner" comes from the argument that he was formed by a corrupt system, that his acts are a result thereof, and therefore he cannot be held responsible. Secondarily, he feels that he has never been a part of this system, but is still in slavery, and consequently the white laws do not apply to him. Such personalities are often found in prison, where the flower of black racism is blossoming, virulent and paranoid. Many white convicts are equally dangerous and intractable, but they at least intellectually accept that their acts are wrong. And even white racists recognize that their attitudes are no longer approved, to be shouted, whereas blacks are open in their racism. The catechism of Elijah Muhammad's Black Muslims that all whites are "l that Moses raised on their hind legs and le the caves has wide following in prison. Suc trines seem absurd, but blacks with third educations and Baptist parents who incu them with an inability to function withou religion believe this doctrine as zealou devout Catholics believe in the Immaculat ception. Elijah allows them to have God an Whitey too. Black Muslims, however, inc violence. Separatist and racist, the cult e violence except in self-defense. Muslims fo moral code John Calvin would have appro

Other blacks, particularly the Panthers attained a political consciousness transc racism. They realize it isn't white convict oppress them. They will war for their kin they do so with misgivings, just as many warriors do, knowing their enemy is else But race relations in California prisons reached such an impasse that politically blacks make no attempt to reach white co a potentially rich vein of revolutionaries white convicts, all too aware that guards seize writings proclaiming white genocid the joys of bayoneting a pregnant white w see all blacks as animals, a direct threat.

The space between

SUCH WAS THE GENERAL SITUATION wh Mexican stabbed the black in the Eas block (he wasn't hurt bad and immediate formed on his assailant) and the two white stabbed over the heroin swindle.

Noon came, and again the yard was fille convicts. Again there was the open spac tween races. This time whites faced black a few Mexicans stood with the whites. The bing of the whites was well known, but the u lying cause was less well known. All black most whites were unaware that the w whites had decided to let the matter drop.

Movement was turgid, sound subdued lunch hour was passing. Suddenly a dozen g rushed through the yard toward the North block. Something had happened there, Death Row, which is over the North cellb At the appearance of the guards, even the movement ceased. All that moved were th gulls overhead. The silence became com Moments later four white convicts rushed the cellblock, carrying a man on a litter. A g ran along beside them. As the retinue cr through the white crowd, convicts walked a side and asked what had happened. The wou man had been napping in his cell (doors i North cellblock are left unlocked) and o two blacks had crept in and stabbed him he slept. He didn't know who they were. been selected because he was white and asle

the yard both sides pulled back into tighter
. The guards overhead tightened their grips
fles. A voice cried out in rage: "Goddamn
n' niggers!" A voice yelled back: "Fuck
honky!"
me blacks thought of rushing the whites.
whites were ready. So were the riflemen
ıead. Nothing came of it. The white fury was
t uncommitted to act. Though numerically
ior (50 per cent of the population to 35 per
or blacks) whites are less united along racial
Unlike blacks, they cannot believe all
s are their brothers. There'd be nobody
ıst whom they could compete if they be-
l that way. Indignation swirled, but it
't decided to lash outward. The white who'd
stabbed in the North cellblock was just an
ge convict, not someone special. Trouble
t have subsided if that had been it.
t an hour later a fifty-year-old white convict
up the stairs into an old building housing
classrooms. He was being transferred and
ed to say goodbye to a teacher. Three blacks
waiting at the top of the stairs. They
ked the man down and began stabbing him.
'd never seen him before. They'd been
ng for any white. The teacher, hearing the
ls of struggle, opened the door, saw what
ıappening, and began blowing his whistle.
ds nearby rushed toward the scene, caught
lacks running out the stairway door. As they
led away, they yelled: "Power to the people!" The elderly white convict was slightly wounded.

The order came to lock the prison down. Each department was released separately, the convicts filtered back to the cellhouses in groups that could be supervised. Paranoia ran high, for on the narrow tiers it was impossible to keep the races apart. Who could know when, or if, the long shivs would be pulled. Men without friends, those trying to quietly serve a term and get out, were in the worst predicament. They had no allies. Warriors stayed together, knew many of their opposition, suspected others from hairstyle, mannerism, and association. Whites were indignant and afraid. Blacks were jubilant and afraid, though they waited to yell their joy until they were locked in their cells where their quips and laughter were anonymous.

Guards and freemen began a search of the prison that would continue for days and reveal hundreds of knives. Cellblocks were first. Personnel filed along the fifth tier without warning until two were before each cell. Riflemen behind them gave cover. Security bars were raised and convicts were ordered to come naked onto the tier. As soon as convicts on lower tiers knew what was happening, knives were thrown between the bars, sailing down to clatter on the floor of the bottom tier. Actually, it was unnecessary to discard the weapons, for the searchers were sadly out of physical shape, used to sitting on their asses. Before they'd finished two cells they were

"The mingling of white and Mexican doesn't mean that all Mexicans are friendly to all Anglos, or vice versa, but they are generally closer to each other than either is to blacks."



panting, unable to do more than perfunctorily raise a mattress. Many just walked into cells and [illegible]

On each tier behind the cells is a narrow service passage with plumbing and electrical conduits. Convict electricians and plumbers have access to the passages. Guards found two dozen knives and three roofing hatchets in the East cellblock passageways. The arsenal belonged to whites because the plumber and electrician were white.

The huge cellhouses were silent and motionless as tombs during the evening. Beneath the silence the furies were gathering. It had gone too far to end. Whites had to make a showing. If there was no reprisal the blacks would stab and rip off whenever they had the whim. The decision was made by many individuals rather than collectively, just as the decision to stab was made individually among blacks.

THE LOCKUP CONTINUED the next day except for essential workers. The few members of the white clique and other white militants out of their cells managed to pass a few words on a grapevine. The idea came to wait to strike until the prison was back on normal routine.

No stabbings occurred on Wednesday. The lockup was too tight. Every convict out of his cell was searched several times during the course of the day. On Thursday the West cellblock re- [illegible] and clerks were pulled from the breakfast lines and told to report to their assignments.

The associate warden called many inmates. He wanted to know the mood of the prison, the depth and intensity of the anger. But the particular associate warden is too hated, too out of communication, and those to whom he talked lacked prestige or influence in the yard. He appointed a committee to "cool" the situation, but those on the committee were without respect among their peers, especially the blacks on it: the very fact that they'd talk to the "chief pig" closed them away from their brethren.

While the associate warden was holding interviews, the blacks struck again. A fifty-five-year-old semi-nut was coming up the back stairs in the South cellblock. A prison character, he'd served twenty years and was a compulsive writ writer. He bothered nobody but the authorities. He gave coffee and tobacco to anyone who came to his cell and asked. He was particularly generous to blacks, mainly because they had less and did more asking. Four of these waited on the stairs. They jumped him, stabbed him in the face and neck with a fork bent so that two prongs jutted out. The wounds were superficial. Two attackers were caught immediately. Two got away, but thereafter refused to come out of their cells at mealtime through fear of retaliation. One hid under the bed. When he was locked in segregation he bellowed about the "honky we down

A black prison administrator meanwhile moned three militant white leaders. He wa them to assure him nothing more would hap Two stood silent, heads down, preferring to nothing. The third flushed, stuttered: whites have been downed, old men and s who didn't do nothin' to nobody. Next th want us to pluck our eyebrows and get a h jocker. Me, I'm not promising anything."

The whites' plan of waiting for normal ro was gaining acceptance as it was discussed. and Hells Angels backed away, claiming none of their brothers had been hit and would stay on the sidelines until that happe

The blacks were still on the offensive, not ing for Whitey to strike back. A few wo were out of their cells in the East cellb sweeping and mopping. Three blacks, alsc locked for chores, were instead roaming the f looking for a victim. Two had been involve the murder of a white tier tender in 1969.

On the fifth tier a white was standing ou a cell. The tier was empty. The white was an line convict and knew the score. When the bl started toward him, the white knew what happening. Luckily, the men in the cell bc which he stood had a twenty-inch shiv with t They handed it out. The blacks saw what pened and turned away. It was not ex cowardice. Even if they killed him, he w certainly wound one of them, and wounds w get them caught.

On the fourth tier, another white, a m cycle rider, was in front of a cell, trying to tab of acid. He worked in the messhall scu and had just gotten off duty. The cell he s before was in the center of the tier. Two bl came toward him from the rear. The third walked along the tier below and climbed up the front. The white was caught between t He saw them and sensed danger, for he backe against the rail, refusing to turn his back spread his arms, resting his hands on the ra leaning back, as if he was looking toward th above. He was probably trying to hide any dence of fear. A smart convict or a wa black or white, would have climbed up or without hesitation. This man was insuffi afraid to save his life. The black from the arrived first. He pulled a knife and rushe last ten feet. The white threw up his hands knife went between them and plunged int chest. The blacks from the rear arrived an later. One knifed the man in the back. Th gest of the trio grabbed him from behind, p his arms. The first black stabbed at his t The blade entered just above the collar drove down through his lungs and puncture heart. He continued struggling, but he already dead. The second black with a knife

ing him. There were no screams, just ago- grunts and gasps—and the horrifying of tearing flesh. Mirrors jutted from cells the tier, periscopes of men trying to see was going on. Whites began yelling and ıg the bars to drive off the killers. They watching a murder and unable to do any-

Questions were yelled from other tiers: nis! What's happening?" Answer: "Them ı' niggers downed a white dude." A black : "Gonna get all you honky mother- rs!"

e blacks ran to the rear, down the stairs. A of guards arrived on the run. Only six s were out of their cells. All were taken into ly for investigation. A bloody knife was beneath a pile of dirty clothes at the back cellblock.

an hour, the associate warden ordered the released, saying there was no evidence l done it nor even that any blacks had done instead ordered nine whites locked up. s of the victim who also worked in the n. The logic was that they might try to ıte. Meanwhile, guards had found blood on oes of three blacks, and they'd told con- g stories when questioned. The associate n allowed them to be kept locked up.

ıates in cells near the murder were ques- l. Whether any talked in the privacy of an is known only to officials, but none will testify in a courtroom, a fact evidenced by the months that have passed without an indictment.

During the afternoon the word got out that white guards would look the other way when whites struck back. Bias was long established, but outright license was something new. The unholy alliance of white guards and convicts was not mutual love but shared hatred. Until recent years, most guards have been evenhanded in dealing with convicts. Events in Soledad are what changed things. Three guards were killed within a year, all by blacks; a dozen others were stabbed.

"Prison transactions of drugs and money take place surreptitiously, small things slipped from hand to hand."

A paranoiac tension

THE SENSELESS MURDER in the East cellblock changed the minds of whites about waiting for revenge until the prison was opened. During the afternoon, blacks yelled: "Kill them honkies! The pigs got Brother Leroy and J.T., jive-ass motherfuckers!"

Whites were quiet, saying nothing. When the slow unlock for supper began, one tier at a time, faces showed how things were going. Groups of blacks were laughing and joking. Whites were glum, brooding.

Whistles suddenly bleated as the fifth tier was unlocked. When the guards arrived, they found two blacks in their cell, lying in their blood. One



Edward Bunker

WAR BEHIND WALLS

walked out, seriously wounded. The other was half under the bed, spuming blood from his mouth with each breath, indicating a punctured lung. A gunrail guard had four whites covered, and blacks on the tier were pointing them out. Most guards were uninterested in investigating what had happened. The victims lived. They claimed that two whites had started stabbing them the moment the doors were opened; and that two other whites had held the other blacks at bay. The whites claimed that they were attacked and had taken the knives from the blacks.

Forty-eight hours passed without a stabbing. The lockup separated the antagonists. The weekend approached. Officials discussed return to normal. Kitchen workers were already on fairly regular routine. The kitchen has a locker room and shower area isolated from the rest of the kitchen. To get to it, one must go up a very narrow, concrete-walled stairway. More than one unsolved murder has occurred in this locker room area, the last one a stool pigeon whose jugular was literally torn from his throat. A guard supervises the shower room,but duties sometimes take him elsewhere.

On Saturday morning, half a dozen whites filed up the stairs, each with a knife in his belt. Five blacks were in the room, shaving, showering, rinsing their hands, taking a piss. One saw the attack and ran through a door into a wire enclosure, bracing himself and holding the door closed. The other four blacks had nowhere t
In seconds, blood was splattering the w
Blacks were running in circles, bumping
each other, followed by the knives. One b
lowered his head and charged at the na
entrance to the stairs. Two Hells Angels
waiting. He got past them, but when he stum
out he was wounded several times and a shiv
hanging from his buttocks. He rushed int
kitchen proper where a sergeant was eati
pilfered sandwich. "I'm hit," he said, T-
bloody. The sergeant answered: "You ain't
that bad, boy. Stand off there until I
finished."

The wounded black who got away saved
lives of the others. The whites, believing the al
was given, fled before finishing off the other t
blacks. One died, his spinal column severed
went into a coma and never came out of it.

The kitchen sergeant's attitude mirrored
investigation. The victims were never sh
photos to identify. Higher officials were crip
by the indifference, if not recalcitrance, of t
subordinates, who were not even making ar
tempt to apprehend anyone.

"Snitch" letters bypassed the guard leve
the warden. He ordered several whites locked
Three were innocent. One of them had b
locked in his own cell during the attack.
warden apparently didn't care: he wanted so
thing to show Sacramento.



cks stopped laughing. Usually they jump crowd in, bump into someone, and refuse nple amenity of excusing themselves. Now, nly, everyone was respectful of each other blacks and whites who'd been friends, since childhood, passed without speaking, rely nodded recognition, eyes hard. No friendships existed across racial lines.

stfight broke out between three whites and lacks on the morning following the kitchen . Whistles shrilled; a rifle went off. Nobody urt, but more men were locked in segrega- Tension remained near general paranoia. vorld absolutely integrated, each cell iden- vith each other, each man eating the same and wearing the same clothes, the race l was malevolent and intractable. Nor was a sanctuary where any man could relax. the cells were dangerous. A ten-ounce jar filled with gasoline could be hurled st the bars and a match thrown on it. This appened before. Going to eat, the prisoners in crowds. A group of whites or blacks be gathered in a doorway or on a stair ıg. A man of the opposite color had to pass en them to reach his cell. Nobody could if it was an ambush. A white was attacked cisely such a setting: he ducked the knife and ran. Ten minutes later, in another cell- , a white lunged at a black, but exposed his before he was in range. The black saw it olted down the tier.

nvicts in the North cellblock reached a No attacks would be made in the building. de the building it was open season. Neither ntirely believed the other (no white can for *every* white, nor any black for *every*).

e associate warden's committee of inmates llowed to roam the cellblocks at night, hope- to talk to militants and end the war. One used the unlock to take a shower. Three s trapped him in the showers; he was ed in the neck. Miraculously, he survived.

Quentin's surgeons are probably the 's foremost experts on stab wounds. Many ners are saved who would certainly die from ır wounds outside.) Three black guards ed the cellblock that night. They protected ack attackers just as white guards protected s.

e next day a friend of the latest victim d into a crowd of blacks with a knife. They red. The rifleman fired a shot. He was ıt with the knife.

other Saturday arrived. No stabbings for days. The prison was on regular schedule. ding the weekend movie. One of the blacks ved in the shower stabbing was at the movie. ı the lights went on and the crowd surged d the exits, whites tried to stab him in the A black yelled a warning. The intended victim darted through the throng, slightly wounded, so slightly that he didn't go to the hospital.

Minutes later, a hundred blacks bunched under the weather shed, facing an equal number of whites lined up against the East cellblock wall. Chicanos and nonmilitants left the yard. Extra riflemen hurried into position.

And music blared very loud over the public address system.

Only two of the white clique were still on the mainline. The rest were in segregation. Tired of the confrontations leading to nothing, the two whites walked toward the blacks, as if going for a drink of water at a fountain amid them. They reached the fountain and turned, as if drinking. One small black eased forward through the crowd. Half a dozen others moved with him. The whites suddenly turned, one with a roofing hatchet, the other with a shiv, challenging the blacks. The blacks froze. The one who'd been creeping up darted back through the crowd, throwing a knife away, frightened both by the challenge and the staccato clacking of rifle bullets being levered into firing chambers above. Ground guards closed in. The whites, now exposed, turned back to their comrades, many of whom had come off the wall when it looked as if a brawl was starting. A black guard kept one of the two whites in sight, picked him from the crowd, and got the knife. The other white got rid of the hatchet.

A huge, 350-pound black walked beside the guards, pointing out which whites should be searched. He was later locked up for his own protection.

ONCE MORE THE CONVICTS were locked in their cells. Again the administration returned to normal schedule. Two months passed without a racial stabbing, a hundred men still segregated; others have been transferred. Nobody has been indicted for any of the stabbings or murders. Marin County wants no San Quentin convicts in its courtroom, especially when convictions are hard to obtain. For every convict who'll testify for the prosecution, fifty will testify for the defense.

Nothing has been resolved. The races are more estranged than ever. Weapons are stockpiled. Anyone who talks moderation is in danger of being killed as a "Tom" or a "nigger lover." Men who were moderate are now filled with loathing and hate. Blacks are more certain that all whites are racists bent on genocide, and whites see all blacks as uncivilized brutes. Something will ignite another race war in a week, a month, or six months—and nobody can explain what either side will gain. In California prisons it's too late for rapprochement between races. Could it be a precursor for society as a whole? □

"San Quentin's surgeons are probably the world's foremost experts on stab wounds. Many prisoners are saved who would certainly die from similar wounds on the outside."



Senators playing with
the toys of ambition

THE PRESIDENTIAL NURSERY

by Neil MacNeil

WITH THE PRESIDENTIAL primaries upon us, the idle and the curious must wonder at the astonishing number of United States Senators who have offered themselves for the job. If it's any consolation, this is nothing new. Since the earliest years of the republic Senators have been aching to sit where George Washington sat.

In some mysterious way, the Senate appears to inspire its inmates with an uncontrollable lust for the Presidency. Every four years or so, the disease breaks out, and Senators, often dozens at a time, begin to regard themselves as "the next President of the United States." We have been experiencing such an epidemic in recent months, and there seems to be no simple cure for it.

In Washington, there's an old cliché that when a Senator looks in a mirror he sees a President. The ailment takes several known forms, ranging from a headlong plunge into national notoriety to the less candid, but more intriguing, artifice of announcing repeatedly and with becoming modesty that "I am not *now* a candidate . . ." The Presidential virus is colloquially known as "getting the bug." Early symptoms include a plethora of public pronouncements on subjects about which the Senator has previously shown little interest and no particular competence. Foreign policy is a special favorite. Another sign, sure to excite suspicion, is the publication of a book by the Senator (usually ghostwritten by his staff), summoning the nation to reorder its priorities. Shortly thereafter, an afflicted Senator starts acrobatic posturing on all public questions. This is normally combined with a frenetic rushing around the country for no apparent rational reason. Once infected a Senator can be cured only with intensive care, usually accompanied by continued shortfalls in the popularity polls and a drying-up of campaign funds.

Of all the Senatorial hopefuls over all the years of the republic—185 years—only two have ever been elected President: Warren Harding in 1920 and John Kennedy forty years later. It is true that a number of men who had been Senators have later been elected President, but by then they had left the Senate and taken other occupations. Yet this striking history of failure has done nothing to discourage later Senators.

Over the years American voters have preferred to elect their Presidents from state governors or hero generals (not admirals). In the early years, there was a run on Secreta of State, and from John Adam Richard Nixon the Vice-Presid have shown remarkable success in coming President, one way or other. So far, eleven Veeps h stepped up. For all that, Senators don't want to be Vice-Presiden governor of their states. "We will accept the Vice-Presidency," once said, but he changed his m John Kennedy once had a chanc run for governor of Massachus but he flinched at the idea. "W wants to sit in a corner office,' asked, "and deal out sewer contrac

LOOK AT THE SENATE TODAY. Th are in that staid chamber eno Presidential hopefuls—past, pres and in-the-immediate-offing—to ply the White House with occup for at least a full century, serving atim. Consider Hubert Humphre Minnesota, Barry Goldwater of zona, and Strom Thurmond of So Carolina, all of whom in the past h actually been nominated by their p tical parties. Or Stuart Symingto Missouri, Margaret Chase Smit Maine, Jacob Javits of New York, Charles Percy of Illinois, who h maneuvered for, but lost, the nom tion in the past. Then there are B Bayh of Indiana, Harold Hughe

Neil MacNeil, chief Congressional correspondent for Time, *is the author of* Forge of Democracy: The House of Representatives.

Fred Harris of Oklahoma, and
m Proxmire of Wisconsin, all
om have already stabbed at the
nomination and then quit.
it's an imposing list by itself.
e still haven't come to the Sena-
ho are now in the race for the
lency: Edmund Muskie of
, George McGovern of South
a, Henry Jackson of Washing-
or sure, along with Humphrey,
d-pro workhorse, out to trot one
Then there is Teddy Kennedy,
ird of the Senator-brothers in
esidential business.
ally, there is a fluctuating list of
; Senators who are regarded by
resident-watchers as likely can-
s of the future: Walter Mondale
innesota, Charles Mathias of
and, Edward Brooke of Massa-
tts, Mark Hatfield of Oregon,
t Dole of Kansas, and Howard
of Tennessee, among others.
t year there were so many Dem-
c Senators cavorting about the
al landscape in quest of Presi-
l support that Larry O'Brien,
Democratic national chairman,
larm that they would spend all
arty's available political funds
the 1972 election campaign
began. He called them all to a
e meeting at his Washington
nent and pleaded with them to
money to combat President
this year.

BRIEN HAD A ticklish problem.
From the beginning, self-esteem
ways been a malady of the Sen-
nd the presidentialitis in the Sen-
is really been an offshoot from
In the earliest years, Senators
to believe they were the rein-
tion of the Senate of Imperial
. They drew about themselves
gas of self-importance with a
ur that at the time caused con-
ble public comment. Yet it was
ntil the 1830s that the Presiden-
rus permeated the Senate, with
rival of Henry Clay of Kentucky,
l Webster of Massachusetts, and
C. Calhoun of South Carolina,
ually jealous for the office. "By
ernal!" roared President Jack-
whose job they wanted. "I'll
smash them!" Smash them he did. Not one of them reached the White House.

Of course Webster, Clay, and Calhoun were not the only Senators who hungered for the Presidency. There were many others, notably the ever-pompous Thomas Hart Benton of Missouri. "When he goes to the West," one of Benton's associates remarked, "he thinks the East tips up." Presidential ambitions had become so rampant among Senators that the Senate of their time was, in one contemporary's opinion, "a sort of nursery for Presidential candidates." An observer exclaimed in the 1850s: "They are going about the country like dry-goods drummers, exhibiting samples of their wares." It is a Senatorial tactic not yet gone out of style.

"Legislation is impaired and public business ruined," protested Andrew Johnson, "because the Senate is President-making." Last year, a century and more after Andrew Johnson's complaint, the Senate's majority leader, Mike Mansfield of Montana, had difficulty conducting the Senate's business because of the absenteeism of so many Senators seeking Presidential help in places other than Washington.

In his brief abortive Presidential campaign last year, Senator Harris mailed out one brochure that probably suggested a great deal about the Senatorial ego. "The birthday of Fred R. Harris is not a national holiday—yet," the slightly facetious brochure read. "But with your help, it *can* be!" Alas, poor Harris, the fellow had visions of being declared a day of national rest.

INCUMBENT PRESIDENTS, members of the House of Representatives, and others have tended to take a somewhat uncharitable view of Senators and their pretensions. President Nixon's distaste for the Senate is well known, even in the Senate, and Lyndon Johnson as President frequently showed a surliness toward his old colleagues that went beyond contempt. It was not an unprecedented attitude.

They still tell the story around Washington that one night President Cleveland was awakened by his wife with the alarming information that there were burglars in the house. "Oh, no, my dear," replied the drowsy President. "There may be in the Senate, but surely not in the House."

An informer once reportedly told President Grant that Senator Charles Sumner of Massachusetts, a renowned egotist, did not believe in the literal truth of the Bible. "Why should he?" growled Grant, who rarely sparkled in repartee. "He didn't write it."

Perhaps no President felt a greater scorn for the Senate and its members than Woodrow Wilson. His stinging rebuke to a band of filibustering Senators as "a little group of willful men, representing no opinion but their own" is famous. Less familiar is his comment on Senatorial intellect: "The Senators of the United States have no use for their heads except as a knot to keep their bodies from unraveling."

Those sympathetic to a President's travail have always disliked Senators as a breed. Henry Adams, grandson of one President and great-grandson of another, had been struck by the bizarre and even extravagant egotism of Senators. To Adams they "could not be burlesqued; they were more grotesque than ridicule could make them." "If I ever turn communist," Adams had a character remark in one of his novels, "it will be for the fun of murdering a Senator."

CONTEMPT FOR SENATORS has been common in the House of Representatives. By general Washington usage, Senators have long been at liberty to imagine themselves crowning their careers with the Presidency, but no such humors are permitted mere Representatives. In political Washington, it is regarded as an impertinence for a Representative to indicate that he might offer himself for the job. Only last year when Wilbur Mills of Arkansas began to emit those telltale signals that designate a Presidential ambition, there were bemused smiles all over town. The pervasive view was that Mills, chairman of the

prestigious House Ways and Means Committee, must have unfortunately turned eccentric and no longer had a full set of dishes. It didn't matter that Representative Mills was universally recognized in Congress as its most powerful and influential legislator, nor that he was more experienced in the great game of Washington power politics than *any* of the Senatorial hopefuls. In fact, he had served more years in Congress than the *combined* total of five of the then Senatorial candidates for President.

For generations, the members of the House have felt the sting of resentment at the enlarged world that even freshmen Senators automatically inherit with their office. Back in the 1890s, Speaker of the House Tom Reed loved nothing more than to mock the Senate and its Presidential hopefuls. It was a side of Reed that endeared him to his colleagues. For sheer devilment, Reed once wrote a sardonic "History of the United States," imagining how things would be a half-century in the future. By then, he wrote, the American people would have realized how inadequately qualified had been the Presidents chosen under the original Constitution. Therefore, the Constitution would be changed to provide that the President be chosen by the Senate from among its own members. The vote would be by secret ballot. In careful detail, Reed described how that first vote for President in the Senate would take place under the new scheme. The result he foresaw was stunning: each Senator had received exactly one vote: each had voted for himself. "Never until that moment," Reed mocked, "had the people realized that . . . the Senate of the United States was one level mass of wisdom and virtue, perfect in all its parts, and radiant from North to South with that light of intelligence which never shone on sea or shore."

For all Speaker Reed's mockery, a Senator once did propose electing the President almost as Reed envisioned. In 1808, Senator James Hillhouse of Connecticut formally introduced in the Senate a Constitutional amendment to have the President chosen by lot from among the members of the Senate. The Hillhouse plan would have reduced the Presidential term to just one year; that would have passed the job around to more Senators. Mercifully, Hillhouse's amendment was never brought to a vote. "It will not always insure the best talents," he himself conceded in Senate debate.

BUT IF THERE HAS BEEN ridicule of the Senate and its members for their pretensions, there can be no doubt but that there are in Washington those who have helped stimulate those pretensions. The Washington press corps bears a special responsibility. Most of the Washington correspondents pay an obeisance to the Senate second only to the attention they give the White House. The reporters flock to the Senate galleries and busy themselves interviewing Senators on every conceivable subject. A Senator understandably stands taller because of this. After all, through these reporters the Senator addresses a far wider public than regularly wades through the turgid pages of the *Congressional Record*. When a Senator speaks, the press magnifies his words to thunder, rolling from coast to coast.

Washington hostesses have also contributed mightily to the ego problem. To land a Senator or two for dinner is an accomplishment likely to gain the hostess notoriety on the society page, no mean thing for those who care about such matters.

But the root source of presidentialitis has to be found within the Senate itself. The place leads most Senators to believe that they are peculiarly suited for the job of President. They are courted, even by Presidents. They deal constantly with grave matters of state. Even a Senator of average intellect can pick up enough of the jargon to sound knowledgeable to the outside world. They enjoy, under the Senate's rules, an unlimited freedom to spread their views freestyle in Senate debate, and, because of this, many of them come to believe that their talk is more important than action. The elaborate deference Senators are taught to show to each other in Senate debate, the fulsome flattery they use on each other in public, do nothing to give a Senator an infe ority complex. The Senate's ways ta their toll on even unassuming men.

YET EVEN AS HIS OWN self-este is being fed, the Senator looks his colleagues with a different ey Naturally enough, Senators meet many places off the Senate floor—t cloakrooms, the lobbies, their priva offices, the Senate gym. They call ea other familiarly by their given nam without the formalities reserved f public places. They are great gossi and they love to swap stories. On a off the floor, they are in constant c lision, and the collisions engend animosities. They see the other f low's weaknesses, compromises, a jealousies. The sum of it all is th they respect each other a great de less than they say they do when on pu lic performance on the Senate stag

Back in 1960, before the Preside tial primaries, an Ohio Senato Stephen Young, one day watch John Kennedy working out in t Senate pool. He promptly announc that he could not support Kennedy f President: Kennedy was too skinn The fact is that, stripped, Senators a not an impressive lot. That, howeve is the way Senators really see ea other—stripped of the formal par phernalia and without the protecti rubrics of the Senate's tradition self-gratulatory rites. The result predictable: even as a Senator fin more and more satisfaction in his ow credentials, he finds less reason to awed by those of his colleagues. makes the Senate ripe for preside tialitis.

Thus when one Senator catches t Presidential fever, another is almo sure to follow. It's contagious, and b fore long it's likely to spread all ov the chamber. Moreover, a Senator incited by his staff and encouraged b his wife. At worst, it means a flur of newspaper stories and televisio interviews. That puts him a cut abo those Senators who are not yet Pre dential candidates. And, who know perhaps the lightning will strike. has struck twice in the Senate, an that's better than nothing.

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SERVANTS OF THE STATE

A conversation with Daniel Ellsberg



Human considerations aren't as readily seen in the headlines, where men are more frequently symbols for what they have done than expressions of what they are. In the case of Daniel Ellsberg, his conveyance of the Pentagon Papers to the press has been treated almost exclusively as a public action, seemingly unconnected to dimensions of personal experience. As a result, the public has been left to ponder effects, the causes for which, like a missed landfall, lie hidden somewhere in the haze over the horizon.

The article following helps to repair that lack. Like Dr. John Parrish's memories of his tour as a medical officer in Vietnam (page 62), it implicitly assumes that such abstractions as "issue" or "policy" have their roots always in the hard g[rain] of individual experience.

The interview with Daniel Ellsberg was conducted la[te] in Chicago by Studs Terkel, author of Division Stree[t] Hard Times. *Joining the discussion were Tony Russo [El]lsberg's former colleague at RAND who only two days [be]fore had been released from jail following a sentence for con[tempt] (because he refused to testify in secret before a Los A[ngeles] grand jury concerning his association with Ellsberg) [and] Eqbal Ahmad, a fellow of the Adlai Stevenson Institute[,] has been indicted as a member of the "Harrisburg Eigh[t]" conspiracy to kidnap Presidential adviser Henry Kiss[inger].*

TERKEL: Daniel Ellsberg, your name is known to quite a few Americans these days. You let the country and the world know about a series of documents called the Pentagon Papers. Where do we begin?

ELLSBERG: We could begin when I met Tony Russo. I guess, the first week I got to Saigon in 1965. I was there for the State Department. I'd volunteered to go out with General Lansdale, who had a vaguely defined job to work with political development in Vietnam. I ended up looking at the pacification program in the field and traveling around Saigon a great deal. Tony had been there before I arrived, working for the RAND Corporation, interviewing prisoners and defectors.

Because I'd worked for RAND, I went over to the office soon after I got to Saigon to get filled in.

RUSSO: I remember that it was afternoon and I was the only person in the RAND office at the time. This fellow came to the door and said, "Hi, is this the RAND office?" I said, "Sure, come in. Have a seat, make yourself at home." And he said, "My name's Daniel Ellsberg."

We sat down and started talking and he said, "I've just gotten into town. Tell me what's happening here." So I begin to talk, and this guy pulls out a notebook and starts writing furiously. I said, "Who's this freak?"

As I was later to find out, this freak had a *thirst* for information, knowledge. He always wanted to know what was going on. He was always compiling information. When I was satisfied and thought I understood a situation, he was still butting his head up against it. He was so stubborn.

TERKEL: Suppose you explain RAND. We think of RAND as involving intellectuals, men who are technicians and specialists. What's their work?

ELLSBERG: I'd have to answer that very differently now than if you'd asked me ten years ago. I worked for them, and you know I haven't said much about RAND because I've caused RAND a lot of trouble, a lot of it undeserved. Secretary of Defense Laird came down on them as a scapegoat for breaches in their system of secrecy. I could give Secretary Laird a list of cases when in the course of my daily work I had to Xerox material i[n] *his* suite of offices and b[ring] it back, and I can say it [was] was a lot easier than doi[ng] at RAND.

TERKEL: I was thinkin[g] RAND itself, of how brill[iant] young men, or old men, [are] working these days, or h[ave] been working in the past.

ELLSBERG: As Tony te[lls] one anecdote after anoth[er] his forty-seven days in j[ail] so many analogies come through. His description the role of the informer i[n] jail struck me as analog[ous] to the point of view of a number of intellectuals I known in my life who se[rve] the government, and wh[o] themselves as spending t[heir] lives giving useful infor[ma]tion to men in power. As as you're convinced that men in power are servin[g]

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urposes from a social,
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the role, basically, of
iers in a prison.

D: I am very interested
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on to this because these
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ey have experienced
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seats of power in this
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powerless majority of
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BERG: I don't feel
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D: What I am asking
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tions that wield power
country?

BERG: I've become
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any people feel power-
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increasingly it's
se they've been told
powerless, for a long
ll their lives.

D: They've bought it.

ELLSBERG: They've bought it. Yeah, but they're indoctrinated along these lines by people who protect their own power that way. Because there are two parts to that message they hear: one part is, by *yourself*, you're powerless. The other side is: if you join up, you can share in this power, you can plug in. The power will flow through you; at least you'll be a part of it.

That double notion has a very great coercive effect in itself. It makes people terrified of the idea of being cut off from that machine. It's a kind of fear, a social control, that does not merely mean, "I'm going to have trouble finding a job if I lose this one," or "What will my friends say?" but an emotional, vague, gut fear, horror at the idea of being cut off.

TERKEL: Could I suggest this incident? I remember a cabdriver whose life was obviously pretty wretched. He was telling me of all his woes and personal humiliations. Suddenly, on the subject of Vietnam, he says, "By God, we gotta win, 'cause we gotta be number one." "We" being the government, the United States. He says "we" have to be number one because he is number nothing.

ELLSBERG: That's it. This set of attitudes forms a kind of society that's stable in a particular way, which gives power to particular people. This is the way I increasingly see it. I've been in no communication with anyone from RAND. On my part, I didn't want to entangle them unnecessarily. On their part, not one of the 500 professionals at RAND, where I worked nine years, has sent me a postcard or made a telephone call. I'm sure a number of them are sympathetic, but a great many, I'm sure, are very angry at me. My inference is that they're afraid to be in any kind of communication with me.

I have a feeling that a lot of them see me with a kind of horror—not just anger, but with an awe of the sort that you'd have for an astronaut who stepped out of that capsule and cut his umbilical cord and just floated off into space and had become weightless, drifting in a black void, because he cut himself off from the capsule and from NASA, and the U.S. government, and the U.S. budget that supports that entire system—no salary, no Mama, no Papa. He's become part of a vast nothingness.

I think four-year-olds have fantasies like that, and that's just what the men in power are speaking to, those four-year-old fantasies of what the world would be like when the mother went away. And the mother is the U.S. Executive Branch.



TERKEL: The implication is that you feel liberated now?

ELLSBERG: Oh yeah. My wife Patricia knew me at that earlier period when I was in the Pentagon working for men who were in effect addicted to the flow of secret information that passed their desks. It was like electricity coursing through their veins. In fact, the speed of decision-making, flickering from one part of the world to another—a weapons system to be decided on, or one set of decisions about force levels, or big wars or little wars—from moment to moment, almost a kaleidoscopic kind of effect, gave their lives an electric excitement to which they were clearly addicted and which they could not imagine living without.

That was before the dope craze. The specific dope that one hears about now, "speed," with its particularly apt name, would have described what they were doing. They were nervous men, constantly flipping pencils, constantly drumming on tables, cracking their knuckles, as they moved from one decision to another with this hypnotic fascination. The course of power, however, could only be theirs if they stayed in line, if they toed the mark, and in a way to be judged by their bosses minute by minute. They could lose access to that flow of information in minutes, if they made the wrong move. They would not be invited to the next White House meeting. They would no longer be in it, be part of it.

I remember once I came back from a trip to Vietnam when I was accompanying the Secretary of Defense, and we came down at Andrews Field. It was a foggy day at about six in the morning. We'd flown for seventeen hours, I think. Secretary McNamara flew in a tanker, a converted tanker. With one refueling you could go halfway around the world. It had no windows. As we came down in the fog, there were banks of television lights set up and reporters waiting with banks of microphones. As we came down off the plane, the world was waiting, in effect, and images—do you remember the old Joel McCrea movie, *Foreign Correspondent*?—you know, the glamour of this particular kind of living atop the . . .

TERKEL: . . . man in a trench coat . . .

ELLSBERG: . . . yeah, the trench coat . . . living on top of the world, the world waiting. And I remember describing that to Patricia, the electricity of that drama, and saying, "I hope I never become corrupted and addicted by that kind of drama."

These men were. Their superiors, up to the President, who could control their access to that kind of excitement, had total coercive power over them. So we're now back to your question of what are the real restraints that keep these men in line. Why did a George Ball, who expressed himself so clearly and with such foresight about the morass and horror that we were getting ourselves into, never get out of line and speak to the public about it, either when he was in or when he was out? All of these men really always want to get back into the government.

When the Pentagon Papers came out, George Ball, of course, received credit which was due him for what he'd said internally at the time. He spoke boldly, for a bureaucrat, and certainly with great foresight in 1965 and 1966 about where we were going.

I recently saw George Ball on a program— *Meet the Press*, I think it was, or *Face the Nation*, one of those—and they quoted to him what he had said internally, what he had felt about Vietnam. And then they quoted to him what he was saying publicly at the same time, which was exactly the opposite. And his answer was, "When you speak to the public, you take the Administration position. That's your role." He was saying parenthetically, "You want to keep your influence within the system . . ."

At the time he was speaking of, he had been the Under Secretary of State, the number two man in the State Department. He had been confirmed by the Senate in that role. He was surely seen as a man of power. In explaining why he had felt perfectly easy about lying to the public about what his own true views were in matters of life and death, and why he felt unapologetic about admitting this now, years later, he said, "After all, we're just hired hands of the President." And I thought, is that the way for a high official of a republic to see himself? Is that why the Senate confirmed his appointment? So that he could be counted on to lie to them reliably when the President asked him to, on a matter of war and peace?

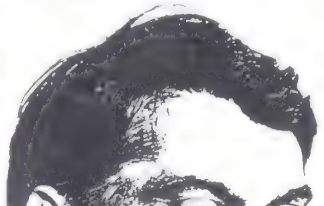
Those men have a self-image of powerlessness except as loyal servants, not of the Constitution, not of their countrymen, not of humanity, but of the man who hired them.

TERKEL: He used the phrase "hired hands"? *He* used the phrase? If ever there were the low guy on the totem pole, it's the hired hand. That's the way he saw himself?

ELLSBERG: Day laborer. But these men were not even day laborers. They were hour laborers. They could lose their job: they had their job on an option that could expire in thirty seconds, if their face showed the wrong expression in the course of a White House meeting.

Let me go back to where we were a moment ago. I met an Indian girl years ago, a Gandhian, who gave me a vision of a different way of living and resistance, of exercising power, nonviolently, in terms of telling truth, basically. You know, the Gandhian notion of *satyagraha* means "truth force," and truth-telling as a form of power. And I saw a time of great chaos in our society, looming chaos. As I talked to her, Martin Luther King began to seem to me our hope, our last hope. He was killed that weekend . . . You were with me, Eqbal, at that conference.

The next time I saw you here in Chicago, at a conference at the Adlai Stevenson Institute. By that time, in the spring of '68, I'd been working a good deal, behind the scenes, on the Vietnam policy speeches of Robert Kennedy. Then I saw him as the hope. So . . . you remember it was while we were here at that conference that Robert Kennedy was killed. That's a way to feel powerless, and you start feeling powerless. I don't know.



AHMAD: I think we are all going through that kind of sense of helplessness. It's very sad that our hopes were so pinned on individuals, because only individuals seemed to promise an honest working of a system that seemed to have failed to be accountable and honest toward the public. I think it is that phenomenon that makes the death of people like Robert Kennedy and Martin Luther King so very poignant and so risky.

TERKEL: Isn't Eqbal's point the key to almost everything that you've been saying all along, Dan and Tony? The fact that the death of certain individuals is so overwhelming. Life is so tenuous—it would seem, the life of humankind depends upon the lives of these *particular* individuals.

ELLSBERG: At that po
I was still working for
President. When I cam
from Vietnam, thinkin
we must get out, my wh
stinct had been to work
people who might be P
dent. I would talk to an
to tell him what I thoug
the truth about Vietnar
that he as President mi
influenced by it. I said
would do that for Geor
Wallace; I would have
it for Nixon. As a matte
fact, I did talk to Henry
Kissinger, who was the
working for Rockefelle
talked to people who we
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talked to Robert Kenne
that's why I'd gotten to
Robert Kennedy and T
Kennedy and the others
I spoke a good deal seve
times to Humphrey and
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get us out. I hadn't then
the Pentagon Papers an
hadn't realized that Pre
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because of their respons
ity, almost powerless to
us out of the war becaus
cannot face the humilia
that they personally, the
parties, America in thei
name, would suffer if th
beget this failure.

At that very meeting,
when we first met,
Eqbal, one of the speak
Tom Hayden, said some
that was very arresting
although I wasn't fully
to accept it: "We should
Vietnam as a mirror."
said, "If you want to see
the United States acts to
revolution, watch us act
Vietnam."

I wasn't yet ready to a
the idea that this was
the pattern, that it was
something other than an
aberration. But I've con
enough now to see not o
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avisibility is more per-
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ercive violence secretly,
lie about it even more
ly than we can do in
In Laos we kill more
ly than in Vietnam.
Laos being less accessi-
an Vietnam to report-
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sible than Laos, almost
y inaccessible.

O: The theme of the
ner is the metaphor that
ins the whole situation.
a great deal of experi-
n Vietnam with prison-
ith Vietcong prisoners.
ked for the RAND Cor-
ion, and we had access
jails in Vietnam. I
eighteen months inten-
involved in interview-
risoners throughout
am in virtually every
f any consequence.
the spring of 1965, I be-
aware that prisoners
being tortured through-
ietnam, in all phases of
capture: as they were
red on the battlefield;
en the battlefield and
ortable tiger cage; be-
the portable tiger cage
e more substantial jail.
would get killed, sum-
y executed, during any
se phases.
as shocked. But I didn't
oo much about that. I
I always allude to it. But
tnam, amongst the so-
toughminded bureau-
military and civilian,
as labeled as being sen-
tal or a do-gooder—that
of thing—and one's
on was dismissed: "He's
bleeding heart." So I
tried to avoid that image.

I first related this to my superiors in the RAND Corporation. I said, "Hey, a lot is going on here that a lot of people don't know about. Prisoners are being tortured and that's not good for our side. Because when the Vietcong find out that prisoners . . ." How naïve *I* was! The Vietcong had known for twenty-five years how the situation was. From their point of view it hadn't changed, and the Americans were just like the French, regardless of what we call our policies.

There were two gentlemen who worked for RAND in the early days of this project, whom I retain a great deal of respect for: Professor Joseph Zasloff at the University of Pittsburgh and Professor John Donnell at Temple University. They were there for a very short time to get the project going, and they did a very good job. They even went back to the Pentagon, gave briefings, and they wrote letters to military personnel about the torture of prisoners. I wasn't present at the briefings.

ELLSBERG: I was

RUSSO: You were

ELLSBERG: I was in the Pentagon then, working as special assistant to the Assistant Secretary of Defense, John McNaughton. He died in 1967, tragically, in a plane crash that killed a lot of his family, just when I'd come back from Vietnam. In December of 1964, as I remember, just before we began the bombing of North Vietnam, which was in February of 1965, Zasloff and Donnell came to brief this study, RAND's study. They were describing the motivation of the Vietcong, why they were fighting, what had led them to join the Vietcong, and what their feelings were toward their own officers, toward their country. And their dedication, nationalism, competence—which you learned a lot about in dealing with them . . .

RUSSO: Joe Zasloff described the Vietcong cadre as possessing a monkish quality—commitment was so deep and so thorough. When Zasloff and Donnell gave their briefing to McNaughton and, I think, State Department and Defense Department officials, McNaughton's reaction was, "If the Vietcong are like that, we better get out of there right now!"

ELLSBERG: That wasn't quite it.

RUSSO: I wasn't there. You were. So please clarify it . . .

ELLSBERG: You were very close. The exact line was, "If what you say in that briefing is true, we're fighting on the wrong side."

RUSSO: Aha

ELLSBERG: That was December 1964. I don't think he doubted that it was true, though it was very startling to hear. You didn't usually hear your enemy described in this much detail, human detail. When you were mentioning a monastic quality, I remembered my friend Tran Ngoc Chau, who was, when I knew him in Vietnam, a colonel in charge of the pacification program. He'd been under Diem and had worked with Americans for years, but when he was young he'd been with the Vietminh, fighting the French, for four years. He'd become a battalion commander and eventually a division political adviser. I remember his saying that one of the great disillusioning shocks was to go far behind the lines at one point to discover a cadre officer whom he had respected tremendously living with a woman and wearing very good sandals instead of the rubber tires. It was just like discovering his father in adultery or something. It didn't seem at all consistent with his picture of what an officer should be. That was what was so amazing, the way defectors would describe their superiors and the respect they had for them.



There's another incident, a significant one as I look back on it. It was the week that I left the RAND Corporation. I was asked to come to an advisory group—it was supposedly a research group—of academics, whose work, in some degree, was funded by AID. The meeting included nearly every academic in this country who spoke Vietnamese, sitting around a table. Now a very small table can accommodate that group.

There was a tremendous amount of experience and knowledge of Vietnam at that table. I'd been invited to the meeting. I didn't know entirely the nature of the group, and Tony was there. We were hearing research papers. The first day was very stimulating. These were the people that I wanted to talk to in this country. I could learn a lot from them, and I did learn a lot from them, took a lot of notes.

By the second day I began to feel uneasy and needed to know more just what the nature of the group was, and I asked what its purpose was.

According to some of the academics, although the funding was from AID, it was for pure research. This was a basically altruistic function, and this sort of thing does occur in the government, where basic research is funded. We're back to this role of the intellectual and the state, essentially. The only function of the group was to do basic research on Vietnam. An AID representative present, however, saw it differently. He saw the relationship as an implementation of the government programs, whether the researchers wanted to see it that way or not.

Well, I'd just left RAND that very week in order to be able to speak freely, in a way that seemed impossible to do at RAND, and not because RAND officers forbade me, but because every time I criticized the war I caused great apprehension among all of my colleagues that they were about to lose their contract, and hence their jobs. I felt that this had been going on for about six or nine months, and it was unfair of me to keep subjecting them indefinitely to that kind of apprehension.

When I discovered the relationship of this research group to AID, I felt called on to say right away that, without any disrespect to any of the individuals there, I would have to separate myself from the group! "I have only one thing to say to officials on the implementation of our programs in Vietnam. Get out of Vietnam. And I don't have to be in this group to say it."

Tony, you may remember that the AID man there got very distressed at this, remember? He said, "Don't do this, Dan. You're just the sort of man we want here for this kind of advice. We need you, the government needs you, and you can do good work in this relationship." He said, "This gives you access, it gives you a chance to say what you think to the officials. And we want to hear that." He ended up very impassionedly by saying, "Don't cut yourself off. Don't cut your throat." I had to say to him, "I'm not cutting my throat." I said, "Life exists outside the Executive Branch. You know, there is nourishment. You can sustain life out there."

Somebody who's worked for the government, and especially someone who hopes to work again for the government, feels, in almost every case, constrained to be silent about his opinions if he disagrees with official policy. If he agrees with it, he will express his opinions in public, truthfully and freely, and with no risk. If he disagrees with it, he will be silent, even if he is very bold internally at expressing his opinions honestly to his superiors. One can do that. The rule that you can't break is talking out of school.

One of the reasons for my leaving RAND was my desire to speak freely about the way in which our government had been an accomplice in the imprisonment of my friend Tran Ngoc Chau. He had been pacification head in Vietnam. Then, as a deputy from Kien Hoa, the province whose capital was the town that had to be destroyed in order to be saved in Tet, he had been secretary general of the lower house of the National Assembly. He was jailed by Thieu ostensibly for seeing his Communist brother, but actually for exposing Thieu's corruption of the lower house, and because he was also calling for negotiations.

The Supreme Court of Vietnam found Chau's arrest, trial, and sentence unconstitutional. He is still in jail. This was all, in effect, with the connivance or tacit agreement of our embassy and our ambassador there, Ellsworth Bunker, and I just felt it essential that I be free to say this publicly.



RUSSO: The roughest time in my life began the day I arrived in Saigon. I felt this frustration, and the only thing that saved me was the fact that other people felt it too. My younger colleagues at RAND—there were three, four, who were my age—we used to sit and talk amongst ourselves about the torture of prisoners in Vietnam.

I have finally understood why we torture people in Vietnam—because we torture people *here*. The American advisers to the people who run the prisons in Vietnam are retired wardens, retired policemen, retired highway patrolmen, people who work in the so-called law-and-order field here in the United States.

I knew a man who worked for USAID public safety who had been a warden here in the United States. I used to try to talk to him and try to get some reason out of him concerning the prisons, the condition of prisons in Vietnam. He would always come back to his experience with prisons here in the United States. I would keep talking to him about Vietnamese prisoners; he would keep talking to me about American prisoners. We were always in different places. He was trying to get across to me that convicts are scum. He said, "We go to all this trouble to keep them in prisons when we should take them out in a ship and drop them out at se throw them overboard. They're worthless huma beings. There's no reaso keep them alive. They're good to anybody." Whe look back on the experie of the past forty-seven d it all falls into place. Bet went to jail I had an int tual understanding of th and I felt, "Sure, I know don't have to go to jail t derstand that. I know it' I know that people misu stand. I know they're bi I know there's a good de racism." Had I not gone prison, I think that I nev would have understood of things.

ELLSBERG: There's a p that Gandhians use a lot translates as "speaking t to power." Somebody ca up with it spontaneously cently in a suggestion as title for a book of writin that I have done in the p most of it while I was w ing for the government. made me very uneasy. I myself very skeptical ab that phrase; at the least, ambiguous, because cert all of our former colleag at RAND, or in the gover ment, I think, would hav thought of what they we doing, their professiona lives, as "speaking truth power." To be sure, they speaking truth *for* powe some of them were also ing lies for power, but th figured that that was the they paid for the right th they got, on government roll or on government co tract, to speak truth *to* p And it certainly seemed me, increasingly, that th was so much self-decepti involved that I had to sta back and really think ha about it. About just what of truth you spoke to po when you were working power, when you found whole livelihood depend on it, when you were con

y afraid of what power do to you if you spoke ong truth.

aven't seen Tony from y he went to jail until y before yesterday, he won his victory and ght to speak in open I'd seen him several visiting in jail, always plate glass in between eaking through a tube, times with a guard sitext to us—so I haven't chance to really tell him came down.

day I was arraigned in ngeles on two counts d to the Pentagon s was the day that Tony had to go to jail on vil contempt. Tony had ment to make, and he is crowd of television , reporters, taking his statement. Some of ollowed him in as he nto the courthouse. On ening news that night, howed Tony going into urthouse, right down lls of the federal court, till he came to a cer oor. He went behind or. The door opened briefly—this was on sion too—he came out rasped me and said, lbye, brother," and e disappeared again be hat door.

t a call the next day, in ernoon, from Tony, me that he'd just out of an isolation cell he'd been chained and led. And I couldn't be what he was telling me. nded fantastic. That a ould be manacled and ed in a county jail with rs after network tele had featured him on ening news. I got a lot y's story from a deputy jail. He was on the Tony had been re to him finally, after taken the manacles off, ain off. He showed me ; he showed me where had been kept. He mentioned that Tony was very angry when he came in, very irritated. I said, "Really, why was that?" I hadn't told him that I'd heard the story from Tony already. And he said, "Well, he'd been kept waiting booking all night, and he'd been put in the isolation cell . . ." And I said, "Really? Is that all? He didn't say anything about being manacled and chained?" He said, "No, no." I said, "He came in here to complain about being in the isolation cell and he didn't mention the fact that he had been chained?"

After he'd shown me the log, which ended at ten-thirty, where it said, "Inmate Russo is now ready to cooperate with the booking process," I asked him why it said nothing about the chaining. And he said, "Oh, that's normal, that's routine. They do that so often, they wouldn't log that." That made it clear he wasn't getting any unusual treatment. They weren't discriminating against him. He was just getting normal treatment, for a noncompliant, nonsubmissive person, a person who wasn't acting like an inmate.

Then the deputy began talking to me more openly. Tony, do you remember this guy at all? . . . Do you remember his face?

RUSSO: I do.

ELLSBERG: He said, "You know, I said to Mr. Russo when he came in that I'm here for the same reason you are. I'm a prisoner here." I said, "What do you mean by that?" He said, "Well, it's a jail, isn't it? I'm here, aren't I?" I said, "Well, you go home at night, don't you?" He said, "Well . . ." and he sort of shrugged.

Later in the conversation, as we were waiting for one with authority to let me in to visit Tony the next day, he went on. "I have to say I admire you and Russo. I admire your guts," he said. "I don't have that courage." So I said. "What makes you think you don't have the courage?" And he said, "After all, I'm in sort of a military outfit here." I said, "I was in the Defense Department when I was authorized access to the Pentagon Papers, working for it." He said, "Well, I don't know. It's a different background."

Now, thinking back later, I would have liked to pursue that with him, and ask him just what it was he saw in his background that made him think that he was prevented from doing what we had done. He said, "I wouldn't be here if I weren't being punished. It's a jail." And later I was told by some reporters that that's true, that the men get put there really as a kind of punishment within the police. Did you know that?

I looked around—we were in a windowless room in the middle of the building. Tony pointed out to me that it's a windowless building, like the windowless tanker I mentioned earlier that the Secretary of Defense flew around the world in. You could be in that building for a year and never see sunlight unless you went to court. No reporters could come in to see Tony. Reporters wanted to come in to see what had happened to the man they'd been interviewing the day before, and see the cell he'd been held in. But a reporter can't see a federal prison. There are no windows in that building, in order to keep people from looking in. It isn't to keep prisoners from looking out.

RUSSO: You know, Dan, that deputy did tell me that he was a prisoner too. I remember when he came, I was chained up in the isolation cell and he came, he stood there, and the door was open and he said, "Would you like a cigarette?" He said, "Come and have a cup of coffee." Of course, at the time I thought he was trying to buy me off. But, boy, what you say!

ELLSBERG: He said, "I'm here for the same reason you are . . ."

RUSSO: Really?

ELLSBERG: Yes. He said a lot of other things. When he talked about being in jail, I said, "Well, there's lots of jails in this society, all kinds of jails." And he said, "Yeah, and jails in people's minds . . ."

RUSSO: Fantastic.

ELLSBERG: I looked at him and I thought, "Who am I talking to?" But here was a man so conscious of where he was. He said, "I wouldn't be here if I weren't being punished. Of course, I could have left. They gave me the chance to quit. I'd throw twenty years down the drain. But forget it, I'm here." He was doing his time.

TERKEL: It appears that Daniel Ellsberg and Tony Russo are no longer inmates, and the jailors are as jailed as inmates.



ELLSBERG: When I went to Vietnam I had a number of thresholds in my mind that an American official, I felt, should never cross. I'd set out some guideposts for myself as to what I would never collaborate in, knowing the risks

in a counterinsurgency war, the kind of muck you can get into, from the French experience, from the German experience. Torture was one of them. I'd always said to myself in the Defense Department, "If I ever find evidence that we are condoning or systematically engaging in torture, I will not only quit this effort and the government, but I will be on the outside, speaking out, very forcibly."

Now I did learn, of course, that the Vietnamese did torture their prisoners, including ones that we turned over to them. I protested against it in various ways. I asked about the possibility that American soldiers were engaged in any such practice. Although I heard of individual incidents, I never did hear of any policy. This was in '65 and '67. I was very struck when Colonel Herbert jeopardized his career—sacrificed his career—this year, finally, to bring charges of the systematic torture he had witnessed by Americans. That was very shocking to me, even at this late date. Because I hadn't really heard evidence of that sort, of the *systematic* pattern that he described, even this late.

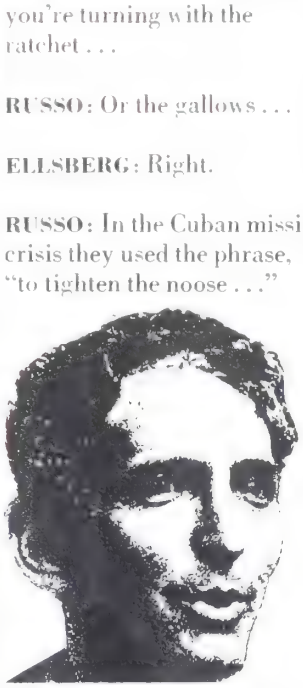
When the Pentagon Papers came out and my wife Patricia was reading them at my request—one reason I was really anxious for her to look at them was that she had come to worry about whether it was important enough, whether it mattered enough to be taking the risks I was taking, in view of the fact that over a period of almost two years so many officials had not seen them as that important, and had not been willing to take such risks themselves or to press the point. She said, "Maybe they're right: maybe you're wrong. Maybe it isn't that important." She finally read those passages. She read the accounts of what had gone on when I was in the Defense Department in 1964 and 1965, when we were planning the bombing of North Vietnam and beginning to engage in it.

She read passages that were very familiar to me, words about "turning up the screws" on Hanoi leadership. This is at the highest level. This is the Assistant Secretary, Under Secretary, Secretary of Defense and State level. They talked about ratchet effects, and the analogy, in parentheses, in the memo is to a tennis net that is lowered, the tension is lowered as you turn the handle, and then raised again. The explanation being that the effect would be greater on the Hanoi leadership if the people should have a pause in the bombing and then have the bombing come back to them. The immediate image was that of the rack, the rack you're turning with the ratchet . . .

RUSSO: Or the gallows . . .

ELLSBERG: Right.

RUSSO: In the Cuban missile crisis they used the phrase, "to tighten the noose . . ."



ELLSBERG: That's right. The other suggestion evoked the image of flooding the dikes, bombing the dikes. They said, "This will not drown people, but it will starve them unless we offer food in return for negotiations." These were the words written, not by underlings, but by Assistant Secretaries and higher, who had been to Yale and Harvard, and who were very respected men in our society.

Patricia got up from reading these and came to me with tears in her eyes and said, "This is the language of torturers." She was talking about pieces of paper that were written while I was in the Pentagon, working in State and Defense, with these people, being part of it, criticizing it. I wrote some of the only criticism of the bombing policy written in Defense, a strong attack within the Defense. But I lost my point. Yet I stayed in that system, I participated in it. And thus, in the end, shared full responsibility with that policy.

So, Tony's point: our unconcern for torture in one field reflects our unconcern with torture of Americans. I think there's a very direct analogy. After all, Attica shows us what we do at home to people who are not regarded as American citizens anymore, and who, as Vice-President Agnew's description of them shows clearly, are regarded as less than human. What my wife's reaction to these documents, written while I worked for Defense, showed me was that *they* were a mirror of how we act to people who aren't American citizens, who never had the fortune of being born American citizens, and who are certainly less than human, being Asiatics.

RUSSO: What you say, Dan, just brought it home to me: the theme of the prisoner runs from the county jail to Hanoi. The failure of President Nixon to negotiate in Paris means he is using our prisoners of war, the Americans who are held by the North Vietnamese, as political pawns. He's playing with their "good time."

When a prisoner here the United States is sent to jail, for every month h automatically gets seven "good time." That mean seven days' time off his tence. If you become a when you're an inmate, t seven days accumulate e month and that's taken o your total sentence. If yo not knuckle under, if you fuse to be broken, your time" is taken away fron you. You serve out the w term. If you become an i former or if you cozy up the authorities, then you more "good time." That means you could get up t fifteen days, twenty days month; and with a ten-ye sentence you might find self out after one year.

ELLSBERG: It's like bei able to retire earlier. Tha what's wrong with the no of "speaking truth to pov as it applies to intellectu to social scientists, to re searchers who work for t government, or officials, bureaucrats. How much can you expect to be spok by people who see themse as prisoners, and who se their "good time"—whic to say this retirement per that date on which they'll free of what they see as a prison—is dependent on whether they say the righ things or the wrong thing You don't influence powe that way. You share in th crimes of power that way You become an accompli totally. You live the life n of an intellectual but of a informer.

This war is not going t ended ever by people who themselves in their officia capacity as powerless exc as they do the bidding of powerful superiors, who themselves as nothing unl they have a direct depend upon and relation to these powerful people. It will h to be ended by free men.



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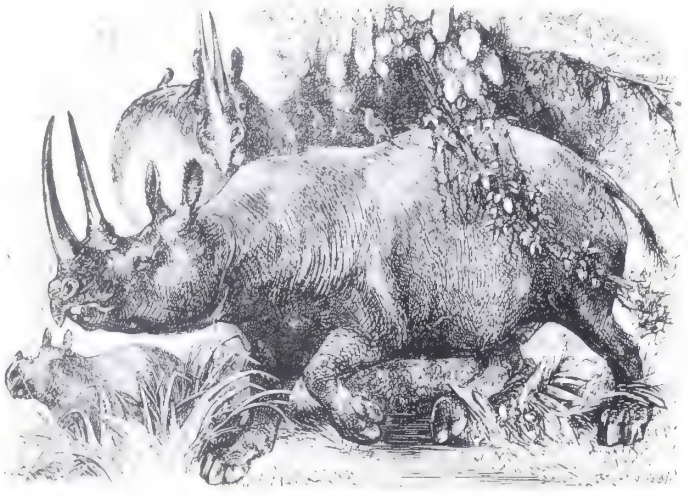
ANIMAL RHYMES



by Gerald Weales

The vampire bat
Controls his fat
Through exercise and diet.
One drop of blood
Will serve him, bud,
Perhaps you ought to try it.

Buffalo shoots
Aren't plants with roots,
Like rice from Carolina.
The bison said
He'd like instead
Some bamboo shoots from China.



A rhino gruff
Who we thought tough
Was humbled in a minute.
He tried to spear
Our hemisphere,
Found there was nothing in it.



Don't minimize
The tarsier's eyes
Though they're not much for winking.
I've heard it said
That tarsiers shed
Great tears when they've been drinking.



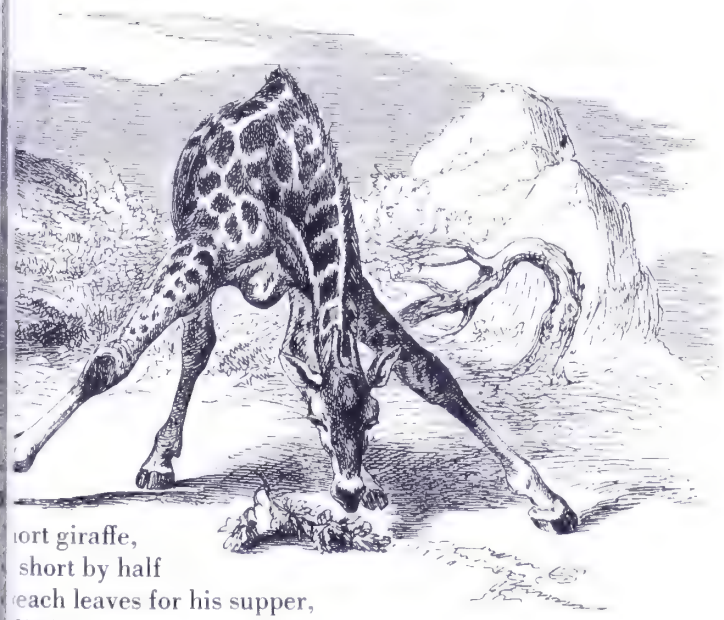
The mantis prays
And thus displays
A genuine vocation,
But I've a hunch,
She stops for lunch
And carnal celebration.

ıthrax fly
ıld rather die
n make a public statement.
ugh rather cute,
e buzz than mute,
y're not for noise abatement.

"Quenelle, I'm called."
That sentence stalled
Our fish deliberations.
We all detest
A culture pest—
A pike with affectations.



A gnu I know
Declined to go
To speak before a college.
What a gnu knows
Is in his toes.
He'd have to dance his knowledge.



ıort giraffe,
short by half
each leaves for his supper,
lied his brain.
caught a train
ate them from an upper.



A western grebe,
A simple plebe
With airs above his station.
First learned to smile,
Then changed his style
And now he runs the nation.

Although I'm mild,
A doubting child
Who thinks my rhymes are foolish
Is surely curst
To liverwurst—
An ugly fate, and ghoulish.

Gerald Weales, former drama critic for Commonweal *and* The Reporter, *received the George Jean Nathan Award for Drama Criticism in 1965.*

John A. Parrish, M.D.

JOURNAL OF A PLAGUE YEAR

The recollections of a doctor at war

TINY ENTRANCE WOUND at the right temple. Large exit wound at right occiput with brain sliding out and matting with the blood in his black hair. Start a slow drip IV, put in an endotracheal airway, and put him in the corner.

Dong Ha had about twelve doctors, half general medical officers, the rest some kind of surgeons. We shared the compound with several dentists and an oral surgeon. After dark, the front half of our hooch was filled with dentists drinking beer. They never had any business at night, but they occasionally helped us when we had a big load of casualties. Their abilities ranged from that of a poorly trained corpsman to that of a pretty good surgeon.

Two chaplains lived in the hospital compound with us. It took two of them to keep up with the demand!—blessing the dead and the dying, comforting the scared and the sorry, supporting the mental and spiritual health of commander doctors and PFC riflemen, reading letters from home to those without eyes, and writing them for those without arms, explaining to a bitter nineteen-year-old boy that even though he had no legs at least he could be grateful that he was alive—and then watching him die. They even made time for Sunday services.

One of the chaplains was a Catholic priest who was low key, friendly, human, manly, supportive, and generally "with it." Everyone enjoyed talking with him over a beer. Even the Marines liked him. He would laugh at their jokes and understand their rage and their tears. He had the magic ability to make a wounded Marine relax and talk—even smile. Half of the time the casualties didn't even realize he was a chaplain. He didn't push religion but somehow made it known that support and comfort and talk and God and all that stuff were available if needed.

The other chaplain, Father Daugherty, was older, a little less worldly (or a little more pious), quieter, and slightly distant, partly because of insecurity. Yet it was obvious that he was concerned and ready to help. He was so eager to help that he sometimes frightened or embarrassed the wounded kids. They sometimes couldn't relate to him easily.

When it was unusually busy in triage the chaplain would remove clothing from casualties, carry litters, supply bandages, hold patients down, and help in other very tangible ways. One such day when the room was filled with casualties, corpsmen were removing the flak gear from a wounded Marine when a grenade rolled out of his [illegible] bing and onto the floor.

"Grenade!" yelled a corpsman.

Several people hit the deck.

Without hesitating, Father Daugherty sc[illegible] up the grenade, clamped it tight against his [illegible] and ran out of triage.

Silence. We waited.

Slowly, Father Daugherty walked ba[illegible] with an embarrassed grin. The pin was s[illegible] the grenade. Father Daugherty had assur[illegible] was a live grenade when he heard the corpsm[illegible] yell. A Marine with a missing left leg lau[illegible] Father Daugherty shrugged his shoulders [illegible] smiled. Everyone else continued to work.

A Marine stationed practically in the [illegible] could drop by to get his teeth worked on [illegible] with his near-perfect smile and 500 piaster[illegible] laid in the nearby ville, drop by to confes[illegible] sins to the Father, and return in two to [illegible] days to get his VD treated by a real physi[illegible] All the comforts of home.

The military base at Dong Ha had no bar [illegible] no laundry girls. No women. I had no one [illegible] whom to speak Vietnamese. I never had ti[illegible] venture into the ville outside the compound [illegible] some reason I didn't really want to.

The NVA gunners hidden in the hills di[illegible] let us forget that they were there. Anytime [illegible] be incoming artillery time. Lunch, dawn, [illegible] night. Reactions were automatic. Somet[illegible] the shells were close, sometimes farther a[illegible] but always overwhelmingly frightening. [illegible] Veesar and I spent every spare minute sand[illegible] ging our hooch and building a sandbag blast[illegible] between us and the helicopter pad. The ca[illegible] ties, the basketball games, and the sandbag[illegible] engendered enough real physical fatigue so[illegible] it took only a beer or two to get to sleep at n[illegible]

Nevertheless, the nights were still toug[illegible] handle. The sun helped to keep away that a[illegible] depression and homesickness. At night I [illegible] movies, books, Jim, dentists, doctors, wo[illegible] anything to keep from the frightening, quiet[illegible] withdrawal. I even read a dermatology textb[illegible]

I was really homesick and lonely. I ofter[illegible] alone on top of the blast wall so carefully [illegible] signed and constructed by Parrish and Ve[illegible] and looked across the helicopter pad to Gra[illegible] The naked lightbulbs would catch my eye[illegible] watched the Graves Marines work into the n[illegible] Tagging, typing, hosing down bodies, pla[illegible] cards, waiting. Keeping watch over the dead[illegible]

John Parrish, M.D., served in the Medical Battalion of the Third Marine Division in Vietnam from August 1967 to August 1968. 12–20–5: A Doctor's Year in Vietnam, from which this article is excerpted, is an account of his tour of duty. The book will be published by E. P. Dutton in May. Dr. Parrish is currently chief resident in dermatology at the Massachusetts General Hospital.

OLLEN, BOGGY, TENDER NOSE with steady
tream of blood coming from the left nostril.
al abrasions on forehead. Point tenderness
ond metacarpal of a big, black right hand.
don't care what he called you, buddy." I
pack in his nose. "We don't have time for
uys beating up on each other."
obody calls me a nigger without getting
ed."
's not worth it, buddy. Look, you've got a
y nose and probably a broken hand. Move
fingers, open and close." I palpated the
of his hand. "Does that hurt?"
w, yes! Jesus Christ, yes!"
nd your friend there probably has a broken
I pointed to his opponent on the next litter.
got a missing tooth and the jaw is still
ng. So what have you gained?"
e won't call me nigger again."
hat's 'cause his jaw's too swollen. If you
would just . . ." The noise of the approach-
hopper made it impossible to carry on. I
ined the two fistfighters in silence.
ree litters were rushed in from the chop-
ust as one was carried by me, the patient's
al artery broke open, and blood spurted to
eiling and all over the litter. I ran to the
ded Marine's side and stuck my fingers in
ole in his thigh.
et me two IVs—hurry! Get me some blood
fast spin."
e corpsmen undressed the Marine with the
wound while I kept one hand in the wound.
He had a hole in his belly and a sucking chest wound. He had no measurable blood pressure but I could still feel a thready pulse against my fingers in his thigh.

We bought some time with pressure dressings and two liters of fluids.

"Let's go to the OR," I yelled to get people moving. "Now!"

"No more O-negative blood, Sir," the corpsman from the lab said. "He's O-negative."

"How could you be out of blood? Find some! We need ten units. Find some now."

"We could chopper some in from the hospital ship if they have it. We could look for donors. Half an hour at the least—if we're lucky."

"I don't care where it comes from—just get it!"

"Yes, Sir."

The patient went to X ray on his way to the operating room. Jim went with him. I turned back to finish up with my fistfighters.

They were gone. Probably back behind triage fighting again, I thought to myself. I helped with the other two casualties from the most recent chopper until they were stable and ready for transport south.

The black Marine with the broken hand walked up to me. His nose was still bleeding. "Come here, quick, Sir," he said.

I walked to the triage door where I was surprised to see thirty or more Marines in a single line outside the triage door. More were still coming and joining the line.

"Right pelvis and right leg not present—no trace—probably lying out on the field somewhere."



Anita Segal

John A. Parrish

JOURNAL OF A PLAGUE YEAR

"Will this be enough, Sir?" said the big Marine, wiping the blood off his upper lip with his sleeve. "These guys all want to give blood. We can get more if you want."

I looked at the first guy in line. "What's your blood type?" I asked.

He couldn't answer. By now his jaw was too swollen.

I STARTED TO PUMP on the dead Marine's chest as I quickly surveyed the situation. Right pelvis and right leg not present—no trace probably still lying out in the field somewhere; multiple penetrating wounds of the left chest and left flank; right mastoid area missing; multiple wounds of the scalp—probably penetrating the skull. Not salvageable. I shook my head to the corpsmen who already knew. We moved on to the next casualty.

Through-and-through of the left upper arm with unstable fracture of the humerus and no pulse at the radial artery. Sensation intact, some finger motion present. Stabilize arm, IV blood. X ray, and then to OR. Probably need to reoperate again later in the rear.

As I worked I could hear the muffled grunts, heavy breathing, and staccato cursing of pain behind me. I didn't turn to see the face. My curiosity factor for seeing the face of such victims was approaching zero. I was busy.

I finished up with the arm injury by writing on a tag at the foot of his litter: "Humerus, AP and lat. Right shoulder PA, chest PA, lat."

"Take him from X ray to the OR."

"Yes, Sir. Will do."

"Your ass is on report—Sir." The voice behind me sounded too familiar. It was the pain voice I had just heard.

"Your ass is on report, Dr. Parrish, Sir," he repeated.

I turned in disbelief. Behind me lay Robby Wills, my corpsman in the field. I was surprised to see an old friend. By now I had learned that most relationships in Nam, no matter how intense, are over forever when they are over.

"Robby Wills, what the hell are you doing here?"

"Collecting my third Purple Heart. I got a couple of little dings in my leg."

By now the corpsmen had undressed him and washed the dirt and blood off his leg. Two small shrapnel wounds—right inner thigh, right calf. Pulse good, sensation and muscle strength good. Could be debrided under local if frags not too far in.

"Well, we'll get some X rays of your leg and fix you right up. How are you? Is this really your third Heart?"

"Yeah, about a week after you left us, I took a round through my scalp. Knocked my helmet off, creased my skullbone and kept on going. Same shell hit Green in the shoulder. Remem him?"

"No." I put on a temporary dressing, orde X rays, and signaled for two stretcher bear "Good to see you again, Wills. How's the outfit?"

"Lot of new faces. We really got wiped last month at LZ Dottie. Lots of new faces."

"I'll be in later to get those dings out. W get a couple of X rays first. You'll be fine."

"Oh, I know I'll be okay. Now that I you're here."

"One more cornball comment like that, your ass is on report, Wills."

"Yes, Sir," he laughed.

"And Wills," I put my hand on his shoul and smiled, "thanks for dropping by."

LEFT FOOT STILL IN HIS BOOT, but connec to his knee by only a few strands of s The corpsman slipped it free with a giant p of scissors while I applied a pressure tourniq drew blood for type and crossmatch, and sta an intravenous in his massive muscular neck. was already shocky, and we had to hurry. It one of those days when Jim Veesar spent whole day in the operating room. From daw dark, he came out only long enough to get volved with another case and scrub ag Finally, at about 10:00 P.M., leaning against new blast wall, we had time for a beer toget

"Jim, you must be sick and tired of operat You've been in there all day."

"Oh, it's not bad. It's fun. They let me d lot. Good experience."

"Who needs it?" I protested.

"But it is interfering with my study. Yo have to help me since you're in triage mos the time."

"Study?" I lit up a Winston; I was carry cigarettes that day.

"Yeah, I'm doing a survey. Trying to find what percentage of Marines eat out chicks."

"You're kidding."

"No, these are middle-American eighteen- nineteen-year-old kids. I'd like to know what incidence of oral-genital sex is."

"Who cares?"

"I'll never get a chance to interview suc large cross section. Thousands of kids."

"In triage?"

"Sure. I ask every Marine that comes thro here if he eats out chicks."

"You're crazy."

"So you've got to help me with my surve Jim was serious despite his grin.

"Well, okay—if I think of it. I usually m some kind of small talk with the kids anyway

"Good. I'll get you another beer." Jim up and headed to the hooch.

"You're crazy. No shit, Jim, you're crazy.

WINE GETS BETTER THE OLDER IT GETS. RIGHT OR WRONG?

Probably the most misunderstood thing about wine today is the vintage (the date on the bottle).

People think if they get a real old date, they'll have a real good wine. It's true in some cases, and not true in others. The trick is in finding out which case is which.

If you read what the wine experts have to say, you'll find that no two vintage charts agree. If you read all the wine advertising, you'll find everybody's trying to sell their wine regardless of the year in which it was produced.

Nobody has really taken the time or the effort to explain the significance of vintage to the public. We at Inglenook Vineyards are doing it because it's in our best interest for you to know as much about fine wine as possible.

After all, that's what we have to sell.

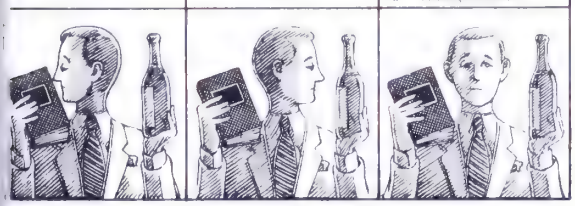
VINTAGE EXPLAINED.

Strongly contributing to the confusion about vintage is the word "vintage" itself. It has three different meanings.

Vin'tage means to gather grapes, press them, and make wine. So there is a vintage every year.

Vin'tage is the date on the bottle which tells you when the wine was produced, the vintage year.

Vin'tage also refers to a kind of wine. Some European wines are declared only in exceptional years. Therefore, they're known as "vintage" wines.



The second definition is the one people usually mean when they refer to vintage. So let's talk about that.

In order for a vineyard to put a vintage date on a bottle, they have to prove that every single grape used in the making of that wine was produced during the year specified.

In Europe, the vintage date has come to be an index of the quality of the wine, since their weather is relatively sporadic from year to year.

And the sugar content of the grapes is largely dependent upon the amount of rainfall and sunshine they get.

In California, and especially the Napa Valley, the weather is amazingly constant from year to year. So vintage here has come to mean something entirely different than it does in Europe.

A date on a bottle of California wine is an indication of youth or maturity.

ESTATE BOTTLED
Inglenook
Napa Valley
CABERNET SAUVIGNON
1966

WINES ARE LIKE WOMEN.

Some wines are in their prime when young. They're lively, raucous, fresh, and a little risqué. Others are best enjoyed in their mature years. They're warm, sensitive, full-bodied, and mellowed by the years. What follows now is a chart to tell you, in our opinion, which is which. There's no easy way to remember it, so tear it out and save it.



Each has something to offer.
It's the same with wine.

It may seem like a lot of trouble to carry this chart around with you to the store, or try to sneak a peek at it in a restaurant without the waiter seeing you. But we assure you the results will be worthwhile.

WINES BEST WHEN THEY'RE YOUNG

Reds	Age	Whites	Age
Zinfandel	2–4 years	Johannisberg Riesling	2–4 years
Gamay Beaujolais	2–4 years	Chenin Blanc	2–4 years
		Grenache	2–4 years

WINES BEST WHEN THEY'RE MATURE

Reds	Age	Whites	Age
Charbono	3–15 years	Pinot Chardonnay	2–6 years
Cabernet Sauvignon	5–20 years	Dry Semillon	2–6 years
Pinot Noir	5–15 years	White Pinot	2–4 years

Also, if you have trouble finding the right year for the right wine, keep at it. Fine wines are like antiques. They're available, but you may have to look around a bit to find them.

19??

Before we finish, you should know that most American wines are not vintaged.

Because, as we said before, in order to date a bottle of wine, a vintner must be able to prove that all the grapes he used to make that wine were grown in the same year.

This is a costly process, but we think it makes for a better wine. Because the winemaster has more control over the finished product when all the grapes are exactly the same. Most vineyards produce some vintage wine.

At Inglenook, that's about all we make.

Which is just one of the reasons why Inglenook is the most expensive wine made in America.

So if you want to get any use out of the above chart, buy Inglenook.

And you'll learn something from every bottle.

INGLENOOK

We make the most expensive wine in America

This is one of a series. If you'd like copies of the other ads, send your name and address to The Winemaster, Inglenook Vineyards, Rutherford, California 94573.

John A. Parrish

JOURNAL OF A PLAGUE YEAR

I KNEW JIM WOULD NEVER BE BACK with that beer because I had seen the light in the sky approaching for some time. Now I could hear the flap-flap hum of the chopper engine. I somehow knew it was headed for our pad. The noise grew louder, and a big "46" four-wheeled helicopter landed amidst the usual blasting sandstorm. I crouched behind the blast wall until it was over, and then headed for triage.

About a dozen wounded. Four bad litter cases, the rest not serious. We went back to work. The first doctors to arrive in triage automatically began to care for the litter cases. I sat down next to a fever patient on the long bench against the wall. After asking him some questions, I had him lie down on the concrete floor in order to examine him. As I knelt over him to feel his belly, I looked up to see Jim bending over to speak to a legless black boy as he put a needle in his arm to administer fluids. The boy at first raised his head in disbelief. Then he smiled. Then he started talking and actually laughed. Jim passed by where I was as he helped carry the litter to X ray. "Black boys just don't eat it," he said as he passed by. "They think it's dirty."

II

IT'S NOT SO MUCH THE FEAR of when they're charging your perimeter. I mean that's just a scared-shitless quick burst and it's over." The PFC couldn't have been older than seventeen or eighteen. He was sitting across the desk from Prince in his hospital office.

"Yes, go on." Prince was holding his h[ead] his hand and drinking black coffee. I ha[d] by to see how Prince was surviving his [as] over.

The kid was sweating. He held his ha[t] hands and looked at the floor. "It's not s[o] thinking about them shells hitting you [or] they are falling all around you. I mean th[e] you see fall and the ones you hear ob[ject] ain't gonna get you. Right?"

"Right," said Prince. I put two aspirin [and] Darvon next to Prince's coffee. He smil[ed] nodded. I didn't speak and sat down [in a] corner.

"It's not even the killing. I mean I got [twelve] or thirteen confirmed kills. I saw one [of] sucker die ten feet from me. I made so [many] holes in him that he splattered blood all ov[er] His face looked like a boy's. But it was [not] me. Right?"

"Right."

"I killed an old lady. I thought she had [a] I was so pissed off when my buddy got it [I] blew up two kids riding a water buffalo. [The] kid was talking faster now and really swea[ring]

"It's not all that. It's something else. It [is] the quick and awful things. It's that scary, [sick] feeling I have all the time that wears me [out] I can't sleep. I can't eat. I can't think. I [can't] even shit anymore. Sir."

Prince looked down at his desk. There [was a] long silent period.

"It's like a fucking Chinese torture. Drip. [Drip]



It's always there. I'm so
l I can't stand it. Right now I feel like
ming—or fucking crying—or running—or
hing."
ence.
just can't take it, Sir. Don't you see. I'm
l I might kill my gunny or some kid—or—
self."
o you really think you might kill yourself,
y?" Prince spoke like a sympathetic father.
can't think at all." The kid was yelling. "I
want this on my record. I'm no chickenshit.
need some nerve pills or something. Just
me some fucking pills, Doc, and I'll get
to work. Tell the gunny I'm okay. He
s I've flipped."
elax."
ucking gunny thinks I'm crazy." The boy
ighting tears. "Fucking gunny took me off
atch. I can stand my own fucking watch.
need some nerve pills or something. I can
two watches for every one the fucking
y wants me to."
think you could use some rest. We'll talk
later."
ucking gunny. I could kill that son of a
Toughest gunny in the corps. I love the
rd. If he wants me to stand watch, I'll stand
all night every night."
know, buddy."
gets so fucking black at night. Everything
s. My eyes play tricks. I get so worked up
ny breathing is louder than the crickets.
hear voices. I shot at the fucking voices.
s why the gunny sent me here. If they'd
VC I'd be a fucking hero. Now I'm crazy.
ot fair."
'e'll talk again." Prince called for a corps-
who stood by the desk while Prince wrote
hing in the chart. Prince handed the chart
corpsman. "Snow him. The usual. Thora-
Phenobarb later. I want to talk to him
row."
e Marine and corpsman left.
he crazy?" I asked.
on't know, John. We'll find out tomorrow
he's rested. They're all crazy when they
ome in."
guess his gunny realized he needed some

e shot his gunny in the head."

III

JR-THIRTY P.M., or 1630, was the relatively
acred goal of most people's day. Prepara-
for 1630 began about four o'clock and it
ough to get anything done by anybody for
ason after the magic hour. The clubs filled
untired bodies by 1631, and the next two
were devoted to social intercourse, drink-
nd eating. I usually went for a run at four-
for exercise and to avoid the social hour.
By the time I showered and dressed most people were eating supper.

"Being in the rear is not exactly a piece of cake. But it's not getting your ass shot at either." The young Marine lieutenant had sat at my table uninvited. He was tearing apart his second steak.

"In this war, it's hard to say where the rear is." I spoke without looking up from the steak I was vigorously sawing. "Any civilian might kill you and any road might be mined. Mortars and rockets can come from open fields and friendly villes."

"Yeah, but look," talking with his mouth full. "Here we sit with steak and beer," he shrugged his shoulders in amazement, "and a fucking tossed salad—in a fucking salad bowl, no less."

He left the table again and this time came back with two peach cobblers and three beers. He gave me one of the beers and continued talking.

"Can you imagine, Doc, yesterday at this time I was squatting in the tall grass trying to figure out how to get my men out of a fucking fire fight without losing half of them. Tomorrow we may be dropped into the DMZ." He switched to his second cobbler. "But today—steak and beer and a fucking tossed salad in a salad bowl."

"And a tablecloth and a bar and music." I added.

"You work here, Doc?"

"Temporarily."

"I'm out in the bush. The old man flies me back to the rear every few weeks for a hot steak, a shower, too many beers, and twelve hours sleep." The lieutenant had had his shower and steak and was working hard on the too many beers. "The old man says I should get away from my men every now and then."

"Maybe he's right."

"Yeah, Doc, I guess he is. I get kinda batty after a while and take too many chances. Been out in the bush for over six months now."

I shook my head. "Why so long?"

"Oh, I don't know. I could've rotated back but I knew all those kids, and nobody else can take care of 'em like I can." He lit up and opened another beer. "Why just yesterday half of 'em woulda been wiped out if I hadn't crawled around in the tall grass yelling orders, getting our mortars set and all. We had twin 40s and really kicked some ass. Cleaned out the tree line in twenty minutes."

"You have to leave them sometime."

"I know, Doc but I love them kids. They're really great little soldiers. They fight their asses off when I tell them to. I really love the ignorant little bastards."

"Your luck is going to run out if you keep pushing it."

"It's not luck, Doc. I know what the fuck I'm doing. I stay outa trouble. Been wounded three times but they're not going to kill this Marine."

"Three Hearts? Why don't you go home?"

"I was surprised to see an old friend. By now I had learned that most relationships in Nam, no matter how intense, are over forever when they are over."

"Don't want to. My job is to kick some ass and keep my men alive and I'm damn good at it."

We drank for a few minutes without speaking.

"You think I'm crazy, don't you, Doc?"

"I don't know what crazy means anymore."

"Well, I do crazy things because that's my job." He leaned forward and rapped his index finger on the table. "I kill, Doc. I kill. I mean that's crazy in itself. Right?"

"Right."

"My job is to keep my men alive and kick some ass. I do what has to be done to get those two jobs done. The brass back here wants me to do that. And I do it."

I agreed with a headshake.

"And they know how we do it. They're not blind and they're not dumb. They know just how stinky this whole shit is. They know the score."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean they know that pacification and body counts and trusts and friendly villes is all a bag of shit. A bunch of pure bullshit to feed the League of Women Voters and the Senators and the peace freaks." The lieutenant obviously had a load on his mind and needed the beer, my ears, and some rest.

"I do things, Doc, which are totally insane. But I have to do them."

"It's a crazy war." I tried to help him.

"It's not so simple as that. It's so fucking complicated."

"I know. It's . . ."

"Doc, my sergeant was killed last week."

"I'm sorry. I . . ."

"Do you know how he died?"

"I . . ."

"He got his goddamn throat slit."

"Well . . ."

"Got his goddamn throat slit in his sleep."

I stopped trying to interrupt.

"We 'liberated' this friendly ville from the VC. The first night we stayed there, four of my men were mysteriously blown up. The second night my fucking sergeant got his throat slit." His eyes were getting watery and he was talking faster. "The third night we decided we'd all better sleep a hundred meters outside the ville in the woods so nobody else would mysteriously die, and we were mortared all night long from somewhere."

"The villagers were trying to tell you something."

"I know that if we go back to that ville tomorrow, there'll be a hundred new booby traps to get my men."

"Don't go back," I suggested.

"If we don't go back, the VC live there, take their rice for supplies, store ammo, and shell us from the 'friendly ville' and we can't shoot back. A few weeks and a few villes later they'd be shelling you right here in the rear, Doc. Next time I take a fucking ville, I'm going to kill every fucker in it if I have to—to keep my men from dying after the fight is over. Enough of them during the fight. It's the only safe way to tal ville."

"You can't just shoot all of the people. W kind of a victory is that?"

"There aren't any victories, Doc. You try not to lose. 'Cause when you lose, you big."

"I guess we ought to go home."

"Fine with me. But as long as I'm here, going to do my fucking job."

"Drink your beer and go get some sleep."

He left and returned with three more beer

"Doc, I shoulda listened to the old man killed the whole ville."

I couldn't answer.

"Half the time the old man is watching fr his helicopter."

Again I didn't respond.

"If I hada done what the boss said, Doc wouldn't be here drinking beer with you." had watery eyes again. "You know where I'd Doc?"

"No."

"I'd be leaning against the enlisted men's getting smashed with the sarge. Like I did l month. The sarge would be alive and we'd smashed and laughing our asses off. That black mother was the best sergeant in the wh fucking corps.

"If I had wiped the ville, he'd still be here shoulda listened."

"But you can't kill women and kids."

"Doc, you don't understand. The people their TVs don't understand. The brass and grunts understand.

"You walk through the fucking bush for th days and nights without sleep. Watch your m your buddies, your goddamn kids get boob trapped. Blown apart. Get picked six feet in t air by a trap laid by an old lady and come do with no legs. And the only thing he says to y is, 'I'm sorry, lieutenant.' And then dies. Wat them die as you get more and more tired, a more and more scared, and more and mo freaked out by no sleep. Watch the Bounci Betty rip up three good men and watch yo fucking corpsman bleed to death while he's t ing to drag himself up to the other two.

"You finally take the fucking ville. The v lagers welcome you and cheer you and then yo men continue to die each night.

"All you want to do is sleep. And stay aliv And keep your men alive. All you want to do sleep and not die. If you gotta kill every yello thing that moves to do that—you will. And y won't stop till you're out of ammo or your g barrel burns your hands and every possib yellow shit is dead or gone. And then you thi of your sarge and your corpsman and yo buddy, and you start in on the water buffalo a the huts and the dogs and chickens."

crushed a beer can and wiped a tear from eek.

ou gotta sleep, Doc. You gotta sleep and otta stay alive."

ared at the table for a minute, "I know, , I . . ."

ou don't know, Doc. You don't know unless e been there. Go to the village whorehouse nd three of your men nude and dead with heads cut off and put between their legs heir dicks and their balls stuffed in their is—and the next time you go into a village house you go in with your M-16 blazing hewing up teenage girls.

ike pity on a sick old man in a straw hat ave the walls of the hut come alive with ne-gun bullets ripping up two of your men our own goddamn calf, and the next old ou see in this hut is as good as dead. Blow cker up."

aybe anybody would do the same." I tried nfort the big Marine.

didn't one time, Doc. Because I couldn't. now my sergeant is one dead mother- ."

ou can't blame yourself because your ser- is dead. You can't shoot all the civilian ation to make sure you kill all the VC."

e big Marine paused. He rubbed his fore- and sat back. He lit a cigarette and stared Marine Corps lighter.

know, Doc. The poor peasant here doesn't to kill anybody either. He wants to screw ife, raise his rice and his kids, and stay He's just Joe Shit the Rag Picker."

e's just like Joe Shit the Rag Picker back " I added, "War is somebody else's busi-

ut here, Doc, war is forced down his god- throat. On Monday night the VC come gh, take a third of his rice and his oldest Ie thanks them, says he hates the American ers, and they leave. On Thursday after- the Marines come through, screw his ter, shoot his water buffalo, and push him d a little. He thanks them, says he hates C, and they leave."

ou can't kill him for that," I said, "and you expect the peasant to trust us any more than ist him."

e Marine thought about the peasant for a e, leaned forward again, pointed his finger and said slowly and carefully, "Doc, when d man tells me to take his ville and I'm ed about my own goddamn men, I'll kill the - every time."

IV

I DO NOT JOIN MY FRIENDS in their escape to the "O" Club. A noontime run in the 100° and a busy day in triage had left me ex- ed, hypoglycemic, and hypovolemic. I was even too tired to go to chow. The heat and overexertion had made me nauseated anyway.

I lay back in bed in the empty hooch. Within minutes I felt a strange, almost voluntary weakness extend peripherally over my body. I was paralyzed, transfixed, depressed, and empty. My eyes were open, but the tin roof was blurred. The naked lightbulb pierced my retina, tiring the rods and cones as flesh and bones became sticks and stones. My sclerae and conjunctivae burned. The act of closing my eyes seemed all that I could manage. The movement of an extremity, a finger, a muscle, could not even be considered. The base gradually became very quiet, as it had never been quiet before.

My bed became more comfortable and actually changed shape to fit my body. It was made of cotton and air. It gently and gradually lifted and shifted me to an upright position, though I was still supported by the air and cotton and clouds. I could not tell if I was floating or walking, because my travel was so effortless.

I approached a green valley where the flowers and insects and tiny birds told me that it was spring. Young men lay about in the grass in groups. Some were sitting, but most were sprawled loosely on the grass. They were talking, smoking, drinking beer, and laughing a quiet, relaxing laughter. Each young man wore a dark, three-piece suit, a dark tie, white gloves, and black shoes. They did not notice my approach. Their pupils were widely dilated. Their eyes were unseeing and uncomprehending. Some had missing arms or legs. One had a missing head. Most had small holes in their bodies.

"Excuse me, son," I said to the young man closest to me. "Your leg is missing."

"Why?" he said.

I turned to another. "You cannot see me because your eyes are missing."

"Why?" he said.

I proceeded further into the valley and talked to each of the boys.

"You can't hear me; you have no ears." He stared at me with fixed, dilated pupils, and I had to look away.

"Excuse me, you have no head." He only shrugged his shoulders.

"Your arm seems to be missing."

"Why?" he said.

I hurried further into the valley because I did not want to talk with these inquisitive people. But I encountered another group of boys in white dinner jackets. Their bodies had great holes in them, and their black pants were torn. Each boy had blood on his chest and shoulders.

"You boys are all badly hurt!" I blurted out.

They looked at me as if I had told them some surprising news.

"Why?" they said.

I turned to run back, but the path had become an eight-lane superhighway. It was filled with

"Tomorrow we may be dropped into the DMZ. But today—steak and beer and a tossed salad in a salad bowl."

elderly women—thousands of them. Each lovingly cradled a small bundle covered with a flowered baby blanket. Filing past me, each carefully exposed her burden—an arm, a leg, a foot, a hand, a head. Some carried torn Vietnamese babies.

They showed me their precious packages with smiles of pride. They were surprised and hurt if I showed any disgust or shock. Each pointed to her beloved object and said "Why?"

I ran toward the mountain range in the east, but a battle was raging there. I turned toward the mountains in the west, but bombs fell and the ground shook as pieces of homes and water buffalo filled the air. The boys in the valley did not notice the bombs or the battle. The women did not see the boys. The boys did not see the women.

I ran further into the valley. Helicopters came from all directions bringing hundreds of casualties. I was alone. There were no corpsmen. There were no doctors. There were no stretcher bearers. I had no tools. I had no blood. I had no fluids. I had no chest tubes. I had no drugs, no medicines, no magic. I ran to each boy explaining that I could not help. Each called me to his side, raised up, and whispered into my ear so that his buddies could not hear: "Why?"

I began to scream. "Mass casualties. Mass casualties." A small Piper Cub flew by and dropped a piece of paper that floated to the ground. I ran over, picked it up, and read aloud: "We have received your message."

The number of wounded increased. I was sweating and trembling. All of the casualties were naked except for an M-16, jockey shorts, and dog tags. I began tearing my clothes off to make tourniquets for bleeding arms and legs.

"Mass casualties," I screamed. The call echoed into the valley. Another Piper Cub flew over.

"Message received and being acted upon through the proper channels."

I used my last bit of clothing. I was naked except for government-issue glasses, dog tags, and stateside boots without socks or laces. The Piper Cub returned.

"Please verify your last message through proper channels. Message received by us was as follows: 'Mass casualties.' "

I sat down in the middle of the dying boys and began to cry. The Seabees moved in around me and built a giant outdoor triage. A supersonic jet landed next to it on a new prefabricated runway, and 2,000 corpsmen got off bringing equipment and fluids. Forty-three doctors arrived by hovercraft in the brand new port built by the Seabees, and 122 medical students with short white coats and little black bags began walking among the wounded, stroking their chins, looking interested and sincere, and asking, "Why?" A nurse with giant tits and an awful face handed me a megaphone and said, "You'll have to write it all down—we can't take v orders."

A USO troop set up a live combo in one c and began to play 1957-1960 rock-an music. Filipino girls danced around and a the casualties as the doctors and corpsmen b the mechanical work of saving lives. I trie to notice that all of the doctors were robots. the corpsmen were prepuberal schoolboys.

Picking up the megaphone, I screame time with the rock-and-roll music. "Work, w work!" The music grew louder.

"Tell me why, oh why, oh why, oh wh sang into the megaphone.

I moved along behind the dancing girls. I not to notice that they were Vietnamese dressed up like Filipino girls.

"Why are you bleeding, son?"

"Why did you lose your leg?"

"Why are you dying, buddy?"

"Why are you dead?"

"What's in it for you, kid?"

I sat down on a long green bench in tr and stared at the asphalt floor. There w steady flow of tears but I was making no no

"Lose a buddy, Sir?" I looked up to see a of fifteen or sixteen sitting next to me. His foot was missing, and the stump was wrappe a bloody battle dressing. He was wearing fati and flak gear and the rank insignia of sergea

"Yes, every few minutes I do," I answere

"I know how you feel, Sir. I just lost my best friends. Our troop carrier hit a land m I was lucky. I just lost my foot. Everybody in the vehicle was killed. My lucky day, I gue

"You are fortunate, my son. You are wounded, crippled. Your will is shaken. dreams and schemes and hearts are bro People will feel sad. They will like you—bri You are very fortunate to be a victim ma ruined—not to have to be one of us who ca Cause."

"Will I be going home, Sir?"

"Yes, you may go. There will be others c ing to take your place."

I noticed for the first time that one whole of the new triage was a giant, fifty-yard screen. The picture on the screen was a g living room in which a twenty-foot-high mid aged man and woman sat staring straight at Their faces were blank and expressionless. woman was wearing a nightgown and smok a recessed-filter cigarette. Her hair was in c ers. She yawned frequently. The man was He wore only a pair of boxer shorts. He drinking beer, belching, and looking very bo and sleepy. The woman got up and walked of the room. The man looked at his wat belched again, and walked toward us. His g hand reached out toward the bottom of the ture, and with a loud snap the whole world came black and quiet.



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ert L. Chambers, Chairman of Board, took his company's sales 0 to $125 million in less than e years. Quite a success story. ut the important thing is that irotech Corporation has become nternational leader in pollution rol technology.

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BANK OF AMERICA
for the business of management

Perry Deane Young

THE FRAZIERS' TIME



Joe Frazier: I just spent 200 grand for a new house for my best girl.

Mom Frazier: You deserve a Muriel, son. But don't get the ashes on the rug.

EVERYBODY KNOWS THE BUZZARD FLIES; and the hawk, he flies too; and sometimes the chicken in the yard flies. But never in her life did Dolly Frazier think that she would fly. No indeed, she told Flossie and Becky and the gran'kids and the great-gran' too: she was not getting on any airplane. If the Lord had meant for her to fly, she would have sprouted wings long years before now.

But the Lord—and her son Joe, the heavyweight boxing champion of the world—had been moving in strange and wondrous ways of late, showing Miss Dolly down paths she had never dreamed of walking. She sat there now as mistress of Brewton Plantation, stiff as a rail, stubborn and majestic, snapping her old head straight back and into a smart left-face—eyes not seeing, ears not hearing any argument that might lead her onto that airplane.

Not a week before this day late in August, she had sat in the old frame house in Laurel Bay, just as stiff and stubborn, saying no power in God's whole creation could ever make her move out of the only home she and Rubin Frazier ("God rest his soul") had ever known. Then, all it took to change her mind was a brief visit from her "baby boy," the second youngest of the thirteen, no longer Billy Joe as she had named him twenty-eight years ago, but Joe Frazier the world champion himself roaring into her dirt yard in the most expensive products Ca and Harley-Davidson had for sale.

That old house had caused his momma of pain since his daddy died—his people ar all the time that the property belonged to now that Brother Rubin was dead. Anc Frazier wanted her to have a house of her "Ain't nothin' too good for my momma says of the new house. "Thank the Lord, the Lord for it," says his momma of his w and fame and the plantation itself—trying not to mention "it" all came from Billy Joe's ning off to Philadelphia and New York City getting into fights.

"All his life he say he gonna be the secon Louis and now his word and the Lord through and I say he oughta stop. I axt hi make me a promise he won't get in fights more. I say I promise I move down to the pl tion if he promise he won't get in fights. H he still young and I tell him that don't mak difference: he can still get killed. I tell money's not all he's pullin' for. He's got head of kids and he oughta make them ha

Perry Deane Young is a freelance writer who contributes to Rolling Stone. *He has reported from Vietnam for UPI.*

ve happy. I always watch him in the fight, makes me dizzy thinkin' 'bout it now. I just now what that boy Clay think he talkin' He say he got a rematch next year."

· WAS ALL for his momma's benefit that e Frazier had bought the plantation; and ne very same day she moved onto it, he her to get on an airplane and fly to New City to do a television commercial for cigars. (Though that's not really her Miss Dolly is quick to point out. She Carter Hall tobacco—at thirty cents a —in her pipe.)

advertising agency for Muriel had prompay Miss Dolly $2,500, and more if the rcial were used over a long period of time. son knew so well, that amount was equal pay for picking 10,000 buckets of tomas she has done almost every one of her vo years, Miss Dolly picked tomatoes o dusk every day of June last year until l the gall bladder operation in July. She ister Harold Trask paid twenty-five cents et to her and the other black and Mexican s who came in the trucks and buses.

at was good pay too," Miss Dolly says. out there pickin' right now if they let me ble." Joe Frazier's success has not changed momma's life-style in the least, though the drivers did insist on her riding up the truck after her son beat Muhammad e next picking season will surely see that ld truckload of Mexican workers ("They me Mom") pulling down that long avenue oak trees on Brewton Plantation and pick-ss Dolly up to go to work in Mister Trask's

· since the ad agency for Muriel read that uzier had paid almost $200,000 for a 367-ntebellum rice plantation near Beaufort, Carolina, they had been trying to get him ne of their "big spender" television spots. plantation purchase had been widely re-as another of those amusing ironies in rn history, harking back a hundred years es of "the grand skedaddle" of the secesA reporter friend of President Lincoln's lowed the occupation troops into Beaufort l and was struck by "the sharp changes time has made" when one saw "the win-f some ancient and aristocratic mansion ng with blacks, a group of old crones gosn the doorways or sunning themselves on zza. Truly, the days of ancient grandeur ver gone when field hands and wandering ands people the halls of the ancient e of Beaufort." Brewton Plantation dates royal grant in 1732 and was once owned es Brewton, who built the finest colonial n in Charleston, still called Brewton House. Another owner of Brewton signed the U.S. Constitution, was later a Senator, and escorted President Washington through the plantation on May 11, 1791, to Pocotaligo to share fourteen toasts with the good people of Prince William's Parish.

But Joe Frazier showed no interest in doing a commercial about his big spending for a new house until the ad agency offered a nice check for his momma if she wanted to be in it. Then, just as he had talked her into moving out of the old house, he convinced her that she ought to get on the airplane. "I thought they was nothin' get off the ground but a buzzard and a hawk and sometime the chicken fly in the yard," she says. "And I still don't want to go up. But the girls force me to do it 'cause Joe axt me. And once I get up in the air, it was real nice and everybody so nice to me."

A big bouquet "for your debut" was waiting for Miss Dolly in her suite of rooms at her son's favorite New York hotel, and the next morning a chauffeured limousine picked her up at the hotel door and drove her to the commercial studio. She wore a brown wig and a new white dress and was more than a little nervous under all the bright lights and all the makeup people messing with her face. But, in less than an hour, she had made more money than she would have earned by working in the tomato fields all summer long.

Miss Dolly's spot turned out to be one of the most popular commercials in the series. It shows her comfortably settled into a fine wing chair with her son Joe sitting on the arm of the chair. He says, "I just spent two hundred grand for a new house for my best girl." Then she says, "You deserve a Muriel, son. But don't get the ashes on the rug."

"The finest house on the plantation stands there empty as a new Williamsburg restoration closed to the public."

AS COMFORTABLE AS SHE APPEARS in the commercial depiction of a plantation house parlor, Miss Dolly still had to face a mound of decisions about the move to Brewton Plantation. The main house, or "bighouse," on the plantation still had no rugs on the floors, no curtains in the windows, no furniture in the rooms. In fact, Miss Dolly decided not to move into that bighouse at all.

She and Flossie and a varying number of the seventy-five grandchildren and nine great-grandchildren moved into the manager's house that was built as a hunting clubhouse behind the bighouse in 1917. The horse stables and the car garages are on either side of the manager's house, both of them built ten times finer than any of the old neighbors' houses back in Laurel Bay.

They brought their own "critters," as Flossie calls them, from the yard—chickens and pigs and a goat named Billy whom Miss Dolly wouldn't ever let them kill for stew, and a deaf dog named Snoopy. They got a green plastic and

chrome dinette set for the kitchen, a big old oval table for the dining room, and a few bright-colored pieces for the big living room. A larger-than-lifesize pair of wooden "Praying Hands" surmounts a modern glass coffee table in the center of the living room. The only other art objects are a little framed poem entitled, "Hope," and two framed covers from *Sports Illustrated*—"The Slugger and the Boxer" and "End of the Ali Legend."As for rugs,the Fraziers never had them before and they don't have them now.

Frazier's sister Becky attached her house trailer onto the old gatehouse and moved in there. Becky works as a union organizer during the week in Spartanburg, but Flossie works back in Laurel Bay in an "Outreach" project for old people in the anti-poverty program. One of his brothers works as a laborer on the plantation, and the manager or overseer of the place is Johnny Young, Frazier's wife's mother's sister's husband. (Always the family man, Frazier also has his uncle on the payroll as manager of the gym in Philadelphia where he has his offices.)

The finest house on the plantation, meanwhile, stands there empty as a new Williamsburg restoration closed to the public. It was built before 1800, destroyed by General Sherman's troops in 1865, then rebuilt on the same spot in 1893. The new owners of Brewton seem to have as much awe of that old house as they do of the little brick enclosure out back where the first white masters lie buried and forgotten.

Here lies James Elliott McPherson, once president of the South Carolina Jockey Club, born November 27, 1769, died March 4, 1834. He willed his lands and "25 working Negroes on said plantation" to his "heirs and assigns forever"—which lasted until 1917 when one of them sold the land to the Brewton Hunting and Fishing Club. Some people laugh and joke about the graveyard and ask, "Is that a swimmin' pool you got there, Miss Dolly?" But the Fraziers don't laugh about it. "Won't catch me in there, no sir," says Flossie. "Don't point your finger at the dead," says Stanley Frazier, age ten. "Dead don't bother nobody don't bother them." Joe Frazier, age fourteen, says, "I gon' put the ghost on you." Stanley Frazier says: "He point the dead, point he-self out to die."

Miss Dolly says: "The dead don't worry me none. They had they time; now I got mine."

In the white man's fields

MAYBE IT IS THEIR SENSE OF HISTORY, and their own place in it, that keeps the Fraziers a respectful distance from the bighouse. But more likely it is a feeling that mere money bought that fine house, and it could never replace the little home where they were all born and raised. For Joe Frazier's birthplace—which *Time* described as a four-room shack—was no or house to the Fraziers, who had built it pi piece with their own hands.

Theirs was a close, God-fearing family —unlike the stereotypical poor black fa by a strong devoted father. The only good graph of Rubin Frazier shows him to hav built just like his heavyweight son—as if a tor had left oversized square blocks unfi for legs, trunk, arms, shoulders, and head.

Though he had only one hand most of hi life, Rubin Frazier could tie his shoes, wood, saw a board, drive a truck and a t as well as most men with two hands. Miste Bellamy made him foreman on his farm an hired him to drive a truck. He got his left shot off following what had seemed a fr Saturday night party among friends. His b apparently still holding some old grudge walking them to their truck when he wh around and fired a shotgun point blank at Frazier's heart. Luckily, Rubin had his ha the truck door in front of his heart. Two buckshot lodged in Miss Dolly's feet as s holding their firstborn baby girl in her lap. set to kill him that night," Miss Dolly sa might as well say they kill him, cause the l all that save him." (Miss Dolly has been a d member and has sung in the choir of St. Baptist Church since she was fourteen.) Th who shot Frazier was arrested, but he served any time because "a white man n Mister Hedrick Brown came in and told the 'he's a good worker,' and they let him go."

Rubin and Dolly and Flossie and I ("They with me then and they *still* with worked after their other jobs to build tha house in Laurel Bay. They got all the lu from a government housing project nearb cause "we didn't have money to go to the lu yard and buy it." Flossie got friendly with of the construction foremen when she was ning a snack bar for the workers and the for would let her have all the scrap lumber day. There was no indoor plumbing until years ago when they added two rooms for B when she was studying to be a hairdresse

"I had thirteen head of children and I nine still livin': Marion be the oldest boy then Eugene and Rubin Junior and Andrew and Thomas and Joe Frazier. Then the girl Mathan—we always call her Martha, and Jul we call her Flossie, and Rebecca—Becky."

When Frazier was five and six, his mo took him with her when she went to work the muck" in Florida, and he remembers t Florida boys as "the ruggedest" he's ever fo When he was eight years old, he started pu ing an old tow sack stuffed with leaves and and announced to the whole family that he going to be another Joe Louis. His momma he would be out there punching every time

l him "to go chop wood or tote water from
ing." But Frazier says he was just a little
curious and ambitious than the others.
somebody would say there was a snake
ld, he would go and see; when his momma
hurry back" from the spring or the mail-
e'd take his time "just to see what hap-
"

when he was about nine or ten Joe Frazier
work in the fields, just as his brothers and
, momma and daddy, and all their people
fore them. Standing as world heavyweight
champion, the fourth black person to ad-
a joint session of the South Carolina legis-
since Reconstruction, he talked about
days: "I went to work on the farm and I
say, 'Good morning, boss.' And the boss
say, 'To the mules.' At twelve o'clock,
ld say, 'Lunch time, boss.' And the boss
say, 'One o'clock.' At dark, I would say,
night, boss.' And the boss would say, 'To-
w morning.' "

er working all day in the white man's fields,
aziers would come home and tend their
n acres. "We grow rice and peas and cot-
d corn. It was hard. Work every day and
ich money, I and my husband on the farm,"
liss Dolly. "But we eats a plenty. Plenty
l greens. Plenty corn. Some'o'time I go in
ck and we catch the fish. Crab some. Pick
s. Go in the field and make my corn and
to mill in the wagon. Why, I done ever'
hing for a livin' 'cept kill a man."

en there was no way for them to make a
in the fields, the Fraziers would go into
"and the Lord make a way for you there."
ia would take her baby boy along with her
p pick "musk," a flat leathery leaf that,
she was twelve, she has picked, dried, and
rst for three cents a pound and more re-
for thirty and forty cents a pound. All
ighbors and kin would be in there picking
too, and if somebody had a mule and a
they would all help each other carry out
loads; otherwise, she and the boy would
the sacks on their backs. A white man
come around in his truck to buy the musk.
liss Dolly always thought it was used to
cigars. Now people have been telling her
iake this marijuana from it, and she has
ery troubled by it. (Their leaves are in no
imilar.)

s Dolly would also pick huckleberries in
oods and sell them in Beaufort on Saturday
ngs.

walk 'round to people's houses and sell
t to this one and a quart to that one and
I leave there I got me lots of money—
x dollars, oh boy. You take that to grocery
t food for two weeks of family and have
left for pocket. You have to get somebody
wagon or truck to haul for you. Now you
take twenty dollars to the grocery but you don't get nothin'. I used to get a hundred-pound sack of rice for a dollar and a quarter and I raise all my children on rice."

The woods also serve as a pharmacy for the Fraziers. There is horehound root for fever; fly-trap root, which you boil "for cold or women birthin' "; Old Annie Bush, which you put in your hat or tie around your neck to sweat off a fever; and St. John Root for fever.

"After working all day in the white man's fields, the Fraziers would come home and tend their own ten acres."

HER YOUNGEST BOY, Miss Dolly says, was always "a fat bad boy." She says it with a wry smile, rather proudly, in fact, because that was another way he differed from the others. He was bigger and stronger and never really had to take any gaff from anybody, white or black.

When he was a teenager, a white Marine from Parris Island ran into his prized souped-up 1950 Chevrolet. The white man jumped out screaming "nigger" and demanding that Frazier pay for the damage to *his* car. Frazier called him a cracker, and then, as an old buddy recalls, he "just beat the blood out of that white man." The police came ready to arrest the black man, but the white man refused to press charges because he respected anybody who could beat him that badly.

Flossie says that Joe is not the only one in the family who gets into fights, "he's just the only one gets paid for it." Frazier was arrested once after a fight at the high school, though he was later cleared of the charges. His momma says he would be in jail today if he hadn't run off at age sixteen to live with his brother Tommy in New York and then with his uncle and aunt in Philadelphia. The best job he could get in Beaufort was as a laborer in the Coca-Cola plant.

Frazier says his daddy never encouraged his boxing "because he was not a violent man." But all the same he was proud of his son's success. And in late 1965—just four months before he died of lung cancer—Rubin Frazier went to Philadelphia to witness the incorporation of Cloverlay, the syndicate that backs Joe Frazier's professional career.

From then on, there were always a few Fraziers in the audience whenever he fought. Flossie and Becky and two of his brothers made it to Madison Square Garden for the big fight with Muhammad Ali, and his momma was watching the closed circuit telecast in Charleston.

Nobody had paid attention to his career before, but when Joe Frazier went back home after defeating Ali, he was finally coming back as the second Joe Louis. He returned as a genuine favorite son of South Carolina, not just because he had won the world heavyweight boxing championship, but because in so doing he had silenced, to the delight of many white Southerners, the man he had called "big blabbermouth." Frazier met with the governor, had lunch with the mayor

Perry Deane Young

THE FRAZIERS' TIME

of Charleston, spoke to a joint session of the legislature (which contains three black members), and then he went back home to Joe Frazier Day in Beaufort.

AT THE LITTLE HOUSE in Laurel Bay, he heard the same old arguments about his daddy's property. So he started looking for some land to buy a new house for his momma. Naturally, the first man he talked with was the man who owned the most land in the area and who had also been his momma's employer all those years. Harold Trask showed them several lots, but all the prices he quoted were considered exorbitant by Frazier and his lawyers.

"All her life, she helped him [Trask] make his farms," Frazier says. "She picked his cucumbers; she picked his tomatoes. She helped *him* all these years. But when it comes her time, he ain't gonna give her no break. All he's gonna give her's a tombstone and she have to die to get that."

Then a real estate agent for the man who owned Brewton Plantation contacted Frazier's lawyers. Frazier had never really thought about buying a plantation, but now that he has, he thinks it's "a swell idea—here a young fellow leaves town poor and then comes back five years later and buys a plantation."

When it came right down to the $175,000 purchase of old Brewton Plantation and all the earlier elegance it represented, it was a simple business transaction between lawyers representing a descendant of slaves and a Savannah real estate agent representing an Ohio-born salesman, who inherited the place from his father—a "promoter" who had bought it in 1947 from a New York stockbroker, who had bought it from a New York developer two years before. The salesman did not know when the houses were built, knew nothing about the McPherson family buried right behind the house, and had no idea where the name Brewton had come from. Brewton Plantation had been owned by outsiders for more than fifty years, in fact, when a native son, Joe Frazier, finally brought it back into Southern ownership.

There is a certain historical justice in the evolution of Brewton Plantation. The blacks—who were allowed only first names as slaves—have now carried on the family names of the white aristocrats who once owned them, whose names otherwise now exist only in the history books or in those crumbling monuments out back of the abandoned plantation houses. While the aristocratic white families have disappeared, like Faulkner's Compsons, their names have lived on with these others who "were not Compsons," because the blacks, these others, "THEY ENDURED."

Who were your people? Where did they come from? What have they ever done? Innocent, even obligatory questions among white Charlestonians, but they sounded truly insolent to Dolly Frazier.

Her people, the Allstons, and the Frazi well, they have always been black, start that. They have always lived in Laurel (itself an old plantation name), just ou Beaufort between the Marine Air Station an Marine housing project. They have al worked in the fields. All except for one g mother named Rose, a wonderful cook worked for Mister Jockey Brown and is buried on the Fripp Plantation. The Fripps white Fripps, built huge monuments to memory, including one fifteen-foot-high E tian-style mausoleum, all of them now sma and overgrown by weeds and trees.

Miss Dolly remembers her grandmother ing sometimes about the slavery days when " don't give you no pay, just give you some to eat. You have to work hard, get no pay, if you don't you get put over a barrel and b

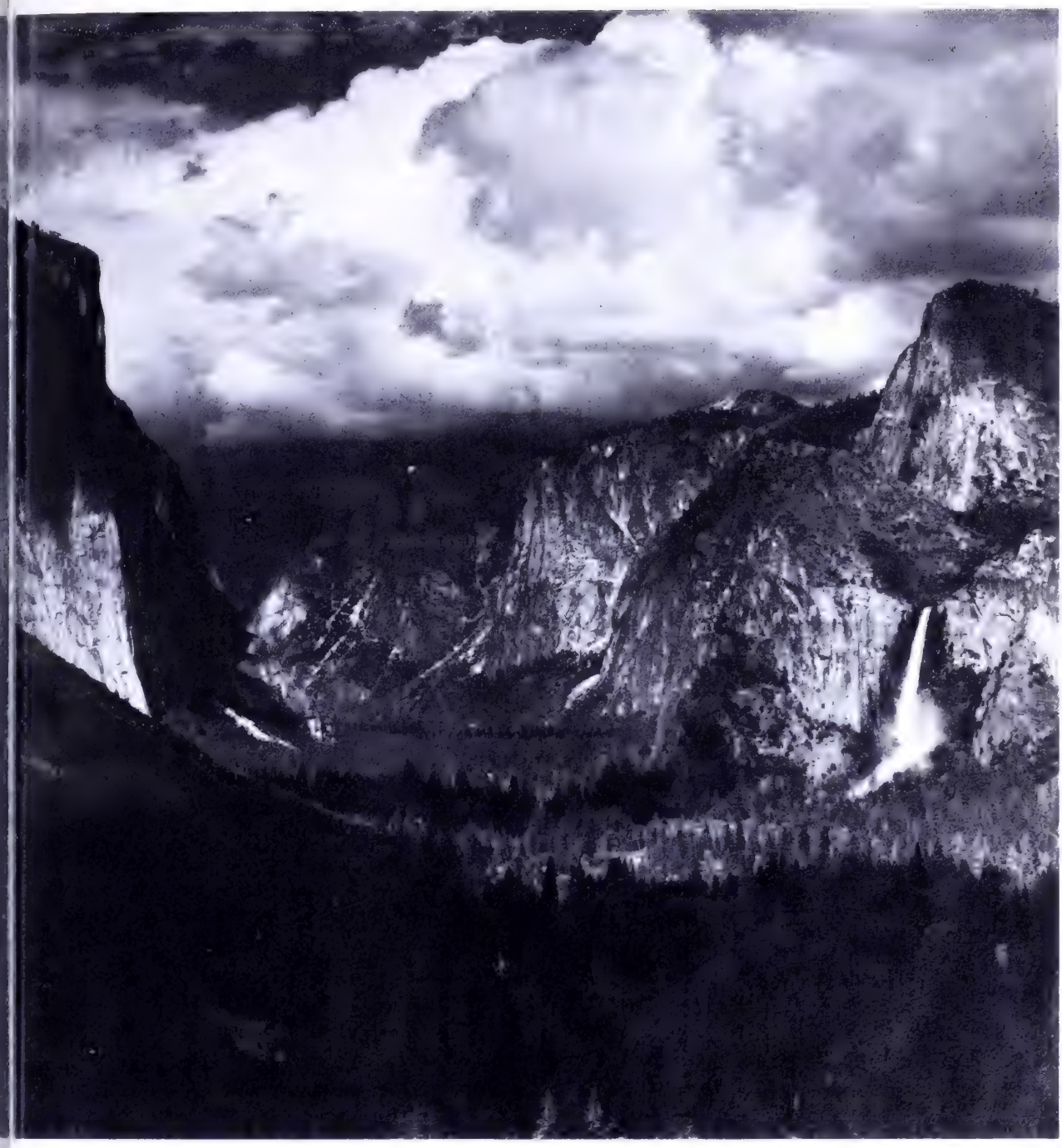
There are no monuments—they don't give them tombstones—to the memory of Frazier's ancestors. Briar thickets and head- saplings cover the graves of even the most re burials of Fraziers and Allstons in the Laurel Colored Cemetery. Some graves do have c shells on them, a West Indian custom carrie by some few blacks, most of whom still p blue trim around all their windows to keep a evil spirits. Some of the families have scrat the name of the deceased into the little markers that come free from the funeral ho Most of the graves have no markers at all, an black field hands have returned nameless t soil that was so close to their lives.

The late Rubin Frazier, however, has al 100 people alive right now carrying on his n and memory. Among them is one Flossie Fra who on a recent Sunday afternoon was swee her front porch when she saw two white driving up her front driveway.

"I guess they thought I was the maid," says. The girls never said, "hi," or, "how do do," or anything, just sat there looking aro as if they owned the place. Then they turned t car around and started driving slowly back d the driveway.

Flossie thought about it and decided wasn't going to just stand there with her br and let them get away with this anymore. jumped in her car and chased the girls down. stopped them and asked if there was someth they wanted. The girls said no, that they use visit the plantation when white people owne and they really didn't know who they were s posed to see about visiting now.

"Well," Flossie said, "I'm the one you're s posed to see now." And with that she tur around and drove back up her driveway, sm certain now: *they* had their time, now the ziers have theirs.



If America dies, where will we bury it?

doctors of medicine. Naturally, we
ut the health of your body.
e care, too, about the health of the
and you live on.
ca's body is not well. Its condition is
Suddenly the words "ecology" and
n" are in the air. People seem wor-
we hope their worry isn't just an-
sing fad.
environment can make people sick.
do everything a doctor works for.

Polluted air can damage the eyes, aggravate lung diseases, actually cause death during long episodes of heavy pollution.

Polluted water can infect plant, animal, marine *and* human life.

Noise pollution can cause deafness, may produce ulcers and hypertension.

The list of depressing entries on our environment's health chart goes on and on.

In fact, disease induced by the environment now costs us $38 billion a year. That bill will go up. If we don't nurse our environment back to health.

How to do the job? We at the American Medical Association worry about it. But we want *everyone* to worry. Because *everyone* is going to have to help get the job done.

There's no use our trying to keep people well in a dead land.

For a free booklet on environment and health, write: American Medical Association, Box E, 535 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. 60610.

America's Doctors of Medicine

a story by Margaret Atwood

UNDER GLASS

I'M FEELING BETTER. For once the sky is out, there's a breeze. I'm walking through the ellipses and arranged vistas of the park, the trees come solidly up through the earth as though they belong there, nothing wavers. I have confidence in the grass and the distant buildings, they can take care of themselves, they don't need my attention on them to keep them together, my eyes holding them down.

The steam-covered mothers and shrill, hyperthyroid children of yesterday's trip to the zoo are far away, the traces they have left in me are faint as grease smudges and scratchings of twigs on windowpanes. That was a risk I shouldn't have taken, it would have been cleverer to have waited, but I managed it. I even made it through the Moonlight Pavilion, darkened tunnels full of screaming, the goggling rodents and shrunken fetal-headed primates deluded by the gray light into going about their lives, so publicly, behind the soundproof panels. I enjoy knowing I can do it without anyone to help.

I pass the 7-B greenhouse: it glitters, it beckons. Inside are the plants that look like stones, their fleshy lobed leaves knuckle-sized and mottled so that they blend perfectly with the pebbles. I was pleased at first to have discovered them. I think with a kind of horror at myself of the hours I've spent watching them, all of us keeping quite still. Today, however, the greenhouse has no attraction: I walk on two legs, I wear clothes.

In the street outside the station I go shopping. It feels new, my legs ripple as though I've just gotten out of a wheelchair. I buy little brown paper parcels and stow them away inside my serviceable black bag with handles on it like a doctor's. Bread and butter, grapes, greengages that he has probably never had before but we must all try different experiences. Before I zip the bag I rearrange the packages to safeguard the rose, encased in plastic wrap with stem swathed in wet toilet paper. Redundant. It's a gift though and I'm proud of myself for being able, we don't do much of that. I cut it in the garden, which isn't mine. I admire roses but I've never w to be one, maybe that's why I'm not wor much about whether the stem hurts.

What part of a rose bush is the body? night I dreamed I had a baby that wa right size and color. It's a healthy sign, n I'll be able to after all, the way other wome supposed to. Usually when I dream of b they are scrawny as kittens, pale-greenish highly intelligent; they talk in polysyllable I know they aren't mine but are creatures another planet, sent to take over the ear that they are dead. Sometimes they're co with fur. But last night's was pink and re ingly illiterate, it cried. He ought to fin promising, he wants to have sons. I've th about it. I've even gone so far as to re couple of books on exercises and what the natural childbirth, though having a gourd tomato would surely be more pleasant and these days than having a baby, the world h need of my genes. That's an excuse though

I put the bag on my knees and keep ho the handles. It's playing house, we both kn can't cook him anything till he gets his sto paired, which somehow he postpones; sti the first domestic thing I've ever done for He ought to approve, he's obliged to app he'll see it's getting better. I'm feeling so g even look at other people in the train, their and clothes, noticing them, wondering a their lives. See how kind I am, what a c copia.

THE CEMENT STAIRWAY going down t door smells of piss and antiseptic; I hol breath as usual. I look in through the letter he isn't up, so I let myself in with my key two-room flat is more untidy than last time it's been worse. Today the dust and litter my skin alone. I set my black bag on the and go through to the bedroom.

He's on the bed, asleep in a tangled n blankets, on his back with his knees up. I

Margaret Atwood, a Canadian, is the author of a novel, The Edible Woman, *and several collections of poetry including* The Circle Game, *for which she received Canada's highest literary honor, the Governor General's Award.*

fraid to wake him: I remember the about men who kill in their sleep with es open, thinking the woman is a burglar nemy soldier. You can't be convicted for ıch him on the leg and stand back, ready but he wakes immediately and turns his ward me.

" he says. "Jesus I'm hung over."

rude of him to be hung over when I've ll this way to see him. "I brought you a " I say, determined to be calm and cheer-

out to the other room and unwind the)m its toilet paper and look for something it in. There's a stack of never-used plates cupboard, the rest of the space is books pers. I find a lone glass and fill it with at the sink. Forks and knives, also un- re rusting in the drainer. I list to myself ıgs he needs: a vase, more glasses, a dish

ry the rose in to him and he sniffs at it ly and I set the glass beside the alarm n the improvised table, two chairs and a He would really like to go back to sleep, compromises by pulling me down beside d involving me in the blankets. His head he hollow between my shoulder and col- and he closes his eyes.

e missed you," he says. Why should he issed me, I've only been gone five days. The last time wasn't good, I was nervous, the wallpaper was bothering me and the bright peel-off stick-on butterflies on the cupboard, not his, prior to him. He kisses me: he does have a hangover, his mouth tastes of used wine, tobacco resin, and urban decay. He doesn't want to make love, I can tell, I stroke his head understandingly; he nuzzles. I think again of the Moonlight Pavilion, the slow loris creeping cautiously through its artificial world, water dishes and withering branches, its eyes large with apprehension, its baby clutched to its fur.

"Want to have lunch?" This is his way of telling me he's in no shape.

"I brought it. Or most of it anyway. I'll go round the corner and get the rest. It's healthier than those greasy hamburgers and chips."

"Great," he says, but he makes no move to get up.

"Have you been taking your vitamin pills?" They were my idea, I was afraid he'd get scurvy, eating the way he does. I always take them myself. I feel him nod ritualistically.

I can't see whether he's telling the truth, I turn over so I'm looking down at him. "Who were you drinking with? Did you go out after you moved the furniture?"

"The furniture was already moved when I got there. She couldn't call to tell me." That's true, he has no phone: our conversations take place in booths. "She wanted to go out and drink

"Feeding places are the only chances I have to watch him . . . the color of his face matches the formica: off white."



Margaret Atwood

UNDER GLASS



instead. I spilled chop suey all over myself." he says with self-pity.

I am supposed to commiserate. "Was it digested or undigested?" I ask.

"I hadn't touched a bite of it."

I'm surprised at her for being so obvious, but then she's always seemed unsubtle, blunt, and straightforward, captain of a women's basketball team, no, high-school gym teacher with whistle in mouth. An old friend. No nonsense. Mine had bloomers and skinny legs and made jokes about what she called The Cramps in a way that suggested we weren't supposed to have them. Trampolines, the body contorted, made to perform, the mind barking orders.

"She's been trying to seduce you for months," I say, smiling; the thought amuses me, she looks like a marmot. At this he tries to shrug, but I have him pinned, one arm across the neck. "Did she succeed?"

"By the time we got out of the bar the subway was closed."

I hadn't been serious, but this is suddenly a confession. I want to ignore it but I go on. "You mean she spent the night here?"

"As opposed to trying to get all the way back to her place," he says, "yes." It would be a reason like that. Logical as hell.

What do you think you are, the YWCA, I want to say, but instead I ask the obvious. "I suppose you slept with her." My voice is steady, I'm steady too, I won't let it tip me.

"It was her idea. I was drunk." He thinks both these things are good excuses.

"Why did you tell me?" If he hadn't told me and I'd found out I'd say Why didn't you tell me? I know this while I'm asking it.

"You could have figured it out for yourself, the alarm's set for eight."

"What does that mean?" I say; I don't connect. I'm cold, I get up off the bed and move backward toward the doorway.

I AM SITTING in a brand-new hamburger palace; across the table from me is a man eating a cheeseburger. Feeding places are the only chances I have to watch him: the rest of the time I'm looking at the blurs through taxi windows or tracing the unfamiliar wallpaper designs. The color of his face matches the formica tabletops: off-white. At other tables are other men, also eating cheeseburgers and being watched by other women. We all have our coats on. The air shimmers with rock music and the smell of exhausted french fries. Though it is winter the room reminds me of a beach, even to the crumpled paper napkins and pop bottles discarded here and there and the slightly gritty texture of the cheeseburgers.

He pushes away his cole slaw.

"You should eat it," I say.

"No no; can't eat vegies," he says. The su pressed dietician in me notes that he is p bab suffering from a vitamin A deficiency. I have been a health inspector, or maybe n o ganic farmer.

"I'll trade you then," I say. "I'll eat yo co slaw if you'll finish my cheeseburger."

He thinks there's a catch somewhere ut d cides to risk it. The switch is made and v be examine our halves of the deal. Beyond th pla glass window slush drifts from the nig inside, though, we are lighted, safe and am filtering music through our gills as tho h it oxygen.

He finishes my cheeseburger and light a ci arette. I'm annoyed with him for some aso though I can't recall which. I thumb my c d fi of nasty remarks, choose one: You mal lo like a cowboy raping a sheep. I've been aitin for the right time to say that, but maybe eac is more important.

Not for him; hunger satisfied, he turns ck an earlier argument. "You're trying to s ho much shit I'll take, aren't you?" he says Sto treating me like a nine-year-old."

"There's one good way to keep me fro trea ing you like one," I say. What I mean is at should stop acting like one, but he doesn bit In fact, he may not even have heard: the nus is louder.

"Let's split," he says, and we get up. She the cashier as we go out: cashiers fill m wit dismay, I want them to be happy but the new are. This one is waterlogged and baggy sat rated with too much sound and too many end fries. She is apathetic rather than surly Fig back, I tell her silently.

We hit the air and walk, not touching. can remember what he did but he won't ge awa with it. He's wearing a long khaki army irpl coat with brass buttons; it's handsome, bu rig now it only reminds me of my fear of do me bus drivers, and postal officials, those wh u their uniforms as excuses. I steer my cours so will have to go through all the puddle If can't win, I tell him, neither can you. saner then, I had defenses.

"I never get up at eight. She had to go work." He's conscious now that I'm not join to laugh with him over this one as I have o r th others. "If you'd been here it wouldn't ha ha pened," he says, trying to put it off on me

I SEE IT SO CLEARLY, in such an ordinary ght know what he did, how he moved, w at said even, one warm body attracts anoth it how people behave and I want to be sick. ore want to take my carefully selected brown ap parcels and shove them down his never-c toilet, which I even—crown of idiocy—ha thoughts of cleaning for him, poor thi ,

er showed him how to do it. Where they . So this is what it would be like, me pick- his dirty socks and cigarette butts in my enced way, woman's greatest joy, safely nonths pregnant so you can't get out of , grunting away at the natural childbirth ses while he's off screwing whatever was ed against him when he hit the mystic r of drinks. A spiritual relationship with e said, and merely physical ones with the Shove that. What does he think I saw in the first place, his remarkable soul?

n going out to do some shopping," I say. o visible here, desert mice with their bur- unning down the side of the glass, what an on I thought at the time. "Do you want come back?"

s is the call to repentance, he nods with- eaking, he really is unhappy but I don't ime to think about that, I have to get out there are a lot more around me, camou- I'm careful not to slam the door, I cross to rket street and dig in among the shoppers.

A ROOM, WITH BED, dressing table sur- unted by mirror, night table plus lamp and one, linoleum-patterned drapes covering ws which in their turn cover the night and of ten stories to molten lights and metal hall opening on bathroom which includes and two taps, hot and cold, closed door. le the door is another hall and a line of r closed doors. It is all correct, all in place silently dented around the edges. I've rying to sleep in the bed, with no success. oing back and forth across the floor, rais- om the carpet an airport smell of upholstery r. Earlier there was a tray with steak rinds reds of old salad on it, but I set it out in ll a long time ago.

m time to time I open the windows and om is inundated with traffic noise as though art of a city-sized motor; then I close the ws and the room heats again, internal com- n engine. Sometimes I go into the bath- and turn the taps on and off, taking drinks er and sleeping pills; it gives me the illu- f action. I also look at my watch. It's early , there are no leaves and no snow; the days oo much sun, it shows the dust on every- it hurts your eyes. Three hours ago he d to say he would be home in half an hour. eaks of this room where we have never before and will never be again as home, I se because I'm in it. I'm in it and I can't t, he has the key, where would I go, it's a n city. I work out plans: I'll pack now, he'll come back after being—where is he? uld have been in an accident, he's in the al, he's dying, no, he would never do it so . The room will be empty. The room is empty now, I'm a place not a person. I'll go into the bathroom, lock the door, lie down in the tub with my arms crossed in the lily position, eyes weighted with invisible pennies. I'll wash down the rest of the sleeping pills and be found draped over something, the bureau, the telephone, in a coma. Their breathing is always described in murder mysteries as "stertorous," I've never known what that meant. He'll come in just as I'm about to fly out the window into the solid hurricane below, my nightgown spread out like a huge nylon kite. Hold on to the string, it's tied to my head.

The mechanisms of the room continue their clicking and gurgling, indifferent. I've turned all the knobs on the heating unit but nothing happens, maybe I'm not really here. He ought to be here, he has no right not to be here, this machine is his creation. I get back into the bed for the fifth or sixth time and try to concentrate on the shapes moving across my closed eyelids. Sun, dust, bright colors, headlights, a Persian carpet. There are pictures now, ducks oddly enough, a woman sitting in a chair, a lawn with a country house, Grecian portico and all, clocks made of flowers, a line of dancing cartoon mice, who put them there? Whoever you are, get me out and I promise I'll never never again. Next time it will be just from the neck down, I'll leave his motivations alone.

It was so simple at first, you should have kept it that way, it's the only thing you can handle. Cool it said the doctor, trying to communicate but coming through like Fred MacMurray in a Walt Disney family picture, take pills. Maybe he's just asserting his freedom, you're too possessive. He's escaping. You've driven him to it, into the phone booth and out comes Superstud. A self-propelling prick with a tiny brain attached to it like a termite's, couple of drinks and he'd stick it into anything. Like night-hunting snakes it has infrared sensors on the front end, in the dark it strikes at anything warm. When the lights went on he was fucking the hot air register.

That's unfair. What really annoys you is that she got it last night and there wasn't any left for you. Why couldn't he have chosen some other time? He knew I'd be there this morning. He didn't choose it, it just happened. Why can't you see him as a confused human being with problems? Do I ever do anything else? Already I couldn't tell you whether he's my lover or my outpatient. You think you're so magic, you can cure anything. Can't you admit you've failed?

Maybe I'm not a confused human being with problems, maybe I'm something altogether different, an artichoke . . . None of that.

Actually she's his type, they must have made it fine together, they're both athletic, she keeps time with the whistle, *peep*! they're off . . .

In a way I admire her, she gets through the days.

"I'm annoyed with him for some reason, though I can't recall which. I thumb my file of nasty remarks."



Margaret Atwood

UNDER GLASS

WHEN I COME BACK he's dressed and miserable. I move about the room in a parody of domesticity, savaging the bread into sandwiches with his one inadequate knife, sloshing water over the fruit. I open the Pepsi I've bought him.

"Do you have more than one glass?"

He shakes his head. "There's only the one."

I bring the soft-headed rose out of the bedroom, throw it into the clothes hamper he uses for trash, rinse out the glass and pour half of the warm Pepsi into it for myself. That's the nearest I can bring myself to physical anger. He starts to eat; I can't. I'm shivering; I get his coat down from the hook and wrap myself up in it.

"Don't look at me like that," he says.

"Like what?" I say.

I'm not allowed to be angry, he thinks it's unfair. In fact I'm not angry. I'm flipping through my images, trying to find one that will save me from speaking the unforgivable, the words that can't be recalled. Tortoises in cement cubicles, the otters in their green-scummed pool, they were eating, bones and the head of something, no, what about the foxes: they were barking, you couldn't hear them but you could see the insides of their mouths. The echidnas, waddling through the sawdust like fat fur-coated madwomen, that's no comfort. Back to the plants, the water-lily house, and in greenhouse 12, *Victoria Amazonica* with her huge plate-shaped leaves six feet across and her spiky blossom, floating in her pond, her harbor, doing nothing at all.

"Look," he says, "I can't stand these silences."

"Then say something."

"Whatever I say you'll think I'm sinister."

"I don't think you're sinister," I say, "I just think you're thoughtless and stupid. Anyone clever would wait until after he'd got the woman moved in with him before starting on that." Part of him, I know, doesn't want me to move in at all, the stove stays broken. Hang on to your defenses, I think: you'll be sunk without them.

"I thought it was better to tell the truth right off."

I look at him: he's hurting all right, but I need my mouthful of flesh, I need back some of that blood. He's so unhappy though and it isn't his fault, it's just the way he is, accept me, accept my nervous tics, and he thinks that's all it is, a kind of involuntary muscle spasm.

I want to tell him now what no one's ever taught him, how two people who love each other behave, how they avoid damaging each other, but I'm not sure I know. The love of a good woman. But I don't feel like a good woman right now. My skin is numb, bloodless as a mushroom. It was wrong of me to think I could ever accommodate: he's too human.

"I'll walk you to the subway." He can't cope with it, he doesn't believe in talking it through, he wants me out of the way. He won't come near me, touch me, doesn't he know that's all he to do? He'll wait for me to cool off, as I it. But if I go away like this I won't be ba

OUTSIDE I PUT ON my sunglasses, thou sun has gone in. I walk severely, no ing at him, I can't bear to. The outlines a ping again, it's an effort to press the sid down, it billows under my feet like a ma He really is going to take me to the subw let me disappear without making any eff stop me. I put my hand on his arm.

"Do you want to talk about it?"

"You just want out," he says, "and using this as an excuse."

"That's not true," I say. "If I'd wanted th cuse I could have used it before this." We t toward the small park where there is a on horseback with a lot of pigeons.

"You're making too much of it," he "You always exaggerate."

"Oh, I think I know more or less wha pened. You had a few drinks and felt h that's all."

"Very perceptive of you," he says. He is ing ironic, he thinks I've had a genuine t rare insight. He leans forward and takes sunglasses so he can see me.

"You can't hide behind those," he says.

The sun gets in and I squint; his face darkens, a paper flower dropped in wate spreads tendrils; I watch them creeping ov shoulder.

"I wish I didn't love you," I say.

He smiles, his hair scintillating in the light, his tie blossoming and receding, his oriental, inscrutable as an eggplant. I gri handles on my black bag, force him ba snapshot dimensions.

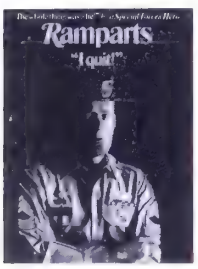
He kisses my fingers; he thinks we ha been cured. He believes in amnesia, he will mention it again. It should hurt less each tir

I'm happier, though, as I go down the to the ticket window. My hands function changing round silver disks for oblong p That this can be done, that everyone knows it means, there may be a chance. If we cou that: I would give him a pebble, a flowe would understand, he would translate ex He would reply, he would give me . . .

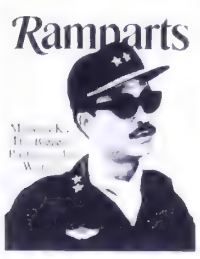
I ponder again his need for more glasses consider buying him a large bath towel. On the train, though, I find myself being moved ually, station by station, back toward the greenhouse. Soon I will be there; inside ar plants that have taught themselves to look stones. I think of them; they grow silently, hi in dry soil, minor events, little zeros, contai nothing but themselves; no food value, to eye soothing and round, then suddenly now I wonder how long it takes, how they do it.

ou Can't Trust Anyone Over 10
xcept Ramparts









We grew up when America's innocence was ending. The 60s were hard times, and we found ourselves involved in a series of stories that shocked us about as much as they did the rest of the country.

- In 1964, when the FBI and other investigating agencies were unable to bring the killers to justice our reporters recreated the brutal murders of three civil rights workers in a lonely Mississippi field.
- In 1965, as waves of American troops and napalm were washing over the Vietnam countryside, we editorialized in behalf of an NLF victory, documented the horrible mutilations suffered by the children of Vietnam, and tried to give aid and comfort to the militant anti-war movement here at home.
- In 1966, as the Great Debate was beginning over whether or not the U.S. should be in Vietnam, Ramparts showed that it was already a fait accompli: the CIA, the semi-official Vietnam Lobby, and universities like Michigan State having conspired to get us involved there long since.
- In 1967, Ramparts printed an expose on the CIA which if it didn't shake the Johnson administration at least caused it to tremble perceptibly. We showed how the Agency had subverted the National Student Association and kindred institutions and reached into almost every other aspect of American life as well.
- And in 1968, we described the way that US agents had directed the manhunt leading to the capture and execution of Che Guevara, and one of our editors brought home from Cuba the authoritative version of the Guevara Diaries.

We have, in other words, marked our coming of age by crisis in American history. We are 10 years old now, and still raising hell with those out to destroy America. This year, for instance, while the President and Congress were filling the air with confusing and misinformed talk about heroin, we showed how the epidemic now afflicting this country was due directly to the opium trade cultivated in Southeast Asia by the CIA. South Vietnam vice-president Ky, and other symbols of the US presence there.

Like any 10 year old, we are proud of ourselves. If a magazine's job is to change things, however, we've probably failed, for there's no denying that the 70s are proving as tragic as the 60s. But if journalism is supposed to shake up the powers that be, then Ramparts has done its part. "A gadfly to the establishment"—this is what the New York Times called us. The trouble is that a gadfly doesn't sting hard enough. We prefer to think of the magazine as part of the movement for social change that will some day turn things around in this country.

But whatever we are at the ripe old age of 10, growing up to be an important journalistic voice, having an impact on the times, hasn't been easy. The national advertisers who subsidize most magazines have found our stories too controversial. For a time in our brief career we relied ncial sugar-daddies to keep the presses rolling. But we found that when we weren't spending our time holding these investors we were getting into unusual positions to extract their daggers from our backs. They tried to control what we said about certain ant issues—specifically the Arab-Israeli war of 1967, the black liberation movement, and the aftermath of the Kent State murders. , we had to scrape together enough money to buy Ramparts for ourselves. Now we are the only staff-owned national magazine erica.

s independence is crucial: on top of the rest of this society's problem is the question of whether there will still be a "free and diversity of opinion by the end of the 70s.

a time when magazines like Look have been dying or being gobbled conglomerates (Psychology Today by Boise Cascade, for example) nen Nixon, Agnew and Their Gang have been seizing on excuses to this diminished press, Ramparts has kept the faith. If we have our e'll keep it for another 10 years as well.

is is more than an advertisement for ourselves, however. We want invest in our family-owned business. We can't tell you for sure what be buying: that depends in large part on what becomes of this y in the next decade. But we can promise to take you to the middle gs and keep you there.

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Eric Gordon

THE USES OF ANARCHY



A firsthand account of the Chinese Cultural Revolution

Eric Gordon grew up in a working-class slum in Manchester, England. He joined the Young Communist League at the age of eighteen, and from then on, he writes, "my driving ambition was to become a journalist and write for the Daily Worker." *Before attaining that goal, however, he and his wife Marie became disillusioned —"with the Party for losing its fire and for its blind obedience to Moscow, with Russia for its grotesque Stalin cult and then later for creating a new class-structured society, and with Eastern [European] socialism generally for the sheer apathy which seemed so widespread to us when we went to Hungary, Poland, and East Berlin for holidays."*

The Chinese revolutionary experience, in contrast, appeared to the Gordons as a "return to the principles of Marxism, to the ideals of the Communist movement which had been lost sight of in Europe." Invited to work in China—he as an editor in the Foreign Languages Press bureau, his wife as an English teacher—they and their eight-year-old son arrived in Peking in February 1965. They planned to stay for two years. Soon, however, they were caught up in the turmoil of the Cultural Revolution, first as excluded but observant bystanders, then as active participants. Gordon's account follows.

Copyright © 1971 Eric and Marie Gordon. From the book Freedom Is a Word *to be published this spring by William Morrow.*

IT IS HARD FOR ME TO WRITE objectively of the cultural revolution because I have always had mixed feelings about it. For most of the sixteen months when I was living so closely through it I felt exhilarated by what seemed an exciting moment in history. It seemed to provide proof that China was as near as any could be in the twentieth century to the ideal I had sought for so long. Then there be moments—painful and confusing—experienced a deep compassion for its casualties, some of whom I knew persona

The cultural revolution did not push up from the bottom of society, from amo great mass of Chinese people, the hundr millions of peasants and workers. It sta the top, like a controlled social experim

The first salvos were fired by Mao h aimed, roughly speaking, against leading lectuals and Party bureaucrats who wa more liberal, more moderate kind of soc similar to that which had grown in Russ Eastern Europe. To Mao, Russia had be all the communist ideals he had fought m his life for, becoming fundamentally no di from a capitalist country, run by a self-pe ating managerial and bureaucratic elite b preserving their status and privileges at t pense of an impoverished people. But whe tried to clamp down on the dissident intelle and Party officials in China, he received a He had underestimated their numbers and ence. The whole Party apparatus througho country, with its tendrils stretching into cultural sphere—the theater, the cinema, th the universities, the literary circles—seem be in their hands. Realizing then that he not fight his opponents alone, he enjoine mass of Chinese to take up his cause, wa

at unless they did so China would follow
s path and revert to what it had been be-
eration—a poverty-stricken and famine-
land. In a way, you can say he appealed
bellies . . .

his took months to incubate, and that's
ne of my colleagues at the Foreign
ges Press knew in those warm and tran-
t weeks of April [1966] that they were
n the lengthening shadow of a revolution
uld convulse the whole of China and
he biggest upheaval since Liberation.

first distant shots of the revolution were
a newspaper campaign against Peking's
yor, Wu Han, a dramatist and historian,
pera libretto he had written in 1959. The
Hai Jui Dismissed from Office, drama-
slice of Ming dynasty history involving
missal of a "righteous official"; in fact,
ers accused, it was a covert defense of
'eh-huai, a veteran Party leader who had
sted by Mao in 1959 from his key post
ense Minister for his pro-Russian sym-
. The papers alleged Wu Han had been
rotected from public exposure by a cabal
Maoists concealed in the shadowy upper
of the Party.

ay colleagues it was merely political in-
among the Party leaders that had noth-
lly to do with them. They went about their
lissfully unaware of the coming storm
uld soon leave so few of them untouched.

The revolution begins

THEN WHAT HAD BEEN simmering for so
ng really began to erupt. Suddenly,
e was told to attend daily mass staff
gs in the office canteen where speeches
ade by Party members—usually depart-
directors—condemning Wu Han and all
er "monsters," a term now used to de-
Mao's opponents. Like other foreigners,
arred from the meetings that went on for
r four hours, so every afternoon I would
y desk in the deserted office listening to
ill voices crying from the canteen loud-
rs, the speeches punctuated every few
s by a burst of slogans—*da dao Wu Han*
with Wu Han) and *Mao Zhu-xi wan sui*
housand years of life to Chairman Mao)
vas an eerie experience listening to those
odied voices crying out slogans, knowing
any of them belonged to friends who had
appeared so quiet, reserved, and inoffen-
erie too were the first few minutes after
etings had ended, when my colleagues
l back to the office, laughing and chatting
rowd turning out from the cinema.

May drew to an end the staff had their minds
off the latest "movement" by the prepara-
tions being made for Li's farewell. Li, a woman typist, was leaving the office after fifteen years to join her husband, a factory manager, who had been transferred to a Shanghai plant. An attractive, generous, and warmhearted woman of about forty, Li was one of the most popular members of the staff, and everyone was sorry to see her go. The day before she was due to leave, a farewell party was held in the office library—the large table in the center of the room filled with plates of peanuts, biscuits, sweets, and mugs of green tea. One by one the staff, seated around the table as if in conference, made farewell speeches. Li, at the head of the table, soon could not stop herself from crying. When the party was about to end, Lao Chu, one of the directors, suddenly appeared at the doorway. He was invited in to make a speech. A small, humpbacked, sharp-faced man of about fifty, he lowered himself into an empty chair by mine and, leaning forward on the walking stick between his knees, began to speak. Within minutes, everyone was staring at him—tense and curious. "I must remind you, comrades," he intoned, "that we must always follow Chairman Mao. Nothing is more important than that. But there are some people who oppose our great leader. And now there is a life-and-death struggle going on against all the enemies of socialism." He looked round at the staff, his eyes traveling slowly from face to face. Then they stopped at Lao Yen and Lao Meng, who faced him side by side. "Lao Meng," he smiled icily, "I've noticed how you like old Peking opera." Lao Meng shuffled uncomfortably in his chair and forced an embarrassed grin. "And you, Lao Yen, do you still spend a lot of time on calligraphy?" Lao Yen nodded disconsolately. "Ah," said Lao Chu, wagging a rebuking finger, "you must get out of such old habits." Only two men had been singled out for "bourgeois" pastimes but Lao Chu's menacing message had been spelled out clearly to everyone: from now on they could be embroiled in the "movement" as much as the erring Party leaders they had been so vociferously castigating.

After that evening events crowded in on themselves at an almost overwhelming pace, and the office buzzed with rumor and speculation. In the newspapers nothing but the continuing denunciation of Wu Han and Teng To, another Peking Party official. But over the desks and in the quiet, unlit corners of the corridors, my colleagues passed on the latest rumor about something much more sensational—and threatening: the students' rebellion at Peking University.

SPRAWLING OVER AN AREA of several square miles in the northwestern suburbs of the city—just five miles from the office—Peking University, known for short in Chinese as Beida, had long been the pride of the government, a

"It was an eerie experience listening to those disembodied voices crying out slogans, knowing that many of them belonged to friends who had always appeared so quiet, reserved, and inoffensive."

Eric Gordon

THE USES OF ANARCHY

model university of 10,000 students training to swell China's thin ranks of scientists, mathematicians, statisticians, historians, and college teachers. Now, according to rumor, Beida was in turmoil, with hundreds of students, led by a Party official on the staff of the philosophy faculty, in revolt against Lu Ping, the university's president, and his fellow administrators.

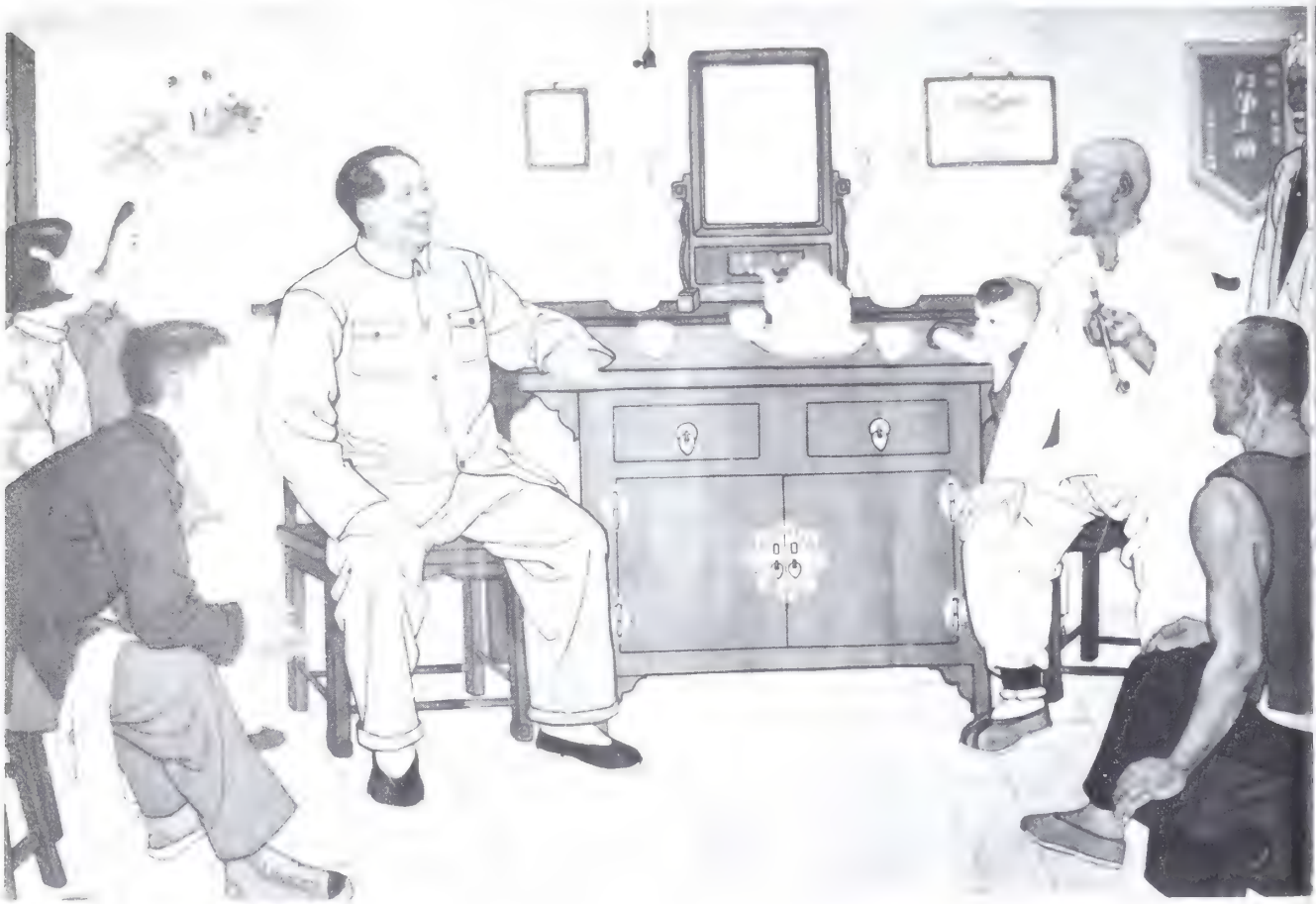
Lu Ping had been arraigned on two major counts. He had unfairly discriminated against the enrollment of students from working-class and peasant families in favor of boys and girls from well-off parents. And, most politically damning of all, perhaps, he had stopped the students from criticizing Wu Han and virtually banned them from studying Maoism either in their compulsory political studies or even in their spare time, choosing instead an ideological diet restricted to Marx, Engels, Lenin, and Stalin.

The president's attempt to squeeze out the poorer students from Beida could not have come as much of a surprise to my colleagues. In the scramble for the limited number of university places, and indeed, college and senior middle-school places, the children of the privileged classes had invariably managed to elbow out of the race the less privileged competitors. But there were enormous implications in the accusation—and the vehemence behind it—that Lu Ping had spurned Maoism. Could not a similar charge be leveled at the directors of the F Languages Press? And, if so, how long w take before the young fervent political a at the office caught the infectious br rebellion at Beida and struck at their di starting a witch-hunt for unorthodox vie

When the staff arrived at our office on a big white poster had been glued to th near the canteen. Signed by half a dozer bers of the staff, including one of the he the personnel department, its huge thre black characters issued a warning to Lo the head of the bureau: "You have been against Mao Tse-tung's Thought. Pull ba fore it is too late . . ." The storm clouds cultural revolution had burst at last ov office.

Curious about the poster—*dazibao* in Ch meaning "big character poster"—I ask and Wang what it meant as soon as I walk the office. They just continued working a desks, not even bothering to look up at me embarrassed, standing there, waiting answer. That Wang, cautious and alwa frightened of getting too close to fore should retreat into a protective shell did n prise me. But Liu? He had been so op frank and carefree before. Had he been o not to speak to me about it? Or had he i tively decided to pull down a curtain be

Ill one happy family and then came the Revolution.



test him, I turned to him and asked him
e thought about Peng Chen's dismissal.
was a member of the Politburo, the mayor
ng, and the first major victim of the cul-
volution.]
ooner had I asked it than I realized I had
red. Slowly Liu raised his blank eyes. "I
now anything about it." It was a howl-
logical thing for him to say and he knew
new that it was, yet, presumably, he was
ng me to stick to the rules of his make-
game and say no more. Not wishing to
ass him, I retired to my desk.
ry and depressed as I was at being given
d shoulder, I could not but marvel at the
e Chinese managed so successfully for
nonths to erect an almost impenetrable
of secrecy around the cultural revolution
the hundreds of foreigners living and
g right in their midst. It was a unique
nenon. There I was, going to the office
day, working alongside my colleagues,
t not knowing the first thing about what
tually happening at the office, about the
gs that were being held, about the great
nal stress my colleagues were going
h as their political ideas came under scru-
om the Party officials. And this seemed all
re remarkable later on when I discovered
rs and terrors some of the Chinese I knew
cceeded in concealing behind masks of
and politeness.
re were still fewer signs of the cultural
tion outside the office. The city carried on
and breathing as if nothing untoward was
ning . . . the streets packed with shoppers
clists . . . cinemas and theaters still open
taurants crowded . . . on Sundays the
oursting full with families on outings. And
knew that behind the walls of every office,
, college, and school in the city, dramas
being enacted similar to the one at the
For if one could not *see* the revolution one
hear it in the evenings, carried across the
sky. The sound was the angry, shrill
ng of slogans, often accompanied by the
g of drums and the clashing of cymbals.
red out of the hundreds of meetings that
being held throughout the city, meetings
egan late at night and carried on until the
ours. You could not escape from the roar
meetings; it was like the moaning of a
ic animal crouching over the city.
ould be certain of only one thing—that
ver the cultural revolution was about, it
roducing the most outrageous cult of a
. Every article in every paper was cen-
exclusively on one theme—the unquestion-
reatness of Mao and his Thought. Every-
giant hoardings were being put up bearing
quotation or other from Mao's writings.
es of Mao were all over. His teachings by now had not only "developed Marxism to its highest level ever" but were also an inexhaustible fountain of wisdom covering every aspect of one's personal conduct. Whatever your problem, Chairman Mao was always there to turn to. Did you have an inferiority complex? Were you selfish? Were you impatient? Did you find it hard to accept majority decisions? Then all you had to do was turn to page so-and-so of Mao's writings for the solution to your problem. Ridiculous though it might sound, this was exactly what the Chinese at the time were being advised to do in a widely distributed leaflet headed, "Get the Answers from Chairman Mao's Quotations"—a leaflet containing eighty-two questions and answers.

As a Marxist, I reacted against all this. It smelled overpoweringly of the Stalin cult that in Russia had straitjacketed social and political development with an orthodoxy that could not be questioned. Of course, Mao, I reasoned, was not another Stalin—there was no evidence of labor camps, bloody purges, mass deportations; but a cult remained. Wasn't there already a frightening mental atmosphere in which people were smelling out heretical thoughts? How could socialism develop in China now?

"The Chinese managed successfully for four months to erect an almost impenetrable barrier of secrecy around the cultural revolution despite the hundreds of foreigners living right in their midst."

Power to the people

AND THEN THE RED GUARD movement burst upon us. That astounding tide of revolutionary young people—and most of them very young, in their early teens—fanatical in their enthusiasm for Maoism, and the Little Red Book. Yet there seemed a naïve freshness about them that I could not help being drawn toward. And for the first time I felt I was witnessing a genuine revolution.

In letters home I played down the violence of the Red Guards, never mentioning the beatings of professors at Beida, the former landlords and capitalists, sometimes old women, who were made to clean the streets as a punishment for their past, never mentioning the persistent rumors we were all hearing at the hotel about the terror the Red Guards had brought to the families of intellectuals, the dozens of men and women who, in desperation, had committed suicide. If this had been the work of a few individual hooligans I would not have attached much importance to it, but from all accounts it appeared to be a systematic purge with the Red Guards getting the names and addresses of "bourgeois elements" from the police. Later, it was claimed that the organization controlling the Red Guards had been staffed by the children of leading Party officials who had encouraged violence so as to discredit the image of a new organization officially sponsored by Mao. Why didn't I write home about all this? Partly because I felt it

would simply be too difficult to explain to people in England how I could feel enthusiastic about the Red Guards and yet have deep reservations about their actions. In any case, the revolution had far from run its course—wouldn't it be better to wait and judge it in perspective? And merged in with all this was the agonizing problem: to tell or not to tell. Whatever was happening, I still felt that China was fundamentally socialist and that it needed defending.

The Red Guards came to the Foreign Languages Press a few days after the August 18 rally at which Mao appeared before a million Red Guards who had come to demonstrate their loyalty to him. Aged between thirteen and fifteen, they went from office to office, checking everyone's hairstyle (except the foreigners') and making sure no one kept trinkets or ornaments on his desk—"useless bourgeois possessions." Nobody tried to stop them, and their criticism was taken meekly. When they came to my office they took a look at the long hair of one of my colleagues and ordered him to get it cut. The following day he turned up with it cropped short, and all the girls' swinging pigtails had disappeared too, along with the waved hairstyles of the older women. Everyone now had the accepted style—the workers' and peasants' style. My colleagues seemed to take this with great good humor, appearing to treat the Red Guards with the kind of permissiveness that Chinese extend to their children. I thought at the time, however, that their reasons for accepting the Red Guards' behavior went far beyond this. I felt that many people realized the silliness of the Red Guards' demands, but went along with them—not only in the office but in Peking generally—because they were afraid of hindering a movement that they felt could be important for the future of China.

I later learned quite a lot about what had been happening at the office since the beginning of June. That first *dazibao* had been followed next day by a more strident one accusing Lo Chun, head of the bureau, of being "a monster," signed by several youngsters, including Liu Chun-keng, a newcomer recently demobilized from the People's Liberation Army. Hundreds of *dazibao* appeared in the next few weeks, mostly directed against Lo Chun and other senior cadres. A few appeared against more lowly workers, translators, or clerks who had expressed anti-Maoist sentiments in the past. Criticism against seniors amounted to three main points: that they had not published enough copies of Mao's works—only 10,000 of one volume since the Fifties, for instance; that they had never made the older intellectuals do their mandatory spell of work in a commune; and that they had given the young staff members from peasant and working-class families the most uninteresting and dead-end jobs, while the jobs with greater interest, higher pay, and better prospects went to university-trained staff from former bourgeois fa

There was little violence used against ficials at the bureau, perhaps because so of the staff had come from the mannered teel middle classes of the old China, perh cause they felt they had to be on their b havior in front of foreigners. When vi came it was—in contrast with what ha pened at universities—rather restrained so, I felt a tremor of repugnance when nessed it.

I found those early days of the cultura lution tremendously exhilarating. I was convinced that I was living through a g revolution and that within a very large a their lives, the people—perhaps for the firs since Liberation—were able to determi course of events. I knew of course that total still did not lie with the masses, that maj tional decisions were still being taken leaders of the revolution—Mao, Lin Piao, En-lai, and Mao's wife, Chiang Ching—b spite this, I was sure that a rough revolut democracy had spontaneously emerged. most of the other foreigners I knew. To the revolution was far from genuine; it kind of permitted revolution, controlle directed by a few leaders for ulterior moti their own, with the people only allowed t cize those leaders whom Mao and his col had chosen to attack. I considered this a view, held precisely because these expert chosen not to take part in the revolution bu to judge it from the sidelines. And I was no ing part to an extent I never dreamed p before. Not only did I attend any meet wanted to, but I also joined in all the discu with my colleagues about the way the offic been run in the past, and sometimes even *dazibao* to express my point of view.

Rebellion is jus

BY THE END OF JANUARY there was a vacuum at the bureau. The director been thrown out of office by the Cultural lutionary Committee and were spending p the day cleaning the office and the rest stu political articles and attending criticism ings. The Foreign Languages Press came standstill. There was only one thing expect the staff—that they attend meetings, rea *dazibao*, and write as many as possible.

The same thing was happening all over C For months the Red Guards had been po out of Peking by the trainload, spreadin gospel of rebellion to every city and town country flared like a forest fire. Against work-teams had been sent by anti-Mao for practically every big town, factory, and co trying to stem the popular revolt against bu

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ALABAMA

[illegible]	WATV	900
[illegible]	[illegible]	560
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	WKRG	710
Montgomery	WQTY	[illegible]
[illegible]	WAMA	1340
Tuscaloosa	WJRD	[illegible]
[illegible]	WVNA	[illegible]

ARIZONA

[illegible]	[illegible]	960
Tucson	[illegible]	1450

ARKANSAS

Fort Smith	KFPW	[illegible]
Hot Springs	KZNG	[illegible]
Little Rock	KLRA	1010

CALIFORNIA

Bakersfield	KBIS	970
Chico	KHSL	[illegible]
Eureka	KINS	980
Los Angeles	[illegible]	[illegible]
Palm Springs	KCMJ	1010
Redding	KVCV	600
Sacramento	KFBK	[illegible]
San Bernardino	KCKC	[illegible]
San Diego	[illegible]	[illegible]
San Francisco	KCBS	[illegible]
San Luis Obispo	KATY	[illegible]

COLORADO

Colorado Springs	KVOR	[illegible]
Denver	KLZ	560
Durango	KDGO	[illegible]
Grand Junction	KREX	920

CONNECTICUT

Hartford-Manchester	WINF	[illegible]
[illegible]	WTBY	[illegible]

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Washington	WTOP	[illegible]

FLORIDA

Crestview	WJSB	1050
Delray Beach	WDBF	1420
[illegible]	WINK	[illegible]
Jacksonville	WMBR	[illegible]
Key West	WKWF	1600
Lake City	WDSR	1340
Miami	WKAT	[illegible]
Orlando	WDBO	580
St. Augustine	WFOY	1240
Sarasota	WSPB	[illegible]
Tallahassee	WTNT	1270
Tampa	[illegible]	1010

GEORGIA

Albany	WGPC	1450
Athens	WGAU	[illegible]
Atlanta	WRNG	680
Augusta	WGAC	580
Brunswick	WMOG	[illegible]
Columbus	WRBL	[illegible]
Gainesville	WGGA	550
Macon	WMAZ	940
Rome	WLAQ	1410
Savannah	WTOC	1290
Thomasville	WPAX	1240
Valdosta	[illegible]	910
Waycross	WAYX	[illegible]

IDAHO

Boise	KBOI	670
Idaho Falls	KID	590
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

ILLINOIS

Champaign	WDWS	1400
Chicago	WBBM	780
Danville	WDAN	1490
Decatur	WSOY	1340
Peoria	WMBD	1470
[illegible]	WTAD	930
Rock Island	WHBF	1270
Springfield	WTAX	[illegible]

INDIANA

Anderson	WHBU	[illegible]
Fort Wayne	WGL	[illegible]
Indianapolis	WXLW	950
Kokomo	[illegible]	[illegible]
Marion	WBAT	1400
Muncie	WLBC	[illegible]
South Bend	WSBT	960
Terre Haute	WAAC	[illegible]
Vincennes	WAOV	[illegible]

IOWA

Cedar Rapids	WMT	600
Des Moines	KRNT	[illegible]
Mason City	KGLO	[illegible]
Ottumwa	[illegible]	1240

KANSAS

Colby	KXXX	790
Pittsburg	KSEK	1340
Topeka	WIBW	580
Wichita	KFH	[illegible]

KENTUCKY

Henderson	WSON	860
Hopkinsville	WHOP	[illegible]
Lexington	WLAP	630
Louisville	WHAS	840
Owensboro	WOMI	[illegible]
Paducah	WPAD	1450
Paintsville	WSIP	1490
Whitesburg	WTCW	920

LOUISIANA

Alexandria	KALB	580
New Orleans	WWL	870
Shreveport	KWKH	1130

MAINE

Augusta	WFAU	1340
Calais	WQDY	[illegible]
Ellsworth	WDEA	[illegible]
Houlton	WHOU	[illegible]
Lewiston	WCOU	1240
Machias	WMCS	1400
Millinocket	WMKR	1240
Rumford	WRUM	790
Sanford	WSME	1220

MARYLAND

Baltimore	WFBR	[illegible]
Frederick	WFMD	930
Hagerstown	WARK	1490
Salisbury	WBOC	960

MASSACHUSETTS

Boston	WEEI	590
Greenfield	WHAI	1240
Pittsfield	WBRK	1340
Springfield-Chicopee	WACE	730
Worcester	WNEB	1230

MICHIGAN

Cadillac	WWAM	1370
Detroit	[illegible]	760
Escanaba	WDBC	680
Grand Rapids	WJEF	1230
Kalamazoo	WKZO	590
Saginaw-Bay City	WSGW	790

MINNESOTA

Duluth	KDAL	610
Minneapolis	WCCO	830

MISSISSIPPI

Meridian	WCOC	910

MISSOURI

Joplin	KODE	1230
St. Joseph	KFEQ	680
St. Louis	KMOX	1120
Sikeston	KMPL	1520
Springfield	KTTS	1400

MONTANA

Butte	KBOW	550
Great Falls	KKGF	1310
Helena	KCAP	1340
Missoula	KGVO	1290

NEBRASKA

Lincoln	KLIN	1400
Omaha	KLNG	1490
Scottsbluff	KOLT	1320

NEVADA

Las Vegas	KLAV	1230
Reno	KBET	1340

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Berlin	WMOU	1230
Concord	WKXL	1450
Hanover	WTSL	1400
Keene	WKNE	1290
Laconia	WLNH	[illegible]
Rochester	WWNH	930

NEW JERSEY

Atlantic City	WFPG	1450

NEW MEXICO

Albuquerque	KGGM	610
Clovis	KWKA	680

NEW YORK

Albany	WROW	590
Binghamton	WKOP	1360
Buffalo	WBEN	930
[illegible]	WELM	1410
Gloversville	WENT	1340
Ithaca	WHCU	870
Kingston	WKNY	1490
New York	WCBS	880
Plattsburgh	WEAV	960
Rochester	WHEC	1460
Syracuse	WHEN	620
Utica	WIBX	950
Watertown	WWNY	790

NORTH CAROLINA

Durham	WDNC	620
Fayetteville	WFAI	1230
Greensboro	WBIG	1470
Greenville	WNCT	1070
Wilmington	WMFD	630

NORTH DAKOTA

Bismarck	KBOM	1270
Dickinson	KDIX	1230
Fargo	KFGO	790
Grand Forks	KILO	1440

OHIO

Canton-Akron	WOIO	1060
Cincinnati	WCKY	1530
Cleveland	WERE	1300
Columbus	WBNS	1460
Dayton	WHIO	1290
Marietta	WMOA	1490
Portsmouth	WPAY	1400
Youngstown	WKBN	570

OKLAHOMA

Bartlesville	KWON	1400
Oklahoma City-Norman	WNAD	640

OREGON

Ashland	KCMX	580
Eugene	KERG	1280
Klamath Falls	KFLW	1450
Portland	KOIN	970
Roseburg	KRNR	1490

PENNSYLVANIA

Du Bois	WCED	1420
Harrisburg	WHP	580
Indiana	WDAD	1450
Johnstown	WARD	1490
Philadelphia	WCAU	1210
Pittsburgh-McKeesport	WEDO	810
Scranton	[illegible]	910
Sunbury	WKOK	1070
Uniontown	WMBS	590
Williamsport	WWPA	1340

RHODE ISLAND

Providence	WEAN	790

SOUTH CAROLINA

Anderson	WAIM	1230
Charleston	WCSC	1390
Columbia	WNOK	1230
Florence	WJMX	970
Greenville	WMRB	1490
Spartanburg	WSPA	950

SOUTH DAKOTA

Rapid City	KOTA	1380
Yankton	WNAX	570

TENNESSEE

Cookeville	WHUB	1400
Johnson City	WJCW	910
Knoxville	WBIR	1240
Memphis	WREC	600
Nashville	WLAC	1510

TEXAS

Austin	KTBC	590
Corpus Christi	KSIX	1230
Dallas	KRLD	1080
El Paso	KIZZ	1150
Houston	KTRH	740
Lubbock	KFYO	790
San Antonio	KMAC	630
Wichita Falls	KWFT	620

UTAH

Cedar City	KSUB	590
Salt Lake City	KSL	1160

VERMONT

Barre	WSNO	1450
Brattleboro	WKVT	1490
Burlington	WJOY	1230
Middlebury	WFAD	1490
Newport	WIKE	1490
St. Johnsbury	WTWN	1340

VIRGINIA

Charlottesville	WINA	1070
Norfolk	WTAR	790
Richmond	WTVR	1380
Roanoke	WFIR	960
Staunton	WAFC	900

WASHINGTON

Seattle	KIRO	710
Spokane	KXLY	920
Sunnyside	KREW	1230
Walla Walla	KUJ	1420
Wenatchee	KUEN	900

WEST VIRGINIA

Beckley	WJLS	560
Charleston	WCHS	580
Fairmont	WMMN	920
Huntington	WWHY	1470
Princeton	WLOH	1490

WISCONSIN

Green Bay	WBAY	1360
Wausau	WXCO	1230

WYOMING

Casper	KATI	1400
Lander	KOVE	1330
Sheridan	KROE	930

ıt now, with the red-armbanded young-
eaching Mao's maxim, "Rebellion is
," factory workers, peasants, and stu-
ırted to throw out their directors.
ıad unleashed the revolution to get rid
›pponents who controlled the gigantic
paratus. But his opponents were stronger
ıad thought. Everywhere they were fight-
:—rallying support in the factories and
ıes. They attempted to pacify disgruntled
and peasants with wage rises, paid wage
›verdue for several years, and offered full
apprentices. Workers found themselves
re than a thousand yuan in their pockets
hing like a worker in England suddenly
iven two thousand pounds by his em-
There was a run on goods in the shops—
, radios, cloth almost vanished from
ves. Daily sales in Peking's big depart-
›re shot up by 700 per cent. Other work-
› refused to accept the sudden windfalls
ground that the officials were trying to
em, took to the streets in demonstrations.
ere strikes. Factories closed down. Cities
nghai became paralyzed. "Look what the
revolution is doing to the country,"
Mao's opponents. It was a crisis.
swiftly counterattacked by calling on the
to "seize power" from the entrenched
. The bureaucracy that opposed him had
ismantled. Committees representing the
should be set up to replace it. Shanghai
first to fall. Hundreds of workers' groups
ity amalgamated and took over the muni-
ice, the factories, the docks. It was known
January Revolution." And within weeks
r of take-overs had swept the country.

:R A BIT I REALIZED that the Chinese were
tually enjoying the anarchic situation.
d not want it to come to an end. For years
d had no real democratic rights at all.
rty had dominated their lives. Now Mao
ven the word that the Party could be
›d, that the "masses should be the arbiters
fate." The screws had been taken off.
people felt free. They could form their
litical groupings, elect their own commit-
un the organizations where they worked.
id not have to be particularly shrewd to
t once the groups stopped arguing and
, the bureau would return to some kind
ıality—and that meant order, discipline,
ntual re-emergence of the status quo: in
he end of their freedom.
ıis stage the papers—under new editors
o Mao's leftist line—launched a massive
gn virulently condemning Liu Shao-chi,
id of State, as a "traitor" and "renegade"
Party, together with Teng Hsiao-ping, the
eneral secretary.

Everything that had gone wrong in China—the spread of bureaucracy, the growth of a privileged elite—was blamed on the two leaders, especially on Liu from whose teachings sprang all deviations and opposition to the Party. For years, cried the papers, these conspirators had secretly opposed Mao and gradually seized control of the Party apparatus, aiming to overthrow Mao, just as Khrushchev had ousted Stalin, and introduce Russian-style communism to China. If the campaign was intended to rally a divided nation against a recognizable foe, the timing could not have been more opportune.

One criticism of Liu had repercussions at the bureau, sparking off a witch-hunt against "traitors." According to the papers, Liu had broken long-established Party rules by ordering hundreds of Party members, imprisoned by Chiang Kai-shek's Kuomintang in the Thirties, to gain their release by confessing their Party membership and publicly recanting for their opposition to Chiang Kai-shek. The released communists, said the papers, were then allowed to rejoin the Party, where they had been given leading positions. Were there any of these "traitors" at the bureau? Red Flag, the left Maoist faction in the office, set out to find them. For weeks they sifted the dossiers on every Party member, then one day announced "an important meeting."

"If one could not *see* the revolution one could *hear* it in the evenings, carried across the Peking sky."

THE CANTEEN WAS FULL, the air thick with cigarette smoke. At two o'clock, Liu Chen-keng, head of Red Flag, and two other members of the group, entered the hall, took their place behind a long table at the front, and shuffled some papers. Then Liu banged his gavel, and in his rasping voice announced the opening of the meeting. A hush fell over the audience. A born orator, Liu dominated every meeting. A short, stocky figure with wide, powerful shoulders, he was always, it seemed, dressed in the same fading khaki jacket and cloth peak cap. Red Flag, he said, resettling his glasses on his nose, had investigated a number of people at the bureau and had discovered that among the staff there were nine "traitors." "Enemies of the people," he cried. "They betrayed the Party to the Kuomintang, gave lists of names of Party members to the enemy . . . they caused the deaths of many communists." Now he was shouting. "Down with the traitors . . . Long live our great leader, Chairman Mao . . . Long live his Invincible Thought." The stilled audience waited, everyone wondering who the "traitors" would prove to be. After a pause, Liu shouted, "Bring the traitors in . . . let the masses see them."

The swing doors flew open and a line of nine men—their heads bowed, their arms stretched out straight behind them—were frogmarched into the hall. "Down with the traitors. . . . Down

Eric Gordon

THE USES OF ANARCHY

with all those who oppose our great leader, Chairman Mao," cried the audience, their arms thrusting into the air to the chant of the slogans.

The nine men were then led around the canteen, frogmarched up and down the aisles, and then brought to the front and made to stand in a line.

They were only two or three feet away from me. I could recognize the former head of the bureau, Lo Chun, an old librarian, and a couple of others—the rest I had not seen before. They looked frightened and bewildered, their heads forced down, their arms pulled tight behind them . . . some of them began shaking, their legs trembling. Soon trickles of sweat ran down their faces and gathered in small pools at their feet. I felt a sudden wave of revulsion at this brutal form of bullying and humiliation, at the way the khaki-clad youngsters manhandling them seemed to be enjoying every minute of it, at the whole brutalizing effect the meeting was clearly having on the audience. A few seats away I noticed a couple of children no more than ten or eleven laughing and giggling at the nine men.

One by one the nine men were dealt with by Liu, and as their charges were read out over the microphone, they were pushed and dragged into the middle of the line. The first to be named was Lo Chun. Suddenly, Liu rasped out, "Lo Chun, do you recognize this?" He was holding up a long dagger. Lo Chun was released by his two guards for a moment and spun round to face Liu and the dagger. He nodded despairingly. L not speak but just kept on holding up the d -a fine piece of demagoguery, I thought. us about it," voices cried out in the aud "What did Lo Chun do?"

Liu waited for the voices to die down. Chun knows what this is," he shouted after "It was a present from a Kuomintang given to him after he had crawled on his b the enemy and signed a confession." Th picked up an old newspaper cutting. It was a newspaper of the early 1930s with a pict a much younger looking Lo Chun sitting table with several Kuomintang officers. Be ran a story explaining how Lo Chun, an u ground Communist party member in one southern provinces, had been caught b Kuomintang and had signed a statemer nouncing his Party allegiance.

"Do you admit this?" yelled Liu. "Yes, plied Lo Chun weakly. "Why did you betra Party?" demanded Liu relentlessly. "We ordered by the Party to sign confessions if we were captured," whispered Lo. "That excuse," screamed Liu, "do you understan excuse." As if to give emphasis to Liu's one of Lo's guards suddenly slapped him ha the back of his neck. Lo flung up his han protect himself, and then he staggered for "That's enough," said Liu. "Put him back. the next one . . ."

The accusations against the others were serious. One was charged with betraying t Kuomintang the names of Party members were later executed; another with acting undercover agent for the Kuomintang, colle names of prominent underground members passing them on. None denied the charges.

On Chinese posters, the people always move forward, and always under the banner of Mao's Thought.



Violence in the bu

THE MEETING LASTED MORE than two h during which the atmosphere grew and more frenzied with people leaping up down, crying out slogans denouncing the men, cheering and clapping as Liu raved a traitors in their midst . . . and all the time men continued standing in a line, almost dou over sometimes as their heads were pushed ther and further down.

There was no doubt that the charges were stantial, but they related to events twent thirty years ago and in any case they ha been recorded in their dossiers by the P which had presumably excused them. It always been integral to Mao's precepts tha matter what crime a man committed he sh be reintegrated into society so long as he knowledged it and reformed. I wondered the people in the audience had not consid these questions, and then I realized it had

mpossible for them—they had been up in such an emotional orgy that any rational thinking, analysis, any act of usness, had been drowned. In fact I too mentarily shared in the delirium, for always that terrible instinctive reaction n what everyone else is doing. At the end neeting I felt empty and flat, my heart ut to the nine lonely, derided, and humili- n who would never be able to live down rible stigma of "traitor."

witch-hunt of traitors should have helped the divided staff, but it seemed impos- bring the feuding sides together. It was e all over China. In some cities it had almost a daily occurrence for factional to take to the streets and demonstrate. were running fights, and the casualties d. The Army was ordered not to take o act as a mediator, but often the Army ot pulled into the maelstrom, suffering nan 100,000 casualties.* Food became the rice ration was cut. The incidence of ose.

eking the hospitals began to fill up with wounded in fights. To complicate matters, loctors refused to treat patients—even ncy cases—unless they belonged to the they supported.

is simmering atmosphere, violence came bureau. It started with a scuffle in the rd late one evening over a torn *dazibao.* ited Red Rebel supporter [a member of ion opposing the Red Flag group] ran to y secondary school and called out student uards. Then a real fight developed with nd belts, and one of the Red Flag leaders eye put out by an iron bar. Next day I was in the office when I heard a terrible wail- nd coming up from the canteen, as if ds of people were crying. The man had ought in all bloody on a stretcher as evi- of Red Rebel violence, and immediately f the women, and many of the men, had to tears. With passions running high, the e held a protest march through the streets the stretcher ceremonially at the head of ocession—to our printing shop, where f the previous night's fighters worked. In- y, there was another fight, this time with and stones. The first I knew of this was a of hours later when I walked along the r and saw men and women—many of I knew—staggering along with bleeding and bodies. The corridor was like a cas- enter. But what I remember most clearly hat morning was the expression on their -everyone seemed to have the excited, look about them that violence always to people.

*ording to American sources, probably very few resulted in death.

A FEW DAYS AFTER THIS INCIDENT, I left the office to live the last few months of our two-year stay on my savings at the hotel. I planned to spend the time sorting my notes, starting on the book I was going to write, and packing. We had accumulated a lot of things by then—one or two pieces of antique furniture, books and records galore, and some pieces of china; it would take some time to arrange the packing with the company that handled it.

But before I could get down to the book, China became gripped by a spy mania. Suddenly speeches began to be made by Mao's wife, Chiang Ching, a leading figure in the cultural revolution, and another leader, Kang Sheng, warning that the nation was in danger. Foreign agents—sent by the British, Americans, and Chiang Kai-shek—were being infiltrated into the country to sabotage the economy and collect information on the cultural revolution. Already anti-foreign sentiments had been aroused by the riots in Hong Kong and the arrest of the Chinese journalists, and the streets in the center of Peking were filled with hundreds of thousands demonstrating against "imperialists." To me, it seemed as if the leaders had seized on this issue as an attempt to try once again to rally a nation so deeply divided.

For the first time I really felt the urge to leave China. I had hoped at first that the revolution would change relations between the Chinese and the foreigners, that the attempt to break up the privileged elite among the Chinese would also end the highly privileged position of foreigners, and that it would be possible to become assimilated in Chinese life. But now I realized that the prejudices against foreigners were too deep-rooted to be ended in a few months or years, especially if the Party leaders continued to exploit them for politically tactical reasons. The sadness of it all was that I felt such a deep attachment to the ordinary Chinese, to the many close friends I had made at the office, and, despite my reservations, support for the general aims of the Party leaders, like Mao, and the cultural revolution they had launched.

Before they could leave China, the Gordons were arrested by soldiers of the Peking Military Commission, allegedly because "incriminating" notes and photographs had been found among their possessions. This was in November 1967. For the next two years, the family was held under guard in a single room of a Peking hotel, undergoing almost daily interrogation and "re-education" in the Thoughts of Chairman Mao. Unable to convince their captors that they intended no ill either to the Chinese people or to the principles of the Chinese revolution, the Gordons finally composed and signed a ritual "confession" that ultimately obtained their release. They are currently living in England. □

"The Red Guards went from office to office checking everyone's hairstyle and making sure no one kept trinkets or ornaments on his desk—'useless bourgeois possessions.'"

Russell Lynes

LOOK OUT FOR FALLING ANGELS

The ruins of Venice

LAST WINTER ON THE Church of the Salute, whose great dome fringed with frosty saints and winged holy creatures towers above the entrance of the Grand Canal in Venice, there appeared a sign that read (in Italian):

DANGER

LOOK OUT FOR FALLING ANGELS!

It had been put there, I was told by John McAndrew, the president of an American organization called Save Venice, Inc., by a group of young Venetians concerned about the sickness of their city. The sign was not as frivolous as it might seem.

"Fingers and heavy pieces of wings," McAndrew told me, "were literally falling off the statues onto the pavement by the church."

Next to the Salute is another church (or more properly an ex-church) whose tall aisleless nave and chancel have become the central laboratory for the restoration of paintings and sculpture for the Veneto. In a corner of a small room through which one enters the nave, there is a large metal can, somewhat the shape of a boiler and big enough to hold a robust angel. It had been used for an experiment in drying out stone. An angel that was crumbling from exposure to natural elements befouled by noxious industrial gases was put in the can, having been first injected with silicones. The can was then sealed and all air withdrawn from it, so that the angel was, as it would seem reasonable for an angel to be, in a vacuum. When it was removed it was a good deal sounder in every respect.

SAVING VENICE PIECE BY PIECE is mostly an international rather than an exclusively Italian sport. Venice, Venetians firmly believe, belongs to the world; and with the exception of a relatively few intensely concerned natives, they are quite content to leave their problems to others to solve for them. Venice is a spoiled and aging beauty who wants to have her face lifted and have her lovers pay the surgeon. The fact of the matter is, of course, that she is worth the money and the trouble.

Since the flood of late 1966 the problems of Venice have been greatly publicized, and the Venetians have made the most of the distress and destruction wrought by the "*aqua alta*." With increasing frequency it turns the Piazza San Marco into the world's most elegantly upholstered lake. It makes the first floors of innumerable dwellings uninhabitable and renders the foundations of palaces and churches extremely precarious. The Venetian flood, you will recall, came at the same time as the devastation of Florence by the rampages of the Arno, and the Venetians were surprised by the instant reaction of art lovers, historians, conservationists, and young men and women who rolled up their sleeves, put on their boots, and went to work. "When the Venetians saw how the money poured into Florence," an American who has lived for many years in Venice said to me, "they out-Florentined the Florentines in their clamor and self-pity."

There is no question that they had, and still have, a great deal to feel sorry for themselves about, though most of their woes have been visited upon them far less by nature than by man, and far less by outsiders than by insiders and by the carelessness of greed. The high waters are caused to some small degree by the melting of the polar ice cap and the general rise in the level of the oceans everywhere, but by comparison with what the Venetians and their neighbors have done to the lagoon in which the ancient city exists, this is a controllable detail. The devil to all Venetian conservationists and their allies is the industrial zone of Marghera, now the third largest (after Milan and Turin) production and oil-refining center in Italy. It is part of the city of Venice, but it is on the mainland. As one approaches from the west, from Padua, for instance, Marghera is on the right just before one reaches the viaduct that attaches ancient Venice t mainland. On the left is Mes "dormitory town" in which liv only a great many of the Ven who work in Marghera but a great many of those who work in is called the Historic Center, w generally thought of as Venic deed, a very large proportion of romantic scamps, the gondoliers fer to commute from Mestre to V because when they go home at they can bomb around on motor and in cars. The old Venice literally thousands of citizens year to Mestre.

One hears somewhat less in V these days about how the from the motorboats and waterb (*vaporetti*) weaken the stones buildings on the innumerable c One hears more about pollution smog from Marghera. There w time when the ebb and flow o tides in the lagoon flushed the bage that Venetians casually t into the canals out to sea. The amount of water drawn from t thousand artesian wells in M and Marghera and the conse sinking of the land have altere sewage system. To encourag Venetians to new habits of right ness the sanitation department provides black plastic garbage for each house and ties them t door knockers. But ancient cus are difficult to change. Women scrape their dinner plates out of dows straight into the waters o canals. Even the Grand Canal is with plastic bottles, vegetables, board cartons, and detergent fro

COUNTESSES ARE NOT UNCOM in Venice, but countesses put their minds on the proble their city and who support thei liefs with their labors and purse scarce indeed. The Contessa Teo Sammartini, who used to write foreign architectural magazines a Venice (she was trained as an a tect), said, "I've given up wr about it. The problem has becom terribly complicated." The co cations she referred to are essent political. Many rich Venetians willing to make public statem permit selected groups of tourist very rare occasions to visit *palazzi* for money-raising purp but very few will put forth one *li* support the restorations of

Russell Lynes was for many years managing editor of Harper's. *His most recent book is* The Art-makers of the Nineteenth Century.

churches or museums or monuments. One reason for this, I was told, is that if they let the government know how rich they are, they might be clapped in jail for not having paid their taxes or at least be forced to pay their just taxes in the future.

Nonetheless, dollars, francs, pounds, and marks flow into Venice to shore up the crumbling churches and to repair the rotting canvases on which masterpieces are cracking and turning black. A Los Angeles committee, for example, is producing $100,000 to prop up San Pietro di Castello, the original cathedral of Venice, which took such a drubbing from the flood that a huge wooden crown above the altar crashed down and the entire apse was in danger of collapsing. An American foundation (that atypically prefers to be anonymous) has given $150,000 to save the massive Tintoretto murals in the Scuola di San Rocco. The French have undertaken to shore up Santa Maria della Salute, the Germans are paying for work on Santa Maria dei Miracoli, the English for the restoration of the Church of the Madonna dell' Orto, and so on.

FIRST AID IS ALL that can be done for Venice by the goodwill and cash of individuals and small committees, though its importance should not be understated. The essential problems of saving Venice are vastly more complex and more expensive than any group short of a government can conceivably attack. In late October the central government in Rome confirmed an earlier vote to borrow with the aid of UNESCO 250 billion *lire* ($400 million) to enable Venice to solve the problems that threaten its disappearance in a puddle of garbage overlayed by a permanent cloud of industrial smoke. The program calls for three gates at the three entrances from the Adriatic into the lagoon, gates that could control the flow of water with the help of computers in such a way that the flood waters could be held back for periods of about thirteen hours, during which tankers would have to wait to get to Marghera. The program also calls for future control of water pollution without, I presume, changing the Venetian character or temperament. Thirdly, it provides for construction of an aqueduct to bring water into the industrial areas to put a stop to the use of the artesian wells; and finally a program

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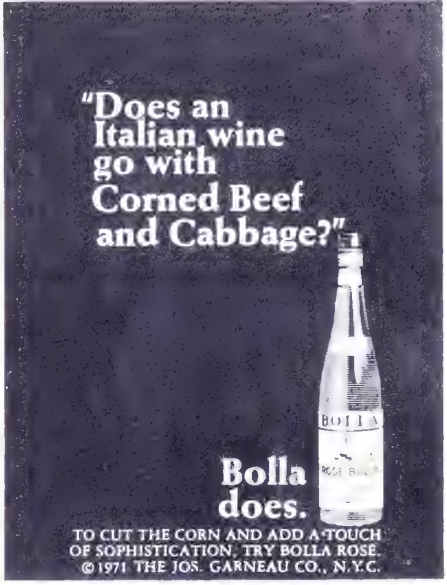


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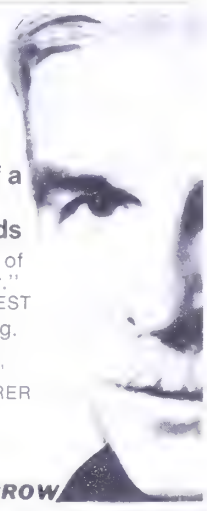
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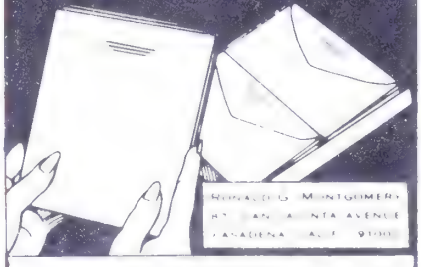
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for stopping the pollution of
by the industries of Marghera

From a technical point o
all this seems plausible enou
cient Venice, however, is in
litical jungle. To the delight
local politicians, the vote in Ro
confirmed the loan put most
control of the money in the re
Venice—that is, in Marghera,
the Historic Center, and the
bordering on the lagoon. Sinc
ghera and Mestre have a grea
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"They'll talk and talk and talk
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end nothing will get done."

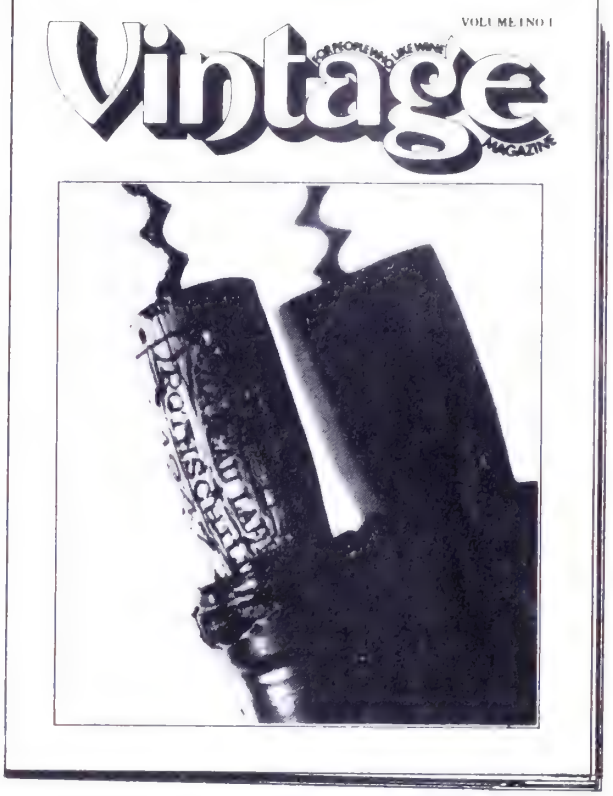
AFTER I LEFT VENICE I went
the journalist in Rome
was told, understands the probl
Venice better than almost any
tian. He is Indro Montanelli,
lives in an apartment on the
Navona that looks across the F
fountain of the rivers to the
mini Church of Sant' Agnese.
dow in his apartment frames
"This is my most beautiful pi
he said. He writes for the *Co*
della Sera of Milan, Italy's l
evening paper. Giorgio Longo,
times the mayor of Venice, has
ened to sue Montanelli for libe
result of his probing into Ve
financial matters and his expos
alleged misappropriation of
funds. Three times the mayo
backed down. I asked Montan
the mayor was a crook.

"No," he said, "I don't thi
It would be better if he were
government is a model of ineffic
Venice is a false democracy.
needs to be a technocracy to so
problems."

I asked him if he thought V
could be saved. He shrugge
shoulders and said, "I doubt it

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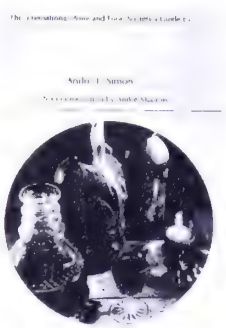
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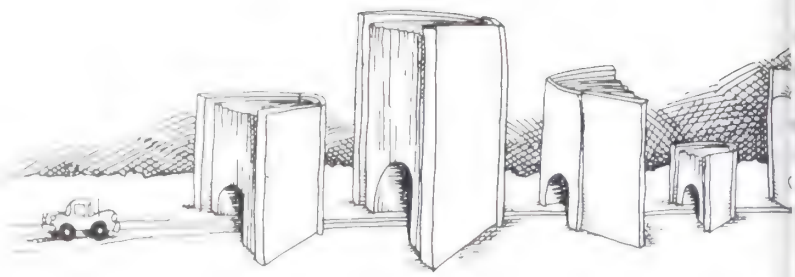
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Earl Shorris

BOOKS

Gabriel Garcia Marquez: the alchemy of history



. . . of Man, inventor of God, inventor of Man, inventor of God, inventor of Man, inventor . . .

THE LINE is without beginning or end. We do not even know which is the dependent clause. Verbs will not help us. Neither Fowler nor E. B. White will advise us. It is the language that Wittgenstein called nonsense. "What can be said can be said clearly," he wrote, "and what we cannot talk about we must consign to silence." That is where Gabriel Garcia Marquez works, in the silence between the opposing mirrors of Man and God, art and history. It is the same infinite field in which Jorge Luis Borges works, but Borges fills his space between the mirrors with ideas, and Garcia Marquez fills his space with life.

Metaphysicians. According to Kant, "Metaphysics is a natural disposition of human reason." In Borges and Garcia Marquez we see two forms of the metaphysician: the one from Argentina, that most European of Latin American countries, growing out of libraries and life; and the other a Colombian, culturally and perhaps genetically part Indian, growing out of tales told by his grandmother, a fallow banana plantation, and the dreamtales and adventures found in dusty bookshops. There is in both writers a great sense of the comedy of man, for they are circlers, dealers in the absurd figure that has neither beginning nor end and is measured by a number that can never be completely written. They are liars, inventors of erudition, makers of puzzles and dreams. They are lovers of language, believers in language as the definition of man; Borges tells us the universe may be found in a single Hebrew character; Garcia Marquez tells us that the world has been predicted in arcane manuscripts that need only to be interpreted and converted into the time of man.

Borges is a familiar name in the United States; he lectures at universities, lives here part of the time, speaks English fluently, has long conversations with graduate students. Garcia Marquez, who once represented the Cuban press agency in New York (1960), prefers not to speak English, has difficulty getting a visa to stay in this country for more than a few days at a time because of his outspoken admiration for the Cuban experiment of Fidel Castro, and does not yet have a wide audience here even though the gushing reviews of *One Hundred Years of Solitude*, his major novel, called it "the great novel of the Americas" or claimed it set one's mind afire. Borges can be a hero; he is an intellectual, a citizen of the libraries of Europe. It is more difficult for the Mexican writers (Fuentes, Octavio Paz), the Cuban Cabrera Infante, the Peruvian Vargas Llosa, Garcia Marquez, and other young and greatly talented Latin American writers to find an audience here, for they are of the Americas and we are the last colonialists. Our national consciousness is fouled by the picture of Wallace Beery as Pancho Villa and Marlon Brando as an idiot Zapata. We expect Latin American writers to speak with the Frito Bandito's accent and to concern themselves with coffee beans, bananas, siestas, and the possibility of securing positions in our homes as servants. The writers listed above are further sus cause they are all nationali leftists; it is just possible th they wash our windows they propriate our oil wells and ti Dangerous men, and Garcia M is the most dangerous of them is an enemy of history, a c of the straight line of Weste ress into the mythical circle civilizations, a telegrapher back to us the metaphysics formerly vanquished.

GARCIA MARQUEZ WAS int to readers in the Unite with the publication in 19 novella, *No One Writes Colonel*, and eight stories. though the translation by J. stein was clumsy, the poignan aged colonel waiting for a lett his pension while he and h scrambled and scraped to alive was so great that revie clared the work a "masterpie many masterpieces are ann every year only to be denou next year. The colonel, survivo terrible revolutions in Colom did not cease until 1928 (the which Garcia Marquez was was praised and forgotten by the few who came to know his his constipation, his asthma practical wife, the gameco groomed, the doctor who lov humored him, the hunger th begun to dominate his life, a alienation of the forgotten war a wasted revolution. The ye colonel is almost unbearably

Earl Shorris has recently written a book about Indians entitled The Death of the Great Spirit.

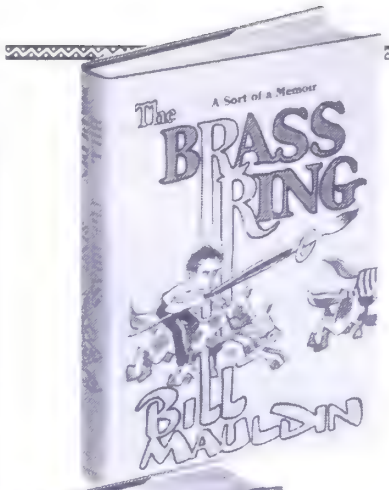
*Harper & Row, $5.95.

man who delivers the mail
. "No one writes to the
it is the line we all fear, the
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f burial. Yet, in the end, the
esponds to his wife's ques-
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IN 1970 CAME *One Hundred*
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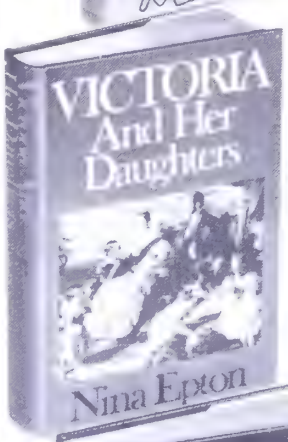
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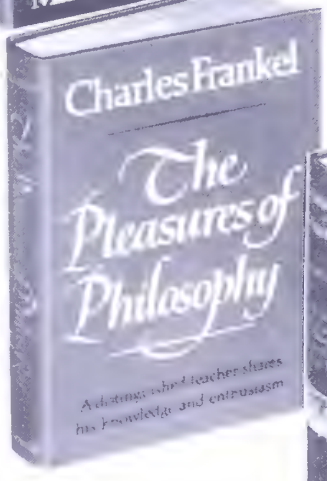
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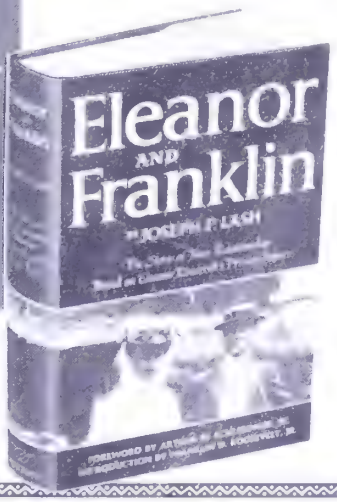
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mously popular, perhaps due to the familiarity of Latin Americans with the element of the myth made by Garcia Marquez. A Colombian schoolchild knows that when Melquiades—a gypsy who functions in the novel as shaman, prophet, culture-bearer says . . . "*equinox* von Humboldt *equinox*" . . . on his deathbed, reference is being made to the German explorer of that part of South America and to the title of one of the major sections of his best-known work. Furthermore, his place in the history of the liberation of the colonies is known, for it was Von Humboldt who suggested to Bolívar that he thought the people of the colonies were ready for liberation. Latin Americans also recognize the parallels to the history of Colombia: discovery, settlement, revolutions, the banana plantations, the struggle to unionize the workers, the epidemic of sigatoka (a disease of the banana plant) that destroyed the plantations and sent the banana towns into ruin. And those who are familiar with the literature of Latin America will meet old friends out of novels by Vargas Llosa, Cortázar, and Carpentier. They will realize that the Colonel Gavilan with "the buckle of Morelia silver" who goes back to his own country not only returns to Mexico but to *The Death of Artemio Cruz*, the novel by Carlos Fuentes out of which he came. The names of the characters will also be meaningful to those who speak Spanish: Petra Cotes may be translated as stony or petrified knots; Buendía for good day or good morning, the beginning perhaps is in the name: Remedios translates as help or refuge; Arcadio does mean Arcadia, famous for its bronze figurines, a name for Paradise but in reality a place that supplied mercenaries to the army. The novel is filled with ironies and comedies that North Americans can only suspect. And according to Garcia Marquez's friend, Vargas Llosa, the novel is also heavy with personal references—one of the characters is very much like the wife of the author; four young men in a bookstore in Macondo are the four friends with whom Garcia Marquez grew to love literature in the city of Baranquilla.

It is virtually impossible to tell the plot of so rich a novel without simply reproducing the novel. *One Hundred Years of Solitude* covers six generations of the Buendía family, from the marriage of José Arcadio Buendía and Ursula Iguarán to their expulsion from (perhaps) Eden after José Arcadio commits murder; and on through the revolutionary colonel, Aureliano, and his brother José Arcadio and sister Amaranta; through generations of Aurelianos, Arcadios, Ursulas, and Amarantas. There are fortune-tellers, gluttons, dandies, marriages, Texans, priests, generals, adventurers, rightists and leftists, and the magnificent Melquiades, the gypsy who writes the world in Sanskrit. The plot of the novel is Eden to Apocalypse compressed into the Buendía family and the marvelous cast of very human analogues with whom the Buendías intersect. *One Hundred Years of Solitude* is about the Buendías and their descendants in much the same way that the Bible is about Adam and Eve and their descendants.

Macondo is a world, a place of greater possibility than the imaginary county of Faulkner, by whom Garcia Marquez has surely been influenced. The family of the Buendías (and the novel is from one point of entrance a family saga) is the family of man, the first family, the people of Eden, Canaan, and the world. Yet, Garcia Marquez, for all his complexity and compression, takes pains to lead his readers into the excitement of the novel. He calls Macondo "a city of mirrors (or mirages)," he allows Ursula the matriarch to shudder "with the evidence that time was not passing . . . but that it was turning in a circle." If his metaphysics are to be misunderstood, the burden is on the reader; Garcia Marquez cannot resist his personal jokes, but his work in general is not opaque, not difficult—there is more story, more narrative drive and excitement, more incident in *One Hundred Years of Solitude* than in all the combined slops of Harold Robbins, Jacqueline Susann, Irving Wallace, Henry Sutton, and the rest of the curly-tailed book manufacturers we have learned to loathe, but cannot, without blinding and deafening ourselves, escape. In *One Hundred Years of Solitude* Garcia Marquez has produced a novel that twice delights us, a joy to the senses and the mind, a myth made of unforgettable irony.

IT IS ALSO NECESSARY to consider Garcia Marquez as a moralist, a political man; for myth, though it negates history by making ci time and events, relates to t we live; it is not made in a v but in the deeps of experienc cia Marquez writes of explo colonialism, and revolution fr point of view of a man who wa enced in his childhood by a father who lived out his days of the leavings of a revolutio town called Aracataca, which ploited and then abandoned nana barons from the United He has personally felt the pin dictatorship, having been stran Europe when Gen. Rojas closed *El Espectador*, the new that had sent Garcia Marquez Vatican as its corresponden grandfather in his various roles colonel of the novel and nove the element through which the physician explores revolution.

In the novel, Col. Aureliano día visits his rival, a Conser whom he has defeated and wh been sentenced to death by a r tionary court.

A short while before dawn [Colonel Buendía] visited the condemned man in the room use a cell.

"Remember, old friend," he him. "I'm not shooting you. It's revolution that's shooting you."

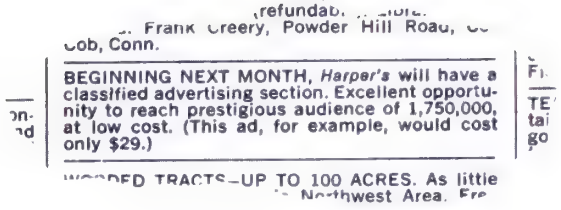
General Moncada did not e get up from the cot when he him come in.

"Go to hell, friend," he answe

Until that moment, ever since return, Colonel Aureliano Buen had not given himself the opp tunity to see him with his heart. was startled to see how much had aged, how his hands shook, the rather punctilious conform with which he awaited death, then he felt a great disgust w himself, which he mingled with beginnings of pity.

"You know better than I," said, "that all courts martial farces and that you're really pay for the crimes of other people, cause this time we're going to the war at any price. Wouldn't y have done the same in my place

General Moncada got up to cle his thick horn-rimmed glasses his shirttail. "Probably," he sa "But what worries me is not y shooting me, because after all, people like us it's a natural deat He laid his glasses on the bed a took off his watch and chain. "Wh worries me," he went on, "is th out of so much hatred for the mi tary, out of fighting them so mu



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and thinking about them so much, you've ended up as bad as they are. And no ideal in life is worth that much baseness."

Colonel Buendía decides to retire from revolution to a musty room, where he makes intricate fish out of gold coins, sells the fish for more gold coins, which he makes into little gold fish, which he sells for more gold coins, which he makes . . . The metaphysician has seen the flaw in social revolution, the circle of exploitation that cannot be broken because there is no model of justice other than the destroyed and forgotten societies that predate science and progress. Is it any wonder that Garcia Marquez proclaims himself a sympathizer of revolution, a socialist, but not an activist! The true revolutionary is the artist, who defuses the past, giving man the possibility for the new.

THE BEGINNINGS and the heights of Garcia Marquez are available to us now in *Leaf Storm and Other Stories*, to be published this month by Harper & Row. The novella, *Leaf Storm*, is an early work, written when Garcia Marquez was perhaps twenty-five years old, found in a drawer by his friends at *El Espectador* after the author had left Colombia for Europe, and published to some acclaim, even though Garcia Marquez himself had not thought the work worthy of publication. It is certainly not the equal in style or vision of the later work. The colonel is introduced in *Leaf Storm*, the first intimations of the fabulist occur there, and the leftover town is described. But *Leaf Storm* is made as much of devices as of art. The story is told in flashbacks from several points of view, the suspense is mere artifice, for the narrative power of a man who can tell us the outcome of a story and leave us fascinated to know the course of it has not yet developed. Nor is the epiphanous humor of the later work apparent in *Leaf Storm*. An alienated physician dies in an empty house in a town that has sworn not to allow him to be buried. The colonel, who took the strange doctor into his home because the doctor carried with him a note from Col. Aureliano Buendía, and who was later saved from death by the doctor, forces the town with the strength of his own will to abrogate its promise of revenge on the doctor and give him a decent burial after all. The story is more interesting for what it tells us of the development of Garcia Marquez as a writer than for itself.

The book, however, is graced by *Blacamán the Good, Vendor of Miracles* and two tales for children that are nothing short of brilliant. *The Handsomest Drowned Man in the World* is a Prometheus myth for Latin America, except that this Prometheus is a gigantic, shy, and beautiful dead body, floating from place to place, bringing not fire or knowledge but self-consciousness. "Dear Children," Garcia Marquez seems to be saying, "this dead culture came to our primitive village and there was an end to innocence." The drowned body is found, polished (like a mirror?), and given a name. Will it be Lautaro, the name of the Chilean national hero, an Indian who fought the Spanish colonizers? Or will it be Esteban? And by Esteban does he mean to make us think of the first Christian martyr, stoned to death for predicting earthly destruction and salvation through the Second Coming? Or are we to think of the black slave who came to the Americas with Cabeza de Vaca to be lost, living among the natives as a shaman, then returning to the Spanish settlement to lead Fray de Marco in the search for the Seven Cities of Gold: Esteban the slave, the perfect representative of the exploitive nature of Western civilization, defeated once by the primitives, absorbed by them, then killed by the Zunis when he led the expedition that brought the first victorious conquerors across the Rio Grande? The villagers decide to call him Esteban. They give him a great funeral, they weep over him, and then they cast him back into the sea: but when he is gone, a part of them, they feel, is gone, and they are changed, ready to enlarge and beautify their houses, united in self-consciousness. It is a children's tale that could have been told by Claude Lévi-Strauss, brilliant and affecting, bearing in its simple beauty the sadness of entropy, mourning for the end of that near perfection Rousseau called "the youth of the world."

The tale of *A Very Old Man with Enormous Wings* is even more sweetly ironic. In the midst of a "world [that] had been sad since Tuesday," a plague of crabs and the dire illness of their son, a poor couple finds an angel fallen on the beach.

He was dressed like a ra[g]. There were only a few fade[d] left on his bald skull and v[ery] teeth left in his mouth, and [in] ful condition of a drenched grandfather had taken aw[ay] sense of grandeur he migh[t] had. His huge buzzard wing[s], and half-plucked, were tangled in the mud.

A wise old woman tells t[he] angel must have been comin[g] sick child when the storm [blew] him down. She advises the c[ouple] feed him mothballs, the [usual] angels, after she fails to [convince] them to club him to death. T[hey] him up in the chicken coop, [consult] the local priest, and then b[egin] comedy of fallibility that Gar[cia] quez tells so well. These are [among] the people who come to be [cured] their ailments by the fallen a[ngel]: poor woman who since childh[ood] been counting her heartbeats [and] run out of numbers; a Po[rtu]man who couldn't sleep bec[ause] noise of the stars disturbed [him]; sleepwalker who got up at [night] undo the things he had do[ne] awake; and many others w[ith] serious ailments." And wha[t] miracles does the angel p[erform]? "The few miracles attribute[d] angel showed a certain me[an] order, like the blind man wh[o] recover his sight but grew th[ick] teeth, or the paralytic who d[id] to walk but almost won the le[ttery], the leper whose sores sprou[ted] flowers."

They are tales to read to [the] runny-nosed children and [to] read to the more perfect chi[ld] memory secreted in the valle[ys] everyday minds, high point[s] growing body of work of th[e] brilliant mythmaker of Araca[taca].

A note on the translati[on]: Rabassa wri[tes] cleanly and o[ften] too well. He does, in general [a] rate job, the only flaw being [a] ency toward the cosmetic; h[e] times makes bold metaph[ors], flowing similes and occa[sio]limits the vocabulary: for [ex]changing "fulgent" to "glim[mer]when the author left no dou[bt] the language or the meaning [he] to convey. Those, however, [are] flaws, and one notices them [only] cause the rest of the translati[on] close in style and meaning [to] original.

*Translated by Gregory Rabassa, $6.50.

C. Schonberg

SIC

wrong that excellence won't cure

AVE BEEN HEARING a lot, in
cent years, about the on-
leath of the concert. It is
to be an anachronism, and
se already is reflected in
g attendance. Few concert
n make a living anymore;
es find it harder and harder
in; record sales are way
erybody is suffering. So runs
nent.
ple of months ago, Victoria
geles and Alicia de Larrocha
oint recital in Manhattan's
ollege Auditorium. Not only
seat sold out but there were
l or so placed on the stage.
y was in place ten minutes
rting time. There was in the
excited buzz that presages
When the two little Spanish
ne out, there was a roar of
The program was all-
De los Angeles sang Gra-
l De Falla with style and the
ting of tones. She no longer
vocal security she used to
l she gingerly approached
s. No matter. Sweetly, with
understanding, with infi-
lety, the soprano made the
ne alive. In the meantime
cha, playing from memory,
hing the singer nuance for
ringing to bear on the music
liar rhythmic authenticity
Spanish artists have while
panish music. De Larrocha
pianist. She is also a great

dience went wild. It should
d it occurred to some listen-
here was nothing wrong with
rt business that a few more



De los Angeles-De Larrocha combinations would not cure. And a few more Rubinsteins, Sutherlands, Heifetzes, Horowitzes, and Rostropovitches.

THE POINT IS that musicians like these, and there are only a handful in the world today, know how to make an Event of a recital. They have the combination of audience appeal, expertise, and the kind of over-the-footlights projection that can drive an audience into a frenzy. They are stars, and they are stars only because they do certain things better than anybody else. This does not mean that they dance on their heads or indulge in constant exhibitionism. Certainly the De los Angeles-De Larrocha recital was, musically, as quiet and introspective as anything given in New York in recent years.

Very few younger musicians have this ability to transfix an audience. Quite the contrary. They go out of their way to be self-effacing, both in their personality and, worse, in their interpretations. Many of them play very well indeed; in some cases better than their more famous elders. But they are so emotionally tight, so inhibited in matters of projection, that their performances are neutral. All of them tend to sound alike.

Some years ago, Artur Rubinstein was remarking on the phenomenon. Many young pianists, he said, played better than he did. Yes, he said, they were younger, and practiced more, and had a wide musical culture, and were absolutely infallible. But, said Rubinstein, when they came on stage they might as well be soda jerks for all the impact that they made on the audience.

MUCH OF THIS IS DUE to the way the younger musicians have been trained, and this training is international. It is all bound up with performance practice. Nobody has written a book about the history of performance practice, and it will be a fascinating and valuable study when it does appear. Such a study will point out that the prevailing interpretive objectivity in vogue today stems from a revolt against romantic performance practice. Starting with the 1830s and the period of Paganini, Liszt, Malibran, and the emergence of the traveling virtuoso, the virtuoso was indeed king. In effect he could do, and did, whatever he wanted to do with the music, often with the full consent of the composer. He was allowed immense liberties, even unto changing the text. Romantic pianists were always adding to the music for extra effect. Romantic singers did not hesi-

Harold C. Schonberg is the Pulitzer prize-winning music critic for the New York Times.

tate to interpolate cadenzas into arias. Conductors like Richard Wagner used an ebb and flow in their interpretations—fluctuation of tempo, Wagner called it—that would be intolerable today. If Weingartner's remarks about the way Hans von Bülow conducted the *Coriolanus* Overture are accurate, Bülow made a travesty of the piece.

Around the turn of the twentieth century a rebellion set in. Conductors like Weingartner tried to get away from the egocentric kind of interpretation represented by the work of Wagner and his followers. A new sobriety was in the air. By the 1920s, with Toscanini in the ascendant, with nonvirtuoso players like Artur Schnabel making a great stir, with an antiromantic age in full swing, with Stravinsky screaming against interpreters who tried to "interpret" his music, the romantic period was in full retreat.

Now young musicians were taught that their job was less to express themselves than to be the servant of the composer. It was their duty to observe meticulously every sign, every symbol, in the name of musicianship. Liberties of any kind were not to be taken. Thus came a style of playing that has continued to this day. Bach was to be played in strict rhythm, the notes exactly as written, the ornaments scrupulously realized. In romantic music there were no longer to be the wild ritards, the left-hand-before-right beloved of Paderewski and others, the emphasis on inner voices, the rhythmic freedom. Singers, even in Rossini and bel canto opera, now sang "straight." Conductors did not tamper with the score even if the scoring (as in the Schumann symphonies) badly needed help. This was considered "musicianship," this rigid adherence to the text. And, as it turns out, it was all wrong.

Only in recent years has attention been given to the study of actual performance practice of the past, and there is a growing realization that in the contemporary reaction against the excesses of romanticism the new practitioners have marooned themselves on an arid little island. They have gone so far in the opposite direction that their performances lack personality, lack style, lack even the vaunted "musicianship" they are supposed to represent.

Take the case of Bach. It does not need much research to dig out the testimony of Bach's sons and pupils about the way the great J.S. approached music. And it is clear that Bach was greatly interested in the emotional aspect of his music. He demanded that his pupils aim for the *Affekt*, the emotional message, of the music. Bach's own son, Carl Philipp Emanuel, had a great deal to say about rubato* in his treatise on playing keyboard instruments, and in the 1920s rubato was popularly conceived to be a purely romantic invention. Mozart too had a great deal to say about rubato. He would not think of playing in metronomic rhythm. Indeed, he never played the same thing twice the same way. He was always improvising at the keyboard when he played one of his own concertos. Nor was Beethoven a pedantic pianist. His pupils, Czerny and Schindler, have left graphic descriptions about the way Beethoven played, and it was in a very free style.

IT IS AN ARTICLE of faith these days that, yes, there are problems about performance practice in the music of Beethoven and his predecessors, but not in romantic music. Romantic music is so much a part of the active repertory that *everybody* knows its traditions.

That too is all wrong. Hardly anybody knows anything about performance practice in romantic music.

The romantics had certain conventions that were not notated and that today are largely forgotten. Or they had certain conventions that were indeed notated, and are largely ignored. Who today plays Schumann's music as written? Schumann thought polyphonically (there is a neat analysis of the little *Träumerei* by Alban Berg, in which the great modernist demonstrates its strict four-part harmony), and he was very careful to mark inner voices that were melodic lines opposed to the main line. Pianists today seem to be ashamed to bring out those lines. A conductor like Boulez, performing Liszt (as he has been doing this year with the New York Philharmonic), simply cannot bring himself to follow the indications of the score, especially those huge ritards Liszt wrote. This kind of emotionalism is too distant from Boulez's background; he does not understand it; he cannot respond to it; hence [illegible] not execute it as the compos[er] have wished.

The point is that all co[mposers] and not only the romantics, [ex]pected the performer to ad[d] thing of his own personality [to] music. There is all the eviden[ce] world to prove that when a c[om]poser had faith in the integrity o[f] former he would give him all [the] tude he desired. Composers [grew] less rigid and doctrinaire th[an] modern performers realize. I[f] former gets at the *idea* of a [piece] music, the composer generall[y] last one to quibble about deta[ils].

Artists of an older ge[neration] realized this. Some, of cours[e] advantage—there always hav[e] vulgarians around—but the[y] ones didn't; admired virtuoso[s] past, such as Kreisler, Pugn[o] mann, Melba, Eames, Gabrilo[witsch] and other headliners, were [a] whole very aristocratic artists [in] such objectivists as Toscani[ni] Schnabel, despite their effort[s] antiromantic, gave themselve[s] freedom. It is their epigones w[ho] more Catholic than the Pope.

And it is their fault, large[ly] the concert hall of today can h[ave] a dismal place. They come [on] these well-trained, honest inst[ru]talists, and go through a progra[m] a preacher delivering a knott[y] logical point. They do not s[eem] that the music means more t[o] than an intellectual exercise[.] have been so uniformly train[ed] it is hard to tell one from anot[her].

No wonder audiences fail [to] spond. For their playing is w[ith]out charm. And, in addition, thei[r] playing misses the point of the [art]. Audiences realize this without [ever] knowing why; and audience[s] know when the real thing [is] along, as witness the crowds a[t] los Angeles concert or at a Rubi[n] event. If young artists are go[ing] make a career, if concert life is [to] to mean anything, the new gene[ration] of musicians will have to reco[ver] its musical approach. In doing [so] interpreting with much more [free]dom, personality, and charm, [the] new musicians may find tha[t] have an audience at their feet [and] paradoxically, they will be [far] more "musicianly" than the [so]objectivists who practice inhi[bi]in the name of "musicianship."

*The subtle variation of meter to achieve rhythmic variety.

The Scientist as Shaman by Malachi Martin

Rich America's Poor Meat by Vance Bourjaily

Harper's Magazine

March 1972 $1.00

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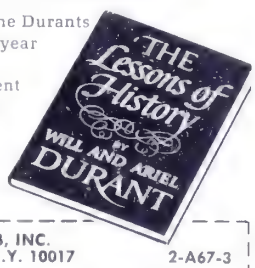
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ABOUT THIS ISSUE



Catherine Ursillo

The publication, for the first time, of Albert Camus' first novel is an extraordinary literary event that we are delighted to share here with our readers and with Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., which publishes the full text of *A Happy Death*, superbly translated by Richard Howard, in April.*

For anyone who grew up in postwar Europe or America, a work by Camus cannot but reawaken precious feelings, a yearning for the difficult virtues of courage, revolt, and the clear perception of a moral universe splendidly empty of either meaning or authority. Through him (much more than Sartre) a whole generation learned to call itself "existentialist." In reading *The Stranger* it discovered the significance of "alienation"; in *The Myth of Sisyphus*, the meaning of "absurd." His essays, plays, and novels are often logically incoherent, but Camus is not read for philosophical rigor. He is a mythmaker, that is, a storyteller for whom character and plot are subordinated to the dramatization of general human predicaments.

These qualities are already manifest in *A Happy Death*, written when Camus was in his early twenties—around the time he was writing *Caligula* and the essays collected in *L'Envers et l'endroit*. But even more abundantly exhibited in this novel is Camus' celebration of the Mediterranean sun, of the baking earth and the redemptive sea. He writes of his beloved Algerian landscape with a controlled, sensual abandon that will surprise readers familiar only with his novels. *A Happy Death*, especially the chapter we have chosen, is abashedly pagan.

Camus never chose to publish book in his lifetime, most prob because he considered it an working version of *The Strange* is that, of course: there are a nu of scenes and many apperce that he incorporated into the work (finished in 1939). B *Happy Death* is most emphati different from *The Stranger*. Eve protagonists' names—Mersault i former, Meursault in the latter- as different as "sea" and "de The earlier work is also more n istic, less a dramatic myth. For who know Camus' work, *A H Death* offers the additional plea of literary archaeology: the ences" on Camus' mind are the be uncovered—Nietzsche, Dos sky, Gide, Greek myth. But importantly, *A Happy Death* re the root of Camus' influence o

*The novel forms the first of two *Cahiers* to be published posthumously (Camus died in an auto accident in 1960). The second will consist of a collection of the pieces he wrote for the *Alger Républicain* and his incomplete last novel.

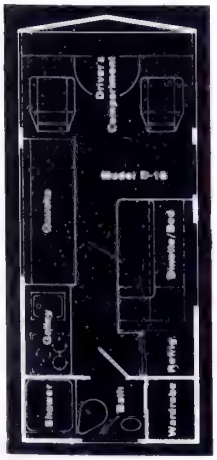


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LETTERS

Hockey Fanatics

As a fanatic Ranger fan, I thoroughly enjoyed Jeff Greenfield's piece on the New York Rangers ["Hockey Fanatics," January] and my fellow hockey nuts. His keen observations of the game itself and the people who watch it were not only amusing but also frighteningly accurate. However, there was one glaring error. The winning goal in the sixth game of last year's Stanley Cup series between the Rangers and Chicago Black Hawks was scored by Pete Stemkowski (assisted by Ted Irvine and Tim Horton) and not by Ted Irvine, as Mr. Greenfield stated. It was a rebound of a Ted Irvine shot that Stemkowski converted to drive the Garden fans and me still crazier. GENE LIPMAN
New York, N.Y.

JEFF GREENFIELD REPLIES:

Mr. Lipman is of course right, as are several other Ranger fans who have thoughtfully pointed out this mistake, and suggested that I was perhaps in Topeka rather than Madison Square Garden last spring.

The fact is that in an early draft of this manuscript, the line explaining that Ted Irvine shot the puck and Stemkowski scored the goal was collapsed; Mr. Stemkowski's appearance dropped out. I simply did not pick up the error.

Let me also mention that as of the halfway point of the 1971-72 season, the Rangers were in first place. If they are planning to win the Stanley Cup this year and make me look bad, I am happy to have done my part.

Joie de Vivre

Simone de Beauvoir's article ["Joie de Vivre," January] is an excellent argument for Women's Liberation. If old ladies are as sex-starved as she seems to think (which is difficult for me to believe) and at the same time so rejected and scorned, then they should certainly be given a better deal in their younger years.

MARGARET REED
Bakersfield, Calif.

White gospel music

While William C. Martin evoked a feeling for the entire white-gospelized culture in "At the Corner of Glory Avenue and Hallelujah Street" [January], he underplayed the reasons why white gospel music can hardly aspire to the universality of Country and Western, black gospel, or blues. One reason concerns style; the other, substance.

Put a best-selling white quartet record on the phonograph and the unaccustomed ear hears the strangest quaver this side of the Vitaphone Orchestra soundtracks of the 1930s. White gospel's nearest musical relative is, in fact, Gay Nineties "barbershop," which, though really not bad, is lacking in any deep or wide appeal. As rock music finds it must continually renew itself from one of its basic sources, Country and Western, and as it even picks up some "Western swing" music—à la Commander Cody's group—the only thing the most eclectic contemporaries seem likely to borrow from white gospel is perhaps some campy nostalgia for "A Family Bible" or "That Dear Old Mother of Mine."

White Country and Western is a music of fundamental experience—hard times, divorce, drink—white gospel is a music of fundamentalist experience, basically niggardly, selfish, and more concerned for the fine points of "getting saved" as a Baptist or a Methodist than for rescuing humans from the ravages of poverty or racism. Country and Western doesn't purport to be spiritual and white gospel does, but ironically it is Country and Western music that "has a kind of tight white soul that is often immensely moving in its expressions of cramped horizons, stunted lives, and the need to have somebody," to quote from a recent piece by [illegible] Hentoff.

As far as gospel music's [illegible] expatriate good old boy[s] lectual ones anyway—a cl[ass] cling to their origins, it str[ikes] that there is a strong eleme[nt] jection, even purposeful "blas[phemy]" in their beery songfests at, say, [the] ings of learned academic so[ciety] To sing such songs in a co[ncert] rectly opposite to fundament[alism] a way of breaking free of t[he] stifling of origins while at t[he] time recognizing that such[a] music was the most enjoya[ble] ment in fundamentalist servi[ce]

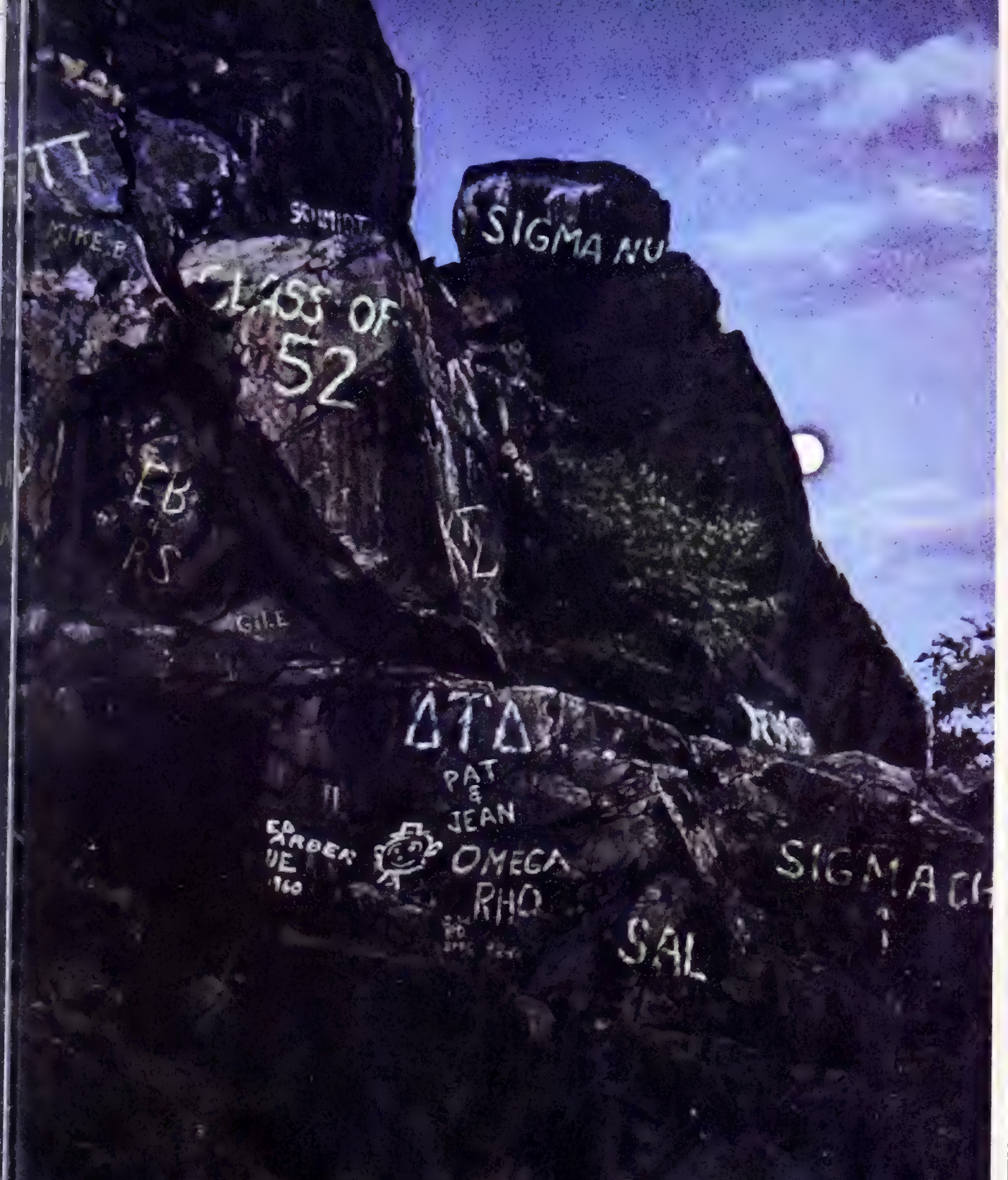
Some never manage to brea[k] and the music of God's Spell [is] a spirited dirge to accompa[ny] hellish period between birth [and] pearly gates of heaven, wh[ere] streets, I've been told, are pa[ved] gold so pure it's transparent.

HA[RRY]
Santa Cru[z]

Soul in Su[burbia]

I found Orde Coombs' artic[le] in Suburbia"[January], to be a[n] ly discomforting one. The is[sue] deals with may well become [one] areas of social ferment in the A[ge] of the '70s. For the purpose[s] cussing the issues raised it [is] helpful for us to separa[te] main themes developed in the[ir]

The first theme might be e[ither] "How I Learned the Lesson[s]" Coombs, having been bor[n] brought up abroad, emigrated [to] United States with the idea [that] would be treated differently b[y] America than was the native [of] One can discern that this be[lief] reality was more a hope (held [in] to what his reason even at th[is] indicated). Hope, however [is] can sustain one, nevertheless, t[hrough] many vicissitudes. His hope w[as] if he spoke brilliantly enough [to] maintained himself in an imp[ort]ant posture of social rectitude, the



If they could see you now, that old gang of yours.

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bats that were falling around the ears of the poor ghetto dweller would escape him. Much energy went into trying to turn that hope into a reality. When the message finally got through to him that by and large white America saw very little difference between him and the rest of the blacks (no matter how well educated he was), Mr. Coombs went through a classic psychological transformation one that most American blacks had experienced much earlier in their lives. While he does not tell us directly in his article very much about the phases of this transformation, I have observed it at close hand many times. There is usually an initial period of shock. The mechanisms of denial that had sustained a psychological identification with the dominant culture are breached. In quick order the individual is assailed by feelings of self-doubt; rage against the dominant culture with a rejection of its values and ideals; severe anxiety; depression. A goading ambivalence with respect to one's own position in what is now seen as an apocalyptic struggle may be resolved by an overidealized sense of identification with the newly found "brothers and sisters." . . . There are certain social and political realities to the situation of race in the U.S. today that lend a special significance to this reaction and make it important for us to understand the meaning of the "Lesson" as a separate phenomenon. Mr. Coombs has given us some flashing personal insights into the soul-shattering way in which this phenomenon usually presents itself.

The next theme might be called, "All of We Is One," a theme Mr. Coombs tells us that he and his fellow inhabitants of St. Vincent used to emphasize (with more ardor than conviction) each year at Carnival time.

Elaborating on this theme, Mr. Coombs points out the need for the black middle class to develop a sense of unity with lower-class blacks. In this unity, a program for achievement of social and political advancement can be planned and implemented. The program will be based on a sense of common danger and, hopefully, on a sense of larger common social purpose. One can certainly understand the "wish" so clearly expressed by Mr. Coombs to see the self-destructive divisions that afflict black men in the United States at an end. However, to translate that wish into a program for action will require more than a proper moral stance on the part of any individual or group. There must be an objective understanding of the reasons for the schisms and a program for advancement based on a clear reading of the social, political, economic, and psychological needs of the group. . . .

The last theme, only implicitly presented in the article, might be entitled, "The People That Walked in Darkness Have Seen a Great Light." One gains the impression that Mr. Coombs secretly yearns for a latter-day redeemer who will lead the oppressed people to the promised land.

When the black American bourgeoisie can be brought to ally itself with the lower-class brothers, there will be an unequaled period of self-improvement as all strive toward the "light." There can be no doubt that, from a psychological point of view, this is heady wine. Throughout all of recorded history, messages of the most sweeping social significance have been based on this fundamental theme: forget the difference and emphasize the consensus. A correct reading of history must sober us to the realization that this is not easy to do. . . . Most solutions of the past have ended up with the implicit or explicit idea that the differences were too great for both to be in the same tent. From that point on, the reaction might range from a cool distance maintained by one party for the other to internecine warfare. For one to simply dismiss these differences as being "irrelevant" or "subversive" is not to deal with the problems in their human reality. By and large, almost all social differences are based on equally "irrelevant" distinctions. Yet the history of man has shown a long-standing willingness to risk life for the maintenance of these differences even in the face of great common danger. It would be folly to assume that black men are any different.

The preceding is not meant to underestimate or deny the importance to black people of finding ways of becoming more unified. There is little doubt that continued survival requires this. However, the question still remains of devising a viable program for accomplishing this goal. Mr. Coombs has not really dealt with this area save by indicating what should not be done. In so indicating, he has taken the stance of a moralist with all of the hidden agenda, both ideological and psychological, that such a stand implies.

We may, perhaps, ask Mr. Co to take the next step and to be find ways of more meaningful volving himself in the struggl unity.

Articles, written of his experi in this area, would serve a most purpose in bringing about some progress toward common goals he desires to see.

Mr. Coombs has served an rable purpose in his writings of il nating some of the complexities relationships between black gr These complexities form the ba the most poignant human drama enable one to gain a three-d sional viewpoint. No longer ca bask in the ignorance of assu that all blacks can be reached b same message or that there is or swer to the question: What do want? In the black world ther all of the confusions and conflic tween groups that we have learn accept among others. The nee learn from this lesson is as vital t black himself as it is to the white would like to be really aware o problems of race. Many Ame blacks, traveling to Africa in the of discovering a long-lost mother have been shocked to find tha are received as foreigners. The similarity of pigmentation has erased the far greater differenc culture, language, and social out Unless the programs for unit clude realistic assessments of areas of outlook, there is likely more failure than success in thei comes. In pointing out some o possible sources of confusion in area, Mr. Coombs has perfo brilliantly.

LEONTI H. THOMPSON.
Napa, C

Saving the Cru

Peter Drucker's observa ["Saving the Crusade," January our necessary dependency on tec ogy for solving many environm problems are timely and rational. disheartening, however, to find t man of such distinction has moved by industrialists who taken to bleating about the des tive irresponsibility of environ talists.

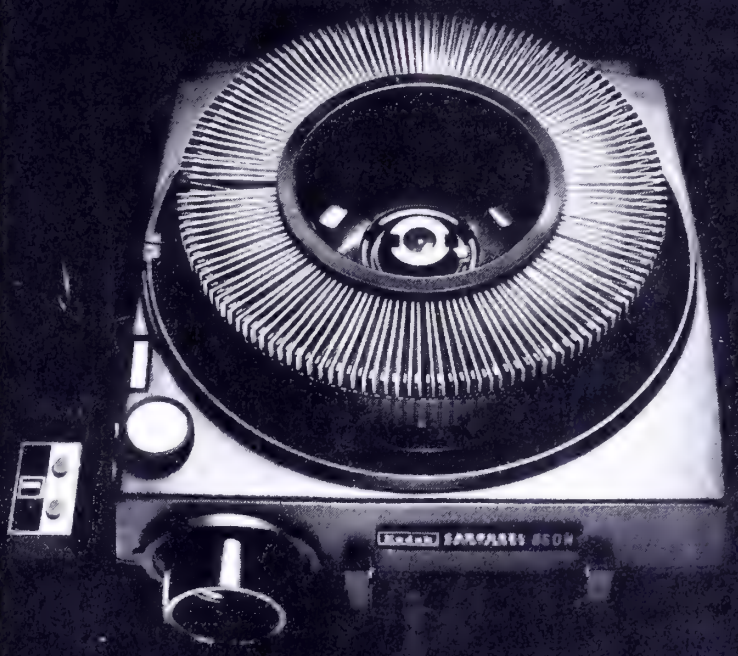
Mr. Drucker specifically misi prets the purpose of environment by stating that they (particularly

b, of which he is a member) ed to the construction of any r plants. This simply is not Sierra Club and many other hile questioning the "need" sed to the "demand") for wer, have simultaneously toward establishing new ms and procedures by which nts can be sited with mini- act on the environment. The ion has also called for and lly spurred research efforts and cleaner methods of neration that might other- progressed slowly, if at all. ly, the Sierra Club has stood vocate for the environment ariety of forums, upholding tory requirements govern- latory bodies and industry ematically sought to avoid. ould be more responsible. erra Club has categorically he construction of very few nts. And in several instances ds for such opposition have eld by impartial jurors. What ker interprets as "opposi- ather an articulated and ac- ern for the protection of the ent. In most cases where the ub has intervened in hear- re the FPC, AEC, or state y bodies, our object has fer some other voice than in- to the proceedings, as well re that existing statutes and ns pertaining to environ- ality, health, and safety are enforced. Such action has ced an impossible demand nology, the economy, or our institutions.

that such demands are rresponsible nor impracti- at many utilities in response re have found it possible to nti-pollution and cooling t they would not otherwise ned. In short, our position one of judging each case on ; and where it is determined need for power will lead to ental damage, we have orcefully to minimize that A challenging but reasonable for America in the years contained in the Sierra Club Not blind opposition to prog- t opposition to blind "

PETER BORELLI
Eastern Representative
Sierra Club
New York, N.Y.

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It doesn't whoosh,
it doesn't whine,
it whispers.



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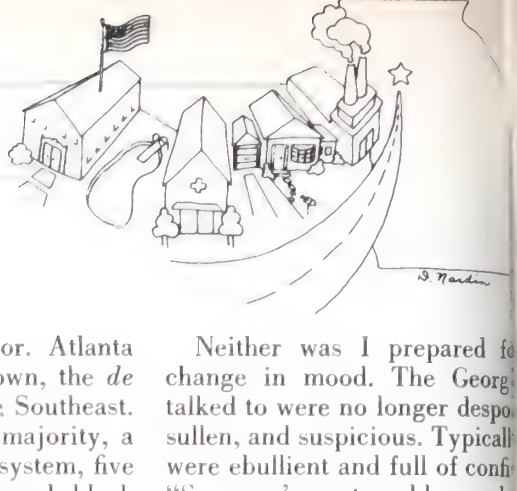
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John Fischer

THE EASY CHAIR

Georgia: mother of social invention



DURING THE YEARS of the Great Depression I got to know Georgia pretty well, because I then worked for a government agency that was trying to do something for sharecroppers, farm tenants, and other poor people in the South. I found it the most discouraged, and discouraging, state I had ever seen.

Our agency, the Farm Security Administration, made pitifully slow headway in Georgia, since we had to fight every inch against a reactionary and apparently invincible political machine. Its boss was Ol' Gene Talmadge, a profane, gallus-popping redneck, whose avowed aims as governor were to keep the blacks in their place and the New Dealers out of his state. Behind him stood the plantation owners, the Klan, such Big Business as the state had, and the more bigoted and ignorant of the poor whites. Aside from naked violence, their chief weapons were the poll tax and a unique gimmick known as "the county unit system." These two devices in effect disenfranchised not only the poor and the black but also the residents of Atlanta, some of whom were suspected of moderate thoughts.

Under these circumstances any revolt against the power structure seemed hopeless; and until it was overthrown, progress of any kind was almost unimaginable. I made a last visit to Georgia with President Roosevelt shortly before World War II and came away so disheartened that I never wanted to see it again.

For more than thirty years I didn't. But friends down there kept sending me reports that the times they were a-changin'. The poll tax and county unit system were gone. The old power structure had broken up. Thanks to the Supreme Court's one-man-one-vote ruling, democracy was creeping in. So were businessmen of a new breed, who couldn't see any profit in keeping poor people poor. Atlanta was becoming a boom town, the *de facto* capital of the entire Southeast. It had acquired a black majority, a black head of the school system, five black aldermen, and several black millionaires. Its black Vice-Mayor, Maynard Jackson, reputedly had an excellent chance of taking over City Hall in a few years.

For a long while I didn't pay much attention to such tidings, because I couldn't believe that anything really fundamental would change in Georgia during my lifetime. Recently, however, I began to get signals that the state not only was catching up with the rest of the nation but in some ways was actually pushing into the lead. It had, for example, come up with some political and social ideas of marked originality. Moreover, they had worked so well that they were rapidly spreading into other states. Since fresh ideas of this kind have been in short supply for quite a while, I decided to go this winter to see for myself.

EVERYTHING I HAD HEARD turned out to be true, and then some.

For one thing, nobody had told me about the paint. In the old days I used to drive through the Cotton Belt for hours without seeing a sharecropper's cabin that had ever been graced with a lick of paint. Dr. Will Alexander, who spent his life trying to drag the South out of its slough of despond, once remarked: "If I could ask the Lord for just one miracle, I would ask him to rain paint on Georgia."

Somehow in the years of my absence that prayer evidently had been answered. An unpainted house in the countryside is now an exception rather than the rule, and most of the croppers' shanties have been pulled down. The black families who once lived in them have moved to Atlanta, or to the big cities of the North—replaced by mechanical cotton pickers, or by the new, low-labor crops such as beef cattle and soybeans.

Neither was I prepared fo change in mood. The Georg talked to were no longer despo sullen, and suspicious. Typicall were ebullient and full of confi "Sure, we've got problems, ple them," one Atlanta businessma me. "But we've solved a lot of problems during the past ten and we know how to lick what We have a lot of momentum goi us. We know that Atlanta is a the future, just as New York is of the past."

In justice, it must be noted th renaissance of Georgia and th of the South—now the fastest ing region in the country—was brought about by massive inje of federal money. Political sci never have a good word to say the seniority system in Congre Southerners don't complain ab They realize that the seniority s has put their men in control of all the key Congressional co tees, with their hands on the spigots. Consequently, in recer ades the South has enjoyed fa than its proportionate share c eral spending—for economic opment, highways, military in tions, schools, and a broad ar other aid programs. Fair er From the Civil War until Pear bor, the South was on short r and now feels entitled to its t the federal trough.

It is also true, however, that erners have shown uncommon and originality in spending money to good purpose. To they had to create a new fo local government—an almost r tionary undertaking in that trad bound part of the country. This sary invention originated in Ge and after a successful trial run it was picked up by neigh states. Today, with considerab couragement from Washingto taking root in other places as d as New England and the Northwest.

Though it goes by different

John Fischer, a visiting fellow at Yale, is working on a book about the significant changes in local government now developing in many parts of the country.



ome down-to-earth reasons for buying an Olds Ninety-Eight:

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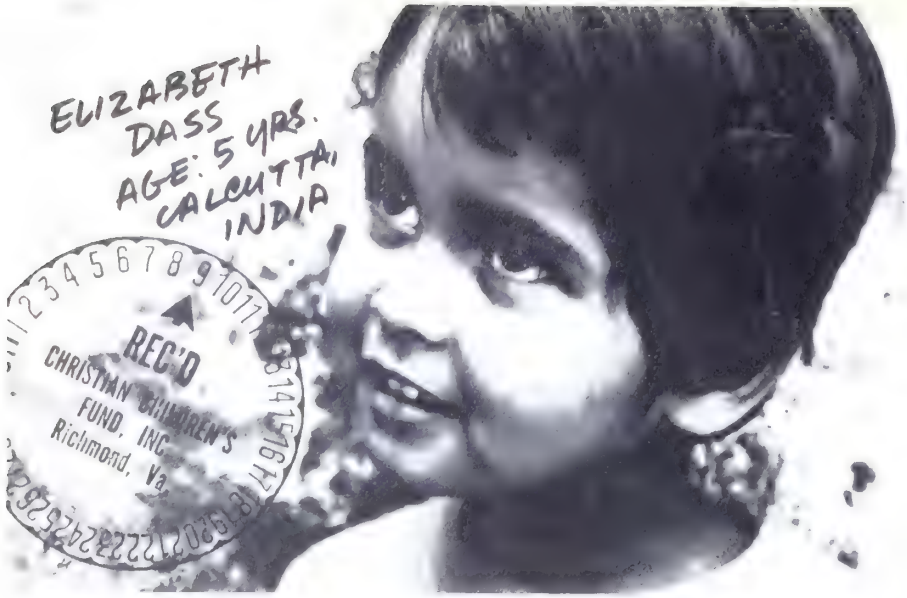
5 The Ninety-Eight engine is a 455-cubic-inch Rocket V-8. While it's so soft-spoken you hardly know it's there, you have all the reserve you could ever want. And it runs just fine on no-lead, low-lead or regular gas.

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7 Ninety-Eight is loaded with little niceties that make traveling by auto more than just transportation. Extremely efficient sound-proofing helps keep outside noises out. The front seats are six inches of solid foam—not a thin layer of padding on ordinary springs. Fine fabrics and plush carpeting surround you. The outside mirror is remote-controlled. Luxury models have front and rear cigarette lighters, an armrest in the center of the rear seat, even a clock exclusively for the convenience of rear-seat sedan passengers.

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Because her story is typical of needy children around the world, we invite you to read our overseas caseworker's report on little Elizabeth (her name is changed to protect her future) . . .

Name: Elizabeth Dass **Date of birth:** April 12, 1964 **Native place:** Calcutta

Health: Frail, thin, walks with difficulty, protein deprived.

Characteristics: Gentle, quiet, cooperative, speaks clearly and is of good mind. Will be able to learn once health and strength are restored.

Investigation report: Elizabeth's father used to be street cleaner, died from typhus. Her mother is very weak from recent illness (smallpox). Only work available to this woman is in a match factory where she earns two rupees a day (26¢) when she is strong enough to get there and work.

Home conditions: One room bustee (hovel) occupied by several other persons besides Elizabeth and her mother. House is so small cooking is done on the footpath. Bathing is done at a public tap down the road. Persons living with them in this house are not of good repute, and the mother fears for Elizabeth.

Remarks: Elizabeth will certainly become ill, perhaps will take up thieving, maybe even more terrible ways of living if she is not removed from present home conditions. Her mother is willing for her to go to CCF Nazareth Home and weeps with joy at the hope of her little daughter becoming safe from the wretched life they now have.

Strongest recommendation that Elizabeth be admitted at once.

Could you turn away a child like Elizabeth and still sleep well at night? I know it would break your heart . . . and Elizabeth is but *one* example of thousands of youngsters who desperately need help.

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from state to state, this new a
government is most commonly k
as a "local development district.
intentionally innocuous title:
can be against development?)
as I can discover, it is not yet
tioned in any of the standard te
government, and little has been
ten about it anywhere, aside
bureaucratic documents and
specialized publications.* It w
vented and put on the political a
by three men: Philip Hammer
a young city planner in Atlanta;
Fanning, a vice-president of the
versity of Georgia; and—ama
—Frank Hood of the Georgia
Company.

Traditionally, Georgia Pow
been one of the Big Mules, in th
phrase, of the old, conservative
clique. Consequently, it took H
long while to persuade the fe
erals in the state that a politica
he was sponsoring could be
progressive. In fact, some of th
pany's top executives were, ini
deeply suspicious about what
up to, but Hood's argument f
pet reform was so persuasive t
finally brought them around.

Hood's job, in the mid-Fifti
industrial development. He wa
posed to lure new industries i
state, with the hope that they
become good customers of G
Power. This was a tough assig
because much of Georgia—esp
its rural areas, which needec
most desperately—was not a
attractive to modern industry
one thing, much of the coun
had no effective government.
dim Colonial past, Georgia ha
divided into 159 counties, m
them too small, too poor, and
competent to deliver anything
a naked minimum of govern
service. Often the county cour
sheltered a sheriff, a judge, an
collector, and that was about
body knew how to apply for a
grant. Nobody even knew wh
eral money was available f
county, much less which
handed it out.

Every county was competin
every other for new industries,
were hopelessly inept competit
approaching a Northern textil
pany, for instance, the loc
cials could mumble something

*Notably "Making Federalism
a study by James L. Sundquist
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"plenty of cheap labor" and r
offer a tax-free building site. Bu
rarely could say how much
actually was there, because the
no reliable statistics. They had
mit that many workers were
literate, because the school s
was no good. No money was in
for vocational training. Neither
there any solid facts on suc
mental matters as water s
markets, natural resources, and
lation trends. Consequently, a
munity—even with Hood's vol
help—seldom could make a co
ing sales pitch.

The obvious remedy for thi
plight was to abolish nine-ten
the counties in Georgia and to r
them with new units of gover
large enough to operate effic
But because of local sentimen
the ferocious opposition of lo
ficeholders, this prescription w
politically feasible.

COULD A WAY BE FOUND, th
accomplish much the same
by indirection?

Phil Hammer thought so. Hi
ning duties had made him ac
familiar with the problem, and
been discussing it for some tim
a fellow-spirit—J. W. Fanning
was then working on schem
community development at th
university. By the mid-Fifties
had evolved an idea that seeme
workable and politically acce
and they took it to Hood, who
like a natural ally.

In essence, they proposed t
a dozen or so neighboring co
to band together into som
that might be called a "planni
development district." No c
boundary would be disturbed.
ficeholder need feel that his j
threatened. But by pooling th
forts and what little money the
the confederated counties co
ford to hire at least one profe
to make a study of the eco
assets and possibilities of the
district. Armed with this da
could then make a systematic
for those industries that coul
use the available assets; an
time, it was hoped, his sale
would prove more enticing.

Hood bought the idea with
siasm, since he had been th
along similar lines. Better yet,
fered to put up some Georgia

"I'LL HAVE
DRY SACK
ON THE ROCKS."

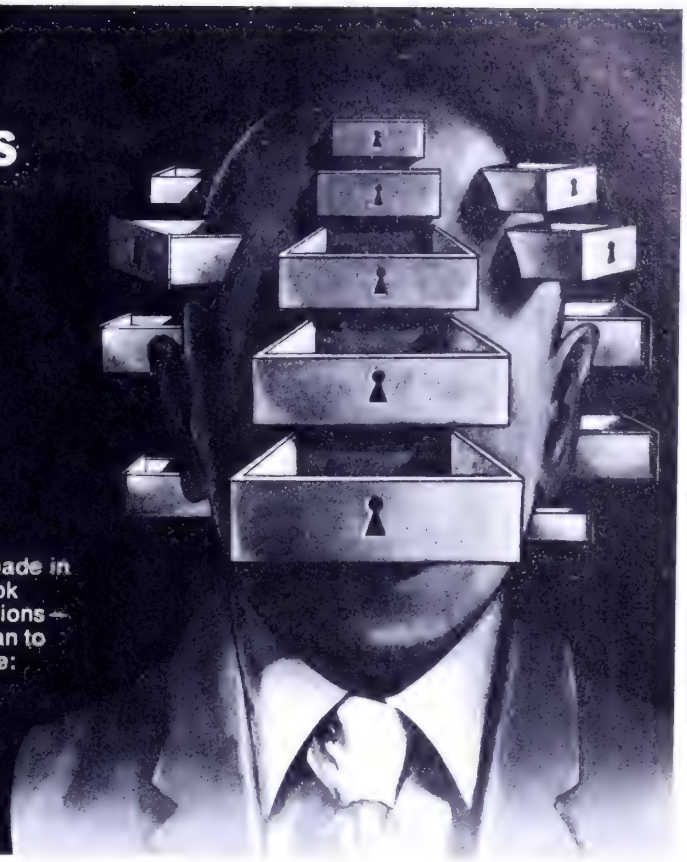
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money for the preliminary missionary work—not much, but enough to pay the expenses of the three evangelists as they traveled up and down the state, preaching the glorious possibilities of planning and development districts to every Rotary Club, chamber of commerce, and sewing circle they could get to listen.

After five years on the road, they finally stirred up enough popular interest to make the legislature pay serious attention. In 1960 it passed a law authorizing any combination of counties to organize themselves into a development district; and before the year was out, eleven counties in the Coosa Valley did just that. No monument has yet been put up to commemorate this historic event—the birth of the nation's first development district—but someday it may come.

Today all of Georgia's 159 counties (with the exception of four holdouts, probably temporary) have clumped themselves together into nineteen development districts. Their functions have grown far beyond their original modest purpose of enticing new industries. In many cases they have now become full-fledged instruments of government, doing a wide array of jobs that individual counties would never have dreamed of tackling.

TO SEE AT FIRST HAND how one of these new inventions actually works, I recently spent some time in the mountain country of northeastern Georgia, which I had known in earlier years as one of the most woebegone backwaters of the South. The people there are mostly poor whites, about two hundred thousand of them, scattered thinly through the green coves and hollows. For generations they had scraped out a living—more meager year by year—by lumbering, hunting, moonshining, and sporadic work in a few textile mills. Nor did they have much hope of anything better, because most of the land is too steep for farming and it yields no coal or other minerals.

Things began to look up about seven years ago, when thirteen counties joined to form the Georgia Mountains Planning and Development District. This act of statesmanship was not altogether voluntary. Lyndon Johnson had proclaimed his War on Poverty; and a number of federal agencies, led by the Appalachian Regional Commission, were offering to ladle out federal money to conspicuously hungry areas such as this.

But there were strings attached. Some people in Washington had noted what was going on in the Coosa Valley and in a few other pioneer Georgia development districts, and it occurred to them that such institutions could serve as a handy conduit for government grants. For each district had at least a rudimentary plan for building up the local economy; it knew what things were needed, in what order of priority, and how much they would cost. It had some capability, therefore, to parcel out the money in an orderly and coherent fashion, for constructive purposes—which was more than you could say for the individual counties or, for that matter, most state governments.

So the word went out from Washington: "Shape up into development districts, if you want to get your share of the loot." Somewhat dubiously, for they are all rampant individualists, the civic leaders of the Georgia mountains decided to go along.

Their doubts have now vanished, because by all accounts the district has been a roaring success. Its day-to-day operations are in the hands of Sam Dayton, a lean, intense young Ph.D. in economic geography. He came to the job with unlimited enthusiasm: eight years of prior experience in local planning, military service, and the federal bureaucracy; and intimate knowledge of the area: he was born and raised in Gainesville, the main town (about 18,000 people) in the Georgia mountains.

I met him in the cramped, starkly functional little cinder-block building near the Gainesville railroad tracks that serves as the district headquarters. It houses a staff of eighteen planners and development specialists, all trained professionals. They are something of a curiosity in that part of the country, since before their coming the whole district could muster only five public employees with professional expertise: three city managers, a county manager, and a single town planner.

One thing in which Dayton and his staff are expert is, as the local politicians put it, "milking the feds." They know what grants and loans can be extracted from dozens of federal agencies, for what purposes, under what conditions—and how to unsnarl the miles of red tape necessary them: in itself an arcane art. they have been able to help the teen counties and thirty-nine m palities to file and push throu plications for scores of proj water and sewer systems, health clinics, vocational s parks, housing, police comm tions equipment, libraries, a like. So far about $20 milli federal money has poured in district as a direct result of wangling.

ALL OF THESE THINGS, be it are necessities for a reas civilized life: the mountain had wanted them for years but never afford them on their ow same things are necessary to industry and create jobs, si company wants to move into a without decent hospitals, s roads, and water supply. They first prerequisite—the "infr ture," as the planners say—f ing economic development.

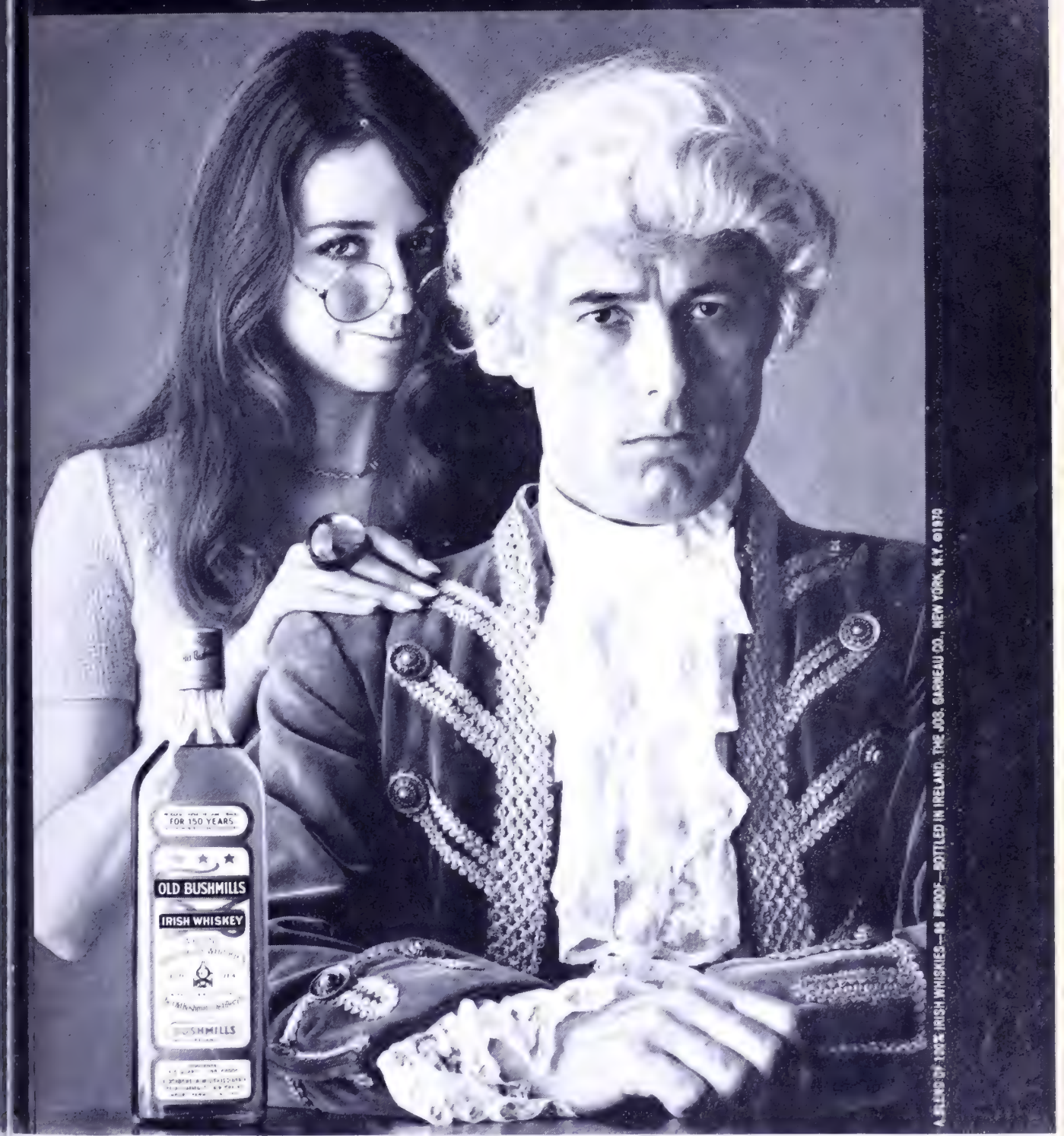
Already they are beginning off. In recent months the distr acquired a plastics factory, building alternators for Chrysl a 400-job factory for makin fabricated houses, plus a var metal- and wood-fabricating pl

"We are choosy now," Dayt me. "We are past the time wh were glad to take in any fir would provide a few jobs. F ample, we are now discourag dustries that would pollute the streams, or put a lot of heavy on our mountain roads. W come to realize that our most v assets up here are the scenery and rivers, and we are not goin them get ruined."

These assets he sees as th of a soon-to-be-thriving rec business—including, of all th ski resort already open for bu (It gets only five inches of snow a year, but artificial sn tends the season to almost days. Customers are no pr Would you believe that Atl two-hour drive to the south, h nation's biggest ski club?) S resorts, fishing camps, tourist tions, and motels also are be couraged, and sometimes fina

What made a resort industr ticable was another federal ment: a superhighway opene

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years ago that brought the once-inaccessible mountains within commuting range of Atlanta. It also brought hazards. Lake Lanier and a half-dozen lesser lakes in this district might easily have been turned into eyesores by the kind of shore development—sleazy cabins, filling stations, marinas, and hot dog stands—that has desecrated so many waterfronts in New England and the Middle West. To stave this off, Dayton and his associates are promoting countywide zoning, a rarity in most of America. Two counties already have adopted zoning rules to protect their lakes, two more have similar laws in the works, and eventually Dayton hopes the whole district will have its scenic resources safely guarded.

But not locked up. To get the best economic return out of Lake Lanier without ecological damage, Dayton's staff is pushing a carefully planned development on a cluster of islands. The Army Engineers provided access by means of a $400,000 causeway (courtesy of the late Senator Richard B. Russell). Private investors are well started on a complex of hotels, summer homes, campsites, and marinas, together with advanced sewage-treatment facilities, at a total cost of roughly $56 million—the largest single undertaking the Georgia mountains have ever known.

The most imaginative project I came across was a Shakespeare festival, the only one south of Stratford, Connecticut. Beginning this summer, the National Shakespeare Company, a well-established troupe, will open a two-and-a-half-month season at Young Harris College, near the northern edge of the state. Since the company spends the school year touring campuses, the festival should neatly fill its summer gap and at the same time bring a stream of overnight visitors to a hitherto neglected tourist area. Later the tourist season may be extended by a music festival and possibly another ski resort.

PLANNING HAS LONG HAD a bad name in this country, because so much of it has been ineffectual. Early planners—often failed architects or social visionaries, or both—habitually covered their maps with monumental avenues, ideal parks, and utopian residential areas, with little regard for either political or financial realities. Inevitably, their magnificent designs ended up in some forgotten closet in the basement of City Hall.

The planning going on in the Georgia mountains, and in all the other development districts I have visited, is something else. It works, because it is tightly linked to both the political and budgeting processes. Dayton and his staff are responsible to a board of twenty-six commissioners, mostly elected officials, who represent each county and each important town in the district—men attuned to the political heartbeat of their communities. They meet frequently to review the work of the staff and to suggest future projects. In addition, Dayton spends much of his time traveling around the district, finding out what each community needs (and is willing to pay for) and explaining how his proposals will affect local lives and bank accounts.

Furthermore, every item that goes into the district plan also goes into a budget. Nothing is proposed until the commissioners know precisely how it will be paid for—how much from local taxes, how much from federal and state contributions, how much from private investors. This summer Dayton expects to complete a Comprehensive Development Plan, setting priorities for the next six years. It will include a budget for all public spending, not only by the district but by all the counties and municipalities within its borders.

High on the priority list is a housing authority, scheduled to build 1,500 homes this first year, largely financed through a variety of federal programs. (Half the houses in the district are now substandard.) Significantly, the authority will be managed by the district commission and Dayton's office—a long step beyond planning and into direct governmental operations. Similarly, the district proposes to set up a Small Business Investment Corporation and to develop a health scheme to provide clinics, hospitals, and ambulance service wherever needed. (One of the counties, Dawson, doesn't have a single doctor.)

"Well," I remarked to Dayton, "all this sounds promising for the future. But is there any simple way to tell what your outfit has accomplished so far?"

He produced two tables of statistics. They showed that the number of people employed in the district had risen from 58,000 to 69,000 (in round figures) within five ye over a ten-year period the tal personal incomes had cons more than doubled.

Evidently this is one anti pov program—or, perhaps mor ade rately, an experiment in gov ins that has hit the jackpot.

THE GEORGIA MOUNTAIN is probably a little more cre ful (or so I am told) than mo of counterparts in Georgia. But is h no means unique. I have visit oth districts—in Georgia, So North Carolina, Pennsylvan , a Kentucky—that are working ist well. The odd thing is that obo has ever tried to evaluate the co parative performances on a atio wide basis. Nobody knows wh ones are faltering and wh booming ahead, or why. Ind body even knows how many tre —partly because new ones a be organized somewhere in the unt almost every month, partly cau nobody in Washington is resp nsib for keeping track. Several sta ha an agency—in Georgia, the ure of Planning and Programmin—th rides herd on the districts and ies mesh their work into an over sta development plan; but ther is central direction from Washgto Those in Appalachia have a l se lationship with the Appalachn R gional Commission; some el whe are similarly related to the Ec nom Development Administratio sta others are orphans, or free-floati objects in space, so far as the der government is concerned.

This is a peculiar situati , three reasons:

1) The districts get most th money from the federal pur , only for the projects they a pla ning but for the operation the offices. Sam Dayton is spendin $260,000 a year for the salar s a expenses of his staff. Roughly fi of this sum comes from local evi another fifth from the state, the rest from five different a no in Washington. Yet he is ans not to Washington but only to ov board of commissioners.

2) The districts perform function for the federal gover m They are, in effect, its field Washington agencies have b toriously unable to coordinat operations because of burea

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jealousies and because Congress has given them confusing and often contradictory directives. What coordination there is has to be accomplished in the field, by men like Sam Dayton. It is up to him to put together fragments of different federal programs—for roads, for housing, for water and sewers, for airports and vocational schools—so that they all dovetail together into a pattern that makes sense for his people.

3) The districts derive most of their political muscle from the federal government. Its source is an extraordinary, and little known, document labeled Circular A-95. I would gamble that not one reader in a hundred has ever heard of it. Yet it is, for practical purposes, the Magna Carta of all the development districts in the country.

It was issued early last year by George P. Shultz, director of the President's Office of Management and Budget, addressed to "the heads of executive departments and establishments." In free translation from Bureaucratic Mandarin, it orders them not to hand out any federal money to any city, county, or "any organization or individual" unless the application is first approved by the local development district.

Thus it confers on Sam Dayton's office an awesome power. Nobody within his thirteen counties can even ask for a federal loan or grant of substantial size until he clears the request with Sam. And Sam is not supposed to approve it unless it fits the district's overall development plan. Moreover, he must certify that the project will do no serious harm to the environment. (For projects involving metropolitan areas, or more than one district, this clearinghouse function is delegated to other planning authorities of appropriate scope. In the case of Atlanta, for instance, the job is handled by the Atlanta Regional Commission, created last year to guide the future growth of the whole metropolis, now spreading over five counties.)

In earlier years, individual federal agencies, notably the Appalachian Regional Commission and the Economic Development Administration, had insisted that their projects be cleared through the local development districts. But A-95 was the first order from the White House that gave them authority to approve and coordinate virtually all federal undertakings of importance: specifically, 106 listed programs, administe twenty-three different agencies ing from the Department of A ture to the Army Engineers. nearly all development projec involve some federal money, rective gives Sam Dayton a counterparts the power that planners had generally lacke means to see that their plans a ally carried out.

REPUBLICANS, OF COURSE always regarded plannir suspicion, as something inim free enterprise and possibly with Communism. It is ironic that a Republican adminis should require economic, soci environmental planning on that its Democratic predecesso never dared attempt.

In so doing, incidentally, the Administration has created a ing market for the planning sion. As development distri over the country are trying staffed up to do the job assigne by A-95, they are finding th with professional qualificatio Sam Dayton's are in extremel supply. If the universities cou them out fast enough, traine ners could take their pick o jobs for years to come. Unfortu few universities offer really courses in this field.

This manpower shortage m out to be the chief limitation future evolution of local devel districts. If it can somehow b come, their possibilities—to at least—seem almost dazzling might well become, as Sam D and a good many others have, the most potent instrum government their citizens hav known. They are an effective c for federal revenue-sharing. Tr stream of Washington gree isn't yet flowing fast enough care of everything that needs done. But even so, in some these curious new institutio producing undeniable resul creating jobs, in protecting vironment, in slowing the mi of displaced Southern farmers Northern slums, in building livable communities.

At the very least, they are invention that Georgians c proud of.



this trip
eally necessary?

ght now, yes. But in the future, no.

e have established can col-
on centers because we be-
that citizens' efforts to save
are important right now.
demonstrate that recycling
asible. And they help con-
e resources.

onsider this.

350 cities, individuals and
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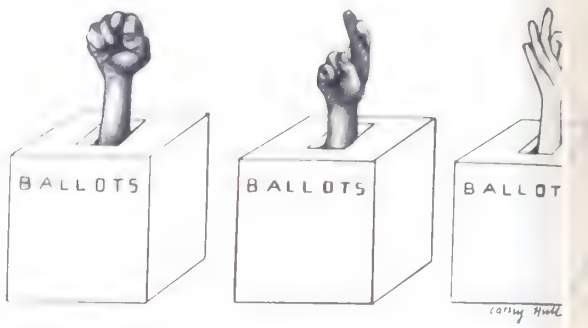
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Thomas Powers

LETTER FROM A LOST CAMPAIGN

The unreported story of Charles Evers' race for the Mississippi governorship



Mississippi is a white man's country, and by the Eternal God, we'll rule it.

Mississippi Weekly Pilot
July 31, 1875

THE HIGH POINT of Charles Evers' improbable campaign to become the first black governor of Mississippi came on a Sunday night nine days before the election. Mayor John Lindsay had flown in from New York and appeared with Evers at a rally in Laurel, a small city in southeast Mississippi where a group of white woodcutters on strike against a huge lumber company were supporting Evers. A bomb scare forced a last-minute change from the civic auditorium to a Baptist church. A large crowd of blacks gathered outside while the deacon turned on the lights and unlocked the doors and Lindsay's security people wondered who was out there in the darkness.

The crowd flooded inside, filling every pew, then the aisles, the balcony, the choir stalls, and finally even the window ledges. The windows began to mist in the heat.

Evers stood at the pulpit grinning while the deacon tried to hook up the sound system. He looked at the crowd, faces glistening in the heat; at Lindsay; at the reporters and television crews Lindsay had brought with him; at the scattering of whites in the audience; at the white city policemen and the white deputy mayor of Laurel, who had come to apologize for the bomb scare. He was grinning because he knew everyone was thinking: can this be *Mississippi*?

Evers introduced the white woodcutters, sunburned men missing teeth, the sort of country people who had grown up thinking blacks were dirt. He said those big planters and Jackson lawyers who ran the state had better *watch out*. The poor people of Mississippi —white *and* black (a tremendous cheer)—could break the hold of those *mean* men who had kept them all down so long. He ended with an appeal to forget everything else on Election Day —jobs, mean sheriffs, the backache—and vote!

For six months Evers had been saying he was going to turn the state upside down with a coalition of poor blacks, poor whites, and kids voting for the first time. For one brief moment in Laurel, he made the skeptics wonder.

EVERS APPARENTLY BEGAN to think about running for governor the day he took over as mayor of Fayette (population: 1,600) in July 1969. He told his staff repeatedly, "We've only got one year to make it in Fayette." By the summer of 1970, using the characteristic plural that was to infuriate whites throughout his campaign, Evers had begun to talk about what would happen *when* we run for governor.

Victory, of course, was not uppermost in his mind. No one gave him a chance of winning, and nothing that happened during the campaign suggested things had changed that much in Mississippi. Nowhere in America have whites been more fearful of blacks or more bitterly determined to keep them in their place. Instead, Evers ran for reasons of practical politics. He hoped to encourage black registration, to build a political organization, to persuade blacks ru for local office, and to bring th black vote on Election Day s co of those local candidates cou wi Twenty-one of Mississippi's ght two counties have a black ma nit but there were only a hand l o minor black officials throughe th state. The two most importar w Evers, the only black mayor a h racial town (there is one tiny a lac town); and Robert Clarke, w ha two desks in the State Ho e c Representatives because no hit would sit next to him. Evers he d t expand this pitifully narrow lac political base and to organize ack to the point where, finally, the nig be able to take care of themse s

Beyond practical politics, Eve ran for another major reas th gradually emerged from his hu lre of speeches, always given w ho notes, and from the response g in the small country churches he most of his speeches were give Th black people in the Mississipp ou tryside, desperately poor and no ant, the frequent victims of wh violence until the past few yea , a filled with a deep yearning for co ciliation with the white race.

When Evers returned to iss sippi after the murder of his b Medgar in 1963, he was fa fro being in a mood for reconc tio himself. How and why he cha ed not altogether clear, despite t i that he is breathtakingly can most things. He openly confes thi he ran policy, operated whore and even rolled drunks duri five years he spent in Chicago. h other aspects of his life an acter, however, Evers is secre deliberately misleading. Duri

Thomas Powers was first in Mississippi in 1963 with SNCC. His next book will be a history of the opposition to the Vietnam war.

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final weekend of the campa
example, he told an old polit
"I live for women and mon
other friend doubts that this
gether the case. Evers certai
attention to his businesses (
restaurant, and shopping c
Fayette), and he may still
women, but they are hardly
important things in his life.

A man who has known Ev
the 1940s, when they roomed
at Alcorn College in southw
sissippi, says Evers cannot b
stood without a sense of hov
about Medgar, who was appa
man of considerable spiritua
In the Delta, where Medgar
tive with the NAACP, olde
assume that's who is me
"Evers." The only other
whom Charles Evers had a
feeling was Bobby Kennedy.
present when Kennedy w
and he sometimes speaks of
rible day" after Kennedy's
when he returned alone to Mis
Those two deaths, in some
similar, left Evers with a
proportion. He based his c
on "gettin' things for poor fo
his larger purpose was to hel
bitterness between black and
Mississippi. At times his
were really sermons. About
before the election he told
of white Catholics that the
history of Mississippi was

of men in high positions — governors, legislators — didn't care enough to stand say, "That's wrong, and w gonna tolerate that. It's wr kill a white person, and it's to shoot a black person. It's to deny a man because of th of his skin." We've had pov its worst in this state becaus We've had mean people who a swimming pool [to keep young black boy . . . We have governors who would stand say, "I'm not going to blo door to any child." It's wro been so wrong. Medgar's d day because of hate. Bobb nedy's dead today because o Our state is on the bottom of thing today because of hate.

AT PRECISELY TEN O'CLO
day morning, Octo
Mayor Evers, two black lawy
two of the mayor's guards a
front of the Jackson Post



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atlas **A WINDOW ON THE WORLD**

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which also houses the Federal Court. Evers entered the building and headed for the elevator. Charles Gordon, chief political writer for the Jackson *Daily News*, got in with him. "Hey! You really follow me around, don't you?" Evers said to Gordon, shaking his hand. "That's all right, just keep my name in the paper." Evers grinned, and Gordon, a stern, thin-faced man, was awkward and polite.

On the third floor Evers and his lawyers formally filed papers in a complicated suit to disqualify his opponent, a Jackson lawyer named Bill Waller. Charlie Sutherland, the tall, white-haired chief deputy U.S. marshal, wearing a bow tie and two-tone shoes, sparred with Evers while the papers were being filed. "I keep tellin' ya," said Evers. "I'm *gonna* be governor." Sutherland missed the ironic tone. "Come up here then," he said pugnaciously, color rising in his face, "and put me a couple hundred up." Evers said he was no longer a betting man.

Back outside, Evers decided to walk to his headquarters. He started down Capitol Street accompanied by Richard Woodward, his chief of security, a black detective on leave from the New York Police Department; Martin Lias, a member of Fayette's six-man police force; a black photographer; and a white reporter.

Capitol Street is the heart of downtown Jackson, such as it is. White women out shopping are not accustomed to being wished a good morning, however affably, by black men with the confident, expansive air of Mayor Evers and his party. (One must remember that these are the first black men in the state's history with an undisputed legal right to carry concealed weapons, which, of course, Lias and Woodward do. One must also remember that a good many black men in Mississippi have been castrated, hanged, or even burned alive for nothing more than looking at a white woman in an unwelcomed way.) Some of the women blushed and murmured good morning to the Mayor in reply; some of them blanched, their faces tight with anger.

At the corner of Farish Street, Evers turned north, passing almost immediately into a black neighborhood. "Hey, Charlie! Come on over here," shouted a black man wearing a starched white barber's coat. Evers crossed the street and entered the Paramount Barber Shop and Shoeshine Parlor. It was a long narrow room lit by naked light bulbs hanging from the high ceiling. A fat man wearing a porkpie hat sat in the last of the ancient porcelain-and-leather barber chairs, watching television. He called out, held up a brown paper bag with a bottle neck protruding. "No more of those back rooms for me, boys," said Evers, climbing into one of the high seats near the door to get his shoes shined. "Hey, you shoeshine men," he said. "After this week we're goin' to the Capitol! You're goin' to shine shoes on the Capitol steps!"

When his shoes were finished Evers walked on to his office, burst in through the double screen doors. "Everybody workin'? Everybody workin'?" He grabbed all the men by the arm, shook hands, kissed all the women, including two Sisters of Charity. When everybody was thoroughly aroused, Evers disappeared into his office in the rear.

At four-twenty that afternoon he left for Meridian, the three-car motorcade making the ninety-three-mile trip in very little more than an hour, arriving well in advance of a fund-raising banquet scheduled for 8:00 P.M. Next door to Evers' Meridian headquarters was the Mason Barber Shop. Evers was apparently destined to get the barbers' vote. The man who runs the Mason asked Woodward, "When's Mr. Evers comin' out?"

"You can go on back and see him," said Woodward.

"He may be talking something private," suggested the barber. Woodward reassured him. The barber went in, came back a moment later with the Mayor, who had taken off his jacket. Evers climbed into a barber chair, sighed hugely as it was tilted back. The barber put hot towels around his face, then lathered his chin. Evers closed his eyes.

The Mayor's white press secretary, Jason Berry, twenty-two, who came down in the spring at the suggestion of a friend and found himself one of the few paid staffers ($75 a week), was irritated with a reporter in Jackson.

"He said we'd be lucky to get 200,000 votes."

"What I think," said Evers, "is they're planning to steal it."

"We're going to have poll watchers down from New York," said Berry.

"They can't be every place," said the Mayor. The heat from the towels had made him drowsy. The ban did not begin for an hour. The M fell asleep.

IN SOME WAYS Evers' campaign an immediate success. He s on the steps of county courthous over the state. His motorcades erally had a police escort. There few ugly incidents. The only se threat against his life occurred in after he announced he would at the Neshoba County Fair, held two miles from the earthen dam w the bodies of three murdered rights workers were buried in summer of 1964. Blacks and Cho Indians from a nearby reserv have never been allowed to at the fair. The possibility of an a was serious. "The Neshoba Co Fair," explained a young white grew up there, "is also the Nes County drinking contest." Evers' talked him out of going when State Highway Patrol, the last all-white police force in the called to say he could not expect protection. With that excep Evers traveled freely and rec the sort of official cooperation would have thought possible years ago.

In other ways, however, the paign progressed only fitfully. dents from the state's black col played almost no part in the paign. Money came in slowly. Mississippi, the badly Balka loyalist Democrats recognized b national Democratic party gen backed Evers, despite occas grumbling that he was not dis ting campaign contributions among local candidates. Support whites was fragile, to say the although he made progress. were not many white woodcutt Laurel, for example, but their su represented something close to a lution in the relations between b and poor whites, who were made in the first place by slavery, and been kept poor ever since by black labor. Evers was also su ful with white students. The day Lindsay's visit he spent an hour seventeen students from Jackson schools and won them over combination of charm and swee son. One of the group was Shanks, the niece of Giles C head of the State Highway P ("There's only one man I'm g

vers said in almost every
"and that's old Giles Crisler.
an. I'm gonna fire him nine-
uesday night.") Quiet vic-
this sort did not represent
ny votes but the fact that
ceived *any* white support was
e state had come a long way.
' biggest problems were the
s of the county organizations
e than forty there *was* no
tion), the fear and apathy
ural blacks, and the opposi-
Negroes who would say with
pride, "I ain't votin' for no
Near the end of the cam-
vers learned that even in Jef-
county, his political base, re-
blacks were saying they would
white men from governor on
n a couple of cases, blacks
d jobs that Evers had brought
county were actually out can-
for whites.

hursday, October 28, Evers
k to Fayette on a fence-mend-
That night in the Hollywood
Church he talked about all the
stices, the black cripple shot
the steps of the Fayette ice
y a deputy sheriff, the black
killed by whites because he
to take off his Army uniform,
ory that paid men $45 for an
our week, the white families
d black maids ten cents an

t were out there pickin' pea-
ickin' cotton, plowin' mules,
, "Yessum" and "No-um" to
mean white folks. And now
yin' these same folks—not the
white folks, not the good ones,
same ones here that kep' you
—are better than your black
rs. What's wrong with you?
ne of you is sayin', "No, we
gonna vote for no more black
'cause the ones we got are too
on us. They don't allow us to
n the streets no more, don't
us to drink whiskey and beat
omen, don't allow us to speed
gh our town. So we ain't gon-
te for no more black folks."
don't say about all the suffer-
stopped . . .
ou fight against the rights of
folks in this town, you cain't
compensation from us. I bite
nes about it. If you gonna get
nd canvass against us who're
i' for the rights of our folks,
ain't work for us. I mean that.
re's anybody in this town—
make it clear to you—who
go out and campaign against



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CHARCOAL MELLOWED DROP BY DROP

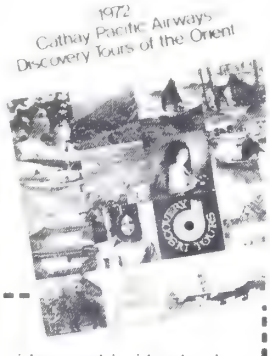
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THE WEEKEND before the election Evers campaigned through the Delta, the heavily black counties along the Mississippi River north of Vicksburg where the plantation system flowered for thirty brief years before the Civil War. Late Friday afternoon he headed north on Highway 61 toward the tiny town of Cary. There were six cars in the motorcade, averaging better than eighty miles an hour on the straight, two-lane road, past unpainted shotgun shacks, country churches, the huge tin-sided cotton gins with incinerators out back where burning cotton waste filled the air with pungent blue smoke.

Cotton is still a major crop in the Delta. The fields beside the road are huge, the trees bordering the far side sometimes only a faint line against the sky. In the late afternoon sun the huge cotton-picking rigs look like browsing elephants. Once the motorcade passed six black women in print dresses picking cotton by hand, bandannas around their hair, bent over, long white canvas bags dragging along behind them on the ground. (The going rate for picking by hand is $2 a hundred pounds. It is a tough way to make a living and provides work only three months a year.)

The motorcade entered Cary at dusk, turning off the highway onto a gravel road that dwindled into nothing. A crowd of about 150 was waiting by a flatbed wagon. There was a dry rustling as people tramped down the dry Johnson grass, the sound of a tractor in the distance. There were the usual drunks in the crowd, the usual shy kids with bare feet, the usual skinny dogs sniffing around the edge of the field.

Sharkey County has a 2-to-1 black majority, but the whites hold a 3-to-2 edge in registered voters. Every black over twenty remembers when an attempt to register in the Delta was enough to get you beaten, perhaps even shot. A local preacher told the crowd, "If you're scared, you tell the man, 'Cap'n, I'm gonna vote for you. But when you get behind that c vote the way you know you ou The problem, as everybody kno that a lot of people don't rea lieve the curtain is opaque. someone gives them a dollar or of whiskey to vote for so-and just tells them to with a hard they do it.

Evers talked about the mea who used to run everything but anymore, if only black peop vote. The old women sitting unc pecan trees, the old men w clean white shirts and suspen hold up their baggy gray woo sers, punctuate his talk in the o with, "Oh Lord," or, "That's or, "*What* you say."

Now black folks, lemme tell somethin'. You don't get nothi— nothing'!—till you do somethin yourself. Believe me now, h You can pray all you want to you can shout all you want to . . . Till we can elect black men care about us, we don't get not Our white brothers got someboc every courthouse representin' We ain't got nobody . . . You change it Tuesday. Tuesday. *L go to nobody's field Tuesday. L go to nobody's kitchen Tue Don't go to nobody's job Tues till you go down and vote.*

On Saturday Evers spoke other dozen Delta towns. (In Saturday night, Halloween, the children were out trick-or-tr with their faces painted white. Sunday he covered the state in p vate plane, speaking in six town Holly Springs, near the Ten border, to Biloxi, on the Gulf

On Tuesday Evers voted ir ette. Within an hour after the opened at seven, reports begar ing in of intimidation, illegal b of poll watchers, beatings, a and other "irregularities." It w possible to estimate the total most of it concentrated in counties, but by past Missi standards the election still app to have been a distinct improve Whatever the effect of fraud or races, it was insignificant stat The first returns after the polls at six made it clear Waller was a slide winner. At ten-thirty Ev peared on the stage of his ele night headquarters to concede crowd was divided between campaign staff, a group of thi

least half white, and perhaps
ck Jackson teenagers, most of
oo young to vote, who had
dance. "You know those ras-
vers said. "They got together
gain. We may be beaten, but
defeated." He talked well for
minutes, raising everybody's
then left to congratulate

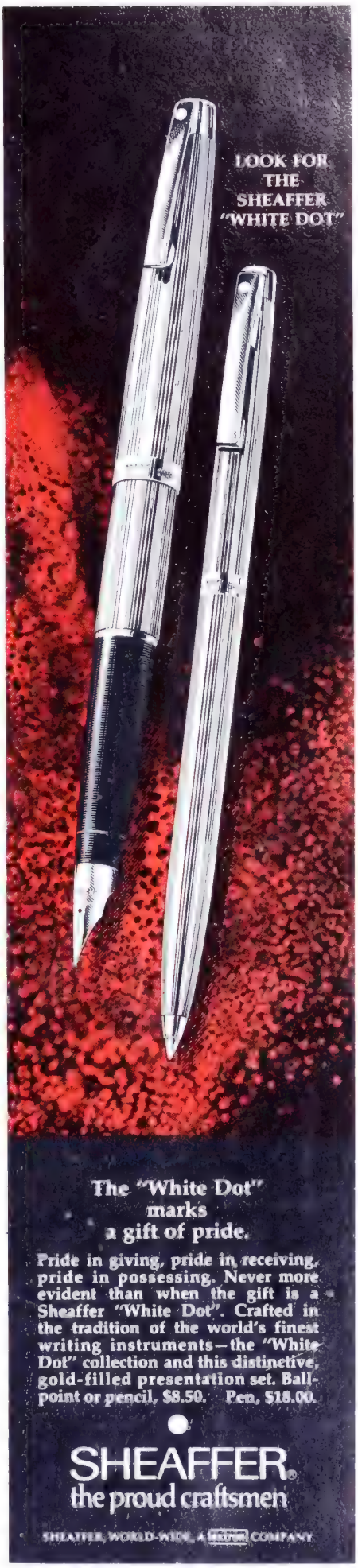
Waller's headquarters in a
wn Jackson hotel Evers no-
ine of white Waller supporters
to get in. Evers passed down
with a grin, shaking the hands
stonished whites while televi-
meras and reporters crowded
Evers learned that Waller
oss town giving a live inter-
a local television station. He
ven to the studio and watched
rview on a monitor in a near-
n. Waller aides learned Evers
he building and tried to hustle
ernor-elect out of the studio
as the interview ended. They
ot quite quick enough. Sur-
d by photographers, report-
d television crews, Evers ap-
ed Waller's car just as it was
o pull out. Waller and his wife
the back seat. "I just wanted
gratulate you," said Evers.
dya say, Charlie?" boomed
His wife leaned across with a
ile and shook the loser's hand.

RE WAS A MOOD of melancholy
ality in the Evers headquarters
after the election. Volunteers
itcases stood around exchang-
dresses as if they might all get
r again someday. The Mayor
ere in a short-sleeved shirt,
goodbye to people he had seen
lay for six months, talking on
one, giving interviews to re-
. He was in an elusive mood,
nd remote at the same time.
as still difficult to know just
any votes had been stolen,* but
things were clear. For one
t was obvious Evers had scared
ing daylights out of white
sippians. Far more of them had
out to vote than ever before.
2 per cent of the vote counted
on Wednesday, Waller had 544,000 (about 77 per cent of the total), Evers had 158,000 (about 21 per cent), and Judge Tom Brady, a segregationist who ran when he thought Evers' suit to disqualify Waller might succeed, only 6,200. Two conclusions were hard to resist: first, the massive white turnout had defeated many local black candidates Evers had hoped to elect. Only forty of the 284 blacks won. Clarke was going to be alone in the legislature for another four years. Second, far more blacks had voted for Waller than whites had voted for Evers.

In the middle of the afternoon Evers gave a final interview to three reporters in his windowless office, sitting directly beneath a large black-and-white photograph of Medgar. He found it hard to take an interest in questions about the exact size and meaning of the vote, what he planned to run for next, whom he would support at the Democratic Convention in Miami. Instead, he tried to explain why he had decided to run in the first place. Not, he said, in order to win, and not solely to help elect blacks on a local level. The real purpose had been to coax black people out of the apathy and fear that have hemmed them in all their lives. "It's sorta like bringing a newborn child into the world," he said. The old days of killing and church-burning were over, but blacks had not yet realized they were free. "I've gotta keep on goin' back . . . sayin', 'Come on, come on. We gotta keep pushin'.' And I can't lose faith, and I can't lose hope. Sure I'm human, I get mad as hell ever' once in a while, but I can't give up. It's gonna take time."

The paradox of Mississippi is that things are a lot better, and yet they're still the same. The violence has ended, blacks can register and vote with relative freedom, and there is little segregation in public places, but there has been very little change in the relationship between the races. Whites own and run everything; blacks consider themselves lucky to have a full-time job. Out in the tiny country towns where things have changed the most and the least, Evers told the people that God wouldn't end the old troubles. "Till we can elect black men who care about us," he said, "we don't get nothin'." The pessimists in Mississippi say it will take forever. The optimists, like Evers, say only that it will take time. □

* the end of December the federal
nent charged in a suit that certain
ices in Humphreys County should
lidated because of irregularities.
suits by local candidates were
l elsewhere in the state.



Graham Greene

CHILE: THE DANGEROUS EDGE

Threatened by foreign aggression and domestic homicide



"AT THE NEXT Presidential election," I began in questioning Radomiro Tomic, the leader of the Christian Democrats at the last election in Chile.

"If there is another election," he corrected me.

It was not the first time I had heard that "if"—an "if" not reflecting the intentions of the governing coalition, the Popular Unity, who are trusted to follow the path of legality even to a bitter end. That "if" is the dark side of their courage. A man going up alone against a strong point, grenade in hand, might say to himself, "If I arrive living at that next belt of trees . . ."

A GOVERNMENT THAT HAS DONE SO much with a minority of seats in Congress—nationalizing the copper mines without compensation, taking control of the principal banks by the purchase of shares, expropriating land far in excess of the timid measures of the Frei government—must wonder sometimes where, when, and how the counterattack is likely to fall. Will it take the form of an economic blockade by the United States or a disguised attack engineered by the CIA with the help of the Right extremists who murdered General Schneider, the head of the army? (One of those believed to be implicated still sits in the Senate, thanks to the slanted legalism of the Supreme Court.) Bolivia has had its right-wing coup—with the help of Brazil and the probable connivance of the United States; and an unsuccessful attempt was made last October to overthrow General Lanusse, the liberalizing President of Argentina, while preparations were in hand for his meeting at the Chilean port of Antofagasta with President Salvador Allende. If the plot had succeeded, two out of the three land frontiers of Chile would have become vulnerable—the Andes are no more a barrier than the Himalayas have proved to be to the Chinese. The boundaries of this strange, narrow, elongated country, extending from the tropical desert in the north to the Antarctic south, are never further from the sea than London is from Newcastle.

No wonder that the recent appointment of Nathaniel Davis—former American ambassador to Guatemala, the happy hunting ground of the CIA as ambassador to Chile is felt as a hardly veiled menace. There is a sense of danger in the air: the strange thing is that a visitor is hardly aware of it for the first week or two. "I am told by everyone," I remarked with some flippancy to one of Mr. Tomic's followers, "that there is a lot of tension. But do *you* feel tension when you wake up in the morning?"

"Every morning," the stout, cheerful sociologist replied, without ceasing to smile.

The sense of tension is conveyed by the billboards that scream in scarlet letters for justice for the murderers of General Schneider, and by the newspapers. The constant war of attrition between the political parties is oddly diluted by the complete freedom of the press: *El Siglo*, the Communist paper, and *La Nación*, the government paper, daily denouncing *El Mercurio* of the Right, the property of the rich Edwardes family; while *La Prensa* sighs after what it considers were the good days of President Frei. The war against the *Mercurio* is even carried on to the bumpers of cars, with stickers that say, "*Mercurio* lies." There are certainly plenty of lies bandied about in the papers of the Right. (Unfortunately the *Mercurio* is the best produced paper, with the greatest coverage of foreign news, so that it is read even by the supporters of *El Siglo*.) The UPI dispatch, falsely da Bogotá, reported that one Allende's planes, which crashe Colombian forest on its retur from an official visit, carried ar the guerrillas. This lie was enough to cause a temporary of the UPI agency in Santiago.

Even an unimportant visitor himself touched by this spirit o cious invention. The day aft arrival one popular paper of the stated that, in receiving me, Pr Allende had been tricked into ing an impostor, traveling unc name. The sense of my own wavered a little when I hea story, for there does really exi such impostor on whom I ha cumulated a large dossier (hi spectacular exploits were to prisoned in my name in Assa blackmailed in Paris).

At first it is not the tension of one is aware so much as the plates in the big hotels, the dressed crowds, the windows consumer goods. At lunch wi Allende I asked whether to in the standard of living of the might be necessary to start rat food and goods. He said he hop The Minister of Economics to point up. He said my paralle Cuba was not a good one—Chi industries while Cuba had non there was no blockade. "For th being," the President said.

IN SANTIAGO SMALL STORMS b and subside again. The n shouting one morning broug down into the central square. was a demonstration with muc and many banners outsid Moneda, the governmental but it proved to be only the standing quarrel about tele channels. The President had r to extend the area of Channel longing to the Catholic Univ over the whole country. Just

Graham Greene's most recent book is the autobiographical A Sort of Life. *Among his many widely read books are* Travels with My Aunt, The Power and the Glory, The Third Man, *and* Our Man in Havana.

ary closing of the UPI bureau
wn up into an attack on the
of the press, so the refusal
d Channel 13 has become, in
s of ex-President Frei's sup-
an attack on the communica-
edia, in spite of the fact that,
v introduced by Frei himself,
ension could only be made if
ee nongovernment channels
tended too.

ust not be thought that this
over television marks a
quarrel between the Church
State. The Catholic Church
is progressive. Eighty priests,
all of whom are working in
ns, have signed a declaration
port of socialism; and a new
ent, the Izquierda Christiana,
ed by Senator Jerez, has
o draw support away from the
g of the Christian Democrats,
eakening the position of ex-
nt Frei, who is forced more
re toward the right wing of
ty. By the Congressional elec-
f 1973 the Christian Left will
come a political party, able to
gn on the side of the govern-

the National Day, September
Archbishop presided at an
nical Te Deum in the Cathedral
ed by the Marxist President
presentatives of all the Com-
states, including China a
hat bizarre gathering. Prayers
offered by Methodist, Baptist,
wish clergymen. The address
by a priest was most impres-
'It is urgent for everyone to
the Cain inside him. Humility
ssary to recognize the homicide
us. It is easier to declare that
gressors are outside. No, Cain
and goes in the depths of every-
." I was standing just behind
tiring American ambassador,
cable for the size and fatness
earlobes, who represented per-
ne outside aggression—and the
ide within? Were the murderers
neral Schneider there in the
ral? Perhaps not. Rows of
d seats had remained empty
e seats at the Gospel wedding,
ere filled only after the cere-
had begun by poor people who
een waiting in the street out-
They climbed over the chairs
the diplomats—a bang,
, creak of reality breaking into
might have been a ceremony
with protocol.



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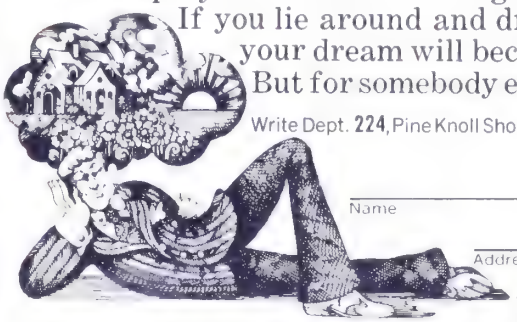
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THE OUTSIDE AGGRESSOR is never far from anyone's mind. The Brazilian army, equipped by the U.S. with more modern weapons than those supplied to Chile, arranged maneuvers on the borders of Uruguay, to coincide with last November's elections there: the Bolivian coup has brought a potential enemy to within a hundred miles of Chile's northern port, Iquique, and it must be remembered that the great copper mine of Chuquicamata and the nitrate mines of Maria Elena and Victoria are on territory acquired from Peru and Bolivia by conquest in the War of the Pacific nearly one hundred years ago. The possibility of a war of revenge is not one of Dr. Allende's chief concerns, but it can never be quite discounted. For the sake of the copper and the nitrate British industrialists fabricated that costly and terrible war in the desert. Is it impossible that another imperial power might follow the British example, tempted by the greatest copper mines in the world?

Nevertheless, Dr. Allende told me he believed the United States was no longer a military menace in South America. In his opinion, the defeat in Vietnam made another Santo Domingo highly improbable, and one hopes with all one's heart that he is right. But the humiliation of a great power has its own danger: humiliation demands arrogance elsewhere, and the Pentagon people may feel impelled to exhibit their undiminished power in what they consider their own sphere of influence—even though it be indirectly through such allies as Brazil and Bolivia. There are those who believe in a master plot of which the Bolivian army coup was the first stage. A lot depends on the future of Argentina.

In Chile itself a right-wing army coup is regarded as psychologically impossible. The army—you hear it from everyone except the Communists—is traditionally neutral; the army is pledged to legality. It is a very fine army—the best in South America, with the possible exception of the Cuban. The goose step remains the symbol of its German upbringing. In addition, a special parachute force is now trained in Panama by American officers. Dr. Allende told me there was evidence that the Americans had tried to indoctrinate the men, and I asked why he allowed the training to continue. He said such attempts to indoctrinate were do edged, and in any case he was d mined not to provoke the Amer government by any unneces change. The gamble of legalit played with high stakes. At the moment when Dr. Allende annou that no compensation would be to the copper companies, joint neuvers were in progress witl American naval force off Valpar

I suppose pessimism is the d ful privilege of an outsider wi return ticket. Optimism is a necessity for the man who make decisions. As an outsider I indulge in a pessimism allied to ti ity. I could say to Dr. Allende tha undoubted popularity of the might have its dangerous side—i army broke with its traditions people's trust might ensure the cess of a coup. I could even que the genuineness of the traditi hadn't Ibáñez come to power i Twenties with the help of the a and wasn't General Viaux in p now after first an attempted m and then his implication in murder of Schneider? Once a English public school called S was founded, and one day on notice board there appeared th lowing announcement, "From Monday the tradition of the S will be . . ."

ALLENDE IS MAKING a revol under more difficult cir stances than Fidel Castro did i assault from the Sierra Maestra. revolution requires from its le less a heroic charisma than ext political prudence, a sense of hu and an unspectacular courage. optimism, of course, always optim Six parties are represented in Popular Unity, and the ministrie so divided among the parties no minister has a second-in-comm of his own party. Inevitably causes some friction. The en agreed, but not always the means. answer a critic of the system rec is that, for the moment, the i of unity is more important tha speed of the operations. And ca fairly complain of undue tard when one remembers how muc been done during one year o norority government?

The sense of unity among th parties strikes even a pessimistic sider as remarkable. This is no

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kind of popular front formed in an emergency against a common enemy, containing great fissures of dissent that widen when the emergency is over. In Europe the parties of the Left fear Communism more than conservatism. Here Communists and Socialists are working together without suspicion, perhaps because both parties are Marxist. All the Communists I met seemed to belong to that new class of Communist that appeared so briefly and prematurely during the Czechoslovakian spring. They are open and experimental, with dogma as the ground of argument and not as an article of faith—men who have studied Trotsky as well as Marx and Lenin. Is the Popular Unity strong enough to exercise a magnetic appeal on the unsure in the Christian Democratic party when the Congressional elections are held in 1973? All depends on that. If the government does not attract more than 50 per cent of the vote, the legal road to revolution will be blocked. (Votes are more important than seats, because if government measures are obstructed in Congress the President can hold a plebiscite.)

The priest had reason when in the Te Deum he drew attention to "the Cain inside us." The extremists of MIR (Movement of Revolutionary Leftists) are an irritation—they will become a danger if the government loses votes in 1973. The workers too may well demand more than the government can offer. The miners of Chuquicamata do not feel equality with other workers; they consider themselves aristocrats. Anaconda gave them living conditions far better than those of other industrial workers—a hundred escudos a day is a minimum wage, compared with eleven escudos a day (doubled now by the government) in the nitrate mines, and it was a shock to arrive at Chuqui after visiting the coal mines of Lota in the south. Lota lives under a perpetual torrent of rain; every street crossing has to be forded like a river, and this is for nine months of the year. The solitary cinema looks like a flea pit preserved in a museum. The women and children stand under the eaves staring at the rain. There is nothing to do after work but drink, and wine is cheap. There were five hundred absentees after the National Day, and while I was underground a man, drunk and in tears, came to the office begging to be allowed to work. He couldn't afford to lay off, nor the mine afford the risk he sented. It was the world of ninete century industrial England, depressing even than the slu Santiago. It is easier to change a

But Chuqui lies in the yearlon of the desert. Rain doesn't ex Chuqui. The houses are well bui brightly painted. There are cir and churches and shops full of and a band playing in the dry air of evening, and above the is one of the best hospitals in America. There was a small str Chuqui the day I arrived, and lo around the smelting works w man from the management, one feel the hate and the pride workers blazing as fiercely a furnaces. They were unapproacl unlike the men in the textile wo Yurur to whom I had been al talk easily enough ("Do you Agatha Christie?" one asked When I enquired of a passing w at Yurur what difference he ha after nationalization, he ans without hesitation and not in ter money. He said. "There is nc now. We can speak to each while we work. Before the brotl the owner used to walk among a devil." (At the door of the fa they have shrouded from vie statue of the founder who us make delinquent workmen kne swear loyalty before a voodoo a bly of a skull, a crucifix, a statuette of Justice.) But at C it is only money and privileg count. The men feel threatene the very notion of equality.

AN OLD COMMUNIST WORKE to me one night as we dinner: "Do you think we h chance?" and I thought of the erals in Brazil and Bolivia and Davis and the CIA, of the rai desolation of Lota and the slu Santiago, and then of the moneyed miners of Chuqui an President Frei waiting in the Two lines of Shelley came to

. . . to hope till Hope creates
From its own wreck the thin
contemplates.

"I think you have a sp chance," I said, and he nodd agreement—that was about measure of it.



The time to start feeding your baby right is several years before it's born.

y the time you've started to knit gs, it could already be too late.

o nurture the baby growing inside a mother needs the strength that es from years of good eating habits. ing pregnancy, nutrition can have a ct effect on early brain growth. A ously malnourished mother means eriously deprived fetus. And that ns a child born with less than full ential, physically and mentally.

ound scary? It is. A malnourished ther is more likely to bear a prema-, undersized baby (and the younger is, the greater is the risk). The kind of baby who is least equipped to cope with the demands of living in today's society. The kind of baby who suffers the highest infant mortality rate

Actually, the rate of infant mortality *has* improved in the U.S. It has dropped 25% in 10 years.

But more can be done. Much more. *If* society can be educated and motivated to better dietary habits. *Then* we can break a link in the vicious circle of poverty and ignorance that leads to malnutrition...that leads to underdeveloped children...that leads to poverty and ignorance again.

A big part of the job is education We at the American Medical Association want to do our part. (70% of our budget goes to health and scientific education.)

One of the things the AMA will be doing in this area is to sponsor the National Congress on the Quality of Life, March 22-25 in Chicago. We hope it will be an important step in reaching this basic health standard for America a *healthy mother* and a *healthy child*.

With all of man's concern about his environment, we doctors want to remind him of his first and most formative environment. The mother's womb.

America's Doctors of Medicine

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Even though our Station V holds nearly twice as much average wago haven't figured ou to make it hold ever

Back to worryin



t Camus

HAPPY DEATH

t follows is the penultimate chapter of A Happy Death, *l Camus wrote between 1936 and 1939, when he was early twenties. As the title implies, the book's theme one should live in order to die happy. The scene of vel is, for the most part, the author's birthplace, a. In the first section, a young man, Patrice Mersault, rayed as alienated from the possibility of happiness poverty, his distractibility, his boredom. Through stress, Marthe, he makes the acquaintance of Ronald is, an older man who had been the girl's lover before ident crippled him for life. Zagreus befriends Mer- he tells the younger man that he is made for happi- ust as he (Zagreus) had been. He counsels Mersault to do as he has done, to cultivate "a will to happiness" and to become rich, for money buys time and a man needs time to create happiness in himself.*

One day Mersault kills Zagreus with the man's own revolver; he dies unprotestingly, without a word. Mersault takes his money and travels to Eastern Europe. He is still tormented by an incapacity to control his perceptions of the world around him, and returns to Algiers. For a time he lives with friends in an idyllic villa high above the city. There he begins to find happiness, to be at one with the world; he gives himself completely to sun and sky. But it is not enough. He buys his own house near a village on the coast, the Chenoua, and goes there to live. And to die.

LY IN THE MORNING, the fog lights of Mersault's car ere gleaming along the coast road. Leaving Algiers sed milk carts, and the warm smell of the horses him even more aware of the morning's freshness. still dark. A last star dissolved slowly in the sky, and pale road he could hear only the motor's contented id occasionally, in the distance, the sound of hooves, tter of milk cans, until, out of the dark, his head- flashed on the shining iron of the horseshoes. Then ing vanished in the sound of speed. He was driving now, and the night swiftly veered to day.

of the darkness still retained between the hills, the ibed an empty road overlooking the sea, where the g declared itself. Mersault stepped on the gas. The cking sound of the wheels grew louder on the dewy ent. At each of the many turns, Mersault's brakes the tires squeal, and as the road straightened, the sound of the motor gaining speed momentarily drowned out the soft voices of the sea rising from the beaches below. Only an airplane permits man a more apparent solitude than the kind he discovers in an automobile. Utterly confident of his own presence, satisfied with the precision of his gestures, Mersault could at the same time return to himself and to what concerned him. The day lay open, now, at the end of the road. The sun rose over the sea, awakening the fields on either side of the road, still deserted a moment before, filling them with the red fluttering of birds and insects. Sometimes a farmer would cross one of these fields, and Mersault, rushing past, retained no more than the image of a figure with a sack bending over the moist, clinging soil. Again and again the car brought him to the edge of slopes overlooking the sea; they grew steeper, and their outline, barely suggested in the light of dawn, grew more distinct now, suddenly revealing pros-

pects of olive trees, pines, and whitewashed cottages. Then another turn hurled the car toward the sea, which tipped up toward Mersault like an offering glowing with salt and sleep. Then the car hissed on the pavement and turned back toward other hillsides and the unchanging sea.

"What mattered was to humble himself, to organize his heart to match the rhythm of the days instead of submitting their rhythm to the curve of human hopes."

A month before, Mersault had announced his departure to the House above the World. He would travel again, then settle down somewhere around Algiers. Several weeks later he was back, convinced that travel now meant an alien way of life to him: wandering seemed no more than the happiness of an anxious man. And deep inside himself he felt a dim exhaustion. He was eager to carry out his plan of buying a little house somewhere in the Chenoua, between the sea and the mountains, a few kilometers from the ruins of Tipasa. When he arrived in Algiers, he had envisioned the setting of his life. He had made a large investment in German pharmaceuticals, paid a broker to manage his holdings for him, and thereby justified his absences from Algiers and the independent life he was leading. The investment, moreover, was more or less profitable, and he made up for his occasional losses, offering without remorse this tribute to his profound freedom. The world is always satisfied, it turns out, with a countenance it can understand. Indolence and cowardice do the rest. Independence is earned by a few words of cheap confidence. Mersault then concerned himself with Lucienne's fate.

She had no family, lived alone, worked as a secretary for a coal company, ate little but fruit, and did Swedish exercises. Mersault lent her books that she returned without a word. To his questions, she replied: "Yes, I liked it," or else: "It was a little sad." The day he decided to leave Algiers, he suggested that she live with him but continue to keep her apartment in Algiers without working, joining him when he sent for her. He proposed this with enough conviction for Lucienne to find nothing humiliating in the offer, and in fact there was nothing humiliating in it. Lucienne often realized through her body what her mind could not understand; she agreed. Mersault added: "If you want, I can marry you. But I don't see the point."

"Whatever you prefer," Lucienne said. A week later he married her and made ready to leave the city. Meanwhile Lucienne bought an orange canoe to skim over the blue sea. . . .

IN A LITTLE LESS THAN TWO HOURS, Mersault was in sight of the Chenoua. The night's last violet shadows still lingered on the slopes that plunged into the sea, while the peak glowed in the red and yellow sunlight. There was a kind of vigorous and massive assertion of the earth here, thrusting up from the Sahel and silhouetted on the horizon, ending in this enormous bestial back that plummeted straight down into the sea. The house Mersault had bought stood on the last slopes, a hundred yards from th already turning golden in the heat. There was or story above the ground floor, and only one roon but this room was enormous and overlooked the garden and the sea through a splendid bay window ing onto a terrace as well. Mersault hurried up to sea was already forming scarves of mist, and it darkened while the warm red of the terrace tiles gli in the morning dew. The whitewashed parapet had been conquered by the first tendrils of a triur rambler rose. The firm white flesh of the open petals against the sea, was both voluptuous and satiating. stairs, one room faced the foothills of the Chenou ered with fruit trees; the other two opened onto the and the sea beyond. In the garden, two pines thrus bare trunks high into the sky, the tips alone covere a green and yellow pelt. From the house he could se the space bracketed between these two trees, the of beach between the trunks. A little steamboat was n out to sea now, and Mersault watched its entire traj from one pine to the other.

Here was where he would live. Doubtless becau beauty of the place touched his heart—why else h bought this house? But the release he hoped to fin dismayed him, this solitude he had sought so delib seemed even more disturbing, now that he knew i ting. The village was not far away, a few hundred He walked out of the house. A little path sloped dow the road toward the sea. Following it, he noticed f first time that he could glimpse, across the bay, the s peninsula of Tipasa. At its very end were silhouett golden columns of the temple and around them the ruins among the wormwood bushes forming, at th tance, a blue-gray plumage. On June evenings, Me reflected, the wind would bring the fragrance of thos gorged shrubs across the water toward the Chenoua.

He had to set up his house, organize his life. Th days passed quickly. He whitewashed the walls, b hangings in Algiers, began to install electricity; and went about his work, interrupted by the meals he t the village café and by his dips in the sea, he forgo he had come here and lost himself in his body's fa loins aching and legs stiff, fretting over the short paint or the defective installation of a light fixture hallway. He slept at the hotel and gradually becan quainted with the village: the boys who came to pla and Ping-Pong on Sunday afternoons (they would u table all afternoon, taking only one drink, to the ov great annoyance); the girls who strolled in the ev along the road overlooking the sea (they walked a arm, and there was a caressing, sing-song note in voices); Perez the fisherman who supplied the hote fish and had only one arm. Here, too, he met the v doctor, Bernard. But the day the house was entirely Mersault moved all his things into it and gradually r ered himself. It was evening. He was in the big roo stairs, and behind the window two worlds fought fo space between the two pines. In one, almost transp the stars multiplied. In the other, denser and dark secret palpitation of the water betrayed the sea.

So far he had lived sociably enough, chatting wit workmen who helped him in the house or with the o

fé. But now he realized that he had no one to ight, nor tomorrow, nor ever, and that he was s longed-for solitude at last. From the moment nger had to see anyone, the next day seemed mminent. Yet he convinced himself that this was had wanted: nothing before him but himself for me—until the end. He decided to stay where he king and thinking late into the night, but by ten eepy and went to bed. The next day he wakened , around ten, made his breakfast and ate it before or shaving. He felt a little tired. He had not shaved hair was uncombed. But after he had eaten, in- going into the bathroom he wandered from room leafed through a magazine, and finally was de- o find a light switch that had not been attached. o work. Someone knocked: the boy from the café his lunch, as he had arranged the day before. He at his table just as he was, ate without appetite e food had a chance to cool, and began to smoke, the couch in the downstairs room. When he d, annoyed at having fallen asleep, it was four He bathed then, shaved carefully, dressed and vo letters, one to Lucienne, the other to the ls.* It was already very late, and growing dark.

R'S NOTE: The three girls are Claire, Rose, and Cath- friends with whom Mersault lived for a month in the ove the World. There have been hints that Catherine .

Nonetheless he walked to the village to mail his letters and returned without having met anyone. He went upstairs and out onto the terrace: the sea and the night were conversing on the beach and above the ruins. Mersault reflected. The memory of this wasted day embittered him. Tonight, at least, he would work, do something, read or go out and walk through the night. The garden gate creaked: his dinner was coming. He was hungry, ate happily, then felt unable to leave the house. He decided to read late in bed. But after the first pages his eyes closed, and the next morning he woke up late.

IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED, Mersault tried to struggle against this encroachment. As the days passed, filled by the creak of the gate and countless cigarettes, he was disconcerted by the variance between the gesture that had brought him to this life and this life itself. One evening he wrote Lucienne to come, deciding to break this solitude from which he had expected so much. After the letter was sent, he was filled with a secret shame, but once Lucienne arrived the shame dissolved in a kind of mindless eager joy to rediscover a familiar being and the easy life her presence signified. He made a fuss over her, and Lucienne seemed almost surprised by his solicitude, when she wasn't preoccupied with her carefully pressed white linen dresses.

He took walks now, but with Lucienne. He recovered



ud/Magnum

his complicity with the world, but by resting his hand on Lucienne's shoulder. Taking refuge in humanity, he escaped his secret dread. Within two days, however, Lucienne bored him. And this was the moment she chose to ask him to let her live there. They were at dinner, and Mersault had simply refused, not raising his eyes from his plate.

After a pause, Lucienne had added in a neutral tone of voice: "You don't love me."

Mersault looked up. Her eyes were full of tears. He relented: "But I never said I did, my child."

"I know," Lucienne said, "and that's why."

Mersault stood up and walked to the window. Between the pines, the stars throbbed in the night sky. And never had Patrice felt, along with his dread, so much disgust as at this moment for the days they had just passed together. "You're a lovely girl, Lucienne. I can't see any further than that. It's all I ask of you. It has to be enough for the two of us."

"I know," Lucienne said. She was sitting with her back to Patrice, scoring the tablecloth with the tip of her knife. He walked over to her and rested a hand on the nape of her neck.

"Believe me, there is no such thing as great suffering, great regret, great memory. . . . Everything is forgotten, even a great love. That's what's sad about life, and also what's wonderful about it. There is only a way of looking at things, a way that comes to you every once in a while. That's why it's good to have had love in your life after all, to have had an unhappy passion— it gives you an alibi for the vague despairs we all suffer from." After a pause, he added: "I don't know if you understand what I mean."

"I think I understand." She suddenly turned her head toward Mersault. "You're not happy."

"I will be," Mersault said violently. "I have to be. With this night, this sea, and this flesh under my fingers." He had turned back toward the window and tightened his hand over the nape of Lucienne's neck. She said nothing.

Then, without looking at him, "At least you feel friendly toward me, don't you?"

Patrice knelt beside her and gently bit her shoulder. "Friendly, yes, the way I feel friendly toward the night. You are the pleasure of my eyes, and you don't know what a place such joy can have in my heart."

SHE LEFT THE NEXT DAY. And the day after that Mersault was unable to stand himself, and drove to Algiers. He went first to the House above the World. His friends promised to come to see him at the end of the month. Then he decided to visit his old neighborhood.

His apartment had been rented to a man who ran a café. He inquired after the barrelmaker, but no one knew anything—someone thought he had gone to Paris to look for work. Mersault walked through the streets. At the restaurant, Celeste had aged—but not much; René was still there, with his tuberculosis and his solemn expression. They were all glad to see Patrice again, and he felt moved by this encounter.

"Hey, Mersault," Celeste told him, "you haven't changed. Still the same!"

"Yes," Mersault said. He marveled at the strange blindness by which men, though they are so alert to changes in themselves, impose on their friends chosen for them once and for all. He was being j by what he had been. Just as dogs don't change c men are dogs for one another. And precisely to t that Celeste, René, and the others had known hi become as alien and remote to them as an un planet. Yet he left them with affectionate farew just outside the restaurant he ran into Marthe. as he saw her he realized that he had almost forg and that at the same time he had wanted to meet still had her painted goddess's face. He desired he but without conviction. They walked together.

"Oh, Patrice," she said, "I'm so glad! What' of you?"

"Nothing, as you can see. I'm living in the cou

"Wonderful. I've always dreamed of livin country." And after a silence: "You know, I'm r at you or anything."

"Yes," Mersault said, laughing, "you've ma console yourself."

Then Marthe spoke in a tone of voice he did n nize. "Don't be nasty, Patrice. I knew it would this some day. You were a funny guy. And I was but a little girl. That's what you always used to sa course when it happened I was furious. But final myself, 'He's unhappy.' And you know, it's funny know how to say it, but that was the first time t we . . . that what happened between us made me and happy at the same time."

Surprised, Mersault stared at her. He suddenly that Marthe had always been very decent with him. accepted him as he was and had spared him a gr of loneliness. He had been unfair: while his ima and vanity had given her too much importance, h had given her too little. He discovered the cruel by which we always deceive ourselves twice about ple we love—first to their advantage, then to their d tage. Today he understood that Marthe had been with him—that she had been what she was, and owed her a good deal. It was beginning to ra enough to reflect the lights of the street; through ing drops he saw Marthe's suddenly serious face overcome by a burst of gratitude he could not exp the old days he might have taken it for a kind of l he could find only stiff words: "You know, Mar very fond of you. Even now, if there's anything do . . ."

She smiled: "No. I'm young still. And I don't out. . . ."

He nodded. What a distance there was betwee and yet what complicity He left her in front of h house. She had opened her umbrella, saying, "I ho see each other again."

"Yes," Mersault said. She gave him a sad littl "Oh, that's your little girl's face." She had stepp the doorway and closed her umbrella. Patrice held

*EDITOR'S NOTE: Zagreus had kept a suicide note alwa to remind him of the other option to life. Patrice used it the murder, which he accomplished with Zagreus' ow Thus the killing went undetected, and Marthe, the for tress of both men, knows nothing.

ıd smiled in his turn. "'Till next time, image." She him quickly, kissed him on both cheeks, and ran . Mersault, standing in the rain, still felt Marthe's se and warm lips on his cheeks. And that sudden, ested kiss had all the purity of the one given him reckled little whore in Vienna.

came one with a life in its pure state, liscovered a paradise given only to the intelligent animals. At the point the mind denies the mind, he ed his truth and with it his extreme , his extreme love."

he went to find Lucienne, slept at her apartment, .ed her to walk with him on the boulevards. It was noon when they came downstairs. Orange boats rying in the sun like fruit cut in quarters. The flock of pigeons and their shadows swooped down locks and up again in a long, slow curve. The sun lliant, and the air grew stifling. Mersault watched -and-black steamer slowly gain the channel, put on and gradually veer toward the streak of light glis- where the sky met the sea. For the onlookers, there ter sweetness in every departure. "They're lucky," ne said.

." He was thinking, "No"—or at least that he envy them their luck. For him, too, starting over, ires, a new life had a certain luster, but he knew ly the impotent and the lazy attach happiness to ings. Happiness implied a choice, and within that a concerted will, a lucid desire. He could hear s: "Not the will to renounce, but the will to happi- He had his arm around Lucienne, and her warm rested in his hand.

T SAME EVENING, as he drove back to the Chenoua, rsault felt an enormous silence in himself as he he swelling waves and the steep hillsides. By making ture of a fresh start, by becoming aware of his past, defined what he wanted and what he did not want Those wasted days he had been ashamed of seemed ous but necessary now. He might have foundered ıd missed his one chance, his one justification. But ll, he had to adapt himself to everything.

nding one curve after the next, Mersault steeped in this humiliating yet priceless truth: the condi- f the singular happiness he sought were getting up very morning, taking a regular swim—a conscious e. He drove very fast, resolved to take advantage discovery in order to establish himself in a routine ould henceforth require no further effort, to har- his own breathing with the deepest rhythm of time, self.

next morning he got up early and walked down to . The sky was already brilliant and the morning rustling wings and crying birds. But the sun was ouching the horizon's curve, and when Mersault d into the still-lusterless water, he seemed to be swimming in an indeterminate darkness until, as the sun climbed higher, he thrust his arms into streaks of icy red and gold. Then he swam back to land and walked up to his house. His body felt alert and ready for whatever the day might bring. Every morning, now, he came downstairs just before sunrise, and this first action controlled the rest of his day. Moreover, these swims exhausted him, but at the same time, because of the fatigue and the energy they afforded, they gave his entire day a flavor of abandonment and joyful lassitude. Yet the hours still seemed long to him—he had not yet detached time from a carcass of habits that still punctuated the past. He had nothing to do, and his time stretched out, measureless, before him. Each minute recovered its miraculous value, but he did not yet recognize it for what it was. Just as the days of a journey seem interminable whereas in an office the trajectory from Monday occurs in a flash, so Mersault, stripped of all his props, still tried to locate them in a life that had nothing but itself to consider. Sometimes he picked up his watch and stared as the minute hand shifted from one number to the next, marveling that five minutes should seem so interminable. Doubtless that watch opened the way—a painful and tormenting way—that leads to the supreme art of doing nothing. He learned to walk; sometimes in the afternoon he would walk along the beach as far as the ruins of Tipasa; then he would lie down among the wormwood bushes, and with his hands on the warm stone would open his eyes and his heart to the intolerable grandeur of that seething sky. He matched the pounding of his blood with the violent pulsation of the sun at two o'clock, and deep in the fierce fragrance, deafened by the invisible insects, he watched the sky turn from white to deep-blue, then pale to green, pouring down its sweetness upon the still-warm ruins. He would walk home early then, and go to bed. In this passage from sun to sun, his days were organized according to a rhythm whose deliberation and strangeness became as necessary to him as had been his office, his restaurant, and his sleep in his mother's room. In both cases, he was virtually unconscious of it. But now, in his hours of lucidity, he felt that time was his own, that in the brief interval that finds the sea red and leaves it green, something eternal was represented for him in each second. Beyond the curve of the days he glimpsed neither superhuman happiness nor eternity—happiness was human, eternity ordinary. What mattered was to humble himself, to organize his heart to match the rhythm of the days instead of submitting their rhythm to the curve of human hopes.

Just as there is a moment when the artist must stop, when the sculpture must be left as it is, the painting untouched—just as a determination *not to know* serves the maker more than all the resources of clairvoyance—so there must be a minimum of ignorance in order to perfect a life in happiness. Those who lack such a thing must set about acquiring it: unintelligence must be earned.

ON SUNDAYS, MERSAULT PLAYED POOL with Perez. The old fisherman, one arm a stump cut off above the elbow, played pool in a peculiar fashion, puffing out his chest and leaning his stump on the cue. When they went out fishing in the morning, Perez rowed with the same

skill, and Mersault admired the way he would stand in the boat pushing one oar with his chest, the other with his good hand. The two men got along well. After the morning's fishing, Perez cooked cuttlefish in a hot sauce, stewing them in their own ink, and soaking up the black juice left in the pan with pieces of bread. As they sat in the fisherman's kitchen over the sooty stove, Perez never spoke, and Mersault was grateful to him for this gift of silence. Sometimes, after his morning swim, he would see the old man putting his boat in the sea, and he would join him. "Shall I come with you, Perez?"

"Get in."

They put the oars in the locks and rowed together, Mersault being careful not to catch his feet in the trawling hooks. Then they would fish, and Mersault would watch the lines, gleaming to the water's surface, black and wavering underneath. The sun broke into a thousand fragments on the sea, and Mersault breathed the heavy stifling smell that rose from it like fumes. Sometimes Perez pulled in a little fish he would throw back, saying: "Go home to your mother." At eleven they rowed home, and Mersault, his hands glistening with scales and his face swollen with sun, waited in his cool dark house while Perez prepared a pan of fish they would eat together in the evening. Day after day, Mersault let himself sink into his life as if he were sliding into water. And just as the swimmer advances by the complicity of his arms and the water that bears him up, helps him on, it was enough to make a few essential gestures—to rest one hand on a tree trunk, to take a run on the beach—in order to keep himself intact and conscious. Thus he became one with a life in its pure state, he rediscovered a paradise given only to the most private or the most intelligent animals. At the point where the mind denies the mind, he touched his truth and with it his extreme glory, his extreme love.

Thanks to Bernard, he also mingled with the life of the village. He had been obliged to send for Bernard to treat some minor indisposition, and since then they had seen each other repeatedly, with pleasure. Bernard was a silent man, but he had a kind of bitter wit that cast a gleam in his horn-rimmed glasses. He had practiced medicine a long time in Indochina and at forty had retired to his corner of Algeria, where for several years he had led a tranquil life with his wife, an almost mute Indochinese who wore Western clothes and arranged her hair in a bun. Bernard's capacity for indulgence enabled him to adapt himself to any milieu. He liked the whole village and was liked in return. He took Mersault on his rounds. Mersault already knew the owner of the café, a former tenor who would sing behind his bar and between two beats of *Tosca* threaten his wife with a beating. . . .

IN SPRINGTIME, THE LITTLE VILLAGE with its close-set red roofs between the mountain and the sea overflowed with flowers—roses, hyacinths, bougainvilleas—and hummed with insects. Afternoons, Mersault would walk out onto his terrace and watch the village dozing under the torrent of light. Local history consisted of a rivalry between Morales and Bingues, two rich Spanish landowners whom a series of speculations had transformed into millionaires and from that moment swept them up in a fever of competitive self-importance. When one bought [illegible] chose the most expensive make; but the other, wh[illegible] buy the same make, would add silver door [illegible] Morales was a genius at such tactics. He was k[illegible] the village as the King of Spain, for on each occ[illegible] triumphed over Bingues, who lacked imaginatio[illegible] the war, when Bingues pledged several hundred [illegible] francs for a national bond drive, Morales had [illegible] "I'll do better than that, I'll give my son." An[illegible] made his son, who was too young to be mobilize[illegible] teer. In 1925, Bingues had driven out from Alg[illegible] magnificent racing Bugati; two weeks later, Mo[illegible] built himself a hangar and bought a plane. The p[illegible] still sleeping in its hangar, and was shown to vi[illegible] Sundays. Bingues called Morales "that barefoot [illegible] and Morales referred to Bingues as "that lime k[illegible]

Bernard took Mersault to visit Morales, who w[illegible] them warmly to his huge farm, humming with w[illegible] fragrant with grapes. Wearing espadrilles and sh[illegible] because he could not endure a jacket and shoes, [illegible] showed them the airplane, the son's medal fr[illegible] the living room, and explained the necessity of [illegible] foreigners out of Algeria (he was naturalized, "[illegible] Bingues, for instance . . ."), then led them to in[illegible] latest acquisition. They walked through an enorm[illegible] yard in the middle of which was a cleared space [illegible] kind of Louis XV salon had been set up, each pi[illegible] of the most precious woods and fabrics. Thus [illegible] could receive visitors on his grounds. When Mers[illegible] teously asked what happened when it rained, [illegible] shifted his cigar and without even blinking a[illegible] "I replace it." On his way home, Mersault spent [illegible] arguing with Bernard over the difference bet[illegible] *nouveau riche* and the poet. Morales, according to [illegible] was a poet. Mersault declared he would have [illegible] splendid Roman emperor during the decline.

"What matters—all that matters, really is [illegible] the will to happiness, a kind of enorm[illegible] ever-present consciousness. The rest—[illegible] women, art, success—is nothing but e[illegible] A canvas waiting for our embroideri[illegible]

Some time later, Lucienne came to the Chen[illegible] a few days, then left. One Sunday morning, Clai[illegible], and Catherine paid Mersault a visit, as they had [illegible] But Patrice was already very far from the state [illegible] that had driven him to Algiers during the firs[illegible] his retreat. He was glad to see them again, nev[illegible] and brought Bernard to meet them at the stop [illegible] big yellow bus let them off. It was a magnificent [illegible] village full of the fine red carts of itinerant [illegible] flowers everywhere, and the villagers dressed [illegible] colors. At Catherine's request they took a tab[illegible] café, and the girls marveled at all this brilliant li[illegible] ing the sea's presence behind the wall they leane[illegible] As they were leaving, an astonishing burst of [illegible] ploded in a nearby street: the toreador song fron[illegible] but performed with an exuberance that prev[illegible]



W. Friedmann

ents from keeping in tune or time. "The gymnastic " Bernard explained. Then some twenty strange ns appeared, each puffing on a different kind of strument. They marched toward the café, and be- em, his hat worn over a handkerchief on the back ead, fanning himself with a cheap fan, appeared s. He had hired these musicians in the city because, xplained, "With this depression, life around here sad." He sat down at a table and grouped the ns around him, where they finished their rendi- he café was crowded. Then Morales stood up and ced with tremendous dignity, making a sweeping ent toward the audience: "At my request, the ra will play 'Toreador' again."

hey left, the girls were choking with laughter, but ey reached Mersault's house and the cool shade rooms, which emphasized the dazzling whiteness of n-drenched garden walls, they discovered a silent ny that Catherine expressed by the desire to take a h on the terrace. Mersault walked Bernard home. as the second time the doctor had glimpsed some- f Mersault's life; they had never confided in each Mersault conscious that Bernard was not a happy nd Bernard rather baffled by Mersault's way of hey parted without a word. Mersault and the girls d to make an excursion the following day, starting arly. The Chenoua was high and difficult to climb of them lay a splendid day of sunlight and fatigue.

AT DAWN THEY CLIMBED the first steep slopes. Rose and Claire walked ahead, Patrice and Catherine following. No one spoke. Gradually they rose above the sea, still pale in the morning mist. Patrice felt he belonged to the mountain, with its pelt of saffron blossoms, his eager but weakening body a part of the icy springs, the shadows, and the sunlight. They entered into the concentrated effort of climbing, the morning air sharp in their lungs, determined to conquer the slope. Rose and Claire, exhausted, began to slow down. Catherine and Patrice walked on, and soon lost sight of the other two.

"Are you all right?" Patrice asked.

"Yes, it's beautiful."

The sun rose in the sky, and with it a hum of insects swelled in the growing warmth. Soon Patrice took off his shirt and walked on bare-chested. Sweat ran down his shoulders, where the skin had peeled with sunburn. They took a little path that seemed to follow the mountainside. The grass was wetter here: soon a sound of springs greeted them, and in a hollow they almost stumbled over the sudden gush of coolness and shade. They sprinkled each other, drank a little, and Catherine stretched out on the grass while Patrice, his hair black with water and curling over his forehead, stared blinking over the landscape that was covered with ruins, gleaming roads, and splinters of sunlight. Then he sat down beside Catherine.

"While we're alone, Mersault, tell me—are you happy now?"

"Look." Mersault said. The road trembled in the sun, and the air was filled with a thousand colored specks. He smiled and rubbed his arms.

"Yes, but . . . Well, I wanted to ask you—of course you don't have to answer if you don't want to . . ." She hesitated: "Do you love your wife?"

Mersault smiled: "That's not essential." He gripped Catherine's shoulder and shook his head, sprinkling water into her face. "You make the mistake of thinking you have to choose, that you have to do what you want, that there are conditions for happiness. What matters—all that matters, really—is the will to happiness, a kind of enormous, ever-present consciousness. The rest—women, art, success—is nothing but excuses. A canvas waiting for our embroideries."

"Yes," Catherine said, her eyes filled with sunlight.

"What matters to me is a certain quality of happiness. I can only find it in a certain struggle with its opposite—a stubborn and violent struggle. Am I happy? Catherine! You know the famous formula—'if I had my life to live over again'—well, I would live it over again just the way it has been. Of course you can't know what that means."

"No."

"And I don't know how to tell you. If I'm happy, it's because of my bad conscience. I had to get away and reach this solitude where I could face—in myself, I mean—what had to be faced, what was sun and what was tears . . . Yes, I'm happy, in human terms."

Rose and Claire arrived. They shouldered their knapsacks. The path still followed the mountainside, keeping them in a zone of dense vegetation, prickly pears, olive trees, and jujubes. They passed Arabs on donkeys. Then they climbed again. The sun pounded now on each stone in the path. At noon, crushed by the heat, drunk on fragrance and fatigue, they flung down their knapsacks and gave up reaching the top. The slopes were sheer and full of sharp flints. A wizened oak sheltered them in its circle of shade. They took provisions out of the knapsacks and ate. The whole mountain quivered under the light. The cicadas were deafening as the heat assailed them under their oak. Patrice threw himself on the ground and pressed his chest against the stones, inhaling the scorched aroma. Under his belly he could feel the faint throbs of the mountain that seemed to be in labor. This regular pulse and the unremitting song of the insects between the hot stones finally put him to sleep.

WHEN HE WAKENED he was covered with sweat, and every muscle ached. It must have been three in the afternoon. The girls had vanished, but soon he heard their laughter and shouts. It was cooler now, time to go back down. At this moment, as they were about to start, Mersault fainted for the first time. When he came to, he saw the cobalt sea between three anxious faces. They walked on more slowly. On the last slopes, Mersault asked for a rest. The sea was turning green along with the sky, and the horizon began to blur. On the foothills that stretched from the Chenoua around the little bay, the cypresses blackened slowly. No one spoke, until Claire said: "You look tired."

"I'm not surprised. Are you?"

"It's none of my business, but I don't think this is good for you. It's too near the sea—too damp, don't you go live in France—in the mountains?"

"This place isn't good for me, Claire, but I'm h here. I feel in harmony with it."

"Well, then you could be in harmony—longer."

"No one is happy relatively—for a longer or sh time. You're happy or you're not. That's all. And has nothing to do with it—death is an accident of h ness, in that case." No one spoke.

After a long pause, Rose said: "I'm not convin They returned slowly as night was falling.

"Only today did his solitude become real, for only today did he feel bound to it. And to have accepted that solitude, to kn that henceforth he was the master of all days to come, filled him with the melancholy that is attached to all great

Catherine decided to send for Bernard. Mersault in his room; beyond the shifting shadow of the win panes he could see the white patch of the parapet, th like a strip of dark linen undulating in the transparen and beyond it the night sky, paler but starless. H weak, and his weakness made him mysteriously lig gayer, and his mind grew more lucid. When Be knocked, Mersault sensed he would tell him everyt Not that his secret was a burden; it was not that ki secret. If he had kept it till now, it was because in ce circles a man keeps his thoughts to himself, knowing will offend the prejudices and stupidity of others. today, after his exhaustion, there was a sudden lon in his body to confide. It was the way an artist, after fully molding and caressing his work, at last feel need to show it, to communicate with men—Mersaul the feeling he was going to speak now. And without l certain that he would do so, he waited impatientl Bernard.

From downstairs, two bursts of laughter made smile. And at that moment Bernard came into the r "Well?"

"Well, here I am," Mersault said. Bernard listen his chest, but he could tell nothing—he wanted to hav X ray taken, if Mersault could manage to get to Alg "Later," Mersault replied.

Bernard said nothing and sat down on the windo "I don't like being sick myself," he said. "I know wh is. Nothing is uglier or more degrading than sickness.

Mersault was unconcerned. He got up from his c offered Bernard a cigarette, lit his own, and said w laugh: "Can I ask you a question, Bernard?"

"Of course."

"You never swim, you're never on the beach—wh you pick this place to live in?"

"Oh, I don't know exactly. It was a long time After a pause he added: "Besides, I've always acted o rancor. It's better now. Before, I wanted to be happ do what had to be done, to settle down somewhere I r

be, for instance. But sentimental anticipation is ·ong. We have to live the way it's easiest for us ıot forcing ourselves. I suppose it sounds a little ut it's also the point of view you have to take . In Indochina I ran all over the place. Here—t ruminate. That's all."

Mersault said, still smoking, deep in his arm-staring at the ceiling. "But I'm not sure that all al anticipation, as you call it, is wrong. Only able sometimes. In any case, the only experiences est me are precisely the ones where everything to be the way you hoped it would."

d smiled. "Yes, a ready-made destiny."

n's destiny," Mersault said without moving, "is assionately interesting, if he achieves it passion-d for some men, a passionate destiny is always a de destiny."

Bernard said. And he stood up deliberately and it at the night for a moment, his back to Mer-went on without looking at him: "You're the ı besides myself around here who lives alone. I an your wife and your friends downstairs. I know episodes. Still, even so, you seem to love life ın I do." He turned around. "Because for me, e is not going for a swim. It's living in intoxica-ensity. Women, adventures, other countries . . . n, making something happen. A burning, mar-e. What I mean is—I want you to understand me seemed ashamed of his excitement. "I love life ı to be satisfied with nature." Bernard put away oscope and closed his bag.

ult said: "Actually, you're an idealist." And he ense that everything was enclosed in that moment ts from birth to death, that everything was judged ecrated then.

's because, you see," Bernard said with a kind ss, "the opposite of an idealist is too often a ıout love."

t believe it," Mersault said, holding out his hand. rd held his hand a long time. "To think the way ' he said smiling, "you have to be a man who ıer on a tremendous despair, or on a tremendous

oth, perhaps."

I wasn't asking!"

ow," Mersault said seriously. But when Bernard he door, Mersault, impelled by a sudden need, ım back.

?" the doctor said, turning around.

you capable of feeling contempt for a man?"

nk so."

what conditions?"

doctor reflected. "It's quite simple, I think. In ıen he was motivated by expediency or a desire for

t *is* simple," Mersault said. "Goodnight, Bernard."

dnight."

, Mersault reflected. At the point he had now , another man's contempt left him indifferent. But ognized in Bernard profound resonances that the two of them together. It seemed intolerable art of himself should condemn the rest. Had he acted out of expediency? He had become aware of the essential and immoral truth that money is one of the surest and swiftest means of acquiring one's dignity. He had managed to dispel the bitterness that besets any decent soul aware of the vile iniquities of the birth and growth of a splendid fate. This sordid and revolting curse, whereby the poor end in poverty the life they have begun in poverty, he had rejected by using money as a weapon, opposing hatred with hatred. And out of this beast-to-beast combat, the angel sometimes emerged, intact, wings and halo and all, in the warm breath of the sea. It would be as it had been: he had said nothing to Bernard, and his creation would henceforth remain secret.

THE GIRLS LEFT AROUND FIVE O'CLOCK in the afternoon of the next day. As they got into the bus, Catherine turned back: "Goodbye, sea," she said.

A moment later, three laughing faces were staring at Mersault out of the rear window, and the yellow bus vanished like a huge golden insect into the sun. Though clear, the sky was a little heavy. Mersault, standing alone in the road, felt a deep sense of deliverance tinged with melancholy. Only today did his solitude become real, for only today did he feel bound to it. And to have accepted that solitude, to know that henceforth he was the master of all his days to come, filled him with the melancholy that is attached to all greatness.

Instead of taking the highway, he returned through the carob trees and the olives, following a little path that wound around the foothills and came out behind his house. He squashed several olives, and noticed that the path was speckled with these black ovals. At the summer's end, the carobs drench all Algeria with the smell of love, and in the evening or after the rain, it is as if the entire earth were resting, after giving itself to the sun, its womb drenched with a sperm smelling of bitter almonds. All day, their odor had poured down from the huge trees, heavy and oppressive. On this little path at twilight, in the released exhalations of earth, the fragrance grew light, scarcely apparent to Patrice's nostrils—like a mistress you walk with in the street after a long stifling afternoon, and who looks at you, shoulder to shoulder, among the lights and the crowd.

Amid the smell of love and squashed, fragrant fruit, Mersault realized then that the season was ending. A long winter would begin. But he was ready for it, he would wait. From this path he could not see the sea, but he could glimpse on the mountaintop certain reddish mists that heralded the dark. On the ground, patches of sunshine paled among the shadows of the foliage. Mersault sniffed the bitter fragrance that consecrated his wedding to the earth this afternoon. The evening falling on the world, on the path between the olives and the gum trees, on the vines and the red soil, near the sea that whispered softly, this evening flowed into him like a tide. So many evenings had promised him happiness that to experience this one as happiness itself made him realize how far he had come, from hope to conquest. In the innocence of his heart, Mersault accepted this green sky and this love-soaked earth with the same thrill of passion and desire as when he had killed Zagreus in the innocence of his heart. □

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Jonathan Spence

KOWTOWING IN CHINA

The misadventures of some earlier visitors to the Middle Kingdom

THE PRESIDENT AND HIS ADVISERS must have anxious hours as they prepare for a visit to China: besides the great issues of global diplomacy, and their inevitable repercussions on domestic politics, there are the endless problems of deportment and etiquette to be mulled over. Forks or chopsticks? Legs crossed or knees together? Topcoat or umbrella? Shake hands or bow? Applaud others, or applaud oneself as well? Is the left side still the side of honor? How much food should one leave on the plate? And how strong is whatever is served inside those endless tiny cups from which the endless healths are drunk?

At least the President can travel in the knowledge that the ground has been carefully prepared by his staff and that some Chinese in senior positions are anxious to meet with him. It is probable that he will be comfortable, in both travel and lodging; it is unlikely that there will be any attempt publicly to humiliate him. But those Westerners who trod the same road during the Ch'ing dynasty (1644-1911) had no such guarantees. One thinks of the four Britons, all peers, all men of pride, wealth, and prestige, who went on various missions to China in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. They learned a lot, too late, and accomplished little.

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The enlightened Maca

THE FIRST OF THESE was Lord Macartney reached China in 1793 with a suite of ty-five people. Macartney's instructions broad: he was to negotiate a trade trea tween China and Britain, get permission British minister to reside in Peking, explo possibilities for new markets in China a new ports in which British merchants wo allowed to trade. But his embassy was al sponsible for what we would now call an ligence" side. Macartney was to gather political, economic, and military inform about China that he could; and he was to without upsetting the embassy's "public tions" aim: to give the Chinese a good o of the British people by demonstrating scientific and technical prowess.

Macartney was a man of the Enlightenm confident, scholarly, speculative. He had on the "Grand Tour" and had spent severa with Voltaire in Ferney; he was a frie Edmund Burke's, and well known in the of Johnson and Boswell. He had also been cessful envoy in St. Petersburg and had s as governor of Grenada and Tobago. A curiosity and energy were poured int Chinese adventure. He was fascinated b country and the customs of its people, an determined not to be faced down. For thi son, although the Chinese described him ing a tributary emissary, he refused to pe the kowtow before the Emperor Ch'ien-lu ranging instead to go down on one knee the Emperor as he would before King G He traveled with all the ceremony and po could muster: to meet the Emperor, he "rich embroidered velvet" and his mantle Order of the Bath, with "a diamond badg a diamond star." "I mention these little pa lars," wrote Macartney in his journal, "to the attention I always paid, where a prop portunity offered, to oriental customs and i

As the days of the embassy dragge Macartney learned that the Chinese were be swayed by such niceties, nor by such ima tive presents as air guns and enameled w set with diamonds. The Emperor was p adept at avoiding all references to the bu that had led Macartney and his suite arou world. One such encounter is record Macartney's journal. He was asked to a th cal spectacle at which the Emperor was p and was courteously invited over by the Em for a chat. After the Emperor had mur some polite words, as Macartney puts it, deavoured in the turn of my answer to lea towards the subject of my Embassy, seemed not disposed to enter into it farthe by delivering me . . . a small book, writte painted by his own hand, which he desire

t to the King, my master, as a token of
p." The Emperor's ministers were
killed in avoiding the issue, and it is
to follow in Macartney's words the way
he suddenly realized that his mission
before it had really begun. As he wrote
ber 3, 1793: "It is now beyond a doubt,
nothing was said upon the subject, that
t wishes us to be gone, and if we don't
hints already given, they may possibly
ted to us in a broader and coarser man-
ch would be equally unpleasant to the
of the Embassy and the success of its

Amherst's lavish breakfast

T FOR THE general frustration of his
or objectives, the griefs that Macartney
were minor. Throughout Macartney's
both sides maintained the aura of
and courtesy that is normally con-
essential to the successful completion of
tic business. But when in 1816, after the
ne Napoleonic Wars, the British govern-
cided to try again with a second em-
l pretense at courtesy disappeared. Lord
was chosen as ambassador, and his in-
ns were directed toward gaining more ef-
protection from the Emperor for the
the East India Company in China. His
ons on the kowtow were left vague by
ish: he was advised to go through with
eemed that otherwise his mission would
failure.

ny event, this matter never came to the
nherst's embassy—which like Macart-
fore it was seen by the Ch'ing rulers to
ly a "tribute mission," not in any sense
hange of ambassadors between equal
gn nations—was rushed helter-skelter
the night from the coast to the Summer
near Peking. They reached the palace at
n August 29. Amherst was bundled out
arriage and jammed with his entourage
ny waiting room. Exhausted and hungry,
rested for only a few minutes on a bench
group of officials appeared and ordered
the imperial audience. Amherst refused,
ng that he was not properly dressed and
have his credentials. At this, according
mber of his staff who was present, one of
ior Chinese officials "caught his Lordship
by the arm, beckoning at the same time
e surrounding mandarins to assist him.
beyed the signal, and stepped forward;
fore they reached the Ambassador, we
up, and advanced towards him, when in
of shaking off his unmannerly assailant."
erst was shortly thereafter given permis-
retire to the apartments prepared for him,
and his suite were given a lavish break-
fast. They had only just finished breakfast when new orders came from the Emperor: they were to leave China immediately.

This must surely have been one of the classic instances in all history of an aborted diplomatic mission. The intense discomfort and constant harassment of Amherst and his staff—they reported being shoved around, pushed, and peered at "like a strange species of animal, whom it was curious to observe, but as beings without the pale of civilized treatment"—sprang from the fact that the Chinese had not expected them and resented their presence. The arrogance and failure of the British to comply with their regulations annoyed the Chinese intensely. The British, for their part, as recent victors in a great war and masters of the world's oceans, demanded that the Chinese abide by the British code of accepted behavior, though they did not yet feel strong enough or angry enough to go to war over the insults offered.

"The arrogance and failure of the British to comply with their regulations annoyed the Chinese intensely."

Napier's "battle of the chairs"

EIGHTEEN YEARS LATER, another mission had an almost equally disastrous history. Lord Napier was sent to China in 1834 to be the first superintendent of British trade. The old monopoly of the East India Company had been abolished, and a British official was needed at Canton to supervise and protect British merchants in the area. The almost instantaneous collapse of Napier's mission shows the importance of protocol and the disastrous effects ignoring it can have. For though Napier's instructions urged him to be cautious and conciliatory to the Chinese, and to observe their laws and usages, he was also ordered by Palmerston to announce his arrival in Canton "by letter to the viceroy." This was completely impossible under the Chinese laws of the time. Foreign merchants were allowed to communicate only with their Chinese merchant counterparts; these Chinese merchants could then forward petitions from the Western merchants to the relevant Chinese officials. Napier was seen as a merchant "head man," not as a man of official rank.

Napier reached Canton in July, and immediately prepared a sealed letter, stating the purpose of his mission, for the viceroy. Two Chinese merchants who came to see Napier at his lodgings, following traditional Chinese practice, were politely dismissed. The whole of July 26 was spent in trying to persuade various Chinese officials to carry the letter to the viceroy, but not one would agree; the next day the Chinese merchants tried repeatedly to persuade Napier to write the word "a petition" on his missive. He refused. Arguments continued throughout August, the Chinese making it increasingly clear that the British traded there on sufferance, not by right, and threatening them with expulsion.

HOW ALUMINUM CAN HELP PAY OUR $5 BILLION GARBAGE BILL.



Aluminum's high scrap value can be used to reduce the size and cost of our national waste pile. Reynolds has already started the job.

In 1967, Americans generated enough garbage to cover half the state of Connecticut with a foot-deep layer. It costs some of our large cities nearly a half million dollars a day *to dispose of their refuse. The pile gets bigger year after year, and we're f running out of places to put it.*

Looking at facts like the Reynolds Metals Compa launched a program several ye ago to salvage used aluminum c and other aluminum househ scrap—even though aluminum counts for less than ½ of 1% of nation's garbage.

The idea was to pay people groups 10¢ per pound for alumin which they bring to Reynolds r lamation centers. There, the sc

essed and shipped to other
ds facilities where it is "re-
' back into usable aluminum
plate or other mill products.

olds helps put cling" into the ecology nary.

eynolds recycling program
o two important jobs: It con-
valuable national resources,
elps with our litter and solid
disposal problems.



eynolds Mobile Reclamation Units
ollection of all-aluminum cans.

he program is working: The
num industry has recycled
billion cans, three-fourths of
were recycled in 1971 alone.
than $4.3 million were paid to
merican consumer for this
—with no municipal disposal

eynolds now operates 13 per-
t reclamation plants and 11
collection units. In addition,
leading companies, chiefly
ge manufacturers and distrib-
are working with us in this
to pick up and recycle every
le pound of household scrap
num. Today, there is a net-
of more than 633 satellite cen-
31 states.

of the companies ing with Reynolds in cting and recycling inum cans.

n Coors Company
ser-Busch, Inc.
antine & Sons
Veinhard Company
g Brewing Company
F Brewing Corporation
chlitz Brewing Company
Hamm Company
Brewing Company
Oil Corp.
ia Brewing Company
Cola Company
ros., Inc.
r Brewing Company
oca-Cola Company
Oil Co. of California

What makes the effort work is the basic value of aluminum. Scrap aluminum is worth $200 a ton; other common packaging materials are worth only $16 to $20 a ton.

Because of this, we feel our can collection program is just the start of much larger and more effective attacks on the nation's solid waste disposal problem.

Aluminum's value can help pay for the recycling of much of the solid waste this country generates. Here, for example, are a few of the approaches Reynolds is involved in:

Will the homemaker separate?



If housewives would separate recyclable materials from the rest of their daily trash, municipal refuse disposal costs would be greatly reduced, and recycling could be that much easier. It is estimated that if 1,000 households separated waste paper, aluminum cans, and glass bottles for recycling programs rather than throwing them away, a community could save over $50,000 in a year.

• Reynolds is now working with communities in Florida and California, providing free plastic bags to encourage household separation of waste. The goal is to see if the value of the aluminum will pay for part of the collection service.

Working with B.I.R.P. and cities.

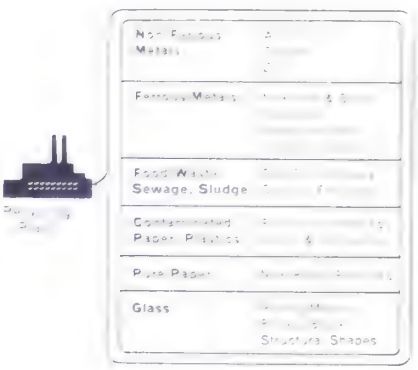
• In Phoenix, Reynolds is part of the Beverage Industry Recycling Program (B.I.R.P.), helping to operate a model facility that is recycling aluminum, glass, and steel.

• We're talking with school systems about plans to collect used aluminum containers and foil from their cafeterias, the proceeds to help pay for school operations.

• In the San Francisco area, we're one of nine companies and municipalities planning a new, sophisticated reclamation plant. Here, aluminum, steel, paper, and glass raw materials will be separated automatically from mixed municipal garbage.

• Through the Aluminum Association, we've helped develop plans for garbage processing plants that could help pay for themselves by recovering aluminum and other raw materials. They would also produce valuable chemicals, fertilizers, animal feeds, and steam power.

Garbage in. Valuable raw materials out.



The American standard of living is creating a garbage pile that is now a national problem. But the value of aluminum in the garbage could turn this national problem into a national asset. *To learn more about what Reynolds is doing, write Dr. Robert F. Testin, Director of Environmental Planning, Reynolds Metals Company, P.O. Box 27003-LR, Richmond, Va. 23261. The men and women at Reynolds are always interested in your comments and suggestions.*

REYNOLDS ALUMINUM

Jonathan Spence

KOWTOWING IN CHINA

A conference between some medium-level Chinese officials and Napier's party was finally arranged for August 23. It was preceded by a "battle of the chairs" which equaled in intensity (if not in duration) that of the Vietnam peace negotiators in Paris nearly a century and a half later. Napier finally worked out a compromise that placed him at the head of the table, with the more senior Chinese officials in a place of honor to his left.

Despite all this effort, the meeting was a failure, and Napier circulated around Canton lithographed sheets on which he listed the British grievances, translated into Chinese. The viceroy responded with posted proclamations that declared Napier to be "stupid and obstinate," and ordered the total cessation of all Sino-British trade. All Chinese compradors, interpreters, and servants also had to leave British [illegible] immediately.

Napier then ordered two British warships to Canton, and they forced their way through the Chinese defenses with gunfire. At this point, when war seemed looming, Napier fell seriously ill: a bout of malaria, when he was already weak, made it essential for him to leave Canton. He reached Macao on September 26 and died two weeks later.

Napier seems to have been unaware that the Chinese authorities might take his irregularities very seriously: they had to, for any yielding by them on matters of importance would have led to their instant dismissal and punishment: just for having allowed the British ships into the river [illegible] the viceroy was stripped of all extra honors and appurtenances of rank. Members of the viceroy's staff, in turn, were quite oblivious of the fact that Napier might take [illegible] as major insults: thus, in one well-known instance, Napier's name was [illegible] with ideograms that meant "laboriously vile." The opportunities for similar insults and misunderstandings were legion.

The Second Time of Lord Elgin

TWENTY-THREE YEARS LATER, in 1857, Napier was amply avenged when British guns [illegible] on Canton, and the governor was captured and shipped off to exile in Calcutta. This China war [illegible] the Opium War of 1839 and was fought by the British and French to win wider trading privileges in China and permanent diplomatic representatives in Peking, as well as the right to preach Christianity freely within China and to have a fair and fixed tariff on imports of opium and other products. The British plenipotentiary at that time was Lord Elgin; after supervising the attacks on Canton, and the subsequent campaigns up the China coast, he [illegible] the



Lord Elgin in Canton

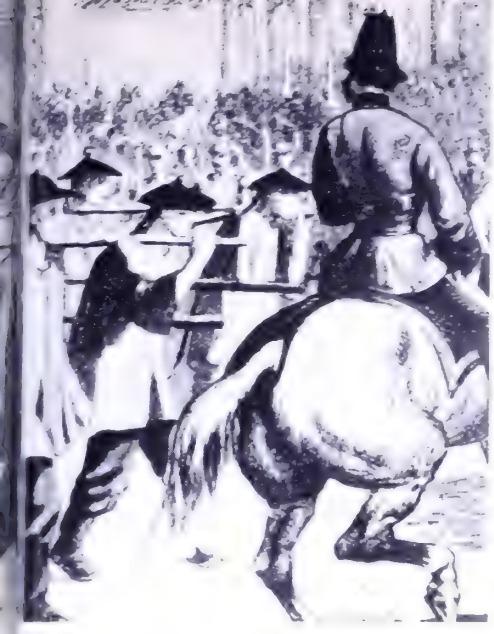
Treaty of Tientsin and returned to England [illegible] refusal of the Chinese to ratify this treaty [illegible] Elgin's recall to China in 1860.

Like so many of his predecessors who [illegible] sent on missions to China, Elgin was torn between admiration and contempt for the country. While coordinating the movements of British and French troops for an advance on Peking [illegible] the Chinese should prove adamant in their refusals, Elgin never ceased to note in his journal his delight in the scenery and his respect for the industrious Chinese people. He loved to feel the touch of crispness in the morning air, to [illegible] his camp chair in the shade of some trees [illegible] doze wrapped in his greatcoat on the deck [illegible] ship at night.

Despite the intransigence of his own [illegible] and the presence of large numbers of foreign troops on Chinese soil, Elgin was totally astonished by the action the Chinese took on September 17, when they seized and held hostages members of the British and French negotiating teams who were under a flag of truce. The Chinese offered to return the hostages if the Western armies would withdraw; Elgin [illegible] specified with his own hand that unless the hostages were returned, the Western troops would take Peking.

At this point one of the most unpleasant episodes in the whole series of Sino-Western confrontations began to move toward its climax. In Elgin's responses to Chinese pressures we [illegible] the attitudes of the Victorian [illegible] that mixture of condescension and ignorance that was to prove so explosive in the twentieth century. The previously "undeveloped" nations were not able to stand up for their own integrity.

Elgin decided that the Chinese had taught a lesson, and this decision became certainty when he received news that some of the hostages had been wantonly killed and [illegible] had died from mistreatments incurred [illegible]



ptivity. In searching for a punishment
ould have maximum symbolic impact.
cided to burn the Emperor's lavish Sum-
ace near Peking. This act, he wrote, "was
t objectionable of the several courses
me, unless I could have reconciled it to
e of duty to suffer the crime which had
mmitted to pass practically unavenged.
eason, moreover, to believe that it was
hich was calculated to produce a greater
China, and on the Emperor, than per-
o look on from a distance may suppose."
ober 18, the whole palace complex, al-
oted by the French, was set on fire by the
troops. As at Canton, Elgin felt no rancor
those he had harmed. (Perhaps there is
range component in China's lure that en-
isitors to her land to escape sometimes
st depressing of human traits—hatred for
e have hurt.)

THIN A COUPLE OF MONTHS, on his way
ome to Britain, Elgin stopped in Shang-
swiftly had events moved through his
y that he could think, a little nostalgically,
ing China his home: "The mornings are
ere now; a bright sun, rising about half-
; and not exactly frost, but a mere hint of
ence in the air. I take walks, and have just
d from one . . . I march on, thinking
r it would not in a new existence be advis-
begin life as a tea-taster." Yet he could not
the thought that the British had been so
ess successful in exploiting the resources
ar East than either the Dutch, the French,
Spaniards: "I shall end by thinking that
the worst colonizers in the Eastern world,
make neither ourselves rich, nor the gov-
appy."

in London, reflecting on his trip, Elgin
t it had been most successful. The neces-
sary clauses of the necessary treaties had been ratified, and the world was the better for it. The Summer Palace had become, in his speeches, a "collection of summer-houses and kiosks," and its destruction could be referred to, in amused tones, as "a burning question."

In finally assessing China, Elgin felt that the Chinese mind had certain powers. "At all points of the circle described by man's intelligence, it seems occasionally to have caught glimpses of a heaven far beyond the range of its ordinary ken and vision." Elgin cited the Chinese inventions of gunpowder, the compass, and the printing press; and their aesthetic sense.

Elgin was much in demand as an after-dinner speaker, and he tried to draw long-range conclusions from his recent experiences for the benefit of illustrious audiences in the Royal Academy and at the Mansion House. Two of these conclusions were particularly forceful, and probably had a disproportionately unfortunate effect on British thinking about China, as the nineteenth century progressed via gunboat diplomacy to the Boxer Rebellion and the siege of the foreign legations in 1900.

Firstly, said Elgin, though it was true that the Chinese had both insights and talents, they had abused both, and made a morass of their inheritance. Secondly, though the warrior had returned his sword to his scabbard, and the diplomat had replaced his pen on the shelf, "the great task of construction—the task of bringing China, with its extensive territory, its fertile soil, and its industrious population, as an active and useful member, into the community of nations, and making it a fellow-labourer with ourselves in diffusing over the world happiness and wellbeing—is one that yet remains to be accomplished. No persons are more entitled or more fitted to take a part in that work than the merchants of this great city [London]."

The rhetoric of that passage now strikes us, with more than a hundred years of hindsight, as being forced. And yet the sentiments behind the rhetoric are not as far away from current Western thinking as they ought to be. It would be a tragedy for Sino-American relations if today's illustrious visitors to China were to return to the dinner and political circuits and try to justify their activities with these old sentiments. The Chinese are not waiting for an infusion of Western energy. Westerners are not "entitled" to play any leading role in Chinese affairs, and merchants have not proven successful in bridging the kinds of gaps that now exist between China and the United States.

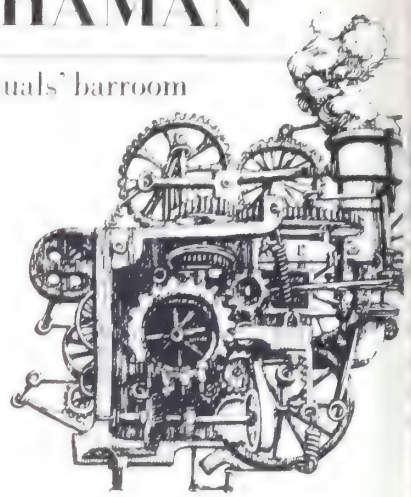
Macartney, Amherst, Napier, and Elgin all traveled to China and ran the full gamut of diplomatic and tourist experiences, responding with a full range of wryness, irritation, anger, and force. The sensible thing now, in 1972, is to learn from them without imitation. □

"Like so many of his predecessors who were sent on missions to China, Elgin was torn between admiration and contempt for the country."

Malachi Martin

THE SCIENTIST AS SHAMAN

Scientism is now the headiest drink in the intellectuals' barroom



AS FAR BACK IN HISTORY as we can find traces of man's existence, there is evidence pointing to one perennial preoccupation of men's minds: the formulation of explanations to give meaning to the most puzzling and mysterious elements of life. Without ascribing Sartre's *angoisse du siècle* to Neanderthal man (his particular *nausée*, if he had any, was more probably due to an excess of bison flesh), and without supposing that the first maker of an axhead exclaimed in metaphysical delight with Jean-Paul Richter, "I am an I" (although the primitive could well have stood, like Richter, on his father's dunghill and uttered a not-so-metaphysical but equivalently satisfied Paleolithic yowl), man seemingly always had questions about life, death, the future, light and darkness, his own thoughts and aspirations.

Once the merest details of man's history are filled in, we find that explanations were supplied by a variety of people: priests, witch doctors, shamans, wizards, soothsayers, oracles, clerical castes, and priestly orders; and that they used a variety of means to fulfill their purposes: red ocher, chicken entrails, the flight of birds, the sound of water and wind, incense, robes, gestures, sacrifices, amulets, incantations and formulas, sacred books, revelations, ethical systems, lists of commandments and prohibitions, sacred groups, and so on. Always it was fundamentally a question of explanation, of answering impossible questions.

Today the grip of the organized religions is failing, and their function as explanation-givers is either totally rejected or falling into desuetude. Nevertheless, man's questioning is still acutely felt. Neither modern technology nor such marvelous feats as walking on the moon, orbiting Mars, and transplanting organs have diminished the poignancy of the human condition. The desire for and expectation of sureties has, if anything, increased. It is hardly strange, ther there should arise a new form of res adapted to the specifically modern ach answers yet marked by the three main c teristics of the more ancient responses: matic absolutism, claimed omniscience mystic privilege. This modern response is c by scientians, the practitioners of scientis

THERE ARE THREE distinguishing mark scientian. First, he must be a scienti must have an impressive base in his own sp ized field. And this field must be some nized branch of science that strikes an imm and general chord of understanding. A fiel as astrology will simply not do, no matte you dress it up with charts, maps, books, lec latinized terms, popular appeal, and mail doctorates. Of course, theology, philosoph the humanities are also out; they are no scientific than astrology.

Scientism's most visible and influential titioners and believers, the real scientians, the whole respected figures in the natura social sciences: men such as Jacques M geneticist and Nobel Laureate; B. F. Sk noted Harvard professor and behavioral chologist; Konrad Lorenz, well-known e gist; Lionel Tiger, Robin Fox, Desmond M all respected names in the fields of paleont animal behavior, and anthropology. Ther also some influential popularizers like A Koestler, R. D. Laing, Jean-François R Robert Ardrey, and Alvin Toffler, who d have the credentials of the scientists but seem to read a lot. They are not innovat much as camp followers, formulators, and preters. Scientism in addition has an in ing vogue and influence with thinkers su Zbigniew Brzezinski and Harvey Wheeler

Malachi Martin is the author of The Encounter *and* Three Popes and the Cardinal, *to be published this month by Farrar, Straus and Giroux.*

rdinarily intelligent people amazed, as e, at the achievements and ever-fertile of the scientific establishment.

LE THERE ARE MANY SCIENTISTS, only few become scientians; few develop nd and third characteristics of the gen- ntian. Few get the "call"—to borrow an y of speaking. The *sine qua non* for the who would become a scientian is that he ackground to extrapolate the currently ata of his field—and, if necessary, the other branches of science—in order to e on the *whole* of man, including, spe- ethics, morality, religious instinct and (or what passes for these), humanism, he so-called values—the "inner" things The scientian, in other words, provides to those age-old questions of man. This cond distinguishing mark.

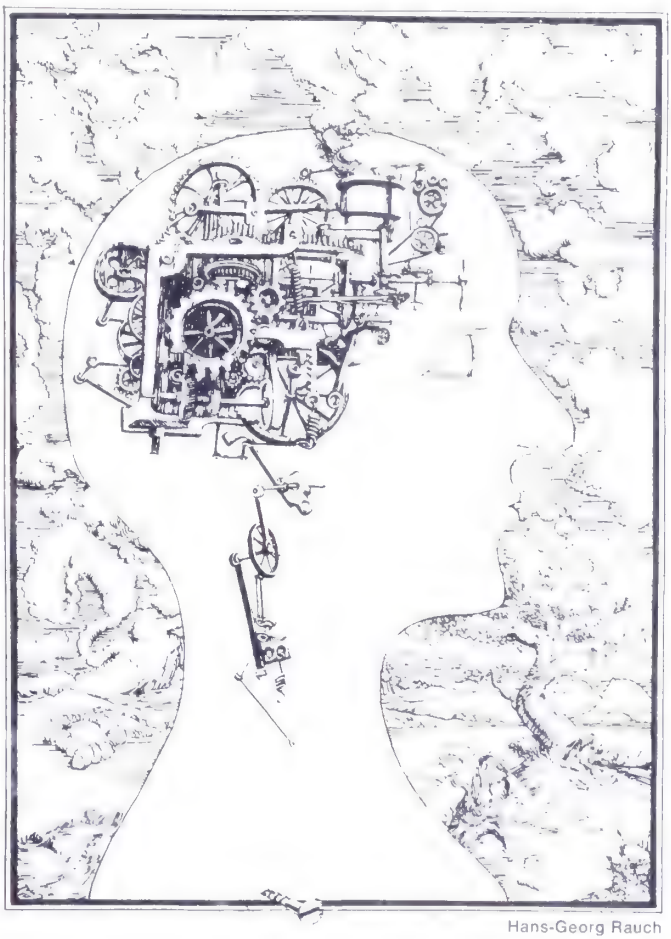
cientian performs this explanatory ser- a great—and essentially ideological— scientian leap. Jacques Monod, for in- n discovering the reign of chance in his l, genetics (a science hardly complete in study), proceeds to a thesis in which he hat all philosophy, theology, and ethical of the past are forthwith invalid. B. F. , having established that some animal r can be modified by environmental con- sumes a universality for his findings and that human liberty, morality, and dig- merely behavioral traits created by en- nt, that there is in fact no such thing as ier" man. Lorenz, having catalogued the ances of behavior in animals and men, h decides that aggression in men is the in animals, and that both men and ani- e going about the same thing whenever ances occur in their behavior. He thus ly wipes out all consideration of moral- ethics. Tiger and Fox, as an extension of thropological and paleontological rumi- , conclude that a "biogrammer" (postu- y the authors to support still earlier as- ns) is built into man's genes and alone nes his behavior. All else, they declare on is of their pyramiding assumptions, is and fantasy; "nature" has programmed t.

ously, religious, ethical, or humanistic ns cannot be examined with the kinds of ic tests by which Monod determined the ory modes assured by allosteric interac- r by which Skinner trained a white rat s bars. There are no empirical bridges to sed. How, then, do they proceed? Answer: scientian leap. The leap is to scientism e syllogism was to Aristotle, the telescope eo, the electric guitar to the Beatles. With- scientism would be impossible, for the scientist would be merely scientific.

While not many genuine scientists acquire this second characteristic, traces of it are abroad practically everywhere in our culture today. It is George Haber telling us that we can learn about ourselves and how we should behave by studying a pack of wolves; Kenneth Clarke admonishing us that the "psychological and social sciences must enable us to control the animalistic, barbaric, and primitive propensities in man and subordinate these negatives to the uniquely human, moral, and ethical characteristics of love, kindness, and empathy"; Ernest Loebl stating that the social sciences must accept the task of creating a humane society. Scientism lurks in the leitmotiv of novels such as Gilbert Rogin's *What Happens Next?* (the meaning of life lies not in its grand and heroic moments, he says, but in its velleities); in history writing such as Maxime Rodinson's *Mohammed* (where everything *but* religious experience is considered responsible for Mohammed's success); and in popularizations of science in *Life* and *Psychology Today* (where terms such as mind and brain lobe, knowledge and electric circuit, memory and brain fluids are completely interchangeable).

Scientians, deservedly well placed on the totem pole of excellence in their own fields, use the platform of their preeminence—and rely on the relatively new and very visible impact of science in the life of modern man—to catapult to the

"Given the decline in humanistic values and of organized religion, it is no wonder that scientism is having the devil of a fine time."



Hans-Georg Rauch

Malachi Martin

THE SCIENTIST AS SHAMAN

new absolutism of scientism. All true scientians are engaged in a gentleman's crusade to liberate man from the toils of superstition, animism, outmoded clerical domination, and all prescientific/unscientific/nonscientific moralities and systems.

THE UNIVERSAL SCOPE OF INTEREST leads directly to the third mark of the scientian: his extrapolations lead him to proclaim the existence of a force, an evil reality, in man's world. The scientian believes that he has, at last, pinpointed the unidentified fly in the cosmic ointment, the worm in Eden's apple. Oddly, the evil force seems to vary according to the branch of science from which the man springs, but its effect is nonetheless claimed to be not simply unique but universal. If man cannot be made aware of it, the argument goes, it will surely continue to lead him blindly on to ultimate disaster. Man must turn around and control the force that controls him.

Having identified man's nemesis at last, the scientian comes bearing his new salvation: a means of control that, fortunately for us, the scientian just happens to have, and that we are told will surely deliver a saving counterforce. For Monod, chance is the blind force, chance allied to "animism." Science is the means of control, and his "ethic of knowledge" is the new counterforce. For Skinner, the cast-iron effect of environment on human behavior and the nefarious "literatures of freedom and dignity" (by which he seems eventually to mean all literature and thought except the literature and thought of behaviorism) constitute the evil of man's condition. Control will be achieved by man's arrangement of his environment and by the exclusion of concepts such as the "inner" man; his counterforce will be man's new behavioral patterns elicited by the new environment, itself "freely" chosen in a state of total control beyond freedom, dignity, and morality.

The golden promise

ONE THING IS CLEAR from scientian proposals. We are not dealing with anything remotely on the order of the scientific achievements of the past. In fact, compared with scientian proposals, those achievements were little but venturesome stops and starts. Very well. Einstein did away with all our fixed horizons. Sigmund Freud unlocked the unconscious, ruining our belief in the possibility of sheer iniquity. And Mickey Mouse henceforth has a phallus. One can live with and absorb these partial conclusions, justified or unjustified.

But scientism as the "unconscious choice in the beginning," in Monod's cosmology, "has launched the evolution of culture on a one-way path; onto a track that nineteenth-century tism saw leading infallibly upward to pyrean noon hour for mankind." From sc will come "the defining of a new and source of truth, and the demand for a th revision of ethical premises, for a total with the animist tradition, the definitive donment of the 'old covenant,' the neces forging a new one."

Here probably is the greatest appeal o tism. Men still dream the impossible dre their cities ever so dirty, their country's ever so immoral, their environment ever luted, and their traditional sources of and morality ever so effete and ridiculo golden promise of scientism is not merely fective exorcism, but the total oblitera whatever evils bedevil our twentieth- world in the form of ignorance, aggressio erty, mental and physical disease, and in those distressing factors of the human co that former religious and ethical systems uproot. This will all come about, as Fox an state lyrically, if our swollen brains "can a method to harmonize all the massive s and affirm the absolute value of intima more extensive than the reach of an u arm."

Details are, of course, hard to come some things are clear. Certain basic human society would be automatically co World leaders would be incapable of ag patterns of behavior; these traits, togeth ordinary human criminality, would be elin by psychotechnology. No more Bangla Biafras, or Central Park muggings. C technology would shorten the work week sify the leisure of infants and elders alike learning processes, magnify pleasures, inner peace, and enlarge the vision.

Even the spirit (better, the psychic life) would benefit. Telepathy, telekinesis, an ous forms of ESP are distinct possibilitie knows, in addition, what space travel an planetary sojourns would introduce to me could well exit from his age-old binary a cursive thinking molds, the "yes-no" me to develop a totally different mode of standing.

SCIENTISM, THEREFORE, does not pur be just fun-and-games. It is serious bu at least for scientians. Nor is it without tra Its principal historical origins lie back "early days" when the *Beagle* carried Darwin on his epoch-making voyage. It brief fling in late Victorian times and in th twentieth century. But the timing was the atom was not fissioned; genetics wa infancy; psychotechnology was unheard c vision, computers, lasers, quasars, organ

t engines—all were yet to come; and no walked in space while traveling at the 18,000 miles per hour. Scientism is a m, made by respected scientists in the science, and it bids fair to explain all of nan himself.

the decline in humanistic values and ized religion, it is no wonder that scien- e any dog, is having the devil of a fine r all, science has a good record, and the iferous scientians are some of the best s—Nobel prizewinners to boot. Ac- y, therefore, scientism produces a child- e, a certain trust and euphoria among nt people who want to hear some reas- nd confident voice speaking about the ues of life at a time when all the sign- e twirling dizzily in the rush of high and d winds.

t, at present, scientism is the headiest rved in the barroom at the intellectuals' But it is one thing to get high on Beau- One can dream of great love and of heaven; even the hangover can be bit- . It is quite another thing to get sick on c wine. Like the beer in the popular may look, smell, pour, taste, and go ke wine, but when it is down "it ain't got ority."

tism betrays man about whom it pontifi- threatening the integrity of his thought. ys science from which it springs by lay- de the *sine qua non* of any scientific —conformity to objectively acquired betrays the society of man that depends nce by offering a humanly inadequate for society's ills. For scientians belie the nciple of scientific objectivity. They gloss eir illogic, presenting their own fantasies passing deceptively and self-forgivingly very conditional "would be" or "might een" to a very dogmatic and assertive "is," or "will be." If men were to accept el the total scientian imbrication of hy- s, prejudice, thoughtlessness, and wishful g, then into the heart of human society ould have accepted a time bomb that would reduce society to the status of acids. The scientian dream of total inte- with nature would be an accomplished

Monod's missteps

UES MONOD, WHOSE WORK in genetics has de him a Nobel Laureate, must be counted ading scientian. As a scientian he does e would never do, or be allowed to do, as a st: he lays aside the principles of scientific in order to erect an edifice of conjecture erading as fact and to propose a system of



Malachi Martin

THE SCIENTIST AS SHAMAN

controls on man that would restrict the bounds of all future discovery. My profound uneasiness with Monod arises from the fact that he puts forward unscientific proposals as the results of his genuinely scientific achievements.

In his book, *Chance and Necessity*, Monod first of all makes what he gently and disarmingly calls "adequate assumptions" in some genetic matters. He assumes that the ultimate reason for all teleonomic structures, and the structure and performance of all living beings, is enclosed in the sequences of globular proteins. Then, having informed us that it is his observation that these sequential structures of proteins are "random"

and in order to explain how, on the basis of such "randomness," living beings still come out regularly—Monod makes a second "adequate assumption." He postulates what he calls "invariance" (Monod's word for necessity). "Invariance" is "randomness caught on the wing, preserved, reproduced by the machinery of invariance, and thus converted into order, rule, necessity." Thus, chance and necessity.

What it all boils down to finally is that it is Monod's *need* to make such "adequate assumptions" that makes them adequate. Baldly speaking, his "randomness," which is somehow "reproduced by the machinery of invariance" (which marvelous machinery would seem to negate the necessity of concerning ourselves much with chance in the first place), means scientifically that Monod has not found the new grail he seeks. But for his enormous capability in his own field and his justifiably honored reputation for scientific achievement, and but for the fact that the difficulty of his professional field leads minds occupied with less esoteric matters to cede points they think he must understand better—but for these things, it would be clear that he is saying what we all say so often about so many things: I don't know how it works, but it does.

Steeped in his specialty, and held firmly by his faith that knowledge will make us our own masters and that science encompasses all knowledge, Monod omits the rudimentary requirements of scientific method. Impatient to proclaim the "knowledge," he makes a huge jump from the globular proteins we ordinary men cannot examine to living societies of men: "The origin and descent of the whole biosphere are reflected in the ontogenesis of the functional protein." This means, in effect, that man's need for explanation, expressed traditionally in religion, faith, morality, and humanism, is purely a genetic affair. This "need," and everything there is to know about man, is explained by the sequence of the globular protein. In fact, Monod concludes, all previous explanations are rooted in animism and are fundamentally hostile to science.

These assumptions have no proof in present scientific knowledge. Science does not even permit us to think of them as possible. Yet a certain charm that does not escape did we originate, we of the enquiring who have traveled to the moon? Well, it with a fish, a primitive fish, says Mon "chose" (Monod delicately puts this quotation marks) "to do some explor land, where it was, however, ill-provi means for getting around. The same fish created, as a consequence of a shift in the selective pressure which was to enge powerful limbs of the quadrupeds." W sole descendants of this "Magellan of ev to have conquered the air, "in a fantastic fulfilling, extending, and amplifying" th tral fish's hankering, its "dream" (q marks, again, from Monod's sensibility), one were to doubt Monod's scientian z sages such as this should convince him.

Monod proceeds yet further, in ter seem to echo the worst of the "animist suasions he so ardently counsels us to av must wake out of his milleniar dream, philosophy, ethics, humanism, theolo religion, and seek and accept in science control necessary and sufficient for m control is the "ethic of knowledge" Monod limits to scientific knowledg science, and therefore only scientists, able to prescribe this ethic of knowle man. On its basis, a true socialism, th vision of the nineteenth century," will Thus man will "live authentically prote institutions which, seeing in him the su the kingdom and at the same time the could be designed to serve him in his uni precious essence." Monod, in fact, prop utopia man has always dreamed of. It little if all the utopias men have atte build have ended up in the Terror: Monod's assurance no terror would be ble with the ethic of knowledge.

Skinner's sim

B. F. SKINNER IS another eminent sc His *Beyond Freedom and Dignity* rently an outstanding commercial succes ner is a noted behaviorist researcher and of over thirty years' standing. He has trated his studies on operant behavior, havior that has an effect on the environm has sought to determine how much this behavior is influenced by the feedback consequences. A rat presses a bar in its pellet of food becomes available; happy a triggered response—more bar-pressing all, Skinner's studies have explored the e reward and punishment on purposive beh

In light of his definitive but limited one winces when Skinner states in his

that "we have the physical, biological, avioral techniques needed 'to save our- he problem is how to get people to use kinner's book is, briefly, a nonargumen- oposal based on this statement. We can states, create a system of environmental for all men. In Skinnerian terms, this iat by establishing behaviorist controls men, we can evoke from *all* men *all* the s favorable for a felicitous human con- Skinner is unabashedly a totalist and a list in his assertions and proposals.

ioristic studies and experiments, by and others, have not yet discovered and d how the memory and imagination of uction, much less function "to save our- Without such knowledge, how can we n the simplest control over humans—let tal environmental control? The same is our logical processes, of perception and y. We do not yet know how to trigger ehavior, self-sacrifice, denial of felt but desires; how to control the megalomania gotist, to stimulate the humor and wit of conversation, the flow of ideas, respect rs, reverence for the aged and weak and patience under provocation, magnanim- ctory and success, or sharing with others. ll very well to teach a dog to lift its paws has a visceral change or to instruct a child "I am" instead of "I is." But there is no cally verified way in which all men can itioned by behavioristic principles to for- ar, love their neighbors, or build a Taj If we are to establish total controls over population, who is to decide what is "better," "best"? One shudders to think ch political *simplisme* and scientian pre- on could lead to the horrors of an Orwel- 84 or a Hitlerian *Herrenvolk*.

what follows," Skinner states blithely in st chapter of *Beyond Freedom*, "these [whether or not freedom, dignity, value, entire gamut of the "inner" things of the man actually exist or only seem to exist] cussed 'from a scientific point of view,' s does not mean that the reader will need v the details of a scientific analysis of be- A mere interpretation will suffice." Even nost generous moments, my suspicions are by any "interpretation" of evidence that given, particularly when the phrase "from ntific point of view" is put in quotation by the interpreter. But the facts are even lamning than that. Skinner's clear, sharp, ntentional implication is that there is a f scientific knowledge analyzing human or on the level he is discussing. In fact, h advanced body of data has ever been fically organized, much less analyzed, on vel remotely approximating the one he s.

Skinner does admit to finding liberty, dignity, and value a little troublesome; not because they exist, however, but because men sometimes cling to their illusions a little stubbornly. The solution to that, he says, is to do away with (or remake in Skinner's new mold) all the institutions, fields of knowledge, and systems of thought that support what has now become the myth. Such fields are listed by Skinner (though we cannot tell if the list is in any order of importance) as "political science, law, religion, economics, anthropology, sociology, psychotherapy, philosophy, ethics, history, education, child care, linguistics, architecture, city planning, and family life."

We are thus rid of the myth of feeling and are freed from the institutions that nurtured the absurdity of such concepts. Indeed, we are free of 6,000 years of human hopes, aspirations, lessons, rules, and enlightenment. And, in the ultimate circularity of logic, we are free of freedom and therefore free to put ourselves into the hands of total control.

"The scientian believes that he has, at last, pinpointed the unidentified fly in the cosmic ointment, the worm in Eden's apple."

The great fudge

THE PRIMARY CHARACTERISTIC of the scientian leap—accomplished so adroitly by Monod and Skinner—is its use of the great fudge, a *trompe-l'oeil* of logic. Always the great fudge is presented with the absolutism and authoritarianism of a scientian's *ipse dixit*. A few concrete examples might be helpful here.

In discussing the emergence of man, Lionel Tiger and Robin Fox argue that bipedalism started the trend toward man's *homo sapiens* status. They write: "Man made this change as he adapted to a hunting life on the hot savannas." There then follows a description of how man's spine straightened, his buttocks expanded, and so on. The fudge appears in the phrase, "man made this change as he adapted." Somehow, man's mind development appears to be inextricably a by-product of spine lengthening and buttock expansion. They may well have been so connected; but we cannot presume it, much less present it as a fact, as the authors do. Scientifically, the phrase means nothing.

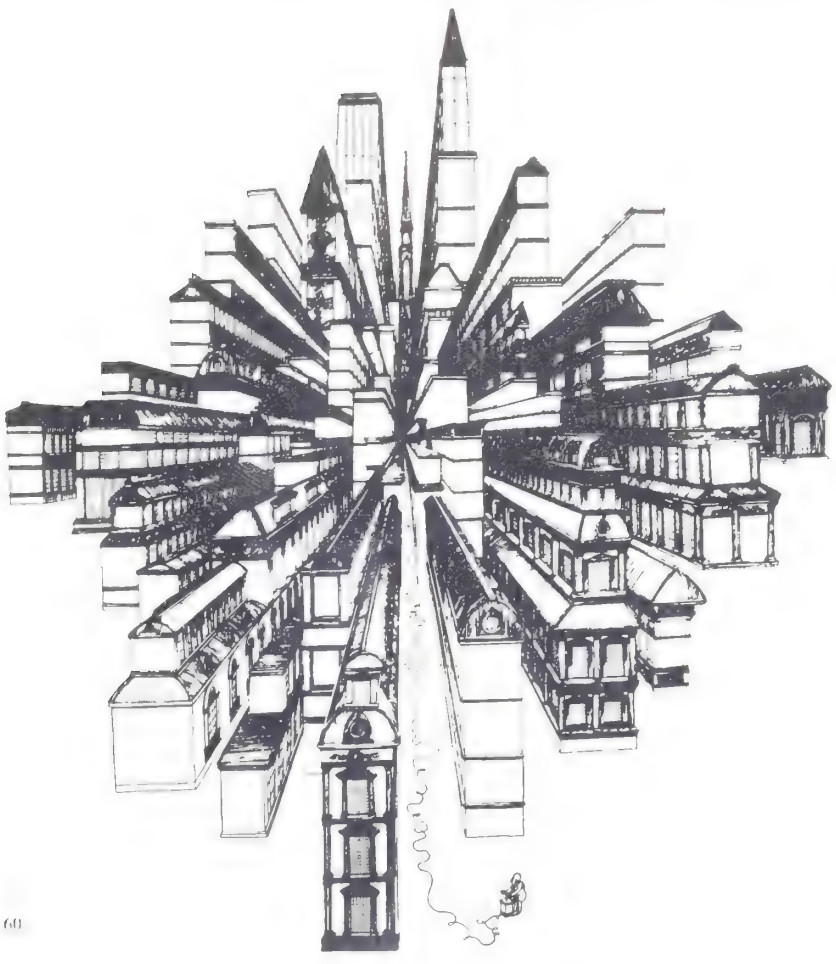
But Tiger and Fox go even further. To improve their lot, they continue, men "*had to improve* their brains in feedback with their improving skills . . . The improved brain was capable of *novel* symbolic processes . . . which enabled hominid hunters to create political structures. . . ." (Italics mine.) We find again the automotive power ascribed to man and the mysterious term "novel" applied to symbolic processes. Of course, these terms and concepts contain no scientifically controlled and established conclusions. They are rank suppositions. As such, some of them are brilliant. But they are put forward as scientific fact.

Malachi Martin

THE SCIENTIST AS SHAMAN

Again the scientian admonishment is thrown in: "Since there are no gods and no supernatural, the business of coping with these non-existent matters must relate to some real earthly human problems." In fact, they are merely "man's extensions of himself." "We create a god to whom *we* can be subordinate," they state in another place. And, lest there be any doubt about the ultimate meaning of whatever *homo sapiens* does, they add: history is a "web of symbols and reminiscences," and "a beautiful woman who arouses a man's lust and a religious leader who inspires fanatical devotion are both playing the oldest game of all" (the blind, persistent struggle for dominance and reproductive advantage).

In the simple arrangement of a sequence of grammatical tenses we see a widely employed variant on the fudge. Monod gives us several fine examples. After a few pages of batting back and forth such awesome terms as neuromotor activity, sensory inputs, arthropoda, retinal images, and the cross-connecting *corpus callosum*, Monod summarizes: "If we are correct in our surmise that thought reposes upon our underlying process of subjective stimulation . . ." And there then follows immediately, based on what began as an innocent "if" clause, a nearly thirty-page exposition describing how men *actually* did and do develop and know. Every verb tense is in the indicative mood. The conditional "if" has been lost in the wash of conviction. Monod, at the end of those thirty pages, is so convinced,



and has left the underlying conditions behind, that all the subsequent statements general thesis depend on the actuality original supposition now made into ar fact.

Desmond Morris provides the prize ex of grammatical fudge in *The Naked Ape*. has a problem about the female breasts in *sapiens*. He actually holds that they are n or less than fleshly copies of the buttock final statement of this "fact" is a mo scientian grammatical fudgery. He sta quite modestly with two rhetorical que "Could it be . . . ?" and "Could our vertical These are followed by two "if" clauses conditional mood, backed up by two claus begin with "supposing," and rounded o another "if" clause. At the end of this d arrangement, Morris feels confident eno state categorically that the protuberant spherical breasts of the female must sur copies of the fleshy buttocks.

Such manipulative logic, of course, scientific. Monod, Skinner, Lorenz, Tiger, and Fox intend us to believe tha suppositions are true, to take them as f assume they are sufficient because of th tific reputation that buttresses them. Lo all this is childish. Scientifically, it is bo manly, it is deceitful.

Apparent int

YET AFTER WE HAVE LISTED all the ill ties, it must be admitted that scientia ing is overpowering for the unsuspecting Take Konrad Lorenz, for instance. It that this man knows his animals: mallard fallow deer, Greenland Eskimo dogs, *co* songbirds, *cichlosoma biocellatum*, ants, fish of all kinds, hamsters, wolves, lizards, ganders, geese, foxes, rabbits, waterhe scores of others. Not only that, but he intr readers to the intimacies of animal life; a certain feeling of privilege when readin the drake's rab-rab palaver with its mate appeasement dance of cranes. He even tel his own favorite, "my dear Greylag Goos several times a widow," who "was recog by the grief-marked expression of her eye

The ordinary reader will not realize th Lorenz has skillfully done is to describe tions of animals using terms from the and humanistic vocabulary. Some of L fellow ethologists have taken samples fr pages and described the behavior of his a in quite a different way. Lorenz, howev succeed in impressing the layman with his edge of animals. "He must know what talking about" is the almost inevitable r of the respectful nonspecialist. When he

d this, the rest is a foregone conclusion. proceeds to speak of man in the same imals have a list of "Thou Shalts," is it that we men have the same? And he as an explanation of moral considera- en, what must rank as the prime scien- ment of all this vast literature. Moral tions and behavior are due to ritualiza- rding to Lorenz, and this ritualization usation is so mysterious creates new in- at dictate to the organisms their own ult.' "

s, who can resist the conclusions of men detail the little insignificant facts of and family life some 30,000 to 50,000 ? Not until Lorenz's study did we know ng our Paleolithic ancestors there was or drunkenness, that gluttony and sloth mitted, and that the "only command- he time was: thou shalt not strike thy with a hand-ax, even if he angers thee." smond Morris come further personal Paleolithic man was very like us; "min- nute snacks were out and big spaced re in." Our earliest ancestors resembled e and marriage. "Male and female apes all in love and remain faithful to one Lorenz has a further refinement of ticular phase of development. "We ae says, "that in the evolution of verte- he bond of personal love and friendship epoch-making invention created by the structors . . ." We never learn who these nstructors were. However, those early men set the standards for modern man. ral can we be today, asks Lorenz. His "Man can behave very decently in tight ovided they are of a kind that occurred the Paleolithic period."

the reader is dazzled with an apparent ay knowledge of these far-off ancestors. wonder that many are willing to bow to statements about the origin of man's lly human activities? Your language? deceive yourself: the "grunts, moans, ams [of our ape fathers] are the vocal on on which we build our verbal sky- ' Our painting, dancing, writing, money- ' They "all emerge biologically as the n of infantile play-patterns or play rules merates six of these] found equally in in men." Our artistic and scientific be- This is merely the product of "a etween the neophilic and neophobic ommon to apes and men.

CRITICAL ASSESSMENT of scientism, it is to take an overall look at the field that n claims. Obviously, scientians are in- interested in what was hitherto the do- f ethics, religion, and humanism: the behavior of men within those particular relationships on which societal living has been built. How far has solid scientific analysis gone in this field, scientism apart? The answer must be: not very far. In fact, we are still grappling with basic issues and receiving rather truistic conclusions. Researchers are conducting limited experiments into such things as the Good Samaritan instinct, obedience, criminal behavior, the genius scale, environmental life, warring tendencies, and attitudes toward death. But all this is in its infancy.

One can only conclude that scientism is not scientific. Scientians proceed on the assumption that outside the realm of science there is nothing to discuss, and they tautologically presume that there is simply nothing beyond what can be observed by scientific means. This very assumption is unscientific, since by definition science cannot deal with any matter outside of scientific fact and scientific modes of knowing. Scientians then go even further and convert their basic assumptions into tenets rather than leaving them as hypotheses, and they draw vastly important conclusions without reference to the methods of the science whose data and dicta they invoke as witness. In drawing these conclusions, they abort the search for knowledge itself. The scientian's search becomes one for controls, and his writings come to resemble the proclamations of Dostoevsky's Grand Inquisitor.

Scientism's betrayal, however, goes beyond science. It betrays man himself. Cardinal to the scientian outlook is the belief that man, when he acts sensibly, has only one mode of knowing: the scientific. It was Loren Eiseley (who himself betrays scientian traits but occasionally rises above them) who best expressed the consequence of this view: "When the human mind exists in the light of reason and no more than reason, we may say with absolute certainty that man and all that made him will be in that instant gone."

The scientian program will expunge all knowledge of an intuitive kind, as well as all metaphysical knowledge, an aesthetic perception (which is also knowledge), and knowledge derived through religious experience. Knowledge becomes a knowing of facts and ceases to be a grasp of meaning. Meaning itself ceases to have significance, except insofar as it tells of material results and physical conditions. Thus scientians will outlaw the kinds of knowledge by which man loves and aspires and perseveres and trusts. They will reimpose on man the controls from without that man has laboriously worked to shed since he discovered fire. They will remove man from all the unplumbed areas of his mind, areas vital for the nourishment of man's wisdom beyond science and of man's actions beyond the diktats of blind nature. They will close man's mind to any possibility of ultimate mystery. This promises a boredom as great as the universe and an ennui as deathly as a row of gravestones. □

"Scientians proceed on the assumption that outside the realm of science there is nothing to discuss, and they tautologically presume that there is simply nothing beyond what can be observed by scientific means."

Russell S. Beecher

THE IMPONDERABLE YOUNG

Some groups in American life vote monolithically . . . young people don't. They have little in common except that they're all young and all have just one vote.
Richard Scammon

One of the most important political characteristics of this new youth generation—it is in revolt against the whole system of American politics. —*Samuel Lubell*

AMONG THE IMPONDERABLES of the 1972 Presidential election, the question of the youth vote is giving oddsmakers the most trouble. What of the nearly twelve million newly enfranchised voters between the ages of eighteen and twenty-one? Will they have any noticeable effect? If they do, what will it be? Do Democrats stand to benefit over Republicans, or radicals over conservatives? What strategies must candidates employ to attract this potential bloc of unknown voters?

Everyone has an answer to these questions, but no one claims to have *the* answer. Confusion reigns, generally speaking, and political analysts are frequently as far apart as Scammon and Lubell. The problem is simply that there is precious little hard evidence to generalize from.

The conventional wisdom seems to favor the traditionalist view that young voters will spring no surprises. Historically, extensions of the franchise—with women in the 1920s, to a lesser extent with blacks in the 1960s—have changed national voting patterns only gradually, and then by reinforcing trends already evident rather than creating new ones. Similarly, the experience of the four states that have permitted under-twenty-ones to vote in the past—Georgia, Kentucky, Alaska, and Hawaii—suggests that the youth vote lacks any appreciable impact as such.

But it would be hasty to assume that November 1972 will therefore be like most other Presidential elections. The 1970s are different from the 1960s, and certainly from the 1920s, and the dimensions of that difference could well contain the necessary clues for recognizing what effect the new voters will have.

THE FIRST national laboratory we have had for examining the patterns of the youth vote came with the local and Congressional elections of last fall. No conclusive nationwide evidence emerged—much to the disappointment of those who expected the future to be writ large in those election results—but there was a wealth of fragmentary evidence for those prepared to collect it.

Following the municipal election of November 2, 1971, I interviewed more than half of the eighteen- to twenty-year-old registered voters in Cambridge, Massachusetts. While Cambridge is not Middletown, U.S.A., it does have a far more diverse population than its public image as a university community would tend to indicate. Enclaves of Portuguese, Greeks, Italians, Irish, French, Spanish, and other ethnic groups are found throughout the city. The black community represents about 10 per cent of the total population. And the city has a large working class in addition to the professionals associated with Harvard and MIT. In many ways, Cambridge is a typical American community, and my analysis of the youth vote there strongly sugge eighteen- to twenty-year-old will be a more significant facto 1972 elections than has ge been assumed.

Three findings stand out a cially significant in terms o implications for national electi

First, more than 75 per c registered eighteen- to twent olds voted in the election. Thi pares favorably with the 67 p turnout of the entire electora is considerably higher than ma litical analysts predicted for voters.

Second, young people ten vote well to the right or left of One-third of their total vote w four conservative incumbents. another third went to six activi lengers, two of whom were blac remaining votes were spread o many remaining candidates. dle-of-the-road progressives o erates failed to attract an following among young voters.

Third, the voting differen tween students and nonstudent greater than those between people and older people. Th trast between student and nons voting is especially pronounce one compares the vote of th four-year colleges with thos attending school. College st voted for liberal-radical cand especially community activists students generally voted for conservative, established polit This trend corresponds to th ings of a Yankelovich survey ducted for CBS in 1969, whi ported a greater thought gap b attitudes of young people in a of college than between the and their parents.

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NG THE PAST YEAR, more than 500 eighteen- to twenty-year-istered to vote in Cambridge. presents about 45 per cent of gibles" (most dormitory resi- t Harvard and MIT were not to register by the election sion), and compares favor- ith a registration rate of 62 t for those over twenty. Fifty- er cent of those registered udents, and 56 per cent were .

who registered represented ions of the city. Nineteen- and year-olds registered in some- reater numbers than eighteen-year-olds, but the difference almost certainly is accounted for by a Massachusetts law that lowered the voting age to nineteen a few months before the federal legislation took effect.

When asked why other young people failed to register, over half of those interviewed cited apathy as the main factor. "I guess they just don't care," said one girl a little sadly. Registration problems and general political despair were other reasons given. "I had to go down there three times before they would register me. How many kids will do that?" asked an angry college student.

In the election itself, the young voters departed significantly from the rest of the electorate in three respects.

First, and most obvious, was the vote given by young people to two candidates under thirty who advocated considerably more community control in city affairs. One of the two campaigned as a member of the "Radical Five," and both made special efforts to attract new young voters. Both candidates, however, finished well behind the leaders in the election.

Second, young people gave somewhat less support than the rest of the electorate to incumbents who had held office for many years. It is probable that politicians in office for a long time establish a base of support independent of position or personality.

Third, and somewhat surprising, was the fact that two progressive candidates generally admired for their moderation and reason were given virtually no support by the young voters. Both men won seats by very slim margins, but the lack of support among new voters nearly prevented their elections.

In the City Council race, five candidates with strong support among young voters drew over two-thirds of their votes from students. Three of the five ran on a slate as the "Radical Five." They advocated limiting the holdings of large landlords and corporations by rent control, taxation, and zoning; they wanted to establish the post of police commissioner to provide more citizen control over the police force; and they supported day-care centers and community health clinics.

The two other candidates who received heavy student support did not run on the radical slate, but both are recognized as community-control activists. At the same time, nonstudents gave a majority of their votes to conservative incumbents.

There were also significant differences in voting by social class. Young people from working-class families tended to vote for conservative incumbents, while young voters from upper-middle-class families favored liberal-

radical candidates. These results were especially noticeable in the School Committee race. Advocates of discipline, patriotism, and basic skills did well in poorer areas of the city, while those favoring open classes, experimental programs, and student rights did well in wealthier areas.

More than half of the voters interviewed identified themselves as independents. Of special interest are the 80 per cent of young voters with Republican fathers who identified themselves as independents and the 50 per cent of those with Democratic fathers who preferred the label independent.

Those who failed to vote were asked several questions to determine whether they differed in any significant way from those who did vote in the election. Those who failed to vote had, on the average, less formal education, were less likely to be students, and were more likely to come from working-class families.

SUCH DATA, combined with information previously compiled on young voters, allow a number of interesting observations on the possible impact of the youth vote in this year's national and state elections.

The ideological difference between those on and off campus has been established. This dichotomy would seem to preclude any major impact by new voters. One would expect the two groups simply to offset each other. Closer inspection of the facts, however, suggests this may not be the case at all. Although nonstudents hold a numerical edge over students in the national eighteen- to twenty-year-old group (about six million to five million), it is not at all clear whether the same proportion will appear among those who choose to register and vote. In fact, a number of things suggest that the opposite will occur.

First, voting research has demonstrated that high interest coincides with high turnout. At the same time, results show that students are more interested in politics than are nonstudents.

Second, organized efforts to register new voters are usually directed at campuses, where there are large concentrations of young people.

Third, groups currently recruiting new young voters are liberal-progressive organizations predisposed to canvass on campus.

Fourth, students simply have more time to register. This, of course, becomes an important factor where registration is difficult.

All these factors are likely to lead to student overrepresentation among the young voters. The issue then becomes one of how many will register and, of this group, how many will vote.

Organized efforts to recruit new voters, court decisions permitting college students to register where they attend school, and more aggressive registration by town and city officials suggest that current estimates of young-voter registration are far too low. It is entirely possible that registration among eighteen- to twenty-year-olds for the 1972 elections will exceed 50 per cent of the eligibles, resulting in about twelve to fourteen million *new* voters.

In addition, there are some indications that young people will vote in greater numbers than has generally been assumed. The Cambridge data support such a contention. Reports from campus communities such as Boulder, Colorado; East Lansing, Michigan; and Boston suggest that large numbers of young people are voting. Early this year it was reported that 35 per cent of the registered eighteen- to twenty-year-olds voted in the April primary of a special Congressional election in Maryland. This figure contrasted sharply with the 17 per cent turnout reported for the rest of the electorate.

SEVEN TO NINE million new young voters very well may vote for the first time in 1972, constituting about 10 per cent of the projected national vote. In two of the last three Presidential elections, the winner's margin was less than 1 per cent of the total vote. If a significant majority of the young voters are attracted to one of the candidates, their vote could decide the outcome of another close election.

This theory becomes more p
sive when one examines the pre
election results in several states
example, no Republican has
elected President in this century
out carrying Ohio. Yet the pot
youth vote in Ohio is six times
and Nixon's plurality in 1960.
fourteen times his plurality in

Illinois will be another impo
state next year. John Kennedy
Illinois in 1960 by 9,000 votes
Nixon took Illinois in 1968 by
000 votes. New voters in Illinoi
estimated at about 1.3 million,
ure that dwarfs both earlier ma
of victory.

All political analysts agree o
crucial importance of Californ
1972, and it is this state that
the largest number of potential
voters nearly three million.
loss of California would be a s
blow to Mr. Nixon's chances fo
election. The young people of
fornia may well deliver that blo

The impact of the young,
probably will depend on the
portion of student voters. A
student vote would benefit the D
crats as shown by registration fig
poll results, electoral behavior,
the political orientation of the
dent population. It is possible
course, that a third- or fourth-p
movement might drain off the
radical segment of the young.

Barring this development, th
spective party strategies are c
The Democrats must concentrat
registering young voters, especi
students, in states where key con
will take place. This strategy
necessarily involve legislative
legal initiatives to remove som
the current obstacles to student re
tration. At the same time, Repu
cans must attempt to offset
student impact by registering
young blue- and white-collar wor
who, it appears, are more likel
vote Republican.

Will the youth vote significa
affect the outcome in 1972? One
lege student had an answer
seems close to the truth: "I th
that young voters *will* make a di
ence when they realize they *can* m
a difference."

KEY MOUSE IN THE MOUNTAINS



s who brought you Disneyland yearn to turn California's Mineral King valley
ummoth ski resort

by
Peter Browning

AL KING VALLEY in the southern Sierra
vada epitomizes the conflict involving
ionists, private industry, and govern-
spite what seem to be similar ideas as
ture should be treated, a bitter contro-
arisen over the future of the valley.
ey Productions proposes to build a $35
i and tourist resort at Mineral King, an
to conservation enthusiastically sup-
the U.S. Forest Service, which admin-
valley. The major opponent of the
ent is the Sierra Club, the nation's most
t conservation group. The Club is cer-
such a development would ruin the

ntroversy has been intensifying for al-
n years, replete with all the tactics and
that customarily attend such matters:
harges, counterclaims, objections, and
action" suit. The suit was filed in U.S.
Court by the Sierra Club, passed through
Appeals Court, and is now on appeal to
eme Court. The Court heard oral argu-
the case last November and is expected
a ruling early this year.

ling may well be a landmark. It could
e whether conservation groups and
izens' organizations, even though not di-
volved, are eligible to challenge the vast
federal policies and actions affecting the
nent. Laws protecting the environment
inadequate or are not enforced. If judi-
lenges to the decisions of federal agen-
officials are unsuccessful—or are not
rmitted—then the conservationists will
where to turn, and the great ado will have
aningless.

lying the Mineral King controversy, and
ke it, are the loud, angry, emotional dif-
over which should come first, environ-
the economy. Those concerned on both
the issue use identical arguments to sup-
ir positions: We are doing this because
it right and beneficial, because we think
ons will benefit our society and enhance
lity of life for all classes of people. But
heir statements of intent and professions
sm do the two sides agree.

th, there is neither common cause, nor
ground, nor—if we hear correctly—
mmon understanding. Three organiza-
l acting with benign intent, daily use the
onservation" to describe radically differ-
cepts. When the Forest Service uses the word it means utilizing the public land, in a variety of ways, to produce revenue. Disney Productions takes the word to describe a particular type of investment opportunity—building a resort and recreation center, on free land, in an area of great natural beauty. The Sierra Club uses the word to mean just leave well enough alone.

None of these is a pure attitude; all have evolved from simpler notions, from a time when questions were easy and answers obvious. For Disney it may seem like a giant step from the first simple animated cartoons to the construction of a huge tourist resort, but it is hardly a step at all. Rather it has been a natural linear progression: from cartoons to "live" films; thence to the imitation of life *cum* amusement park at Disneyland; from there to the imitation more real than reality, the new, self-contained Disney World in Florida, a Tomorrowland with a vengeance; and, thrown in for good measure, the planned resort at Mineral King. All of these activities are essentially the same: the packaging and marketing of mass entertainment, the manipulation of large numbers of people who have become adapted to passive pleasures and who expect the utmost in comfort. The Forest Service understands Disney's forte quite well: "Walt Disney Productions has established a mastery in the area of 'people management.' "

The Forest Service itself has evolved from the protector of the nation's forests from exploitation to become an apparent ally and protector of the exploiters. (Or, as in the case of Mineral King, the instigator of exploitation—the government agency that begs private developers to take over public land.) It is a familiar metamorphosis, one achieved by various federal regulatory agencies that have become the servants of those they are supposed to regulate.

The Sierra Club, too, has changed. In 1948 it viewed Mineral King as an area with high potential for ski development. In 1953 it was not opposed to making the area more accessible, and a policy favoring modest development still prevailed in the mid-Sixties. But by June 1969 the scope and crushing impact of the proposed Disney development had become apparent, and the Sierra Club modified its position. It filed the suit that has, thus far, prevented any development. And now, as the best way both to realize Mineral King's recreational potential and to protect its natural state, the Club proposes adding it to Sequoia National Park.

Peter Browning is a free-lance writer who spends his most pleasurable days in wilderness travel — by jeep in the desert, on foot in the mountains, and by canoe in the Far North.

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MICKEY MOUSE IN THE MOUNTAINS

Pristine state

MINERAL KING IS a rather small area to have generated such strong passions. The valley floor, at an altitude of 7,800 feet, is two miles long and a quarter-mile wide, an area of about 300 acres. The larger Mineral King basin, bordered on three sides by Sequoia National Park, comprises 15,000 acres (approximately twenty-four square miles). It is an oval-shaped basin, rimmed by eleven- and twelve-thousand-foot peaks, with half a dozen hanging valleys separated by narrow ridges. The basin is geologically young, with unstable, precipitous slopes still being formed by shifting stream beds, rock slides, and avalanches. There are about twenty-five summer cabins in the valley, but little else to show that it has been inhabited for more than one hundred years. Most of the terrain above the valley floor is in a pristine state, much as it was when the glaciers melted.

This fortunate state of affairs is not the result of the prescience and determination of any individual or organization. It is simply because the only access to Mineral King is via a narrow, steep, winding road—the last third of its twenty-five miles unpaved. Mineral King is only 228 miles from Los Angeles, 271 miles from San Francisco, and 55 miles from Visalia, the nearest large city in the Central Valley. That it has not long ago been overrun by people is due to a combination of topography and historical circumstance.

Mineral King was first visited by white men in the late 1850s. The valley was mistakenly thought to have rich mineral deposits, and during the Seventies and Eighties there was a modest, short-lived silver rush. When Sequoia National Park was created in 1890, Mineral King, which is topographically and ecologically a natural part of the park, was not included because of a few remaining mining interests—a condition considered incompatible with national park standards. Even though all mining ceased long ago, and the few buildings associated with the mining have disappeared, the anachronistic attitude still prevails. The 15,000 acres generally referred to as Mineral King became part of Sequoia National Forest, and in 1926 the area was designated as the Sequoia National Game Refuge.

In 1949 the Forest Service issued a prospectus inviting bids from private concerns to develop Mineral King as a winter sports resort. There was considerable interest, but no bids were made. The stickler was that inadequate county road. There were no state or federal funds available for a new road, and none of the interested private developers was willing to spend the millions of dollars needed to build a twenty-five-mile all-weather road in mountainous terrain.

Despite the inability of the Forest Service to find a bidder in 1949, the pressure w could only grow as affluence and leisu creased. In February 1965 the Fore issued a new prospectus, outlining a de conservatively estimated to cost thr dollars—not including the expense of new access road. The road is the key t King; without it there can be no devel

The Forest Service received six bid the minimum qualifications. On July while the Service was still considering the Mineral King road was suddenly ad state highway system. No legislative were held. Even more peculiar was th no one seemed to be considering a criti of the proposed new road: the only feas to Mineral King is roughly parallel to ing road, which means crossing appr nine miles of Sequoia National Park. B Congress prohibited any use of the parks that does not conform to the fun purpose of conserving natural and hi jects and the scenery. The proposed new but a single purpose: to connect a poi side of the national park with a commer prise on the other side. It is patently r to serve the park nor to do anything o benefit a private concern.

In December 1965 the Forest Service the proposal of Disney Productions f million development. Disney was issue year development permit, authorizing pany to make surveys and plans.

Secretary of the Interior Stewart U strongly opposed to the Mineral King and at one time it seemed that his vi prevail. On December 2, 1967, an exc letters over Mineral King between U Secretary of Agriculture Orville Free made public. The two were in sharp ment. (The Forest Service is in the De of Agriculture, and the Park Service terior. The two services have a long h rancorous dissension.) Udall wrote:

> *I am honestly worried by the thought t will not be honored twenty-five years now if we make a decision to violate this by a road.*

He also suggested establishing a spec mittee to study the matter. The idea was by Freeman, who wrote:

> *This is out of the question. There have long months of indecision and delay al This administration, through my perso tion, is committed to development of M King.*

On December 27, Udall's resistance fin ished. He said he had held out as long as by himself, but that now he would "relu approve the road.

ll, in a letter to this writer, said, "I pposed to the development and the held up the project for nearly two handedly." He also said that Secre- an "threatened to take the issue to the nd get him to overrule me. The Bu- Budget people at the highest level and suggested that objections were, in ruled by the Bureau of the Budget." that. If the road could be built, then y obstacle in the way of development ed.

Alpine "Americanized"

UARY 21, 1969, with neither public e nor opportunity for review, the ice accepted Disney's master plan for ment of Mineral King. But the thirty- pment permit was not issued, because necessary conditions had not been irst contract for construction of the not been awarded. Before that oc- Sierra Club, on June 5, 1969, filed S. District Court in San Francisco. eliminary and permanent injunctions project.

t of the Sierra Club suit was directed est Service and the Secretary of Agri- ngress has set 80 acres as the maxi- for resorts developed under lease on rest land. But the Forest Service, after Disney a thirty-year lease on 80 acres, also granted year-to-year leases on 300 acres more. This is land that would be permanently altered by the construction of the village and its associated facilities. Most of the remainder of the Sequoia National Game Refuge—some 13,000 acres—although not under lease to Disney, would be affected by construction of gondolas, chair lifts, and ski runs. The lawsuit charged that the lease arrangement "is a clear and patent effort to circumvent the 80-acre limitation." The suit also charged that the proposed use of the valley by Disney is a violation of its status as a national game refuge and that the Forest Service violated its own rules in failing to hold public hearings on whether Mineral King should be developed.

A second set of charges was directed at the Park Service and the Secretary of the Interior: that the proposed highway across a portion of Sequoia National Park does not serve a park purpose and is therefore prohibited by law; that the Park Service violated federal regulations that require a public hearing on both route and design of roads in national parks; and that Congress alone (and not the Secretary of the Interior) may authorize construction of a transmission line within a national park.

On July 23, 1969, District Court Judge William T. Sweigert issued a preliminary injunction that is still in effect. Judge Sweigert said he was not concerned with the controversy between so-called progressives and so-called conservationists; he thought the legal questions raised by the Sierra Club were sufficiently substantial and seri-

"The Forest Service understands Disney's forte quite well: Walt Disney Productions has established a mastery in the area of 'people management.' "



Mineral King valley: a small area for such strong passions

Peter Browning

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ous to deserve being tried on their merits. Even more important, Judge Sweigert rejected the government's contention that the Sierra Club had no right to sue on behalf of the public because it did not have any "private, substantive, legally protected interest" in Mineral King.

The government appealed. On September 17, 1970, a Federal appeals court, by a 2-to-1 vote, overturned the injunction, ruling that the Sierra Club had no legal standing by which to contest actions of the federal officials who approved the Mineral King development. The decision came as a great shock to conservationists, inasmuch as the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Second Circuit in New York had declared such a right in the Scenic Hudson Preservation Conference's suit opposing the Storm King power project in New York, and again in a suit against the proposed Hudson Expressway. The appeals judges also ruled, unanimously, that the Sierra Club's argument against the project was so weak that Judge Sweigert had erred by issuing the injunction.

In its appeal to the Supreme Court, the Sierra Club noted that "the issue here is not a choice between the Sierra Club and a more appropriate plaintiff but between the Sierra Club and nobody." The government argument, in effect, is that *no one* may object to the Mineral King development because no one is economically affected and therefore no one has legal standing.

THE FOREST SERVICE PROSPECTUS of 1965 called for a development costing $3 million. The facilities were to include lifts or tramways with a capacity of 2,000 people per hour; parking for 1,700 automobiles; overnight accommodations for 100 people; plus the necessary supply, sanitation, and maintenance structures. Four years later the Forest Service approved a development costing ten times as much—one that would crowd as many as 14,000 people at a time into a very small valley. (The original Disney proposal estimated there would be two and a half million visitors annually. Later the figure was reduced to 1.7 million. The current estimate is 980,000. The reasons for these reductions are obscure. One apparently is that the Forest Service plans to eliminate all camping in the valley. Another may be that they are intended to quell the objections of conservationists.)

The scope of the development is overwhelming. Disney plans an "American Alpine" village. At the end of the new road there will be an eight- to ten-story parking structure for 3,600 vehicles. Nearby will be food storage and preparation areas, and accommodations for nearly 1,000 employees. There will also be a hospital, heliport, wardrobe department, administration offices, and a service station. From this point visitors will travel two and a half miles on "colorful excursion trains" to the village proper, which will have restaurants, boutiques, a 1,030-room ho plex providing lodging for 3,310 peopl vention center, a theater, an equestrian indoor and outdoor swimming pools, an skating rink. And there are going to b two to twenty-seven ski lifts.

The late Walt Disney said: "Minera great natural beauty must be preserve costs." Disney Productions' proposal sta

Grooming and manicuring of most without destroying the naturalness of th particularly for intermediates, will r extensive bulldozing and blasting in lower areas and extensive rock remo higher elevations.

What a strange "naturalness."

There was once a small general store eral King, but it's gone now. There is you bring your food with you. But the c of restaurants Disney plans to build is s In the first year of operation there will food-service facilities seating 1,300 peop are designed to cater to all tastes and de affluence: snack bars and coffee shops, erias," a "teen center," and a "gourme rant" atop a village hotel. By the fifth ye will be thirteen facilities seating 2,350 Among these will be a 150-seat sandwi at the Midway Gondola Terminal on Ridge at an altitude of 9,200 feet—1, above the valley floor. At the end of the line, a place called Eagle's Crest, will be seat coffee shop located in the "enclo terminal." This is only a few yards from tional park boundary, at an elevation of feet.

Can anyone still remember that this tional game refuge? The Forest Serv largely ignored the possibility of damag natural flora and fauna, or has assumed t flict between humans and animals will be when the animals leave the area becau habitat has been destroyed. The Forest has never conducted a biological survey area: no studies of the deer or their nee summer range, even though the valley fl the best forage in the entire game refu studies of the impact on plant life, not the effects of heavy foot and horse traffic

This is not because the Forest Servi blundering, inefficient bureaucracy, or l decisions have been made by stupid o men. The assumptions of the Service gu that decisions favorable to development made. If you assume that development is public interest, and that the bigger the d ment the better, then the only studies yo will be concerned with *how* to develop. T cal prior question of *whether* to devel never even be raised.

There have been some doubts and opp even within the Service. A memorandu

e and Wildlife Management Section in
tes:

*tal basic concept of development ap-
badly biased in orientation toward a
artificial, continued situation, without
al attention to ecological factors. . . .
ically, stream diversions and channel
ent, flood and debris control, surface
supply development, and sewage dis-
proposals are all of a nature we find
ly damaging or unacceptable. It is rec-
d that development of high intensity
ound recreational use in this restricted
pine area is bound to result in pro-
ed impacts and certain unavoidable
es.*

a publicity release, "Background Ma-
Basis for Master Plan Approval," the
ervice says that "none of the develop-
anned for Mineral King shall have ad-
fect on native animal life now in the
Later the release observes that "lifts,
nd conducted tours will make a wide
of plants available for study in their
situations." But how can that be? The
situations" will no longer exist. On the
t page one reads:

*of concentrated human use will need to
veloped to resist human abrasion and
n, as well as to provide for visitor com-
nd safety. Heavily used trails, paths,
oncentration areas will need to be spe-
developed to protect the associated
al values.*

those sentences appear to say, while try-
eem as though they're not saying it, is
many people will be brought into the
hat the vegetation will be trampled to
and that to protect the vegetation the
will have to be paved.

Ten tons of trash

BEST-KNOWN GUIDEBOOK to the Sierra
ada, one that was published in 1934 and
iently updated, is *Starr's Guide to the
Muir Trail and the High Sierra.* In the
ction to his guidebook Starr wrote:

*use of the vastness and roughness of this
mountain region, I do not believe there
y danger of having it overrun and spoiled.*

was written less than forty years ago; as
y it could not have been more wrong.
in the High Sierra there are many places
in July and August, you meet people at
end in the trail. The more popular trails
en ground to powder by horses and mules.
er at Tuolumne Meadows in Yosemite
al Park told me a few years ago that, on
age August day, there were 4,000 people



John Rettenmayer

Bruce Barnbaum



"In a world turned strangely upside-down, it has come to seem that nature itself is not natural, that it is an inadequate order of things."

Peter Browning

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on the 190 miles of the Muir Trail between there and Mt. Whitney—and it grows worse every year. Sequoia and Kings Canyon National Parks put out a two-page sheet listing fifty-seven lakes, basins, meadows, creeks, and valleys that have become "problem areas" because of overuse by campers and stock parties.

Mineral King is represented—by all concerned but for differing reasons—as being remote and little frequented. But there *is* a road, no matter that it is narrow and winding, that is traveled by several thousand cars during the five months of the year it is free of snow. Twenty-four thousand people visited Mineral King in 1968. The Park Service sheet says of lakes within ten miles of the valley that they "receive heavy backpacker use from Mineral King." If the number of people reaching Mineral King increases fortyfold, the number getting into the back country might increase by an even greater factor. At Mineral King the situation would be aggravated by the existence of chair lifts, some of which would go all the way to the ridge at the boundary of the national park. There are literally thousands of people who wouldn't think of hiking five or six strenuous miles entailing an altitude gain of 3,000 feet, but who would gladly pay several dollars to ride a chair lift or gondola.

In the mountains, as everywhere else in the United States, trash removal and litter are problems. In 1965, in the area of Big Five Lakes (in Sequoia National Park, about five miles northeast of Mineral King), the Park Service collected ten tons of trash—this at an altitude of 10,000 feet. Already in August 1970 it looked as if the Park Service could have gathered another ten tons. The problem will become insuperable if the area can be reached by an easy hike after riding a chair lift to the ridge. Radically increasing the number of people entering Mineral King will destroy, beyond repair or redemption, the natural environment not only of the valley itself but also of the adjacent portions of the national park.

In Yosemite valley, 150 miles north of Mineral King, the Park Service is making a valiant effort to correct past errors. Yosemite has been plagued by smog, crime, noise pollution, and trouble with sewage disposal. The number of campsites has been reduced by half, and there will be no further increase in overnight accommodations.

Mineral King presents much the same situation as Yosemite valley, except that Yosemite is several times as large. Yet the peak daily use projected for Mineral King would produce three times the concentration of people found at Yosemite on busy days—concentrations that have nearly overwhelmed Yosemite in recent years. The Forest Service and Disney Productions seem not to have heard of the problems encountered elsewhere. Because of the economics involved, they wish to have a population density exceeding that of most urban centers. they want to create a small vacation ci plete with all the shops, entertainme facilities needed to attract a clientele w on its hands and money to spend. If Dis ductions were obliged to rely on reven skiing alone, it would probably find t not worth the candle.

Disney estimates that 60 per cent of tors to Mineral King will come in the Many of them will make the trip simply it is there to be made; it will be a nice jaunt. But many would *not* make the there were nothing at the end of the roa as an excursion train, cafeterias, shops, audio-visual presentation to provide e ment. It's like the story about a tour after gazing at the Grand Canyon fo seconds, says, "It's great, but what do here?" The Disney development itself w the major attraction at Mineral King. Fo some visitors might care about the surro it could just as well be located in the Desert or Los Angeles.

American mores—or perhaps America ology—demand that land be used, tha veloped land is wasted; that, all men bein all are entitled to use the public land; a all *types* of use are equally valid. If Disn to build a thirty-lane bowling alley in th of Mineral King valley, the lanes would in constant use. Disney could then cou objections by pointing out that, obvious ing was what people wanted and their ne been met. That may sound farfetched, l the sort of specious argument used to grandiose development at Mineral King ern Californians don't have enough near for skiing: therefore they "demand" m resorts, as though the deficiencies of the S California climate must be overcome by tic engineering and construction project at exorbitant cost and great damage to th scape. It is the sort of demand that in without end.

Indeed, the Disney project is open The Forest Service, in its prospectus, esta *minimum* requirements for the develop Mineral King, but there are no upper li what may be done. The Service says it w sider the merits of each request for in facilities. But if the existing facilities ar taxed, Disney will simply be able to cla the public "demands" further develo Since there is no stated limit, if Dis sists more facilities are needed to serve the and turn a profit, the Forest Service will able to deny the requests. Walt Disney said that "our efforts now and in the fut be dedicated to making Mineral King g meet the ever-increasing public need. you might say that it won't ever be finish

Home truths

CE OF MINERAL KING is still unknown. en should the courts eventually decide the Sierra Club, there is a larger issue be resolved: have we not reached the certain places in the United States, must desist from *any* further develop- s not the ethic of "progress" through ıg and construction been thoroughly d? Can we expect to gain anything ther resort complex in the Sierra at is remotely comparable to what we

s a reality to the Sierra Nevada, hard home truths that must be recognized with. It is finite; it is irreplaceable; it tremendous pressure from a large, -oriented population; and, despite its strength and ruggedness, it is being and severely damaged. Even if no more ads are built into the Sierra, no more ts constructed, it may soon become to limit the number of people admitted ountains at one time. Last summer the rvice began requiring permits for all enter California Wilderness Areas. A n be had for the asking—no one will l down. But it is a harbinger of things Rationing of the wilderness is in the seems there is no way to avoid it.

National Environmental Policy Act, came law on January 1, 1970, states rst goal is to "fulfill the responsibilities generation as trustees of the environ- succeeding generations." In order to we need to have a better idea than we e of what those responsibilities are, so nay be loyal to that idea and thus serve nerations.

conservation consists merely in not do- ning overt: don't build roads, don't chop es, don't erect dams. The most harmful s that we can have our cake and eat it t we can retain the wilderness and at the e develop it. How is it possible to have rness experience" when the wilderness effectively abolished? At Mineral King, distant view will no longer be of a scene; the slopes will be scarred by ski air lifts, and steel towers.

s once the common wisdom in this coun- d is still the common assumption—that space and time enough to satisfy all our But the space is disappearing, and time ay. If we are to salvage even a modicum eauty that was, then we must commit no ts of desecration against nature. There en the time or space remaining to make ents: to try controlled admissions or to r a lesser complex in Mineral King, as though disposition of the remaining wilderness were a matter of democratic compromise. There is evidence enough at hand to make us want to stop—forever—further destruction of the Sierra Nevada.

For most Americans, roads, automobiles, and all their attendant paraphernalia are natural; it is difficult to believe they have not always existed. They constitute a familiar, secure environment. And in a world strangely turned upside down, it has come to seem to most people that nature itself is not natural, that it is an inadequate order of things, a botched job—and it needs to be fixed, to be "developed" so as to conform to what is familiar to urban people.

Stewart Udall was right: if Mineral King is violated by a road, we—all of us—undoubtedly will not be honored twenty-five years from now. But fifty years from now—and beyond—it might not strike the Americans of that time in the same way. If the history of the twentieth century has taught us anything, it is that men seem to be infinitely adaptable, eternally capable of accepting the prevailing circumstances as natural. If all one has ever known about Mineral King is that a huge resort covers the valley, well then, isn't that just the way it is? Twenty-five years from now there will still be many people who remember Mineral King as it once was, before development. Those who care will lament an irretrievable loss, but lamentation will be all that is left to them. As for the others, they will neither know nor care.

The defenders of Mineral King may prophesy a "breaking point" or "point of no return," a point beyond which a certain mountain valley was lost forever to the developers. If they are right, if it comes, it will be as bad as they foresaw but it will not be the end of the world. It will be absorbed, and become part of the new reality. Yesterday's predicted horror is tomorrow's bland normality.

In T. S. Eliot's *The Cocktail Party*, Reilly says:

> *Half of the harm that is done in this world*
> *Is due to people who want to feel important.*
> *They don't mean to do harm—but the harm*
> *does not interest them.*
> *Or they do not see it, or they justify it*
> *Because they are absorbed in the endless*
> *struggle*
> *To think well of themselves.*

Perhaps nothing can save Mineral King but a miracle: a radical change of heart by the American people. We need to be able to forgo the economic benefits, the all-weather road, the big hotel, the fancy shops, the swank eateries. Just leave well enough alone. The way to preserve Mineral King is to preserve it—*not* develop it. If we do that we will have good reason—and so will the succeeding generations—to feel important and think well of ourselves. □

VERSE by Alice Walker

FOR MY SISTER MOLLY

FOR MY SISTER MOLLY WHO IN THE FIFTIES
Once made a fairy rooster from
Mashed potatoes
Whose eyes I forget
But green onions were his tail
And his two legs were carrot sticks
A tomato slice his crown.
Who came home on vacation
When the sun was hot
and cooked
and cleaned
And minded least of all
The children's questions
A million or more
Pouring in on her
Who had been to school
And knew (and told us too) that certain
Words were no longer good
And taught me not to say us for we
No matter what "Sonny said" up the
road.

FOR MY SISTER MOLLY WHO IN THE FIFTIES
Knew Hamlet well and read into the night
And coached me in my songs of Africa
A continent I never knew
But learned to love
Because "they" she said could carry
A tune
And spoke in accents never heard
In Eatonton.
Who read from *Prose and Poetry*
And loved to read "Sam McGee from Tennessee"
On nights the fire was burning low
And Christmas wrapped in angel hair
And I for one prayed for snow.

WHO IN THE FIFTIES
Knew all the written things that made
Us laugh and stories by
The hour Waking up the story buds
Like fruit. Who walked among the flowers
And brought them inside the house
And smelled as good as they
And looked as bright.
Who made dresses, braided
Hair. Moved chairs about
Hung things from walls
Ordered baths
Frowned on wasp bites
And seemed to know the endings
Of all the tales
I had forgot.

WHO OFF INTO THE UNIVERSITY
Went exploring To London and
To Rotterdam
Prague and to Liberia
Bringing back the news to us
Who knew none of it
But followed
crops and weather
funerals and
Methodist Homecoming:
Easter speeches.
groaning church.

WHO FOUND ANOTHER WORLD
Another life With gentlefolk
Far less trusting
And moved and moved and change
Her name
And sounded precise
When she spoke And frowned av
Our sloppishness.

WHO SAW US SILENT
Cursed with fear A love burning
Inexpressible
And sent me money not for me
But for "College."
Who saw me grow through letters
The words misspelled But not
The longing Stretching
Growth
The tied and twisting
Tongue
Feet no longer bare
Skin no longer burnt against
The cotton.

WHO BECAME SOMEONE OVERHEAD
A light A thousand watts
Bright and also blinding
And saw my brothers cloddish
And me destined to be
Wayward
My mother remote My father
A wearisome farmer
With heartbreaking
Nails.

FOR MY SISTER MOLLY WHO IN THE
Found much
Unbearable
Who walked where few had
Understood And sensed our
Groping after light
And saw some extinguished
And no doubt mourned.

FOR MY SISTER MOLLY WHO IN THE
Left us.

I

fenced in the dirt road
ed to Wards Chapel
ırch,
graze
stones that
amily's graves.
ve oak is gone
he church yard,
ınt space is left

two-lane blacktop
across
ıalterable

II

ring my own child here;
ce where my father's
her rests undisturbed
ıe Georgia sun,
the neatstepping hooves

graves soon grow back into the land.
n known to sink. To drop open without
To cover themselves with wild ivy,
ies. Bittersweet and sage.
nows why. No one asks.
rning Off Day comes, as it does
rs,
s are haphazardly cleared and snakes
death and burned sizzling
ısh. . . .The odor of smoke, oak
oneysuckle.
of geographic resolutions as birds,
ng young fly South to bury
ead.

III

women move quietly up
h Miss Rachel's face.
ıs I'm coming," they say.
n I ain't goin' to *be*

dfather turns his creaking head
m the lavender box.
not cry. But looks afraid.
s he called her "Woman";
d over the decades to
"

On the cut stone for 'Oman's grave
he did not notice
they had misspelled her name.

(The stone reads RACHER WALKER -not "Rachel"—
Loving Wife, Devoted Mother.)

IV

As a young woman who had known her? tripping
eagerly, "loving wife," to my grandfather's
bed. Not pretty, but serviceable. A hard
worker, with rough, moist hands. Her own two
babies dead before she came.
Came to seven children.
To aprons and sweat.
Came to quiltmaking.
Came to canning and vegetable gardens
big as fields.
Came to fields to plow.
Cotton to chop.
Potatoes to dig.
Came to multiple measles, chickenpox,
and croup.
Came to water from springs.
Came to leaning houses one story high.
Came to rivalries. Saturday night battles.
Came to straightened hair, noxema, and
feet washing at the Hardshell Baptist church.
Came to zinnias around the woodpile.
Came to grandchildren not of her blood
whom she taught to dip snuff without
sneezing.

Came to death blank, forgetful of it all.

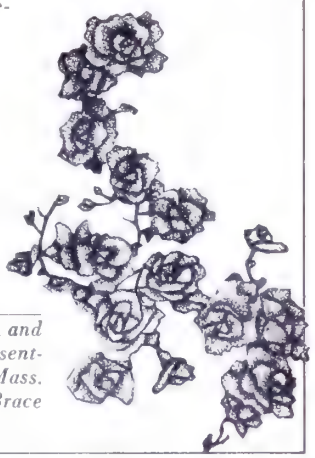
When he called her "'Oman" she no longer
listened. Or heard, or knew, or felt.

V

It is not until I see my first grade teacher
review her body that I cry.
Not for the dead, but for the gray in my
first grade teacher's hair. For memories
of before I was born, when teacher and
grandmother loved each other; and later
above the ducks made of soap and the orange-
legged chicks Miss Reynolds drew over
my own small hand
on paper with wide blue lines.

VI

Not for the dead, but for memories. None of
them sad. But seen from the angle of her
death.



Alice Walker is the author of Once, *a volume of poetry, and* The Third Life of Grange Copeland, *a novel. She is presently a fellow at the Radcliffe Institute in Cambridge, Mass. Her next book of poems (to be published by Harcourt Brace Jovanovich) will be* Revolutionary Petunias.

Vance Bourjaily

EIGHT MONTHS ON FULL FEED

The sad, tasteless saga of American meat



MY NEIGHBOR DOWN THE ROAD in Sharon Center, Iowa, raises 3,600 pigs every year for you to eat, but he doesn't like his own pork very well. Whenever he can get me to agree to it, he brings me a dozen hogs to raise on shares—six for his table, six for mine.

This has nothing to do with skill or knowledge on my part. Quite the other way: it recognizes that I am a hopeless amateur who couldn't survive six months in the pig business—who still feeds pigs the way some very different rural neighbors did, long ago, on mountain farms in the back country of southwest Virginia.

My pigs get slops, scraps, overgrown stuff from the garden—especially, this year, a kind of hybrid zucchini that seems to zoom from thumb to ballbat size overnight. And they get little enough genuine hog feed so that they have to spend most of the day rooting, grazing, chewing bark, and catching beetles.

They inhabit a ten-acre pen, half timbered over, with tall grass, weeds, brush, gullies, and enough other opportunities for concealment that most of the time I don't know where they are. They break out of this pen now and then and have glorious times raiding cornfields, garden patches, and other parts of the timber for acorns, hickory nuts, carcasses, and the roots of rare, endangered wildflower species. They get chased back, coaxed, cajoled, cursed and when they're in again, glowered at.

When, after seven or eight months of this, they have reached market weight—around 215 pounds—they are long, lean, well-muscled, crafty, and somewhat disgruntled omnivores. The loins and chops, shoulders and fresh hams we get are superbly firm and well flavored. My neighbor cheers.

At the professional pig operations like his, up and down the road, the animals are fat and dully contented. They reach their market weight weeks earlier than mine do, eating all they can hold, day after day, generally in outdoor confinement. Their feed formulae and genetic backgrounds have been worked out by computers to enable them to reach the magic weight as fast as possible.

This is an economic imperative. Dail[y] are very high, and the minimum investm[ent] for profitable pig-raising is somewhere [in the] $150,000, based on the value of broo[d] [sow]s, land, and normal machinery for a 240-ac[re] [farm] —not a large one these days—capable [of] producing part of the feed. An extra week [of] feeding would change profit to loss.

What this means, really, is that comm[ercial] pigs don't quite mature. They are grossly [fat] weight, sluggish, late adolescents. The [meat] soft, the fat watery, and the bones small. I [don't] know about that meat: the pork raised [by our] neighbor, and by the other professionals li[ke him] all over the country, is the pork you buy.

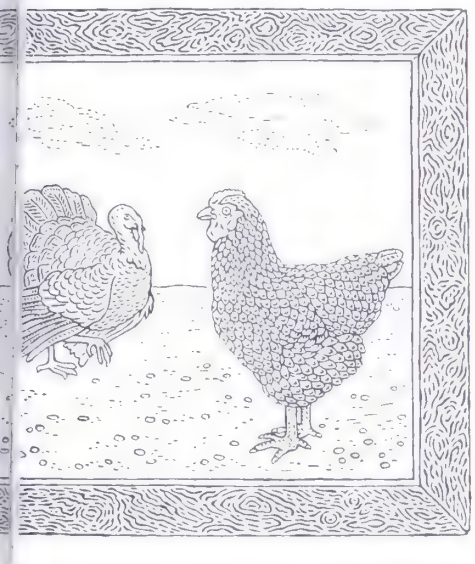
This situation is repeated in variation[s with] almost every kind of meat available in this [coun]try, which eats more of the stuff than any [other] country in history. I guess it's dietary [disas]tracy that our basic food is not a staple [like] wheat, corn, or rice, but animal protein. [What] ever the sociology of it, there is no ques[tion in] my mind, after five years of raising all the [meat] my family eats and comparing it occasion[ally] with what is served in restaurants and [private] homes, that Americans buy at high prices, [cook] poorly, and eat in incredible quantities the [low]est quality meat possible.

BEFORE I START REVIEWING the rest of the [na]tional meat counter, let me make it [clear] that my bias is not like Ralph Nader's. His [con]cern with sanitation and butchering practices [is] a health officer's, not a trencherman's—its [bear]ing on the pleasure of eating a piece of [meat] no closer than the relationship between cleanliness and desirability in a woman. Having [the] first may be basic, but it hardly guarantees [the] second. Thus, if every feeder and butcher [in] plant in the country adhered to every item [in the] pure-meat code, we'd still have lousy meat. [There] is an uncomfortable undertone of the sum[mary]

Vance Bourjaily's most recent novel is Brill Among the Ruins. *Other books of his include the semi-autobiographical* Confessions of a Spent Youth *(currently being staged in New York),* The Unnatural Enemy *(about the ethics of hunting),* The End of My Life, *and* The Man Who Knew Kennedy.

ner crusading, and we are already
quality from some of the meat-inspec-
ices imposed.

s doesn't have anything much to do
present clamor for organically raised
her. My way of raising pork and beef
ly, if only coincidentally, organic, but
so philosophically. I would not omit the
minerals, and added synthetic proteins
to what manufactured feed my animals
or take the cattle off a kind of salt we
summertime, which includes a chemi-
eeps them free of face flies and cattle
e is warned to discontinue the stuff four
fore butchering, so I assume the purists
against it; but I seem to prefer it to
eers and blind calves.



Poultry

O OTHER PARTICULARS: I'd assume that
ost people by now have heard—and even
certain amount of bitching about Amer-
cken. It is factory raised, indoors and
e, chemically fed; and while I think the
ach a kind of forced, physiological ma-
he only flavor they have is what will be
d from the cardboard and plastic wrap-
ey're presented in.

may not be widely known is that the
too, have factory chickens—for the poor,
us, and undiscriminating. Stores also of-
at a premium, what are called *poulets*
e. This can refer to a method of raising,
as a breed, and in the first sense I've got
l of *poulets de Bresse* down by the house.
t that way simply by being let out in the
soon as the bird dogs have had their run
e into the pen for the day—to eat grass,
ppers, gravel, to scratch for worms,
and watermelon seeds that the children
on the lawn last evening. These chickens
get some grain, of course—whole and cracked grain, though, not mashes; again, it takes them a week or two longer (in each weight category) to get first to broiler, then to fryer, roasting, and eventually stewing size, but by the time they do they are very healthy, active birds.

In this situation, I suspect that, except on marginal farms and in restaurants of unusual quality, the only flavorful chickens you could buy in this country would be the ones used in making frozen chicken pies, canned soup, and maybe those served at some of the pressure-cooked "fried chicken" places. This meat very likely comes from older hens, raised primarily for egg-laying, so that at least they've been allowed to grow up. Furthermore, they've been fed for egg production, not fast gain. They may not have seen much sunlight, but, because eggs need shells, they've had some grit in their gizzards. Their eggs may taste poor, but the creatures that laid them wind up as birds, not blobs.

"Americans buy at high prices, cook poorly, and eat in incredible quantities the lowest quality meat possible."

AS FOR MORE SPECIAL POULTRY, I've eaten pretty good capons, which I think must have had a version of the *poulets de Bresse* treatment; and I find the so-called Rock Cornish game hen—a little creature created to take the place of game—fairly good. It isn't quite as successful a substitute as guinea hen—something you'll find in even modest restaurants most days in France but I couldn't tell you where to locate guineas at retail here, except in the most expensive stores in our largest cities. I couldn't give advice on where to run in and pick up a goose for roasting, either.

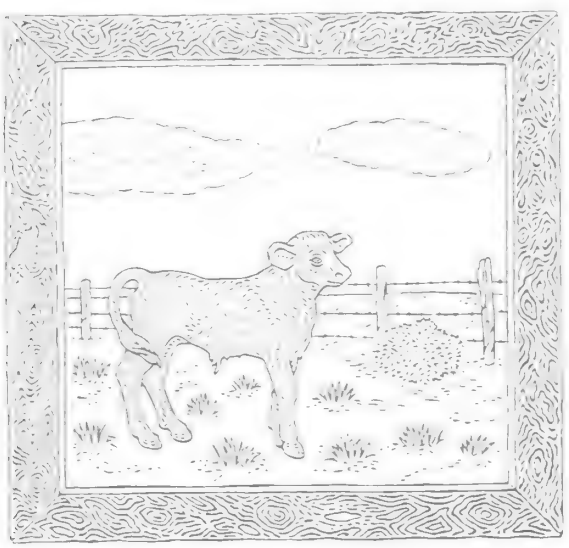
Though it suffers in quality from freezing, the Rock Cornish doesn't compare badly with game-farm-raised quail and chukars. These, because they're raised in pens on something pretty much like chicken feed, have little wild flavor though good natural characteristics. Game-farm pheasant (all game sold or served commercially must, by law, come from farms unless imported) is another bird that has domesticated reasonably well from a flavor standpoint; it tastes, more than anything else, the way chicken used to. Indeed, the two have a common ancestor (the red jungle fowl), and if domesticated game is different from wild (to my taste inferior) it is still an interesting, if not a common, item.

There is one pleasant exception to my dismal summary, and that is duck. It's perfectly true that wild duck, a lean, red-meated, high-flavored marvel, which should always be eaten rare as beef, is nothing like domestic duck. Nevertheless, perhaps because ducks have been raised and fed for many centuries in many cultures, with cuisines as exacting not only as the French but also, quite importantly, as the Chinese, an excellent table bird has evolved that is, and need be, nothing like its wild ancestor. Added to this history

is the fact that duck is not madly, only steadily, in demand, so that fast gain on a large scale has not attracted its producers. The result is that what is called Long Island duckling becomes the one thing worth the money among all the sorts of poultry consistently available in the supermarket. It even freezes well.

THE OPPOSITE, I'M AFRAID, is true of turkey. Here, with the consumer a most eager participant, we have been undone by some poll-taker's discovery of a small statistical edge in favor of the first-choice answer to the carver's old question: "Which will you have, light or dark?" This, combined with the census man's report on the dwindling size of families, has resulted in the noble American bird's being bred out of existence—replaced by something half the size, with a strange, bulbous breast and susceptible to raising methods aimed at a seasonal market. This is what produces all those piles of sliced, dry, grainy but indubitably white meat that appear on our plates at Thanks-giving and Christmas-time, to which I say, "Neither light nor dark, thanks. Just a dab of the dressing."

Turkey's not bad smoked, if you can find a real smoked one: by no means am I referring to the presliced, pale packaged stuff sold with other luncheon meats.



Lamb

TURNING TO MAMMALS: our situation with regard to lamb is not yet bad: the situation is in one way like that affecting domestic duck: the demand is steady and not yet large-scale enough to bring the cost-per-pound-of-gain specialists and genetic tinkerers into massive action.

Otherwise, lamb in this country is uneven in quality. There is excellent hothouse lamb—meat from very young animals that provide tiny legs and racks, a specialty that relies on a [illegible] market (certain ethnic restaurants and na[illegible] origin groups). As for the animals that p[illegible] larger chops and roasts and that are really [illegible] mutton, they can be very good or quite i[illegible] ent, depending on what conditioning t[illegible] had. When they are bad, which is seld[illegible] often as not a mistake has been made [illegible] slaughtering: mutton has to be cooled o[illegible] after killing.

Let's say, then, that you have a fif[illegible] chance of getting reasonable lamb at you[illegible] supermarket, but I have to add that thes[illegible] could worsen quickly. I look, occasiona[illegible] sheep growers' trade journals, and have[illegible] that there are now fired-up advocates of s[illegible] production cycles, confinement feeding [illegible] heavy consumer promotion. One article [illegible] even suggested that, to overcome prejudice [illegible] should be bred and fed to taste more like



THE SAME KIND OF UNEVENNESS that [illegible] lamb applies to American veal. Ther[illegible] producers who, like the hothouse lamb [illegible] specialize in real, milk-fed veal, and I [illegible] they too have a dependable, if not very [illegible] spread, high-priced market, from better r[illegible] rants and certain national-origin group[illegible] your neighborhood stores provide milk-fed [illegible] you're in luck: you might even be able t[illegible] sweetbreads and real calves' liver.

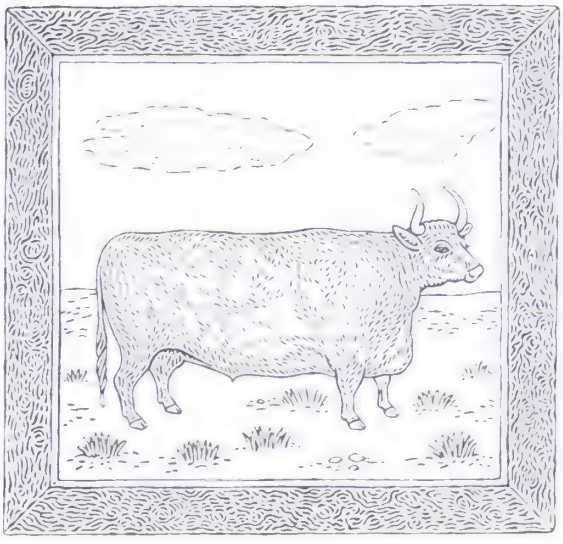
A good deal of other veal, in less fa[illegible] neighborhoods, comes from the unwelcom[illegible] calves born in dairy herds. These, as wit[illegible] second sort of lamb, may provide good o[illegible] veal depending on how much care the [illegible] farmer gives them.

Some of the cuts from this haphazardnes[illegible] be pretty good—I can illustrate from our [illegible] hardly ideal practices with veal. From our [illegible]

ick a calf that seems weak and use it
and mother's milk for one year's veal
can recommend our stocks and stews,
the bone and marrow are important;
s are quite good for casseroling; but
to admit that the veal chops and cutlets
ezer are no better than fair to stringy,
igh the flavor is right.

Cured meats

BITTER PARAGRAPH about cured meats,
re I come to the big hoax, which is
beef.
meat from the dry sausages like
the moist ones like hot dogs and bol-
the patés like liverwurst, to fresh pork
to bacon, and ending most dismally with
processed ham—is simply not pro-
ll in mass amounts. As with bread and
here's no way of making good cured
ou have to worry about long-distance
standardization of batches, appearance
counters, economy of ingredients, and
st as home kitchens and small bakeries
e what little decent bread and pastry
n in this land, so did farm homes and
cher shops once produce that marvelous
f idiosyncratic and regional sausages,
, patés, bacons, and above all country
t used to be among the glories of the
larder.
oint probably is that these things were
t be preparations—not just hunks cut
rcass. They were made. There were
or them. There was a man with taste
l preferences and tradition—family or
—and particular judgment and under-
who rolled up his sleeves (of course I
washed his hands) and made them.
or prepared the meat, added the spices,
d tasted until he got it as he thought it
e.
of this still goes on: for one thing, the
with regard to country ham is so glar-
once again, a specialty market keeps it
a small way. But so-called pure meat
ed right into the hands of Swift, Wilson,
and Cudahy. The new laws, mostly di-
meat inspection, promptly closed down
l slaughterhouses and lockers, and sent
er sausage makers into the aluminum-
siness or used-car selling. A small plant,
sixty or seventy thousand a year, with
rietor and his wife, one assistant, and an
y, simply couldn't comply with a law
uired forty thousand dollars' worth of
ers, steam hoses, special sinks, and stain-
counters.
here went *all* our cured meats of any
d they won't be back.



"As for the old glorious roasts—the standing ribs, the pot roasts, and the mighty casseroles—forget them. It's all waste."

Beef

WHAT I SHOULD FIRST SAY about beef, and I am about to become one of my own villains now, is in *Larousse Gastronomique*, the encyclopedia of cookery: "The best meat, especially for roasts, comes from five to six year old, grass-fattened oxen [steers]."

But the beef you'll eat tonight and most other nights will come from an animal aged less than two years, who never saw much green grass in his life.

To be fair, I believe there's not been much beef around in France since feudal times that reached the age *Larousse* recommends. Operating as much as possible like a feudal lord with regard to my own lands and herds (and though I make only a small part of our living from the cattle), I have nevertheless not yet been able to afford to keep a steer going past the age of about three and a half.

The land and feed are expensive, the family gets hungry, and the big, well-grown animal uses pasture in proportion to his size. At the same time, the weight gain at that age for an animal on grass is very slow—thirty to forty pounds a season. We can, and do, put on about the same amount again with some winter months of hay and graining, the great quantities of hay assuring that the weight won't go on too quickly. Thus the grain, which is necessary for nicely finished meat, goes in slowly enough that the fat will be distributed all through the tissues and not be simply a thick, separate layer covering scrawny meat.

Our family steers at three to four, raised on grass and properly finished out, give us flavor, length of bone, and meat that is both firm and tender, meat that can take (and needs) a certain amount of aging before it is used or frozen. Every cut is good: the brisket and chuck no less than

the sirloin, round, and ribs. And the tenderloin, *filet mignon*, those chunks of meat that in American restaurants cost the most and generally have a flavor somewhat less pleasant than that of good-grade hamburger, regains here its stature as the supreme morsel, not the puzzlingly overrated one.

It makes my villainy, I guess, the blacker to tell this: when my wife and I were young and lived in New York, we used to walk quite frequently past a celebrated, theater-district steak house, which displays in its windows the cuts you can have for dinner. We were poor, as young couples are apt to be, and would stand hand in hand, looking at those steaks and roasts, yearning. Twenty years or so later, after we'd got our farm and had been raising our own meat for a while, we were asked to that restaurant for an expense-account business dinner. My wife ordered *filet*; I asked for porterhouse. I recall the first bites, and the unbelieving glance that passed between us. The lean parts of the meat had virtually no flavor at all, and the fat surrounding them an odd, metallic taste—like that of tap water that has stood too long in the pipe. Neither of us, comparing it silently with our meat at home, was able to finish what we were served, and not because the portions were especially large, either. We filled up on salad and baked potatoes, and enviously watched our eight-year-old son polish off a two-pound lobster.

My villainy is this: each year we keep out what steers we want for ourselves, and sell the rest. Those we sell are seven or eight months old, and have recently been weaned. They are sold at auction to men who operate feedlots. Thus I represent, on a very small scale, the first link—it's called a cow-calf operation—in the bad chain. Those auctioned steers spend the next four to eight months in pens in the feedlot, fed all they will eat of grain, day after day, until they reach the weight of 900 pounds (good), 1,000 pounds (choice), or 1,200 (prime).

That's all the grading system is any longer; once it reflected whether an animal had matured properly, and therefore it meant something in terms of meat quality. Now all it tells is how many days he's been on "full feed"—that is, not what his true growth is, but how grossly he is overweight. Those who advise against buying "U.S. Prime" are absolutely correct. Those who advocate a return to a grading system based on culinary quality should give up opium; the best you could do, without changing the national rearing system, would be "U.S. Fat," "U.S. Fatter," and "U.S. Fattest."

I should explain what being on full feed means. When my calves come off grass for the winter, they have a limited tolerance for grain, but unlimited appetites for it, rather like the way neurotic children can be with regard to sweets. Only by starting with small amounts and gradually building up the animal's tolerance [illegible] digestive system be so adjusted that he can [illegible] grain all day long without simply getting [illegible] dying of indigestion.

So this is what is done. The cattle are [illegible] onto full feed, a monstrously unnatural [illegible] increasing the ratio of grain to rough[illegible] each day; and the kind of grain used simply varies with what crops happen to be raised in the feedlot operator's part of the country. In [illegible] corn. In Texas it's grain sorghum. In Idaho, I've been told, cattle get a lot of potatoes [illegible] Japan, I understand, rice is fed to beef [illegible] in the form of beer. Maybe it works out [illegible] that way, but if I were going somewhere to eat beef, I'd go to Argentina, where the grass [illegible]

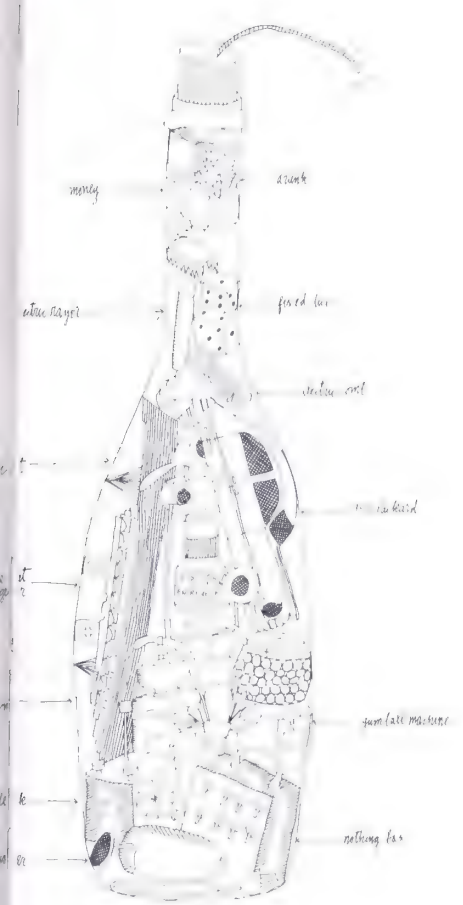
In almost any part of our country the [illegible] be other things mixed in besides straight [illegible] soybean meal, for example, which is very [illegible] and fattening, but makes a poor colored fro[illegible] the standpoint of the polltaker in the itch[illegible] shop. Plastic pellets, which stay permanently [illegible] the stomach once eaten and thus curb the [illegible] petite for roughage, are used by some [illegible] progressive operators. Various chemicals [illegible] added, of course, some to protect health [illegible] to stimulate growth. But the additives and th[illegible] possible effects, a perfectly proper worry [illegible] consumer-protectors, are not my concern [illegible] I am more interested in the savor of what I [illegible] and drink than in cholesterol levels.

WHAT COMES OUT OF THE FEEDLOT [illegible] then, is our vaunted American beef [illegible] fed" or "Western" or "genuine Texas," [illegible] ever local supermarkets call it, and it isn't real [illegible] beef at all. Nor of course is it veal. It is [illegible] a new kind of meat in the world: overfed [illegible] beef. I would even agree that there are certain good cuts to it, resembling those of real beef—good, that is, if they're cooked properly, which is to say, not cooked much at all. I think the loin and ribs of this animal are quite good if you don't try to roast them—both far better than the tenderloin. Parts of the round are edible. But there is only one agreeable way of cooking even the best of it, and that is grilling over high heat, to melt off the excess fat as quickly as possible. I also think our beef livers are much better than most people realize, because the animals are, after all, underaged; the same is often true for hearts and kidneys. But as for the old-fashioned roasts—the standing ribs, the pot roast, the mighty casseroles forget them. They are a waste. A thousand-pound animal has been reared and slaughtered to provide fifty pounds of edible meat; the rest may as well be ground into hamburger. When you cook that hamburger in butter, you'll improve it a good deal if you pour the fat off as it cooks. And don't try to make gravy with the drippings.

CKWARD AND FORWARD WITH TECHNOLOGY

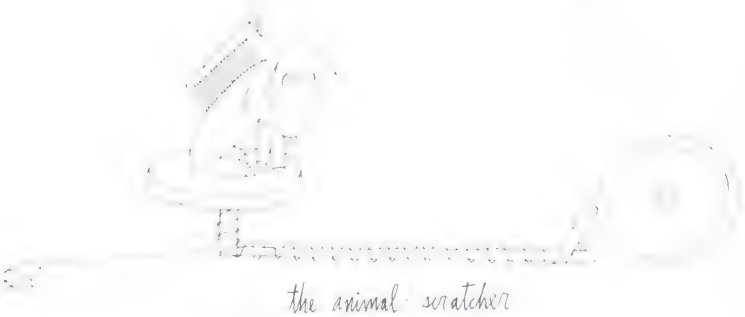
nited States takes pride in itself as a great technological nation. The masterpieces of its ntive genius dominate the landscape and brighten the cities. But every triumph of the gination rests on the wreckage of failed experiment. The mind of man, always restless in search for something new under the sun, occasionally wanders off into the desert of the urd. Among the hundreds of thousands of inventions registered last year with the U.S. nt Office, the ones illustrated below exemplify the American willingness to try thing once.

by Stacy V. Jones and Tom Hansen



explosive table decoration

es like a table decoration but is really a bomb a gun cartridge and attached fuse. When work is ed, the bottle blows up, distributing small gifts ple around the table. A piece of paper should be on the table under the bomb. Patent 3,580,173.



the animal scratcher

It starts working when the dog steps onto a platform and stops when it gets off. An arm moves a brush up and down against the dogs side a little experience teaches dog to turn power on and off. Patent 3,599,606.



the driverless lawnmower

the lawnmower is capable of cutting an entire lawn, entering the garage and shutting itself off. Patent 3,566,988.

Laurence Leamer

THE SAM ERVIN SHOW

The Senate's leading civil libertarian starred as the host of a Congressional talks w
But a guest named Walter Cronkite got all the publicity

SENATOR SAM ERVIN, JR., always gets good and wound up talking about the dangers that computers pose to personal liberty, and so, last May, he'd been glad enough to come down to Atlantic City to address the farewell luncheon of the Joint Computer Conference. He inclines to think of computer technicians as men employed at dark sorceries, arranging data on coded tapes and thus threatening ordinary citizens with a web of secret information. Mindful of the insidious technology available to the members of his audience, the Senator gave them one of his best speeches. He offered Biblical quotations and some of his best down-home North Carolina stories, but none of it took too well. The Senator is not a sophisticated raconteur, and anyway, everybody was in a hurry to leave.

No one really should have expected the computer experts to take to Ervin, for the North Carolina Senator is just too confounded old-fashioned. He is a lover of good food, of bourbon and ginger, and hard work; and now, in his seventy-fifth year, the food and liquor, if not the work, show in his face. He has jowls deep as a goiter, a nose that glows red on color television, age lines running down the sides of his nose and along his chin much as they do on a ventriloquist's dummy, heavy eyebrows that angle almost rakishly down toward his nose, and a thick mane of white hair that appears not the absence of color but its quintessence. In a word, his face is a perfect caricature of the old-time Southern Senator, and when cartoonists draw his face, often they will soften his features, not exaggerate them.

Driving back to Washington in a spring drizzle with three of his subcommittee aides, Senator Ervin wasn't worrying about the reception the computer experts had accorded him. He was rambling on with Rufus Edmisten, a North Carolinian and a pretty decent yarn-teller himself, reminiscing about some old boy they had known back in the mountains. Then, out of the blue, Ervin turned to Lawrence Baskir, chief counsel and staff director of the Constitutional Rights Subcommittee: "You know, Larry, I think we better have hearings on the First Amendment and freedom of the press. Why, I think we should come right out and say that tel should be as free as newspapers. If it's question of freedom of the press, then it's tion of freedom of speech."

Thus the provenience of the hearings h November by Ervin's Constitutional Righ committee, hearings that were later sel to resume in February. The Senator need to explain anything to Baskir. Th members are very much *his* people, and knew they would set up a free-press heari would do him proud and conform to *his* of what freedom of the press is all about.

Learning of l

SAM ERVIN'S NOTION OF LIBERTY has from his life in Morganton, North C (population 10,000). Morganton sits western edge of the Piedmont Plateau. I the kind of place where a man can go up neighbor and speak his mind; a man ca start his own newspaper if he pleases, an wants to write that the moon is made cheese, that's fine too, and anyone who with him can buy the paper.

As a boy Sam Ervin was addicted to l and toy soldiers, his face full of twitches, h full of books. His father taught him that th threat to liberty comes from government, helped to instill in the boy a sense of in dence and individuality as fierce as his sense that tangled with his son's shyne reserve, and that he wore camouflaged, in the mores and language of the town.

When he returned to Morganton in 192 vard law degree in hand, Ervin still ha simple country ways. He still had eyebro jittered up and down when he got nervou an occasional stutter, and in court he de on his wits and his stories, and not on any thundering oratory.

In those years when Sinclair Lewis wa ing of Babbitt and Main Street, Ervin was booster, a patriot, a joiner, commander local National Guard unit, a member Masons, the Knights of Pythias, the Juni der, the Sons of the American Revolutio

Laurence Leamer testified before Sam Ervin's Constitutional Rights Subcommittee about the underground press. His testimony was based on his forthcoming book, The Paper Revolutionaries.

the Cincinnati. His was a patriotism
sterism that so far transcended the
lf-serving ideals of the emerging in-
d commercial order that they scarcely
spoken of in the same language. He
st always be found with a book in his
ning of his country, his county, or his
traced his people back to their Scotch-
ns and their arrival in the colonies in
he traced back the genealogies of his
nts, even distant relatives—all tap-
past. He was not searching out nobles,
he making of a family crest, but a
of his sense of the uniqueness and
f the American experience.
vision of a free press is both simple
und; simple because his ideas do not
ır from the world of the Founding
d the early printing presses, profound
o matter how the media might defame
, his region, his very being, his strug-
intain a free press continues with un-
l.

RTICULAR INTEREST in the present hear-
was also encouraged by Walter Cron-
, at about the same time the Senator
the computer technicians, came to the
te Office Building to expound the
f television news broadcasting. It was
at Cronkite should come to Ervin, for
or and his staff already had conducted
on the threats to freedom implied by
s, government dossiers, and the Army's
ce of civilians.
Cronkite came to tell Ervin the Senator
elieved: television should be as free
le from governmental control. In his
earings, as in almost every speech, the
ad described the modern battle between
and slavery as one being fought in a
government offices—with newfangled
n, bureaucratic initiatives, and compu-
uts as the weapons of tyranny, and the
ion as the last, best, and only defense
.
Pentagon Papers case, for the first time
story of the Republic, the government
ght, prior to publication, to restrain a
er from printing critical documents.
ere posing as newsmen, and the courts
es had been subpoenaing the notes of
nal journalists. Television had en-
milar harassments.
ersonian liberal to the very marrow of
s, Ervin *knew* that as long as govern-
pt even one small finger on freedom
ress, the day might well come when
ent would reach out and crush that free-
ts fist. The Senator is given to hyperbole,
elieves the nation to be in the midst of a
grave Constitutional crisis. To Ervin the Constitution is the most precious of American possessions, and he speaks of it with language and emotion that are rarely heard these days even on the Fourth of July.*

Cronkite's lament thus was heard by a man who believed that television had to be a free marketplace for ideas as well as products. Liberal meddlers had already ended tobacco advertising on television. Since tobacco itself wasn't illegal, Ervin believed the action to be unconstitutional, and many legal scholars agreed with him. Then there was the fairness doctrine that said if you aired one side of an issue, you had to give somebody a chance to air the other side. One U.S. Court of Appeals had gone so far as to rule that consumer groups had to be given air time to run ads countering commercials for high-powered autos and leaded gas. Now Women's Lib groups, ladies from Boston upset about children's television, New Leftists, kooks, pressure groups of all kinds were lining up to get on the air. Conservatives, for their part, were talking about laws to make sure television acted "responsibly." They were all good-minded people out to improve society, but Ervin knew they would end up destroying the very freedom they were tinkering with.

"The Senator is given to hyperbole, and he believes the nation to be in the midst of a grave Constitutional crisis."

Lost irony

WHEN BILL PURSLEY, a dedicated young lawyer on the Constitutional Rights Subcommittee staff, began putting together a list of witnesses for the hearings, he took account of the Senator's opinions. The list of witnesses practically wrote itself. He couldn't have just one network president, although he felt one would be sufficient; he had to ask all three. It wouldn't be right to invite just Walter Cronkite, so he asked all the network anchormen. Then, let's see, there were the press associations, certain prominent Constitutional scholars, and by the time he'd gotten through there just wasn't that much time for anyone who might be critical of the networks.

With this remnant of time, Pursley had to be especially careful. Ervin was seeking to educate the Senate, and nothing could be worse than

*In this perspective, it is no irony that Sam Ervin, adamant defender of the First Amendment, is also the Senate's most brilliantly effective opponent of civil-rights legislation. He takes as his dictum Justice Brandeis's statement that "the greatest dangers to liberty lurk in the insidious encroachment by men of zeal, well-meaning, but without understanding." In his tenacious defense of State's Rights, Ervin is the best that Southern conservatism has to offer; his tragedy is the tragedy of his age and his class and the ideas they lived by. His hometown has passed him by now; his grandson attends an integrated school; and the people there, black and white alike, are proud that the racial situation has worked out as well as it has.

Laurence Leamer

THE SAM ERVIN SHOW

having some freaky radical jump up and down in front of the television cameras making the Senator out as the guardian of the underground press, the Daniel Ellsbergs, the Jerry Rubins of the world.

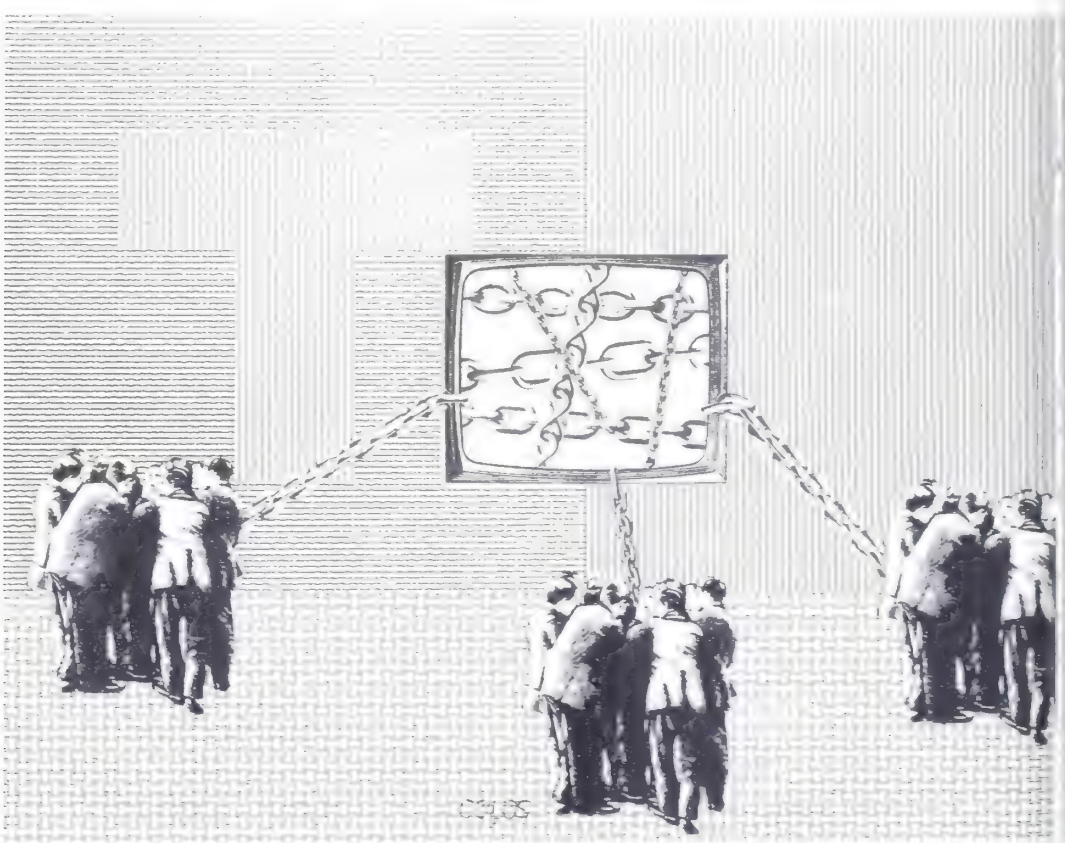
The hearings would be, then, as Lawrence Baskir, the chief counsel, said, "a version of freedom of the press cleaned up for the Establishment." They would proceed as ritual drama, in which, to a large extent, reality is predetermined. (There is nothing devious about this. Senator Ervin runs as fair and open a hearing as is found in Congress, but all hearings develop a kind of legal brief intended to convince Congress and the American people of whatever it is the committee wants to announce.)

Because the mass media accept the *reality* of Congressional hearings, in much the same way shopgirls once accepted the reality of professional wrestling, Ervin and his subcommittee entered into the customary collusion between press and government. The hearings that were to have raised the most profound questions of press freedom became a convenient pseudo-event that various commentators, journalists, and politicians could exploit for their own purposes.

The irony was lost on Ervin. He distrusts the modern theories of the press advanced by people such as Walter Lippmann and Nicholas Johnson, the outspoken commissioner of the Federal Communications Commission. Lippma observed that the television network powerful that it is as if there were or printing presses in the entire country ation the Founding Fathers hardly co envisioned. The Johnson argument h the networks constitute an information c (60 per cent of the American people say most of their news from television) and stead of a free marketplace of ideas the operate a closed shop, run by people controversy is anathema because it i with the business of selling things. "Yo have to make a distinction between gov controls designed to enhance freedom a strain it," Johnson has said in respons Ervin argument against government tion. "The antitrust laws are regulati allow free enterprise to function. That's of regulation we're talking about."

The law appears to support Johnson 1934 Communications Act. Congress that the best way to apportion the pu waves was to have the FCC make pi censees the temporary custodians of p frequencies. The licensees would be make a profit, but in exchange the pub est had to be served.

It is the FCC's mandated duty, the that this greatest of communications me not become, or indeed remain, merely a



soap and razor blades. "It is the right
ers and listeners, not the right of the
rs, which is paramount," wrote Jus-
White in expressing the Supreme
inion in the 1969 *Red Lion* decision,
mportant and eloquent expression of
n free-press theory. "It is the purpose
st Amendment to preserve an unin-
rketplace of ideas in which truth will
prevail, rather than to countenance
ation of that market, whether it be
ernment itself or a private licensee. It
t of the public to receive suitable ac-
ial, political, esthetic, moral and other
experiences which is crucial here.
may not constitutionally be abridged
Congress or by the FCC."

Fooling with realities

S THE MOST REVEALING encounter of
earings took place on the third day.
undred spectators, half a dozen tele-
meras, and more than a score of re-
owded the Senate caucus room. Sen-
hardly noticed. Innocent of the ways
dia, Ervin never realized that his staff
luled the committee witnesses to ob-
imum publicity. On the third day the
ould be Walter Cronkite.
r approach to the television cameras,
en could offer a more perverse contrast
in and Cronkite. Ervin's deep, lumber-
would have served him well over a cen-
alongside a Webster or a Calhoun on a
oor where debate was charged with vi-
l importance. He believes that the real-
olitical event is conveyed by the vigor
eas and the truth of the arguments, not
resence of the media. In this he is al-
anomaly, not only in the Senate but
mericans generally. Even so conserva-
n as Robert Byrd of West Virginia will
the television cameras, having several
hs of sharp, graphic prose stitched into
ly florid speeches, an addition that reads
evision commercial—which, in a sense,
t is. Ervin will have none of that. With
, rambling stories and broad forensic
he is an unmitigated disaster on tele-

rried into the caucus room just after
M., taking his place at the enormous
red committee table that extended
half the length of the room. He was the
mber of the subcommittee who bothered
r on time. Sitting alone at the vast table,
in a voice that seemed hesitant, an old
oice. He welcomed Cronkite with his
ry stateliness of phrase.
ite read from a prepared statement, his text as lean and crisp as that of the *CBS Evening News*. A man thoroughly familiar with the medium of television, he did not raise his voice. He pumped his every sentence full of spontaneity and earnestness. He caressed the medium, playing with it; and the lights stayed on him, the cameras gorging themselves with good film.

"There are things we are not doing that we ought to do," Cronkite began. "There are challenges we have not fully met."

Cronkite had little choice but to read his testimony. The etiquette of Congressional hearings requires that witnesses provide neatly mimeographed statements to pass out to committee members, staff, and particularly the press. The Washington press corps feeds off press releases, news briefs, PR handouts, and prepared statements, and some reporters turn surly if a witness should dare speak extemporaneously.

Americans seem unable to give to another man's ideas and feelings anything that borders on complete attention, and practically everyone in the room was zooming in on Cronkite, then Ervin or a cameraman, a face somewhere, a moment or so scanning the room, back to Cronkite, fooling with the realities of the hearing much the way one fools with a home movie camera. Probably no one in the room was listening to the testimony with quite Ervin's intensity. Many Senators will sign letters, catch up on minor paper work, even daydream at hearings, but when Ervin is truly involved with a hearing he has an intensity of concentration that is awesome. They are no ritual to him. He learns from his witnesses; and in other hearings on other days, he has learned things that have led directly to legislation.

"It is the FCC's mandated duty to see that this greatest of communications media does not become, or indeed remain, merely a conduit for selling soap and razor blades."

IN THE PAST FEW YEARS, almost despite himself, Ervin has become something of a minor hero to the national press. The issues he speaks to are of such importance that he just can't be ignored. For the most part Ervin is pictured as an eighteenth-century libertarian, an absolutist on questions of civil liberties, and an avowed opponent of strong government. This is as much a caricature of Ervin as was the earlier view that he was simply a racist. Ervin's libertarianism is, in fact, both constrained and subtle; his struggle to preserve the meaning of the Constitution in a century rapidly approaching 1984 is both magnificent and rather limited.

It was perhaps inevitable that the media would stereotype Ervin anew since in recent years he has made his national reputation through his subcommittees, the committee system being in large measure a client of the media. In the past two decades, primarily by exploiting the media, Congressional committees have achieved unprecedented and often nonlegislative power.

Laurence Leamer

THE SAM ERVIN SHOW

They have come to serve as a surrogate press, but they are rarely neutral or benign in their interest.

By merely reporting what committees do not what they don't do—the national media caricature the whole governmental process. Ervin's hearings on the Army's surveillance of civilians, for instance, appeared to be a frontal attack on the forces of illiberalism and the developing tyranny by dossier. That it was Sam Ervin, a hawk, a proponent of big military spending, a Southern conservative, in a word a patriot, who was leading the attack gave the hearings an unimpeachable credibility. In articles and editorials the press heralded their newfound champion of civil liberties, but the press did not know or care to know that Senator Ervin had placed clear limits on just what his subcommittee was to delve into.

"They help us find our way"

HOW COULD WE BE IMPROVED by outside monitors without destroying the independence which is essential for a free press?" Cronkite asked. "Vice-President Agnew was right in asserting that a handful of us determine what will be on the evening news broadcast, or for that matter, which he didn't specify, in the *New York Times*, or the *Christian Science Monitor*, or the *Wall Street Journal*, or anywhere else. Indeed, it is a handful of us with this immense power, power that not one of us underestimates or takes lightly."

Cronkite is the great switchman shuttling the truth on and along his track at CBS as best he can, a noble, good, and modest man, as impartial and fair as can be, or so his testimony implied. He danced through the pages, in turn concerned, worried, earnest; and he called for an end to the fairness doctrine.

Ervin's questioning, a colloquy really, seemed to meander on all around the issues but, when transcribed and placed in the written record, it would serve to deepen Cronkite's and Ervin's view of press freedom. Ervin never even hinted that the scarcity of network news and information programs, which during the last fiscal year took up 2 per cent of total broadcast time, might have helped prevent a full and frank discussion of public issues. Nor did he ask questions that would have led one to realize that Cronkite had been less than candid. The CBS newscaster's performance had been masterly, but at times he had ridden that well-traveled border between deviousness and truth where public-relations men make their living. He said there was far more diversity in radio and television than in print; however, as Fred Friendly, once Cronkite's superior as president of CBS News and now the Ford Foundation's television consultant, suggested in testimony two weeks later, such assumptions were "suspect." (
talked of "the wired cities of tomorrow
with cable television we "will have an
unlimited number of channels available,
did not mention that the networks are fig
cripple cable television.

While Ervin and Cronkite were havi
discussion, Senators Roman L. Hruska
braska; Hugh Scott of Pennsylvania, the
minority leader; and Ted Kennedy of
chusetts came into the room and sat
the committee table. At least one or two
Senators may have been attracted to the
ings solely by the scent of the media.
turned out, had never attended a Const
Rights Subcommittee session before,
would not appear again at these free-pre
ings. Kennedy, who had spent someth
than an hour at the previous day's
would not return either. Hruska was ma
first appearance also.

After Hruska asked several question
called on Senator Scott. Unfortunately,
of the television cameramen were chang
reels.

"Thank you, Mr. Chairman," Scott
will try not to say anything important,
until the cameras come back on."

"I was wondering how you fellows sta
lights," Cronkite said over the laughte
audience.

"We can stand the lights in view of w
connote because they help us find ou
Scott said.

"Maybe we are like our old partner, a
struction lawyer in North Carolina," sa
ator Ervin. "A lawyer lost a point of law
before him and he said that the more lig
shed upon him the louder he got. Mayb
our condition."

"I think that when I attend some of th
tive sessions of the Judiciary Committ
minority leader said, and asked sever
tions.

Senator Kennedy came next. "I wan
tend a warm welcome to Mr. Cronkite a
he said, "and apologize that I was unab
here for your statements and for yo
ments." The Massachusetts Senator be
asking Cronkite whether the networks h
intimidated by the Vice-President's atta
by other harrassments—the same ques
he pointed out, that he had asked Dr
Stanton, the president of CBS, the day
Next Kennedy asked a question that h

*Senator Hruska did appear regularly from
on and from his conservative perspective mad
a contribution to the hearings as anyone o
Ervin. Strom Thurmond (S.C.) was the o
Senator ever to attend. The other subcommit
bers are: Birch Bayh (Ind.), Robert Byrd (
Hiram Fong (Hawaii), John McClellan (A
John Tunney (Calif.).

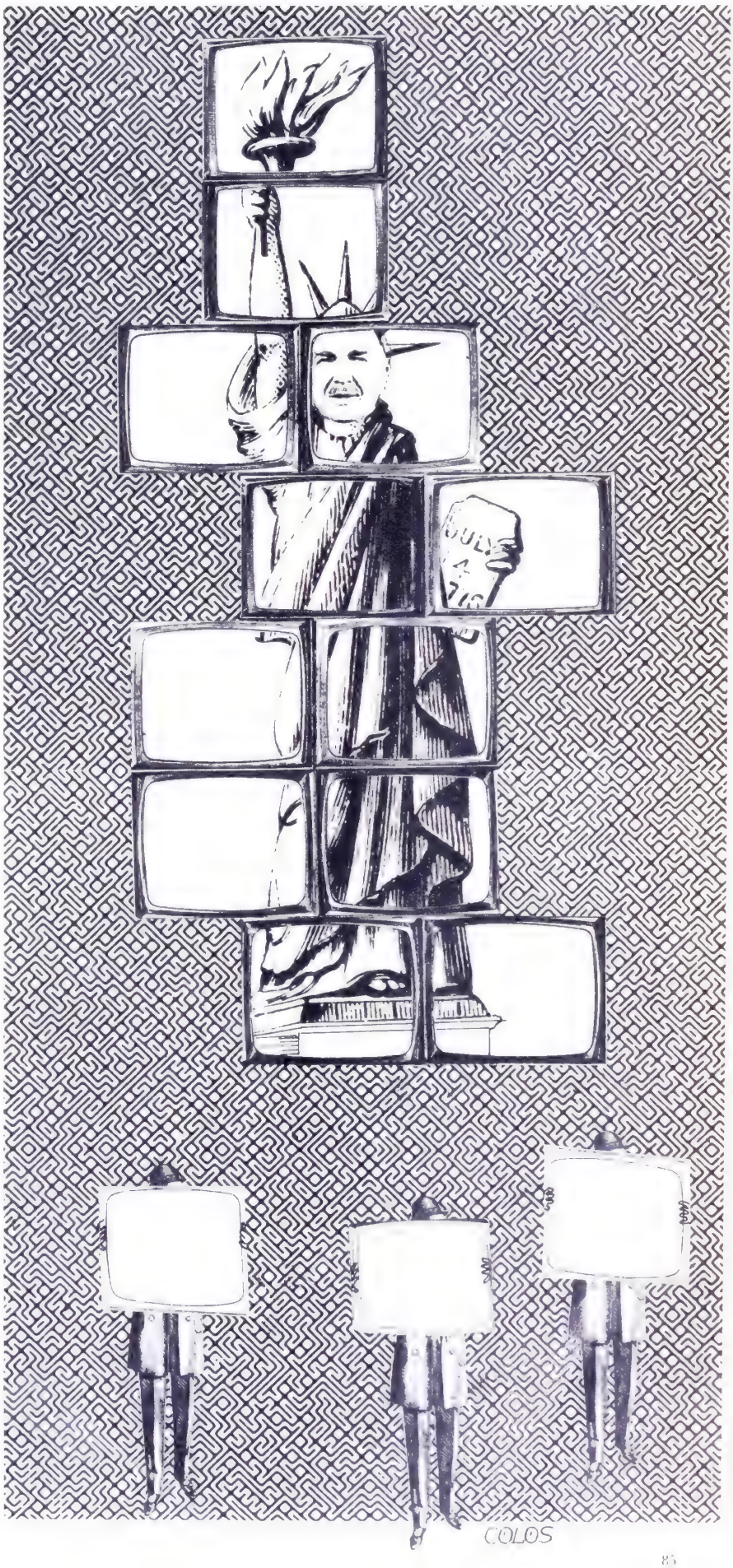
by a subcommittee staff member. Af-
ıg an answer he thanked Cronkite

the Senators asked Cronkite the ques-
would have prevented his testimony
ning solely a platform for the net-
v of freedom. They did not seem to
this should have been a debate of
oportion, that there was a decision
Red Lion, that this was the first op-
Congress and the American public had
to grapple with these monumental

ators could have had an opportunity
omething of the other major First
ıt theory, since the morning's second
s Jerome Barron, professor of law at
ashington University. Professor Bar-
y of public access to the media has
the best-known scholarly proponent
temporary free-press theory. The sub-
staff had only called Barron the pre-
rnoon, and he had not had time to
formal statement: "I was lucky that I
hear most of Mr. Cronkite's testimony
ng, and I think the best way for me to
haps to give my reaction to it. I might
mething from you, Senator Ervin, to
reaction. You said the First Amend-
drafted not only for the brave but for
and I would like to put an addendum
e First Amendment was not drafted for
cast networks, and yet I think really
conclusion which we got from Mr.
testimony."

efore Barron began talking, Senators
ıska, and Kennedy left the room. While
lking the television cameramen were
up their equipment, slamming film
nto boxes. At least half the reporters
r were leaving, and most of the audi-
slowly shuffling out of the room.

e said before in print," Barron contin-
t I think that it is one of the great
lations triumphs of the twentieth cen-
the eighteenth that the broadcasters
ıaged to identify themselves so com-
ith the First Amendment. I think the
comes because we are groping for a
ional theory which will somehow be
to the communication problem of the
century. I think all of our difficulties
ı a rather myopic view of what freedom
ı means in broadcasting. I think the
onal view has been that freedom of
ı broadcasting is exhaustive when the
of speech of the communicator is pro-
ı other words, if Dr. Stanton, Mr. Cron-
Reasoner, Mr. Brinkley had their say,
dom of speech in America is safe; but
three or four people out of 200 million.
ıink it is conspiratorial or anything like



that; it is a combination of the marriage of technology and the pressure of the concentration of the economic system, which has given them this enormous power. I don't accuse them of seeking it, I realize in many ways they just find themselves at the throttle, but our problem is, what are we going to do about it. . . . And it is nothing short of amazing to me for a representative of broadcasting to contend that now they should be free from all regulations and yet they don't suggest everybody should be licensed anew as an original proposition. To that extent they are not willing to abdicate or abandon government aid."

Barron is a man full of all that confounded liberal *smartness*, a man who, as the Senator might put it, believes that all the wisdom in God's creation is found on the banks of the Potomac, and Ervin had no use for his ideas. Yet he questioned him with just the same civility and purpose that he had shown to Walter Cronkite. The Senator hadn't noticed the cameras before when they were grinding away, and he didn't notice them now when they were quiet, and he spent a good half hour drawing Barron out, giving the man a chance to develop his case as fully and as profoundly as he could. He didn't quit until one o'clock or so when he called a lunch break so he could go over to the Capitol barbershop for his daily shave.

A commercial for the networks

THERE HAD BEEN SOMETHING so admirable, so likable, about Senator Ervin and the manner in which he conducted the hearings. Even those mountain stories, he couldn't resist telling them but then he would hurry through, the words spilling down his chest so that much of the time it was impossible to understand, but everyone would laugh anyway. When he talked of the meaning of a free press—unaware of reporters or cameras or anything but his ideas, as if his very words might reaffirm belief in liberty —he was truly inspiring. He believed that the ideas of a Jerome Barron or a Nicholas Johnson had a brilliance to them that had not worn into wisdom, and that there was a danger to liberty in their solutions, but he did not see that they had come far closer than he to understanding why freedom of the press in America is so often such a sham.

He did not see that in this anonymous, urban society the mass media are the vocal chords of free speech. One hundred thousand demonstrators can march in Washington against the Vietnam war, but unless their protests make the evening news they have no reality. Ervin believed ultimately in the goodwill of free men, and he believed that in the long run broadcasters would be fair. He did not see that television is so powerful, and the diversity of ideas in so wide, that no man or small group o be given total control. He just did no and he did not see that in his free-pres Professor Barron and his ideas had be their freedom of speech.

That evening on the network news the TV reporters merely introduced t of Walter Cronkite and his reasoned freedom of the press, followed by what to be probing questions from Senato fact, had not even heard Cronkite's mony. Ervin's hearings had been turn commercial for the networks, and by the first week he began receiving let people back home asking why he was s the liberal networks. He wrote back s he was only supporting freedom of he did not understand how his very lin nesses had made it easy for the netwo him and his beliefs.

NBC covered the hearings for sev eight days and ran testimony from s nesses who in a broad sense could be c pro-industry as against two who Christie Basham, Washington produc *NBC Nightly News*, was trying to do w network's sense of the word was a fa sponsible job, but once she accepted t of the hearings she just could not. "W cover different points," she says. "We cut of Cronkite partially because he mated. By watching Cronkite's testi wouldn't have gotten the story of the but you would have learned someth would have learned what Cronkite fe television. That's more valuable than outsider feels. Of course, it's an interes tion whether we should be covering s ings at all." In fact, if NBC, CBS, or A had cared to define the free-press iss ing their own reporting, they could h so in less than half the total time they the hearings. The same could be sai print media since its coverage of the was by no means superior to television

During the hearings the public learn nothing about this historic debate over t of the First Amendment; and Sam Erv for whom ideas and beliefs are almost helped to foist clichés and half-truths tion. For years the integrity of his b of his earnest struggle to protect the Co had prevented him from becoming o manipulators or the manipulated. But new fame and the urgency of his stri too, was now part of the media apparat

Once Ervin and his subcommittee pendent on "news," they were living i where there were few boundaries betwe and unreality, and truth has the consi cotton candy.

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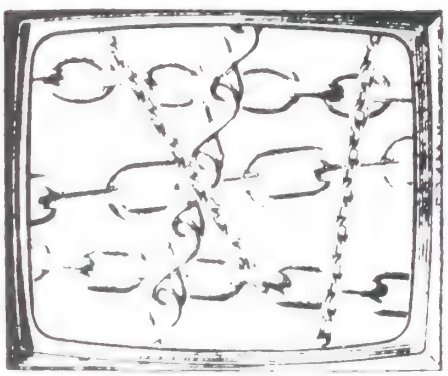
Truth and/or fairness in the news

The News Twisters, by Edith Efron. Nash Publishing, $7.95.

THERE HAVE BEEN a lot of complaints about the news media lately, and not only from Vice-President Agnew and other presumed soreheads in the Nixon Administration. Like most of our institutions, newspapers and the networks have been a target of a general upsurge of mistrust and anger in recent years. Indeed, it has become almost fashionable to argue that perhaps the Vice-President was on the right track in accusing media managers of insularity, inaccuracy, elitism, squishy softness, or whatever it was.

Into this promising atmosphere comes Edith Efron's reassuringly titled *The News Twisters* (initials TNT, get it?). As the first full-length book on the subject to appear since the Vice-President issued his official hunting license to media critics, it is likely to receive unusual notice from people who are concerned about the difficulties of getting fair, coherent, timely, and informative news to citizens, as well as from people who simply think this is a hot issue.

The message of Miss Efron's book is that during the election campaign of 1968, TV news coverage was "severely biased" in a left/liberal direction. The basis for this claim is a study of the three main 7:00 P.M. national network news programs that Miss Efron, a reporter for *TV Guide*, conducted under the auspices of an organization called the Historical Research Foundation. For eight weeks during the fall of 1968, these programs were tape-recorded and their contents typed up. Miss Efron and, one gathers, an assistant went through this material and coded passages as being "for" and "against" each of the



three Presidential candidates, U.S. policy on the bombing halt, U.S. policy toward the Vietnam war, demonstrators, violent radicals, and six other very closely related subjects.

A series of bar graphs shows that, according to Miss Efron's criteria, disproportionate numbers of words were spoken on each network on one "side" of some of these subjects. When this was not the case, other suspicious goings-on are alleged. Vice-President Humphrey, for example (8,458 words pro, 8,307 words con), was, according to Miss Efron, portrayed by the networks as "a quasi-saint," whereas Mr. Nixon (1,620 words pro, 17,027 words con) was portrayed "as corruption incarnate." Seven hundred six words were spoken against liberals to 178 words for them. Six hundred two words were spoken against conservatives to 96 words for. The number of words spoken against demonstrators was 4,218; the number for was 3,715. The number of words for violent radicals was 0; the number against was 281.

Nelson W. Polsby is professor of political science at Berkeley and coauthor (with Aaron Wildavsky) of Presidential Elections *(Scribner, 1972).*

WHAT IS THE EXPLANAT... these alleged dispropo... Miss Efron assures us that we ... out the possibility that the d... not as she gives them, beca... describes her findings as ove... ing. It is hard to know whethe... lieve this. Some of her results ... in fact look overwhelming at ... figures on "quasi-saint" Hur... for instance, seem to show h... half-saint, half-quasi.

With respect to some of th... figures, she appears to hav... cooking her data. Take the us... term "demonstrator" on a ... news show. Of this Miss Efro...

> *By omitting the correct lega... moral nomenclature, the ne... reporter omits the critical o... of organized society itself on... actions and tacitly commun... his sympathy for them.*

It seems to me that someone l... tain of "correct moral nomenc... might well score as neutral a... that Miss Efron apparently ... difficulty in interpreting as syn... ic to demonstrators. This is a ... matter. It suggests that any o... the figures on which she ba... charges of bias may be utter... taminated by the prejudic... brought to the study.

There is an even more basi... lem, that of truthfulness. Co... for example, the words i... Efron's book itself. They are ... ingly hostile to the televisi... works. Nearly every word co... her own scoring procedures, b... fied as "anti-network news." ... ally no words would be sc... "pro-network news." Thus, b... Efron's own standard, she has ... a book so filled with bias as to ... worthy of serious consideratio...

assumes she attempted to
thful book and would not
nissed on the basis of one
bar graphs. In her behalf
argue that good reporting
pacity to make judgments
tions, so that unlike things
ated alike because of some
conception of symmetry.
ects, after all, resolve them-
tly into two sides? Does
ıave identical contours?
r, as an example of this
Miss Efron's reference to a
editorial assault on Nixon
der of issues, while Mr.
, whose ambiguities mer-
lar charge, is spared." Can
people maintain that the
ıpaign of 1968 was in fact
.ve than Humphrey's? If so,
of the "one-sidedness" that
n the network news cover-
on occurred because Nixon
networks—put it there. Or,
less difficult case, consider
icy on the Vietnam war"
ds for, 3,144 words con).
:y was, at the time of the
, ambiguous, changing, and,
to contemporary opinion
npopular. It was, moreover,
degrees under attack with-
ajor parties. Is it surprising
words during the campaign
ıt in praise than in dispar-
of it? What seems to me at
is a question as to the un-
shape of reality. If reality is
meaningful sense asymmet-
ı truthful reporting entails a
endering of the asymmetry.
fron cuts this knot unhesitat-
e regards what goes on the
not as aimed at truth but
wholly arbitrary, the prod-
equence of choices made by
and network news produc-
, of course, is not news. She
o argue, however, that these
re governed by strong politi-
s that in various places she
izes as "anti-anti-commu-
liberal," "radical chic." Net-
ecutives and newsmen deny
ses, she says, but hiring and
nal rewards are severely re-
those who follow the party
all others are systematically
. This, she argues, violates
ness doctrine" of the FCC,
rovides that representative
in the community on all con-
l matters shall be given equal
d be presented with equal
force. Thus, on any controversial issue the matter of truthfulness or of the underlying contours of reality need not arise. What is required of the networks is equal time (which can be measured), not truthfulness (which cannot be). Miss Efron does not conceal her belief that in fact the networks are untruthful about many matters, although her claims to superior knowledge of reality are asserted baldly, rather than presented with any skill or persuasiveness. But I believe that pessimism—perhaps cynicism—about the intentions of the networks and network reporters to be truthful underlies her recommendation that "fairness," which can be legally enforced, substitute for the professional journalist's standard of "objectivity," which she argues is merely a Trojan horse for radical chic.

Thus, what Miss Efron's argument comes down to is this: liberals have been dominating network news with their propaganda for too long. They should be made to move over and give the other side a chance.

PEOPLE IN THE news business are likely to take offense at this, citing, as they customarily do, the First Amendment, which says in part, that "Congress shall make no law . . . abridging the freedom of speech or of the press . . ." Miss Efron claims that as a matter of fact Congress has already enacted such a law, the Communications Act of 1934, under which the FCC has promulgated its "fairness doctrine." She paraphrases this doctrine as follows:

> *Broadcast news is explicitly denied the First Amendment right to be biased.*

Although this statement accords perfectly with the context in which it is found, it might equally well have been copied off a wall in *Animal Farm*.

Her argument is bound to make the legions of sanctimonious defenders of the media even more nervous than usual. I have a journalist friend who claims that as a matter of course all members of his profession get the First Amendment tattooed on their kneecaps. When confronted with criticism from outsiders, he says, kneecaps all over the industry begin to twitch. Consequently, news people fail often enough to draw a distinction between ugly diatribes of the Efron-Agnew ilk and more responsible com-

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outsiders on the performmedia, such as that of hen, or Paul Weaver, or vs by George Lichtheim, tol, and Daniel Patrick

nguishing feature of critinedia people need to take the willingness to enterlea of professional stanhese critics, as to professmen generally, there is g as a world that has to be n and that exists outside es or preferences of newsort, truthfulness continues ue to serious critics of the it is to serious newsmen. thers much with blanket of "objectivity." Rather, ncerned with what it takes r and deliver coherent, l, and truthful information life to citizens.

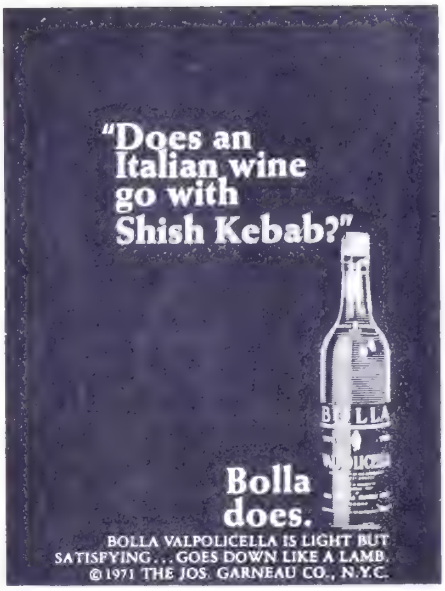
mind, the performance of an news media does leave to be desired. And their are these: *incoherence*, from a style of news coverreporting that is highly l and tailored more to the of presentation than to the itizens or the contours of *arseness*, a characteristic stly a consequence of the on reporters to converge ntrate on a narrow range of a; and *inexpertise*, a qualas its roots in journalistic ns that value amateurism, l ability to turn out an unted product (the "story"), arianism ("we write for the street"). I think these sins singly the enemy of truthd certainly of an informed

ast, the favored explanation hortcomings of the news s concentration of ownermay still explain some of of bad newspapers, as Ben n's recent study of Wilming*Columbia Journalism Re*nates. But how does one ac the vast recent improvement *Angeles Times*, as it edged monopoly? Surely not by anemic and shortlived *New es* West Coast experiment. e other hand, how did one e incredibly low quality for years of the hotly competinumerous Boston news-

The currently fashionable explanation—radical reporters—proposed by Miss Efron and the Vice-President is equally simpleminded. Some reporters, to be sure, meet the description, and some of these are willfully untruthful and biased. But most are not. In the vast preponderance of journalistic situations, honest and, not uncommonly, intelligent people go about their jobs in ways that are, as far as I can see, scrupulously within the canons of the ethic of "objectivity." In these situations, too, the end product is often incoherent, sparse, and amateurish, conceivably "unfair" by Miss Efron's standards, or otherwise deficient. Why?

I THINK THE WAY to answer this question is to do what Bernard Cohen did in his important and unjustly neglected book, *The Press and Foreign Policy*. That is, watch reporters make their appointed rounds, see them in the act of defining their daily agendas, capture them in their routines of creating the news. From seeing the constraints of time, the demands of middle management, the glut of information, it is possible to discover how certain economizing devices grow up and to understand how some of them are sanctioned by common usage. These are the operational codes by which all of us—each in his own walk of life—live. Because in democracies newsmen have so much to say about how the rest of us dispose of our political power, it is especially important to understand the codes that guide their work, for in that way we can get a clearer sense of how ordinary people come to view the choices they have and how the business of choosing can be made to work better.

And so, while I am prepared to entertain the proposition that network news programs are in some ways deficient, Edith Efron's criticisms seem to me wide of the mark as well as questionably supported by evidence. More importantly, I suspect that the simplemindedness and crudity of her address to this complex issue, by coddling the paranoia of hard-hats and eliciting self-righteous responses from the networks, will make it much more difficult to conduct sensible conversation about causes and cures for deficiencies in the presentation of the news. □



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BOOKS

Chester Kallman: a voice of importance

The Sense of Occasion, by Chester Kallman. Braziller, cloth, $5.95; paper, $2.95.

I CAN SEE NO REASON why the fact that Mr. Kallman and I have been close friends for over thirty years should debar me from reviewing him. In my experience, one's feelings about a writer as a person and one's aesthetic judgment of his work affect each other very little, if at all. I have met three poets whose poems I admire enormously whom I thought poor human beings; vice versa, I can think of a number whom I like personally, but whose verses I cannot, alas, appreciate.

Mr. Kallman has previously published two volumes of poetry, *Storm at Castelfranco* (1956) and *Absent and Present* (1963). These, most unjustly, received almost no attention, and this neglect I should like to rectify.

The Sense of Occasion is divided into three sections. The first, *Winter's Journey*, consists of nine poems about, if not an unhappy, at least a very difficult, love affair. Such a theme is very treacherous: all too easily it tempts the writer into indulging in egocentric self-pity, whining, and fuss.

Mr. Kallman has managed to resist these temptations, firstly, thanks to his sense of humor that never deserts him, even in the most tense moments, and, secondly, thanks to his command of linguistic technique, both metrical and rhetorical. He is a difficult poet to quote from because his poems are so tightly knit that any passage depends for its full effect upon its place in the whole. Here, however, is an example:

Another

One in the morning. Good God.
Only One.
My change-point. At the bare
Thought of you, thought of you,
just nightmare,
Ends ends ends ends
For the mere worse, and all
comparison:
There are no likes of you and none
Whose love makes more demands.
Forgive me your injuries to me.
Care.
God help us both if we are in his
hands.

THE SECOND SECTION, *Theaters*, is a miscellany of poems, long and short, on various topics. One of the long ones, "Delphi," seems to be about some mystical vision the author had on that historic spot; I cannot, I must confess, make head or tail of it, but I am sure that the difficulty is not due to the author's incompetence. But no reader, I'm sure, will have any trouble with the charming "The Body's Complaint to the Soul," based, obviously, on Marvell's poem, but in no way an imitation.

Miss Skylark! titivated in
The touchy dungeon of my skin,
Foreseeing, and yet hardly loath,
That morning-after for us both
When I must in the mirror meet
A face unfocused, indiscreet,
And you no longer think you'll fly
To bloodless orders when I die.
For though you wilfully admit—
In order to charge me with it—
Our time for rousing love is past,
You still possess me in one last
Elusive vanity: to prove
A pleasure while intending love.

Nor will he have any problems over "Griselda Sings" with its surprise shock ending.

Even as you swear
You loved and love me:
Would that move me
If anything could
For good now, for ill?
Try if you like,
Act as you will;
I do not know, I know
Only that should
I move I would strike,
Strike to kill.

And this, surely, is a fine [illegible] of the "pure" lyric:

SALOME DANCE

There was no theme but thi
There was no other meanin

There was a dark dream. T

There was no gleam but th
Sickle sharpened for glean

Heads will fall, it would see

THE FINAL SECTION, *The [illegible] Ambassador*, is a very [illegible] able achievement indeed. T[illegible] with, it is a technical tour d[illegible] All sixteen of the poems are [illegible] in lines of six syllables, yet th[illegible] becomes monotonous. Most [illegible] use a strict syllabic count, l[illegible] few contiguous vowels are [illegible] Stanzas vary in length: son[illegible] pure rhymes, some half-rhym[illegible] by varying their placing, M[illegible] man reproduces, in a six-[illegible] form, various traditional form[illegible] as the ballade and terza rim[illegible] is even a triolet:

He knows his place; he knew
No place entirely
A home. Seedy here, nothing
He knows. His place he knew
Of old with the handsome fe
Now in the majority
He knows his place. He knew
Noplace entirely.

W. H. Auden's most recent volume of poetry is Academic Graffiti *(Random House).*

. Mr. Kallman has suc-
hat is one of the most
all tasks, namely, in in-
yth, or rather, perhaps, a
hat does not remain pri-
author but is accessible to

igraph to the poem, there
on from Graham Greene:

e . . . Africa will always be
a of the Victorian atlas,
unexplored continent the
he human heart.

ok of two other quotations
evant:

has no identity — Keats

gh our words be such,
do differ from our lines
much — Herrick

bassador is both black and
d so doubly an outsider,
ll ambassadors, in a sense
om his homeland. His job
esent the interests of the
he country of Conscious-
"language" of the Heart is
but he can only speak to
ness in words, and all trans-
vitably means transmuta-
ery poem, that is. *Wahrheit*
ted into *Dichtung.*

my lines you see
what you would be
ke you: i.e.
questing bee
a morning-glory
vous lady
of her hanky
exactly
of each. For me
pears unlikely.

is how he addresses the
ddess of Poetry, the Moon:

I give no tongue
heart-throbs that punctuate
ets of a state

rink from knowing and you,
t of the deep.
aught to voice, one night
terisks for light
petite and song.

quotations can do the poem
t must be read in its entirety.
o hesitation in saying that,
inion, *The African Ambas-*
one of the most original and
nt poems written in the past
ears. □

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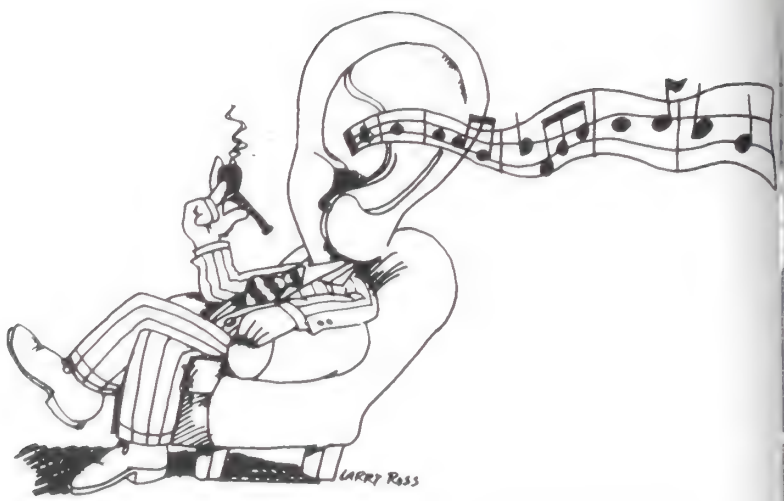
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MUSIC IN THE ROUND

Singing Wagner, Weber, and Verdi



IT IS HARD TO BELIEVE, but until a few months ago, when the Angel recording of Wagner's **Die Meistersinger** came out, there was no available performance of the complete opera to be had on records. Two complete *Ring* cycles were available, and at least one performance of all the other operas—but no *Meistersinger*; and *Die Meistersinger* is perhaps the most popular of all the Wagner operas. Knappertsbusch had recorded it about twenty years ago, and Kempe in 1958, but both those albums were discontinued some time back. Thus the new recording takes care of a real need.

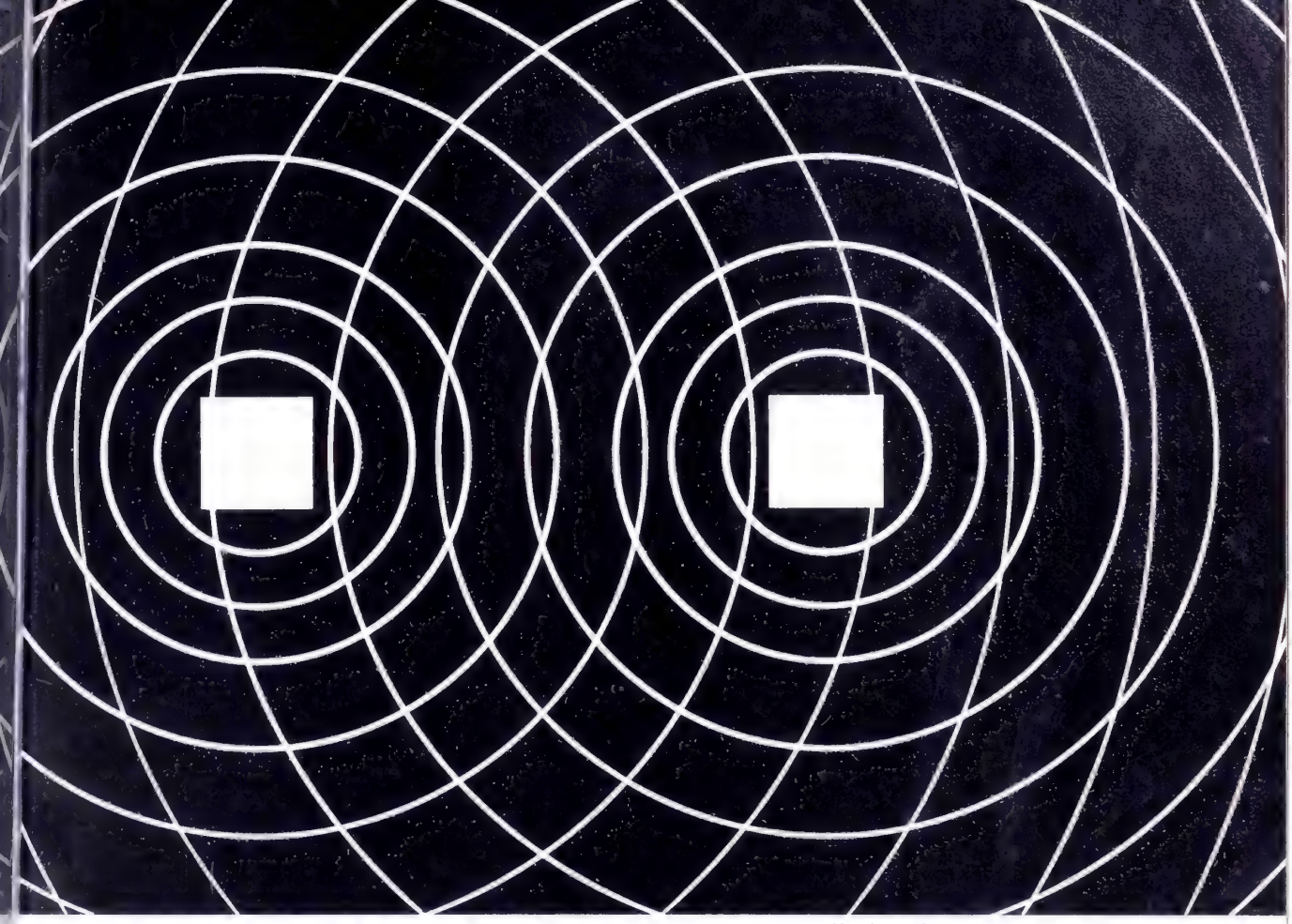
And it is a great *Meistersinger*. The cast consists of Theo Adam (Sachs), Karl Ridderbusch (Pogner), René Kollo (Walther), Peter Schreier (David), Geraint Evans (Beckmesser), and Helen Donath (Eva), with Herbert von Karajan conducting the orchestra and chorus of the Dresden State Opera (Angel SEL 3776, 5 discs). One singer in a critical role will be unknown to most American listeners—René Kollo. He is a young German tenor, and he sounds like a major discovery. His voice is big, fresh, and ardent, and he sings the finest Walther I have ever heard (Melchior never sang the role in the old days). His partner is Helen Donath, an American girl who has a protean voice. She sings Wagner, but also light coloratura parts—and she sings both repertories with equal authenticity. Her Eva here is sweet, feminine, sensitive, and beautifully produced.

What with two singers of such caliber, and such additional experienced artists as Adam, Ridderbusch, and Evans, this is as well sung a *Meistersinger* as can be encountered anywhere. And Karajan conducts an exquisitely detailed account of the score. His conception is broad and noble, superbly controlled, rich in sound. Karajan always has been one of the greatest stick men in history; he can pull anything out of an orchestra with the tip of his baton. In this *Meistersinger* there is heart as well as technique. It is one of the great recordings.

CONTROL OF A DIFFERENT KIND can be found in the new recording of Wagner's **Parsifal**, with the 1970 Bayreuth cast conducted by Pierre Boulez (Deutsche Grammophon 2713004, 5 discs). The leading singers are James King (Parsifal), Gwyneth Jones (Kundry), Franz Krass (Gurnemanz), Thomas Stewart (Amfortas), and Donald McIntyre (Klingsor). The Boulez approach is more intellectual than emotional. Karajan often relaxes the tension; Boulez, never. Karajan reads between the notes, while Boulez is the most literal of interpreters. Some have called this *Parsifal* cold, and in a way it is. But it also has power, integrity, and a formidable resolution of the technical problems. The forward-moving Boulez interpretation makes an amazing contrast against the slow, deliberate tempos in the old Kn busch album. Knappertsb supposed to represent "tr Boulez is the "modernist." A ter of fact, Boulez is not th faster than his famous pre He only *appears* to be faster his rhythms seldom deviate. prefer Boulez.

AN ODDITY among operati ings is the first complet of Carl Maria von Weber's (Deutsche Grammophon 27 discs), sung by a cast that Placido Domingo, Donald Birgit Nilsson, Hermann P Julia Hamari, with Rafael conducting the chorus and o of the Bavarian Radio. Thi quite a bit has been writte Weber, thanks to the reviva *Freischütz* at the Metropolita *Der Freischütz* is a wonderf and so are Weber's two oth operas, *Oberon* and *Euryan* the chances are that neither two will ever be staged. The are too ridiculous. *Oberon* is mash of Orientalisms, fairy melodrama, and grand oper simply does not work. It long stretches of intermina logue.

But the music is magnifi opera composers of the cen pecially Wagner, drew fr Weber operas. One example famous *Ozean, du Ungeh*



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from *Oberon* there is a slow trumpet theme that for all the world recalls the trumpet theme in *Die Walküre* when the fire lights up the sword. In the same aria, Rezia's outburst of "Hüon! Hüon!" strongly suggests the exchange of names that the lovers in the second act of *Tristan* sing at each other.

The cast in this recording is for the most part excellent. Nilsson adds still another role to her repertory, and sings it with her usual majestic authority. Grobe, Prey, and Hamari cannot be faulted. Domingo, however, is miscast here; the role of Hüon calls for a heldentenor, which he is not, and there is some audible strain when he tries to match Nilsson's outbursts. Kubelik is the most sympathetic of conductors—lyric, unforced, considerate.

MENTION OF DOMINGO brings to mind that in recent years the state of singing has taken a sudden upturn. Some remarkably fine singers have come on the scene, especially in the Italian repertory, and it could be that we soon will be facing a new Golden Age. Many of these promising artists can be heard in two recent recordings of Verdi operas—**Un Ballo in Maschera** (London 1398, 3 discs) and **Don Carlo** (Angel 3774, 4 discs).

Un Ballo in Maschera has Luciano Pavarotti, Sherrill Milnes, Renata Tebaldi, Regina Resnik, and Helen Donath, with the orchestra and chorus of Santa Cecilia conducted by Bruno Bartoletti. *Don Carlo* has Placido Domingo, Montserrat Caballé, Shirley Verrett, Ruggero Raimondi, and Giovanni Foiani. Carlo Maria Giulini conducts the orchestra of the Royal Opera, Covent Garden, and the Ambrosian Singers.

Domingo and Pavarotti are two of the best lyric tenors to have come up since the days of Gigli and Bjoerling. Pavarotti is more the Gigli type, with a warm vibrato, tonal brilliance, a firm top to the high C, and the indefinable "ping" that gives Italian tenorism its special quality. Domingo is of the Bjoerling school. His voice is a shade whiter than the Gigli-Pavarotti sound, with less vibrato and less of a sensuous appeal. It is a firm, clear, beautifully produced voice, fit for a wider variety of roles than are in the province of most Italian tenors. Domingo is driving himself, trying to sing everything, and one hc his voice will not be harmed.

Just as Domingo appears second operatic album releas days, Sherrill Milnes is not fa This young baritone is the s of Warren and Merrill. He enormous voice with a phe range (his top notes are spect And he uses this voice in a manner, making some of his wish that he would throttle d *everything* has to be sung f Milnes is in both the *Ballo* a albums, singing impressively (The *Don Carlo* performan dentally, is the 1886 versic plete, with the Fontainebl which is not found in the M tan Opera version.)

Also in *Carlo* are the popul serrat Caballé, she of the silve and Ruggero Raimondi, the r Caballé is better cast here tha of the coloratura roles she tempted. She basically is a prano, at her best when she forth those long, silken phra she has plenty of chances to *Don Carlo*. Ruggero is an e ally smooth *cantante* bass, w sings rather than barks or Shirley Verrett, in the *Carl* Eboli, also has been attracti recent attention. She is a goo but scarcely an outstanding o tainly not in the Domingo-P Caballé class.

In *Ballo*, that most singing operas, Renata Tebaldi sing has been doing the past few y voice now is hard, without mu and she tends to blast her way an opera. Resnik, as Ulrica, good deal of authority, trer all. The vocal honors in this Milnes, Donath, and Pavaro many singers today are enough for the *Meistersinger* the *Ballo* Oscar? Donath is; sings the coloratura role of O glitter. She is remarkable. I is in the great line of Italia and it is hard to think of around today who could app singing here. A decade ago in despair. Where were the ers? What had happened to generation? Now there is congratulation. And in Kollo ther of the *Meistersinger* a may even have the rarest genuine heldentenor, which has not had since the retir Lauritz Melchior.

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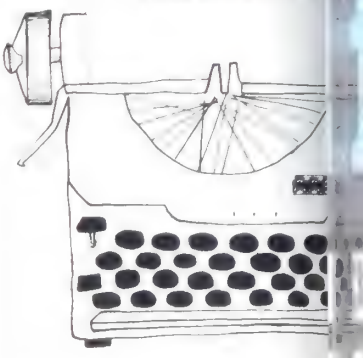
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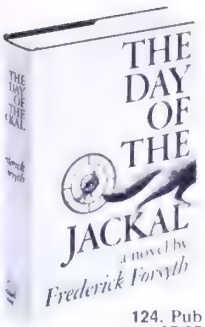
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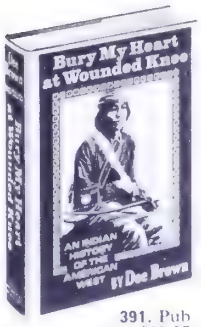


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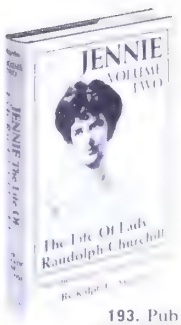
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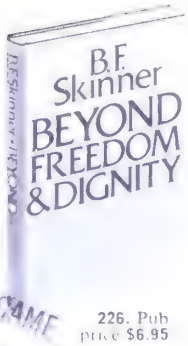
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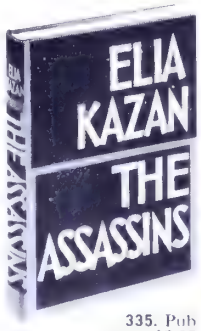
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Harper's Magazine

FOUNDED IN 1850 VOL. 244 NO 1463 APRIL 1972

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ABOUT THIS ISSUE

Unless the event has a bizarre wit to it (as for instance the recent interpretation of the dreams of Howard Hughes), scandal these days seldom attracts more than passing notice. Governors outbid each other at lavish parties on Wall Street, at collusion among drug manufacturers, of deadly fantasy in the Pentagon: two years later everybody can't remember exactly what happened, or why, or who got paid off by whom, or what the name of the stuff was that poisoned the laboratory mice. It is assumed that the worst will occur as a matter of course.

As merely another proof of that dismal expectation, Kermit Vandivier's article, "The Aircraft Brake Scandal" (page 15), need not have been published. Similar tales have become commonplace predictable variations on the familiar American themes of greed, alienation, fear, helplessness, betrayal, and local moral collapse. (The standard formula demands that the crusading journalist present "authentic documents" and "frightening truth": toward the close of his indictment he may indulge himself in righteousness, which, although eloquent enough, does not fit well with his eager smiling on the subsequent television talk show intended to promote the sale of his bad news.)

Vandivier doesn't tell the same kind of story. He himself took part in the events he describes, and his story is that of a man who regains his conscience and becomes, although not easily, a kind of hero. Confronted with a choice between losing his job or certifying a defective aircraft brake, Vandivier went along with what he thought might be a fatal fraud and helped write the false qualification report. He did so for the usual reasons. A wife and children to provide for, a job he liked, fear of unemployment and the probability of beginning over again in another industry. The company wasn't likely to forgive him his trespasses, and word has a way of getting around about people who make trouble or headlines.

But there was also a test pilot who might be killed. Vandivier regretted his weakness, and when his boss refused to do the same, he took the matter to the FBI and then to Congress. He lost his job and began a career as a newspaper reporter.

In a way Vandivier was more fortunate than many other men who work for large organizations. The choice presented itself in clear and dramatic terms: the question of conscience demanded an answer. For most people the choice never seems to come up. All the decisions seem so small, such trifling things that a man would be foolish to make an issue of them: and besides, everybody else is going along with it, and that's the way of the world, isn't it, old buddy, and none of us are kids anymore, right?

The process may take years, little by little in the manner of soil washing away from a steep hillside without trees. But ultimately a company can own a man in the same way it owns the furniture or the freight on the factory siding.

Which appears to be an increasingly prevalent condition in the United States, at least for those who allow themselves to become cases of cowardice. As corporations grow larger, as more power accumulates in the hands of fewer people, individual options diminish. Either a man opts for the established interests (whether in business, the government, the press, the arts, etc.) or he disappears into what has come to be known as the terrible invisible place, that place where everybody is poor, where the streets are dangerous with crime and perversion, where nobody quits on you, and where your name never comes up in talk about money, power or hope.

Fear of that place accounts for a great deal of queasy sophism and soft explanations of success in those who prefer not to ask too many questions. After a certain age you can see it in their faces: a blank, almost closed expression that signifies obedience to the company rules. The collective fear allows them to continue business as usual, a practice that often erases moral choices in favor of routine deceit for reasons of a fraudulent democratic profit.

Vandivier chose not to abide by the customary rules, which is why his story deserves to be read. Not because the scandal he describes is another in a tawdry sequence, but because his example of his courage might help somebody else to make a similar choice.

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LETTERS



War Behind Walls

I don't know who did the editing and layout in my behalf [on "War Behind Walls," February], but would you take the trouble to make sure that they know I appreciate the work they did for me. The editing made the article.

When I sent it to my agent, it was a first draft accompanying a revised novel, and I merely wanted an opinion if someone might be interested in a polished version of such an article. Needless to say, I was stunned when *Harper's* took it. I knew how much polish it needed. The editor or editors did my work for me, and again I thank them.

And it has brought inquiries from other editors and other magazines. It was a good month in Folsom Prison.

Norton took the novel, and I think, perhaps, *Harper's* nudged the last holdout of the corporate mind!

EDWARD BUNKER, A20284
Folsom State Prison
Represa, Calif.

In reference to Edward Bunker, you may be interested in some recent developments in his writing career. Your note about the author said that Bunker "has an understanding with the authorities that if he can sell a novel, he can be released on parole."

As things turn out, we accepted his novel for publication *before* your issue appeared, totally unaware of this parole factor. The novel, entitled *No Beat So Fierce*, tells the story of a prisoner about to be released on parole who is determined to go straight, but because of the pressures of society, and an unsympathetic parole officer, cannot make it, and he quickly returns to crime. It is not a cops-and-robbers story, but a serious effort to reveal the criminal mentality. The hero is antisociety, a despicable character, and yet Bunker has managed to make the reader sympathize with the condition of his life. We'll publish the book around September or October.

About Bunker's parole—no word as yet. The hearing will be sometime in March.

MERRILL POLLACK
Managing Editor
W. W. Norton & Company, Inc.
New York, N.Y.

Having worked within the prison at Folsom for approximately twenty years, I have become well acquainted with the episodes and incidents Mr. Bunker expresses in his article. However, one wishes more great material such as this could be presented to our society and something done to correct the many fallacies one reads in the papers about criminal behavior.

More praise to Mr. Bunker and your magazine for printing the material. You have just acquired another fan of your great magazine. Keep up the good work.

I am presently employed at the Folsom State Prison as a secretary to the psychiatrist, who incidentally is the only psychiatrist for almost 1,500 incarcerated men.

KEITH S. REYNOLDS
Sacramento, Calif.

Edward Bunker's article in *Harper's* deserves recognition and commendation.

For those of us fortunate enough not to know prison life, Bunker's article teaches of a world so extreme that it could be fiction. It is hard to imagine such hatred, hard to believe that such intense bitterness could exist.

"War Behind Walls" could be an object lesson, relevant to the future of incarceration, as presently practiced. There must be a better way. The person who is sentenced to such an institution for rehabilitation surely comes out less able to cope with society.

Plaudits to Edward Bunker who, at best, is doing things the hard way. His article is intelligently done, without self-pity, and proves his worth as a writer. May his novel soon be accepted.

O. E. VAN
Boulder, Colo.

It has been twenty-four years since I last walked the big yard as a convict at San Quentin Prison. In many ways it seems like yesterday. And even more so after reading "War Behind Walls."

But what really shocked me was that nothing whatever seems to have changed in San Quentin in all these years. Men who were guards are now prison officials, wardens, and big shots in the California Department of Corrections. Some names have changed but the game is apparently still the same.

Twenty-four years ago I was a young first offender barely out of my teens when I was sentenced to San Quentin. I had no prior criminal record. In fact, I had no prior experience with crime or violence. But that was soon to change.



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And you thought you knew New Yor

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New York State

rly I remember ducking
ıvy wooden dining-room
San Quentin mess hall to
inning metal trays flying
e air during another
Quentin mess-hall riot.
ackled over the heads of
eaming convicts. Some
d directed by guards on
alkways directly into the
ed under the tables. Of
could never prove it. I
l for the layers of fright-
s piled on top of me as
e-loving convicts flung
down to escape death.
pressed me then . . . and
es me today . . . is the fact
cent of the convicts in
in then wanted to avoid
d trouble at any cost. . . .
overcrowding coupled with
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hope have created mon-
on conditions today that
a harvest of bloodshed.
er too many people are in
ay who simply do not be-
In our obsession to regu-
rality of every citizen ac-
our puritan code we have
ırger evil.
fficials all over the country
rying out for smaller pris-
nphasis on individual rela-
ather than on massive cus-
ls. One warden noted that
f real rehabilitation of con-
ıvolvement." But how can
nvolvement when the con-
ımber the correctional staff
ıst numbers. How can any
anything but a forgotten
rowd.
oards in most states have
er than the very courts
nced the men to prison.
ole boards function in a
ıat removes all hope for
on in an angry convict
e's nothing more dangerous
soner without hope," said a
a Western penitentiary.
s are punished continually
in prison . . . and for any
major infractions of prison
, few of them are rewarded
ehavior in any meaningful
What is natural or normal
t? How can this prepare a
ept responsibility and share
d and bad of life? We need
ful system of adult rewards
progressively bring a man
his goal of freedom and in-
dependence from the supportive milieu of prison.

Black and white convicts can and do exist peacefully side by side in this prison and in many prisons around the United States. When massive color conflicts arise we must examine the conditions of that particular prison without attempting to generalize, such as, "all blacks are no damn good," or "Whitey is to blame." Usually where race relations are bad we find exploitation and indifference and unfortunately a great deal of encouragement from the people in charge. . . .

Lou Torok, 129-606
Chillicothe Correctional Institute
Chillicothe, Ohio

Journal of a Plague Year

I am writing in response to "Journal of a Plague Year" [by John Parrish, M.D.] in the February issue. This story has made me and I'm sure many others aware of the great many casualties in Nam and how mentally stable a man must be to keep his sanity. I never realized how many psychological pressures and strains are on the men over there. I thank John A. Parrish, M.D., for showing us, the readers, how it really is.

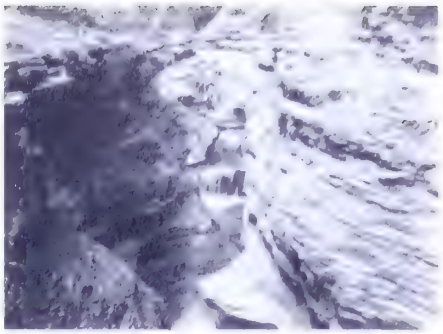
Sue Halsl
Baraboo, Wis.

Easy Chair

I write to tell you that you have given me a real feast of nostalgia with the Easy Chair of February [John Fischer on "Women's Lib and the Caperton girls"]. I have read the column for years without knowing he was a fellow Texan and kindred spirit.

I grew up in another impoverished section of Texas, among what would now be called the "disadvantaged." But, thanks to such independent souls as my parents were, I did not know it. And as I look back over what I hope has not been a wasted life, I consider the early life of adversity to be genuine "advantage." The shrewd economy we had to practice, the sharing of ourselves and our possessions, the attitude of acceptance of our circumstances, all tended, it seems to me, to increase our capacity for living today.

I have clipped your article to send to my older sisters, ages eighty-three and eighty-seven, knowing full well



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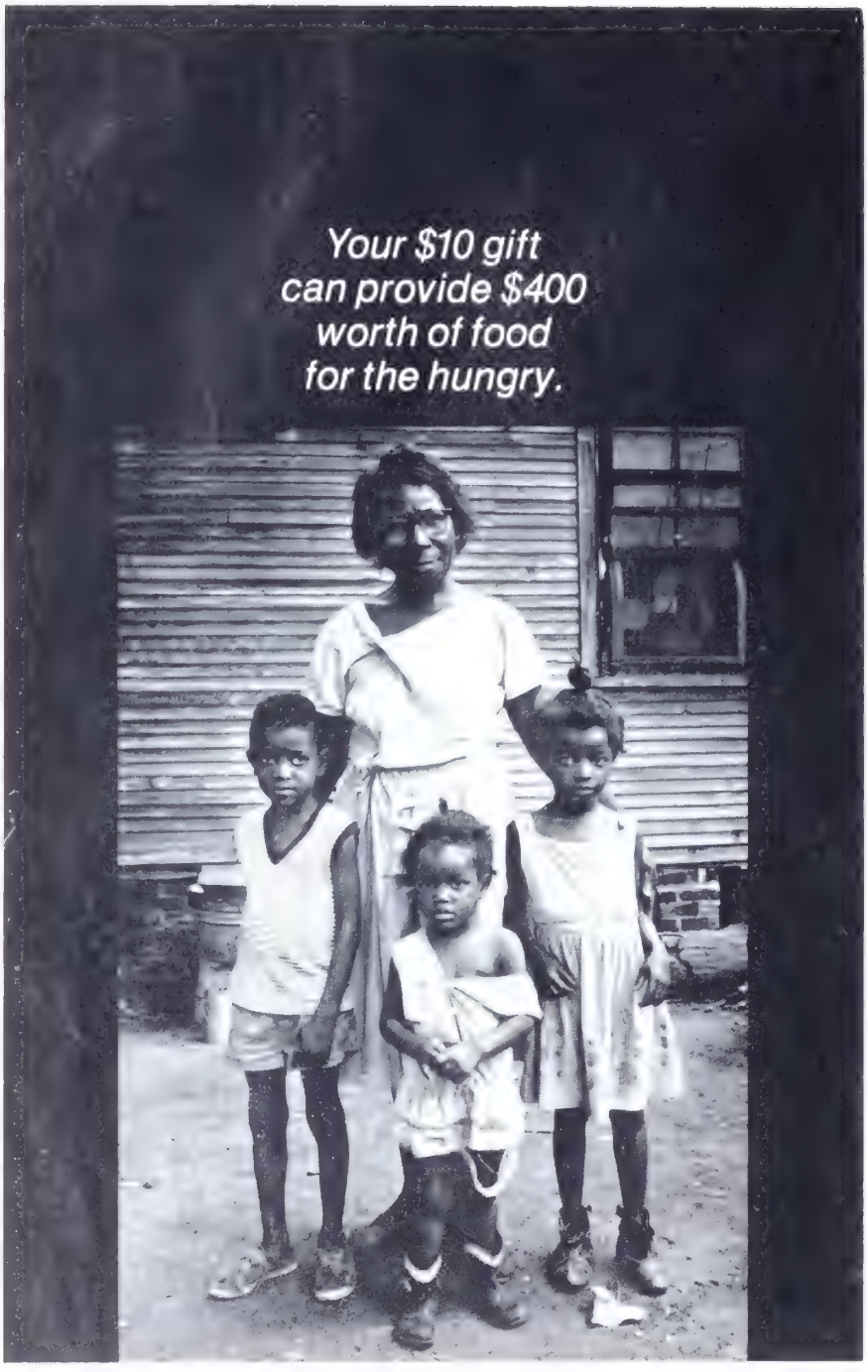
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The NAACP Emergency Relief Fund is now in its fourth year of collecting money to buy Food Stamps for the neediest of these families. Under the federally sponsored Food Stamp Plan, $1 buys as much as $40 or more in Food Stamps. Thus your $10 can mean $400 worth of urgently needed nourishment to help a family survive.

To contribute to this fund, please send as little or as much as you can to the NAACP Emergency Relief Fund. Contributions are tax-deductible.

Thank you



NAACP Emergency Relief Fund
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they will relish it as much o
than I.

DIXIE W. BROO
Kingsvil

I thoroughly agree with Ha
Schonberg's article in your Fe
issue ["A generation of bori
certs"], about the sterile obj
of many of today's young perf
As an aspiring musician, I of
tice this quality in the playing
contemporaries and, alas, in
playing as well.

But I wonder why, out of all
tors that contribute to this si
Mr. Schonberg failed to ment
of the most important negativ
ences, and that is competitio
the pervasive stranglehold the
on the careers of almost all
soloists. Certainly, the unnatu
unhealthy "sudden death"
sphere of today's institutio
music competitions is bound
tually to produce "emotionall
inhibited" performances fro
musician who is also a human
This is not to say that the ca
some of our most brilliant a
namic soloists have not been
or indeed launched by some
competition. But what happen
other thousands of "losers" wh
out of these ordeals wonderi
they did wrong? A resulting te
to produce straight, safe, tech
secure but emotionally uni
performances is inevitable. I
interesting to note that none
"star" performers Mr. Sch
mentions "made their names"
basis of a competition prize.

LAWRENCE GO
Goleta

HAROLD C. SCHONBERG REPLI

Over a year ago, in the Fe
1971 *Harper's*, I had a few w
say about competition types t
very much in Mr. Goldman'
May I refer him to that? But
did not say in that article was
know of no law forcing young
cians to enter competitions. A
who enters a competition doe
his own volition (except son
sian entrants) and should be
enough to accept the results.
immortal words of Harry Tru
you can't stand the heat, keep
the kitchen.

This newspaper isn't written for everyone


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Decision Nears on Whether to Force People to Integrate in

Suburbia

Biggest Pot Report Filters Some Smoke

'We All Felt the Presence of Death'

...but it might be just what you are looking for!

the kind of person who rejects superficial explanations . . . who dig a little deeper and learn the reasons behind important events? The person who's apt to ask a few more questions at a business or PTA meeting and more facts from a salesman buying . . . really think something before making up your mind?

If there's a new publication you should know about: *The National Observer*, the national *weekly* newspaper for *business of living*. The Observer is published by Dow Jones & Company, the people who publish *The Wall Street Journal*.

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*TIME-Louis Harris poll

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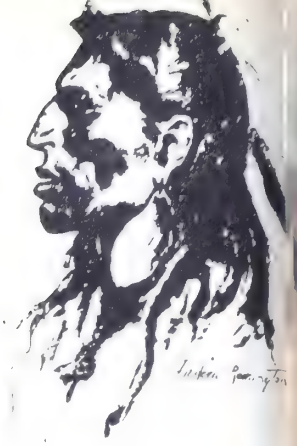
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John Fischer

THE EASY CHAIR

Field notes on the changing South: phony Indians, a Bavarian village, a circuit-riding city manager, and other unlikelihoods



IF I WERE JUST out of college and looking for the right place to make a start in life, the first three cities I would check out would be Chapel Hill, North Carolina; Greenville, South Carolina; and Atlanta, Georgia, in that order.

All of them—and no doubt other cities in the Southeast that I know less well—offer much the same kind of opportunities that California did thirty years ago. They are fast growing and hungry for young talent. They are set in relatively unspoiled country, with both mountains and sea coast within easy reach. On a modest income anybody can live in these places far more comfortably than in New York, Los Angeles, or Chicago. Best of all, they are intellectually exciting because they are in the process of rapid social change. Their collective motto might be: "Anything is possible."

If you want to get rich in a hurry, Atlanta probably should be your first choice. I don't, and never did; besides, my taste has always leaned toward smaller and less hustling communities. Hence my preference for Chapel Hill, a charming town of about 15,000 people, which also has most of the advantages of a metropolis.

It is the southwestern point of a triangle. The other corners are two larger cities—Durham, ten miles to the north, and Raleigh, the state capital, twenty-five miles to the east. Eventually they will coalesce into a single metropolitan area. Already their suburbs are reaching out to one another, and many people live in one and commute to work in another. But the significant thing about this triangle is that even now it contains one of the richest concentrations of brains—academic, industrial, and political—anywhere south of the Potomac.

One reason is the universities. Chapel Hill has the oldest of the state universities, and one of the dozen most distinguished; moreover, to my eye still the loveliest. Its 500-acre campus, where live oaks shade the classrooms and camellias bloom in December, makes the Harvard Yard look squalid. Durham has Duke University, which the local papers like to call "the Princeton of the South." It isn't that, not yet, but under the presidency of Terry Sanford—a former governor of the state, and a brilliant one—it promises to become one of the great private universities. Unlike most of them, it is not hurting for money; faculty salaries are among the highest in the country. Also at Durham is North Carolina College, a well-regarded, predominantly Negro institution. On the outskirts of Raleigh, North Carolina State University is turning out a good share of the technicians, scientists, and teachers the South so badly needs.

The three universities are serving as joint godfathers to a unique development: the Research Triangle. This is a huge industrial park, sited among rolling hills and woodlands, not far from the tri-city airport. It was specifically designed to attract laboratories and high-technology industries—and with them the scientists and innovative business types who like to settle close to a reservoir of academic talent. The result is a burgeoning cluster of high-wage, low-pollution plants, much like those that Harvard and MIT have attracted to the outer ring of the Boston metropolitan area.

It is not surprising, then, that a dinner party in Chapel Hill usually turns out to be uncommonly lively. You are likely to meet a handful of faculty members, a laboratory director, a couple of young executives just transferred down from the North, a novelist or two—the neighborhood is crawling with them—a retired international banker who runs a [illegible] press as a hobby, and a sprin[illegible] legislators. If you are lucky (I [illegible] on my last visit) you may a[illegible] Mr. and Mrs. Howard Lee, a[illegible] matic couple in their mid-thir[illegible] are much sought after by lo[illegible] esses. He is the mayor of Cha[illegible] and at this writing a candi[illegible] Congress. The son of a share[illegible] he earned a master's degree [illegible] work and climbed to the top [illegible] trative echelon at Duke. He [illegible] also to be black. The fact tha[illegible] twice won election as mayo[illegible] overwhelmingly white co[illegible] says something for its poli[illegible] social sophistication.

THE ATMOSPHERE OF Gree[illegible] entirely different. Until fo[illegible] cently it was a shabby, somb[illegible] textile city not markedly d[illegible] from dozens of others strung a[illegible] Appalachian Piedmont. Now[illegible] boom town, crackling with t[illegible] of excitement I remember i[illegible] Texas during the glory years[illegible] big oil strikes.

Academia is hardly the expl[illegible] here. Furman and Bob Jones [illegible] sities have those who love [illegible] guess, but nobody has ever de[illegible] either as a high-voltage int[illegible] beacon. The most plausible a[illegible] that a decade of tedious, s[illegible] economic-development work—[illegible] backed with federal money—[illegible] last pushed Greenville to the [illegible] point.

From a low-wage base in t[illegible] it has gradually branched i[illegible] better-paying manufacture of [illegible] machinery, dyestuffs, syntheti[illegible] and related chemicals. German[illegible] ment and technology are flowi[illegible] the region, along with a goo[illegible] millions from big American [illegible] Energy for the new plants com[illegible]

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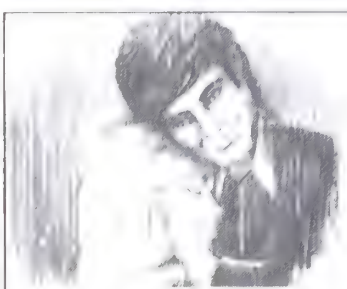
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a $300 million hydroelectric nuclear power complex. A pl supply of water is guaranteed Hartwell Dam, and as a by-pro lucrative recreation busines veloping along its reservoir miles of shoreline campgr and boat-launching ramps fun by the Army Engineers. Still tourist opportunities are opened up by federal highway, cets—notably the Cherokee Fo Scenic Route.

None of this just happened nearly all the result of a deca systematic planning by the under the initial leadership of f governor Bob McNair; by the f government, through the Appal Regional Commission; and b peculiar species of local gover that is evolving throughout the S The key instruments of the Model local government, as I tr indicate here last month, are the development districts. One of covering six counties, operates Greenville, under the mouth title of the South Carolina A chian Council of Government professional staff of twenty-six (three of them blacks) is the c edge, so to speak, of all the li faceted planning and develo efforts; and if you want someth happen in these parts, the firs you ought to see is Donald R. H

HE IS EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR th Council, and a most unex sort of public servant. Only four years old, he wears sideburn mod clothes and has the build military policeman, which he was. His suite of offices—spa carpeted wall to wall, and furn with modern furniture and ab paintings—would do credit to son Avenue. Hinson is not a po appointee, as I had anticipate fact, he is not even a native state; he was born in North Ca and trained in its universities planner and civil engineer. He up a promising career with a p land development firm to tak present job—partly because he terested, like so many young these days, in public service; because he finds the work exc After all, not many men of h have the chance to run an ente that already has handled $59 n in federal funds alone and th

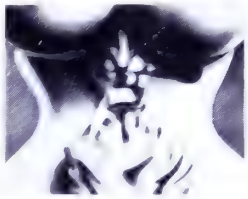
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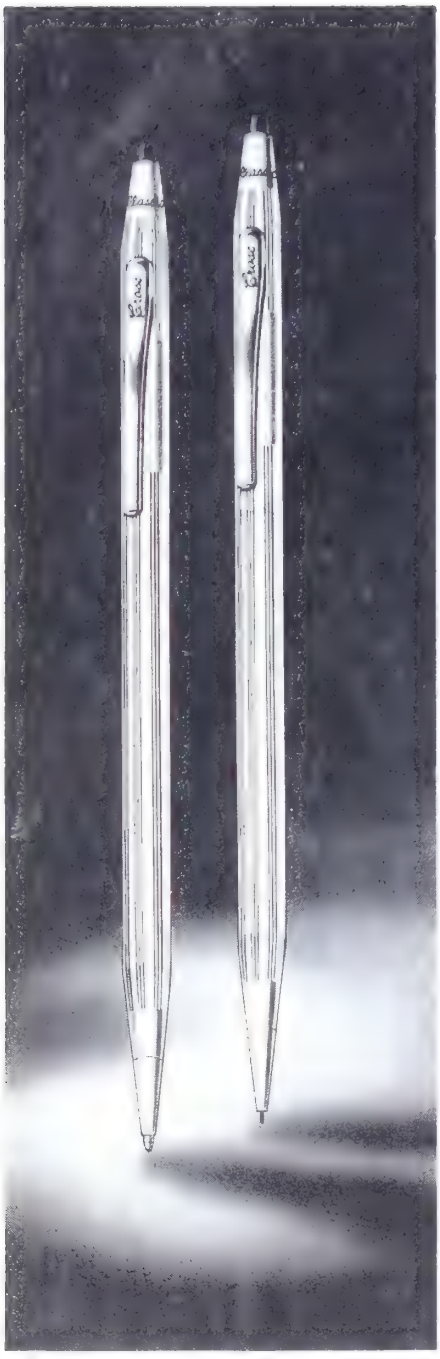
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responsibility for guiding the future of more than half a million people.

Hinson talked about that future with infectious enthusiasm. He is confident that Greenville, and the forty-two other towns within his region, can avoid the mistakes of the older industrial centers in the North. By careful advance planning, he hopes, they can scatter the new plants throughout the six counties, at sites that not only make economic sense, but also will forestall the congestion and blight of, for example, the old New England mill towns. Already some of his communities are joining together to build sophisticated sewage treatment systems—not to rescue polluted streams but to make sure ahead of time that they never will be polluted. And so on, for the planning of health facilities, housing, recreation areas, and a score of other interlacing projects . . .

What Hinson seemed proudest of are the district's schools. Though it lacks a first-class university, the district is building what, at this stage, it needs even more: a top-notch network of vocational and technical schools. Nine vocational schools are in operation, turning out some 1,600 trained graduates every year; two more are under construction. In addition, three technical education centers now enroll 9,600 students of all ages. One of them may be the best in the country for training paramedical people, from laboratory technicians to dentists' assistants. Others work closely with local industries. When a new factory goes up, its manager can arrange in advance to have the right number of people trained for each kind of job—and the students are assured that jobs are waiting when they finish the course.

For young people who had, until recently, little hope for anything except sharecropping or waiting tables, these opportunities are pretty heady. They used to migrate by the thousands every year, white and black, to Northern cities—where as likely as not they promptly went on welfare. Now the stream of migration has been reversed. The number of people holding jobs in the six counties went up by 11 per cent in four years—and in the same period their average incomes nearly doubled.

WALTER J. BROWN has a unique job. He is the country's first circuit-riding city manager.

Most of the towns in this
South Carolina are too small,
poor, to afford much in the
professional staff. The village
can, for instance, has two em
a full-time policeman and a c
works ten days a month. Ot
run, in a fashion, by their ma
councilmen—typically sm
chants, realtors, or lawyers
governmental experience, wh
take care of the civic business
spare time.

To help them out, Hinson
hired Brown, a professional c
ager with sixteen years' expe
He travels around the district,
every town that needs his exp
in one place to draft the first
pal budget it has ever had, in
to draw up a personnel man
dog-control ordinance. He
covered long-overlooked sta
providing for phone and ele
vice for places that had ne
them. Elsewhere he is helping
apply for federal money to
park or buy a police patrol ca
ously he is having a lot of fu

GREENVILLE USED TO BE
hold of the Ku Klux Kla
days you seldom hear it me
and then usually as a sort of
rassing joke. "People just do
to get excited about racial
anymore," Hinson remarke
busy, I guess."

Incidentally, Greenville in
its school system without a
of commotion.

THE OLD-TIME RELIGION,
Baptist, still goes march
Sign on the bulletin board in
a Greenville church: "If G
permissive. He would have
Ten Suggestions."

IN ATLANTA, HOWEVER, the c
seem to be running a poor
to nightclubs featuring tople
resses. Throughout the rest
South it has a reputation as a
city—a reputation its business
nothing to discourage. They
helps the convention busines

Atlanta also has a certain el
a cosmopolitan quality, that
me of San Francisco in its bett
One reason is that its popula
been recruited from all sectio

Dear Paul,

You wondered why we turned our backs on all the usual places and went to Canada last year.

Easy. We wanted a hell of a lot more than just a sun tan out of our vacation. We wanted to sample new people, new points of view, a new environment. We wanted to soak up ideas as well as sunshine. (We figure their effect lasts longer!)

About a third of the country (numerically, not geographically) is French-speaking. Montreal is, in fact, the second-largest French-speaking city in the world. English is very much a second language there - and in some small towns in Quebec, it's virtually non-existent. No problem. They're very patient and good-humored, with each other as well as with visitors.

We found, incidentally, that people living in other parts of the country have been just as tenacious as French-speaking Canadians in hanging on to their own identities.

Lunenburg ship-builders still practice the same crafts and sing the same songs their ancestors brought from Germany. And the city of Victoria (on the west coast) is surely the only place outside England where afternoon tea is still a formal and rather gracious occasion. Even Toronto - for all its bustling North American airs - is home to a dozen different ethnic groups, all of them politely determined not to be absorbed.

We found, too, that Canadians have a deep sense of history. (Something they brought from Europe?) They respect it and (more to the point) they resist the temptation to pull bits of it down to make way for new expressways. It's hard to travel through Canada without being constantly reminded of the past. Old traditions as well as old buildings are still intact.

In the fishing villages of Newfoundland, for instance, we heard accents and a vernacular that has more in common with 18th century Ireland than with 20th century North America. At the Highland Games in Nova Scotia, we saw a festival that hasn't changed in form in hundreds of years. And at Upper Canada Village (in Ontario) we found a beautiful piece of 150 year old history - authentic right down to the sassafras candy on sale in the village store.

Canada showed us the world from a different vantage point. And you know something, Paul? I'll swear it was turning a little more slowly.

Regards,

MSRW.

country. It was surprising how many people I met who had recently moved there from New York or St. Paul or Seattle—not only executives transferred by their companies, but secretaries, bank tellers, taxi drivers, and professional men. I made a point of asking whether they ever felt like moving back to wherever they had come from: without exception, the answer was no. Especially emphatic were the blacks from New York. They make better money in Atlanta, a wider range of jobs is open to them, and they live better. Though it has its full share of crummy housing, Atlanta has no ghetto comparable to Harlem. A majority of its population is now black, and still growing; consequently blacks have a strong voice, and soon will have a predominant one, in local government. The black middle class, probably the largest in any American city, lives in widely scattered residential districts, some of which might have been lifted straight out of Westchester County.

Another reason for Atlanta's chic is its architects. Because it has been growing so rapidly, it has attracted an unusual number of good ones, and many of their buildings—offices, homes, and such civic undertakings as the cultural center—are striking.

The most famous of the Atlanta architects is John Portman, who literally has changed the face of the city. When he hung out his shingle, after graduating from Georgia Tech, clients were slow in coming, so he went into building for himself. Starting with a parking lot, borrowed money, and the participation of a few imaginative businessmen, Portman embarked on the development of a Southern equivalent of New York's Rockefeller Center. Today he is a multimillionaire, and his Peachtree Center is a $125 million clump of skyscrapers, and still a-building.

The hallmark of Portman's work is an almost extravagant visual gaiety, achieved by the use of mirror glass, sidewalk sculpture, bridgeways thrown from building to building high above the street, and parklets tucked into unexpected corners. The most spectacular structure in the Center is a hotel, the Regency Hyatt House. Its lobby is a glass-roofed patio twenty-three stories high, with tropical vines trailing from the balconies on every floor, splashing fountains, an indoor sidewalk café, and a blue-domed rotating cocktail lounge on top. Its elevators, like oversized glass Christmas tree ornaments, hang on the outside of a central core; as they dart up and down they fill the lobby with constant light and motion.

I've met other architects who sniff at all this razzle-dazzle, but Atlanta loves it. In the evenings, for high-school kids in particular, the Hyatt House is definitely The Scene. They wander through it in herds of a dozen or so, sipping Cokes, staring at the cage of macaws, peeking into the restaurants (as lushly opulent as anything I've encountered in New York), and chasing each other up and down escalators. I can't imagine that the Plaza or the Waldorf-Astoria would tolerate for a moment these blue-jeaned swarms; but in the Hyatt House they seem to be both welcome and remarkably well behaved. Nearly every group I saw, incidentally, included a sprinkling of black youngsters: on this age level, at least, social integration seems to be happening in a casual, unself-conscious way.

AN OLD FRIEND OF MINE, Dr. Vivian Henderson, is president of Clark College, one of the components of Atlanta University—the largest black university in the country. Unlike many educators, he does not believe that the Negro colleges are doomed.

True, they are losing a lot of their better students and teachers to formerly all-white institutions. It is also true that some of the weaker Negro institutions probably will be forced into mergers, if only for financial reasons. But for the foreseeable future, Dr. Henderson believes, the stronger ones have a vital function that no white university can perform.

"We are better at motivating black students," he said. "Especially those who lack self-confidence, because they've never had a chance to discover their possibilities for intellectual achievement. Here we provide role-models. The youngsters work and live every day with black teachers who *have* achieved something important, usually in spite of early handicaps just like those of their students.

"In addition, our students can concentrate on their studies, without the anxieties of learning to live in a predominantly white society. And we can push them harder. If the professors at Harvard or Yale start riding a black undergraduate because he isn't working up to capacity, he's lik... think that Whitey is picking o... again. When we do the same thi... listens. He knows that we no... want him to succeed but belie... can."

One of Clark's recent innov... in which I was particularly inte... is a journalism program. Prac... every major newspaper, mag... broadcasting company, and ad... ing agency in the country is try... find more well-trained black w... and editors—with indifferen... cess, because the supply is stil... fully scant. From all I could ... the training at Clark is rigoro... graduates in the communicatio... have all been able to find, and ... good jobs. So far they are fe... cause Dr. Henderson hasn't yet ... the money to expand the prog... fast as he would like.

But I suspect he soon will. ... smart publishers are going to di... that Clark journalism schola... would be a sound investment, i... own self-interest.

ATLANTA HAS MOST of the fa... Big City Blues. It is stra... on its own automobile traff... Chattahoochee River is pollute... the shoreline is being despoi... speculative builders. By Los A... or Tokyo standards, its air is ... dirty, but it's getting worse. Th... sprawl into its surrounding co... has been unplanned and chaoti...

The difference here is that A... is trying to do something abou... troubles with a good deal mor... and imagination than most citie... winter it voted for a compreh... rapid transit system, combinin... bus service with subways and ... ground rail lines. In contras... New York City, which keeps ... its transit fares and losing ride... lanta cut its bus fares from fo... fifteen cents, in hopes of luring ... ers out of their private cars. An... the rail network can't be compl... a decade, it is improving its b... vice immediately, with new ... and 490 new vehicles. (Seattle ... with much the same problem, ... twice in recent years against bu... a transit system.)

At about the same time the ... politan area acquired a new k... government, to pull together t... tral city and five surrounding ... ties. Known as the Atlanta Re...



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Commission, it is modeled, r... on the highly successful Twin ... Metropolitan Council in Minn... It has authority to undertake t... overall planning the metro ... area has ever had and to ve... public projects that might c...flic... with its blueprints for future g... It has neither the power n... the money to carry out projects ... its own, however, and its contro... private developments is limite... and indirect. How effective it ma... u... out to be is still an open qu...ion. Much hinges on the political ute... ness of Dan Sweat, its execut... di... rector, and on the willingness ... the legislature to add to its autho... as future needs develop. At the m...ent black activists are watching i...vith some suspicion; they suspect ...t it might be a white device to dil... the power they are acquiring i... the central city.

Nevertheless, most of the Atl...ans I talked to sounded cautious op... timistic. As one of them put it: "his place has a high problem-s...ing capacity. We have a lot of l...ght, energetic doers, both in busine...ind in politics. The town has pr..., a sense of accomplishment, an... the races aren't polarized like they ... Newark and Detroit. I'm gar...in... that we'll make it."

SOME OF THE CHANGES taking ... in the South, however, are ... pathetic reminders of past crim... failures.

If you drive into the villa... Cherokee, North Carolina, for ... ple, you are likely to see a Che... Indian sitting beside the roa... wears a Sioux warbonnet and b... Cheyenne drum. A little farther ... the souvenir shops do a brisk ... ness selling tomahawks made in ... Kong.

No tourist would be intereste... locals explain, in photograph ... Cherokee in his own costume. ... never wore feathered headdress ... their heyday, a century and ...

*My vanity being what it is, I na... was delighted when Gerald Tal... Horton, coauthor of the legislatio... created the Atlanta Regional Comm... told me that he had gotten the idea ... report in this column on the Min... experiment. He helped sell the plan ... fellow legislators by taking them ... peditions to Minneapolis and St. P... see on the spot how that metro... council actually is working out.

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eveloped by any Ameri-
. The invention of a young
ed Sequoyah, it consisted
x symbols representing the
f Cherokee speech. The
t for its weekly newspaper,
ee Phoenix, established in
for their national constitu-
phisticated document pro-
a two-house legislature and
ystem of courts.
tion in those days covered
rt of Georgia and North
and enjoyed most of the
of the bordering white com-
including taverns with bil-
s, Negro slaves, political
ad custom posts. The point
or most travelers from the
a place called Peachtree
Pitchtree), north of the
Atlanta was to be founded.
eading to it was, naturally,
Street: today the southern
Atlanta's main drag. Many
rokees had adopted Chris-
ey lived not in teepees but
—11,000 of them at the time
835 census—and some built
as ostentatious as any plan-
ior.

Christianity nor anything
save them, however, after
discovered in northeastern
Through a fraudulent treaty
ary force, their country was
gold-crazed and land-hun-
s, and most of the Cherokees
ed to Oklahoma. A few of
ceable and talented people
to stay behind, and today
much like anybody else in
thern mountains—raising
pumping gas, and mulcting
Some, at last, are benefiting
gold rush. The site of the
e, at Dahlonega, Georgia, is
veloped as a tourist attrac-

synthetic Cherokee-Sioux-
is only one small testimonial to the tourists' appetite for the phony. A more impressive one is the town of Helen, Georgia. It has disguised itself as a Bavarian village.

Originally a lumbering town, it began to die as soon as the last of the virgin timber was stripped off the surrounding foothills. By 1969 it was down to 250 people, and most of them weren't sure they could survive much longer. What few tourists passed that way tore through in a hurry, because Helen was then as repellently ugly as any hamlet east of the Mississippi—a straggle of dingy concrete block buildings along the highway.

An artist, John Kollock, came up with an idea for the salvation of Helen. Why not transform it into a Bavarian village, of the sort he had admired when he was stationed as a soldier in southern Germany? The business leaders were willing to give it a try—what's to lose?—so Kollock worked up a set of watercolor sketches. They showed how every building would look if it were dressed up with a Bavarian-style facade: half-timbering, overhanging gables, steeples, gaily painted shutters, false balconies in fancy woodwork, and lots of white stucco.

Well, wood was cheap, and nearly every man in town was used to working with it. So they organized a Community Club to coordinate the project and set to work. By last winter the transformation was complete. Every structure in Helen, from the filling stations to the town hall, now looks like something from a dream of Mad King Ludwig. At that, Helen unquestionably looks a lot better than it did before. And Kollock's hunch was right: mini-Bavaria is fetching the tourists in droves. On a good weekend more than ten thousand of them swarm into Helen to stare at the fountain, the cobblestoned shopping plaza, and the Ice Burg snack shop with its waitresses in dirndls. They are also spending freely in the gourmet food stores, boutiques, and arts-and-crafts shops that occupy once-vacant buildings.

Helenians sound both proud and a little defensive about their metamorphosis. "We didn't spoil the character of the town," one merchant insisted. "Hell, it never had any character to begin with. And can you think of any better way to save a dying community?"

Frankly, I can't.



Ruth Mooney

A DOLLAR FOR THE MUGGER

Better to give the man a little money than to suffer the consequences of his disappointment



Richard Bellack

Ruth Mooney at home.

MY POCKETBOOK STRAP suddenly left my hand; I turned, and saw the man's back just before he vanished behind a six-foot-high ramp of excavated dirt across the street. I chased him, screaming, "Stop, thief!" Some teenage boys caught up with me; they had seen the whole thing happen, helped me find a policeman, and gave him a description of the snatcher. Then I went on to my dinner date with friends, who were sympathetic and lent me enough money to get through the coming week; my salary, of course, had been in the pocketbook.

Calming down, I convinced myself this was something that had to happen once in a lifetime. It had taken fifty-eight years for me to be robbed, so I could look forward to another fifty-eight years of freedom before the next heist. I was so wrong.

In those days," said my widowed neighbor, Mrs. Schiff, "I used to come out of the house and sit on the steps until one in the morning, waiting for my husband to come home. I could be wearing diamonds—*diamonds*, can you believe it?—and nothing ever happened to me." She had lived in the same house, on New York's Lower East Side, for over forty years; I am a relative newcomer of sixteen years. In the supermarket, in the laundromat, the same theme comes up over and over again. "I don't know what we're coming to. It was never like this." So, isn't this a widespread problem—the problem of every large city? Crime is on the increase.

But this is something quite different from a straight numerical increase in crime; say that there used to be so many burglaries, armed ro and now there are X more. So has been added, an entirely n of crime, with different pe methods, and aims. Poor didn't use to rob other poor now they do.

Classical crime, today as past, is carried out by men wi (picking locks, for instance discipline enough to work as (say, in sticking up an a truck), and with ability to pla robbers don't rob just for fu disdain low-income neighbo Mrs. Schiff with her diamo an unusual figure in the de part of the East Side between kins Square and the East Rive European immigrants and th dren were the dominant gro recently. The blocks of dism ments with open front doors nobody. It's different now. A

Ruth Mooney, seventy years old, is a retired office worker who has written for the Village Voice.

enant, climbing the stairs
own apartment, may find
men with knives waiting
ows.

bber in his right mind
up a housewife on her way
he supermarket where she
ent most of her money?
ns very frequently in my
od, and has happened to
new type of robber, the
does this. He's driven by
ollable need. He has no
uire skills, set up a team,
. Perhaps alone, perhaps
two other desperates who
m, he goes after any ran-
. The housewife may not
everything she went out
may be a five-dollar bill
ocketbook.

OCEEDS of these various
s and pocketbook snatch-
o small that it's hard to
hy anyone would go to the
first snatcher got a week's
me, but in 1959 that only
o about forty dollars. Two
, a couple of twelve-year-
abbed and fled with a poke
five dollars. (By that time
ned not to hold it by the
thought it would be safe
arm.) One year after that
etween snatchings getting
l shorter), two tall young
ed me up the stairs of my
o the first landing and
dollars for themselves. If
ith their lookout, an elder-
ho had pretended to be
e I was opening my pocket-
ake a purchase, the three of
ed two dollars apiece from
taking.

it or not, I didn't stop
ocketbooks until a later
n a round-eyed young man
grocery counter pointed to
large one, I'd been given
thday and said, "You carry
'll kill you!" I began to see
of course, the snatchers—
ng men, even boys—would
large pocketbook to be
th all kinds of money and

s, too, appear to be very
sfied. The first time I came
d the contents of closet and
aped on the floor, a check
othing missing but a cheap
radio and some dimestore

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jewelry. The second burglar walked off with a beat-up typewriter, a space heater I'd had for four years, and a windbreaker that probably fit and looked well on him. The third burglar, who ripped up my throw cushions to add to the usual devastation, hit the jackpot with a portable TV I had bought only seven months before.

The vulnerable window, it turned out, was not the fire-escape window. The burglar got into the house in some way, came up two flights of stairs, then went out the hall window, which was never locked. The outer brick wall of the house next door, about eighteen inches away, and the brick wall of my house were rough enough to support his feet as he inched his way between the houses to my nearest window. Standing outside this window —two flights up, of course — that was locked only with a screw apparatus, he inserted a knife between the top and bottom panes and pried them far enough apart to be able to push down the top.

A FEW YEARS AGO the landlady locked the front door and installed a bell and buzzer system, which made burglary more difficult though not impossible. Then the armed robbers took over. They came in spurts, as if they had all talked it over and decided on it. In one week, early in 1971, three different tenants—all women—were mugged by different robbers in that little closed-in vestibule outside the locked front door. I was one.

That day I looked in front of and behind me as I walked up the short stoop, but I saw nothing alarming. Just after the vestibule door closed, before I could even get out my keys, a young man with a knife in his hand came bounding up the steps and through the door. "Okay, give me your money."

I had quite a long conversation with this one, which is unusual. He must have been an amateur. He had longish hair, which is a sign of inexperience: a truly hip robber takes care not to have identifying signs. I gave him my change purse with less than a dollar in it. He was sharply disappointed and for a minute or two seemed to be weighing the idea of punishing me for having so little. He put me through a quiz: didn't I have some dollar bills in that shopping bag? Upstairs? Any bankbooks? (Didn't he know that he could anything with bankbooks? Ev burglars had known that.) He swallowed his disappointmen left. If he'd searched me he'd found only one more dollar; i pened that time I'd really spent money. But perhaps it takes t make a search, one to hold the v this had happened before, in th tibule, when one held me whi other shook out the contents pocketbook on the floor.

THE THREE BURGLARIES, pocketbook snatchings, one ging, one robbery at knifepoin one pocket-picking I've experi since 1959 didn't cost me mu money. Nor was I physically ha The harm, as I see it, has bee change in attitude, a revers priorities. Entirely too much thinking now goes to devising w avoid getting robbed.

I turn to see who's behind tend to classify all approaching as to whether they are or are not aggressors. I take care not to anything with me that I won't lutely need, for who knows, it be taken from me before I get Paranoia? I don't think so, since grows out of real life experienc is a defensive reaction to my environment. I wasn't always this.

When I moved to the Lowe Side in 1955, I thought it strang so many of my neighbors kept window shades down all day. do, too, after realizing why the do: a well-founded suspicion tha ing eyes may be looking t whether there is anything stealing.

Quite a few women have said and not all old women, either never go out at night anymore afraid to." But that's a sad st affairs, rather like saying in ord to be killed I'll stop living. Well to the theater often with friend we always try to make it a ma but if this can't be done, I take n home in a taxi.

One-building landlords are n common in the Tompkins S area: a successful merchant or p er who has five thousand dolla invest puts it down on a house. S times, the landlord himself liv the house. Those who live else used to come around in person o

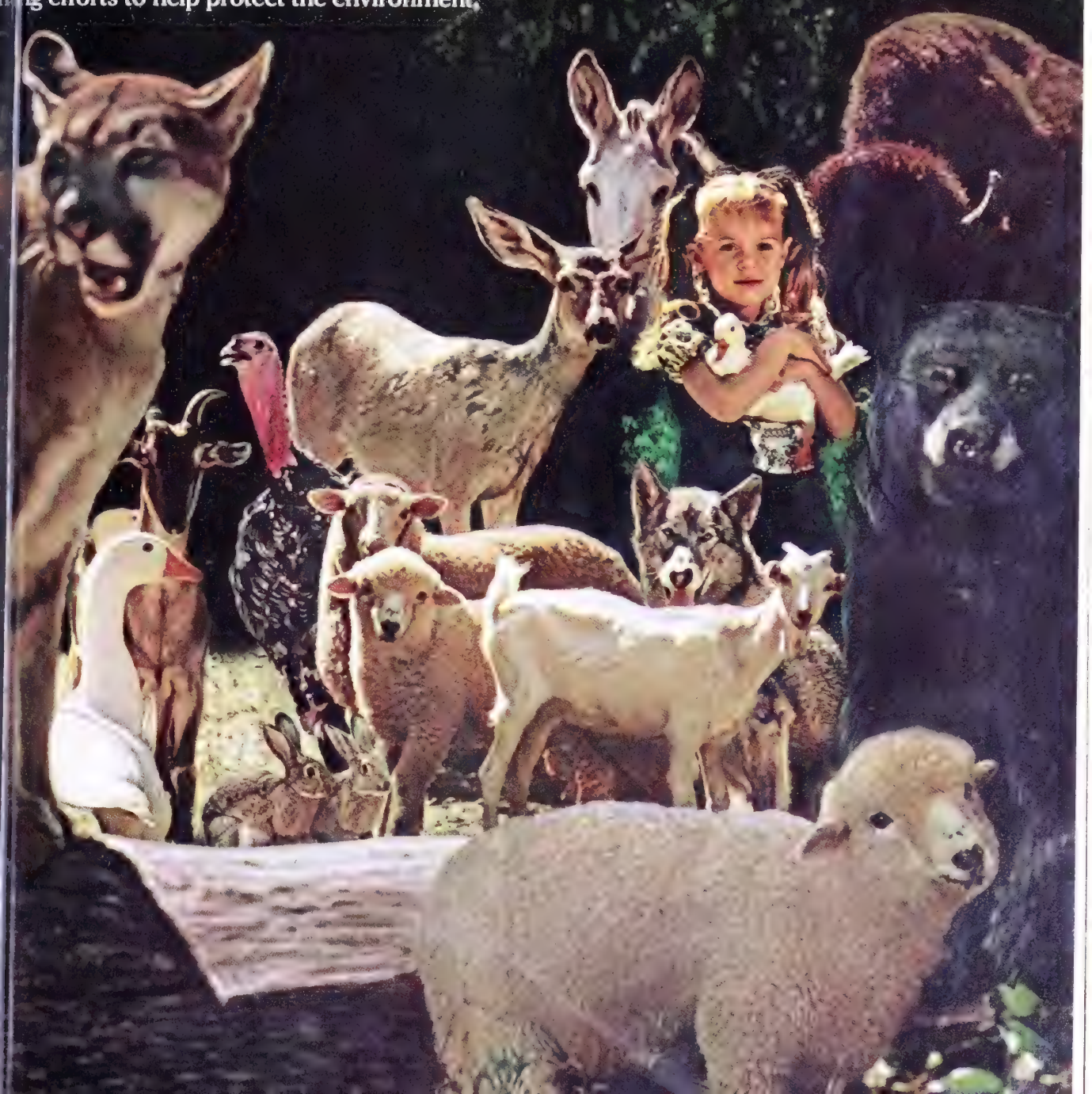
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day to collect the cash or listen to the excuses, and to hear all the fresh gossip. They don't anymore; it's too dangerous. Their tenants have to send the rent by check or money order.

I live in a small building, five stories with only ten apartments, and the people there are all conscious of the robbery problem. One day I let into the building a pair of would-be burglars who claimed they were building inspectors. An upstairs tenant, who happened to be looking out of his window, came running down, questioned the men, and demanded their identification. "Who are you?" one of the men asked. "I'll show you who I am!" They turned and ran.

Experiences like that have caused me to stop answering the doorbell unless I'm expecting someone. Other tenants, single men or families, may push the buzzer but if no one comes up the stairs, they go down to investigate. If a woman goes down, a man goes with her.

I've always phoned the police after a robbery or burglary, and of course they always come. I don't think I'll continue doing that, though, unless I get hurt or a large loss in money or property is involved. So far my record has been zero in being able to describe the robber, even if I saw him. I suppose, naturally, anyone who goes in for a life of crime takes care to avoid having identifying characteristics—a moustache, long hair, or distinguishing marks of any kind.

I realize the policeman doesn't come so that I can have a blue shoulder to cry on. He knows that however upset you may be at the time, for a four-dollar loss you aren't going to take a day off from work to appear in court and press charges. He wants identification. He wants a case that will stick. Without it, he's not going to do much.

So I've faced the fact that I am living in a hostile environment and life has to be lived on those terms. I can't, I realize, prevent myself from being robbed; I can make it difficult.

WHY DON'T YOU MOVE? people have asked me. I am surprised when New Yorkers pose this question, for they must know about the housing shortage that has low-income and even middle-income people trapped with no place to go. It's true that people living in parts of town where there are fewer addicts have not been robbed so often, and I move if I can find a place.

I should think the very worst to move to would be the housin government is putting up espe for the elderly. One reason tha house I live in has been such a is that a large percentage of th ants were old women. It just hap that way. It's a well-built hous by a responsible landlady, and lies had always lived there. B grown-up children left, the passed away, and the mother li a ripe age. In recent months so derly tenants have vacated apartments, and the landlady, wh she planned it that way or not, them with young, vigorous-lo men. The robbers have been lett alone.

AVOID GOING TO THE BANK on days. Friday is the day working people cash their payc The senior citizens come in with Social Security checks on the th each month, and the welfare r ents on the fifteenth and the thir Addicts wait outside the ban those days, follow people to homes and mug them as the going in the door.

In other parts of town, women pocketbooks as they always have can walk around the Tom Square area and hardly see one storekeeper shows no surprise he sees me taking money out shoe. . . . Change purse, cosm and whatever else a woman think has to carry, I stow in several bags in a see-through tote bag. kind of bag is unattractive snatcher. He prefers to have a identifiable money-holder, a p book or wallet.

I have learned that looking and behind when going into the is not enough, and now I hav keys ready and go right throug vestibule without stopping, ev there is mail in the box. I can a come back later for the mail.

Perhaps the reason I haven't physically harmed so far is t haven't put up resistance. It's money, after all. And however I may put away in a hard-t place, I always manage to have lar or two available for the mu so he won't injure me in a ra disappointment.

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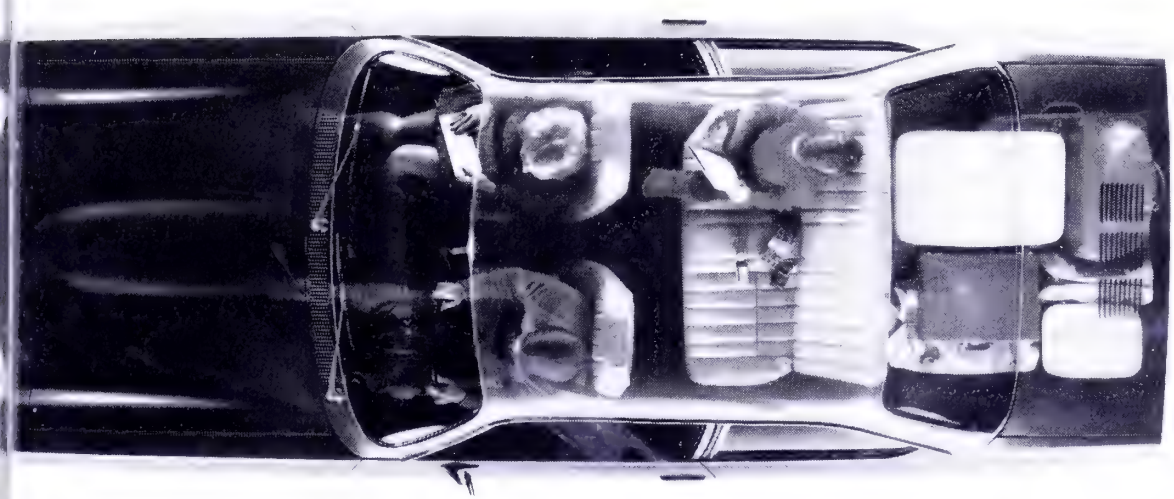
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Arthur Roth

MARCHING TO DIFFERENT DRUMMERS

The passion for parades in Northern Ireland



THEY CAME MARCHING up the main street of the village, a dozen earnest teenage musicians playing their fifes and drums. Their faces had a set, strained look: they were obviously frightened by the sullen silence that challenged them. Catholic men and women jammed both sidewalks, filled entryways, and overflowed onto the street, a ragged Rorschach blot of mourners that narrowed to a dark ominous head just in front of Saint Mary's church. The band was brought up in the rear by two teenage lads who bore an outstretched banner between them. The banner portrayed a matronly Queen Victoria seated on a throne with three dusky natives squatting at her feet. The legend read, "The Secret of England's Greatness."

Despite my twenty-five-year absence, nothing seemed to have changed. The year could have been 1946, or 1926, or even 1886. The Protestants were still marching, the Catholics still watching, waiting, hating. Pomeroy was still the same.

The Northern Ireland village in which I grew up traces its history back to 1689, to Catholic King James II who, on his way to the famous siege of Londonderry, camped with his army at the foot of Pomeroy hill. There is Catholic silence on King James' return from that unsuccessful siege because it was only a year or so later, on July 12, 1690, that he was defeated by King William at the Battle of the Boyne, thereby ensuring the continuance of a Dutch Protestant monarch on the throne of England, and the continuance of Orange, Protestant, Unionist Ulster. (The "Orange" comes from William of Orange, the "Unionist" from continued union with Great Britain.)

Pomeroy is largely Nationalist or Catholic and is widely known among Protestants as "Rebel Pomeroy." It is situated in County Tyrone—Tyrone and Fermanagh are the two of Northern Ireland's six counties with Catholic majorities. The proportion in Northern Ireland as a whole is roughly two-thirds Protestant to one-third Catholic.

The band whose banner proclaimed that here in this corner of Ireland the British Empire still existed trailed on up the street. A bagpipe band came puffing and skirling into view. The onlookers' silence still held—a foreboding, implacable, bated-breath silence that reminded one of a roped-off group of people waiting to see if a buried bomb would explode. The simile is apt; the situation was a slowly ticking bomb.*

I WATCHED A fourteen-year-old Catholic lad who was standing in the yard entry of a public house reach down and pick up an egg-sized rock. Something in his expression at that moment, some passing quiver in his lips or the innocent way his eyes widened as he slipped the rock into his jacket pocket, made me instantly recognize him as the son of a former classmate of mine. In the late 1930s, his father and I had shared adjoining desks in the upper grades room of Saint Mary's primary school. I j a moment I stood once again s Johnny as our seventh-grade ss scholars was called on to rec of those poems we had been g m memorize as part of a homew s signment.

Under the scrutiny of a master who treated us with a bloodcurdling joviality that h as a mask to hide a bitter s e failure, we each took our t n supplying the next couplet of t parently innocent poem or son of our favorites was the "Lam t the Death of Owen Roe O'Ne elegy for an Irish patriot th c tained lines stirring enough t ri the light of insurrection to ou y Owen Roe was the last Catholi hi tain to rule the North of Irela a when we recited that poem we ar the master's keen appreciation f feat. We also inwardly swore r an against the English and their c n planters, Northern Ireland's tants, for as the poet Thomas O n Davis wrote of Owen Roe, "Th s with poison him they feared t m with steel."

Throbbing with that roman tionalism that so often, in Ire least, seems to flower at the o puberty, we would stand er class, heads high and fists clenc d

Arthur Roth served two years in the IRA, three years in the Irish Regular Army, and one and a half years in the U.S. Air Force. He is currently administrative director of the Easthampton, N.Y., Headstart program.

*On January 18 the government o ern Ireland ordered a one-year ba parades, including the Orange Day (which has not been barred sinc War II). This follows a previ month ban issued on August 9, 19 Northern Ireland Civil Rights Ass has stated that they "will of cou tinue to hold parades despite th which they of course have done.

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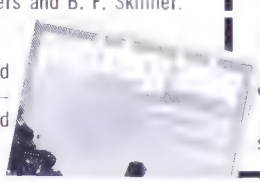
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we outdid each other in savagely chanting such lines as, "May God wither up their hearts! May their blood cease to flow! May they walk in living death, who poisoned Owen Roe!" And often our reedy preadolescent voices would threaten to break on the lines, "Wail, wail him through the Island, weep, weep for our pride; would that on the battlefield our gallant chief had died!" Such poetry can make patriots. It can also make bigots. More about Owen Roe later.

There were other patriotic poems and songs that we committed to memory (and long memories we had: Owen Roe died in 1649), such songs as "Kelly the Boy from Killane." Bitterly aware that we were members of a persecuted minority, we felt reassured to identify with the likes of Kelly: "Seven feet was his height with some inches to spare, and he looked like a King in command."

The same song coincidentally provides a metaphor that strikingly illustrates the inseparability of patriotism and religion in the Irish culture, where the fate of rebel-held Wexford is described as follows: "And poor Wexford, stripped naked, hung high on a cross, with her heart pierced by traitors and slaves." It brings to mind Daniel O'Connell, who was reputed to have said, "Let me write the songs of a nation and I care not who writes its laws."

Our village of 300 inhabitants supported two primary schools. At the other end of town Protestant schoolchildren were reciting poems and singing songs of an equally patriotic cast: Kipling poems that glorified Queen and Empire, Protestant songs that swore to defend the Protestant faith against "Slaves and Slavery, Knaves and Knavery, Popes and Popery."

The sad truth is that, under the guise of learning language and love of country, we Catholic and Protestant schoolchildren were learning to hate one another. And what we learned as children all too frequently determined what we would think as adults.

ALL AFTERNOON Pomeroy had been bracing itself for the coming invasion of a score of bands of "the Young Orangemen." The junior Orangemen were formed, I presume, to instill in Protestant youths those principles long held by the parent Loyal Orange Lodge: unswerving loyalty to the British crown and its monarchical traditions ("Ulster Is British! Dear Queen, Please Visit Us This Year!"); the continuance of Protestant political and economic domination in Northern Ireland ("Keep the Catholics on the Dole and Emigrating"); and, through gerrymandering, job and housing discrimination, the containment of Northern Ireland's Catholics ("No Pope Here!"). One Dublin reporter wittily summed up such principles under the slogan, "To hell with the future, let's get on with the past!"

All day young and middle-aged Catholic men had been drifting into the village to wait for the parade. They had come to remind the Orangemen that Northern Ireland also contained over half a million Catholics. They came in their working clothes: cloth caps, heavy serge trousers that often as not sported a patch or two, indiscriminate tweed jackets, tea- and tobacco-stained raincoats the color of ancient photographs, sturdy well-broken hobnailed boots. They would not dress up for the occasion: that would be showing a trace of respect. The important thing was to be there, to match silently the display of strength put on by the marching Orangemen, to add to the tension, the foreboding, and anxiety that the whole village felt.

In 1953 Pomeroy had been the scene of a small-scale riot after the police had broken up a homecoming celebration for a local Nationalist leader who had been in jail for sundry patriotic endeavors. A considerable number of heads had been bent by the Royal Ulster Constabulary, Northern Ireland's police force and a body that is over 90 per cent Protestant—partly through discrimination and partly through the reluctance of Catholics to join a force that is, rightly or wrongly, regarded as a disciplinary arm of the Unionist government. Memories of that 1953 riot were still vivid, and the Catholics of Pomeroy felt, not without justification, that after the disruption and outright banning of civil-rights parades on the grounds that they were provocative, it was hypocritical to allow an Orange parade in such a Nationalist center as Pomeroy.

This feeling was mitigated somewhat by the fact that the parade could be considered traditional. On at least three previous occasions the Young Orangemen had picked Pom[illegible] the venue of their march. (Ea[illegible] they pick a different place.) [illegible] that this year Catholic Pome[illegible] the site of their annual mar[illegible] merely coincidental. Or was i[illegible]

In previous years the Ora[illegible] had marched from the foot [illegible] town and up the hill to the sq[illegible] the town center. The center[illegible] the square is a Protestant chur[illegible] the Young Orangemen would [illegible] around the church and back de[illegible] hill. This truncated march cam[illegible] because one year, attempt[illegible] march right through the town [illegible] the first Orange band was m[illegible] massed group of Catholic[illegible] blocked Main Street, wall to w[illegible] a bit beyond the town squar[illegible] potentially explosive situatio[illegible] handled by a quick-witted pol[illegible] who directed the band to [illegible] around the Protestant churc[illegible] down to the foot of the town[illegible] The Nationalist block had [illegible] thrown across the road because [illegible] rumor that the Orangemen in[illegible] to march past the Catholic chu[illegible] the head of the town, a grave[illegible] indeed to Catholic Pomeroy. [illegible] knew what strange curses mi[illegible] muttered by the Orangemen [illegible] fluted and piped their way pas[illegible] Mary's church: and indeed, t[illegible] such an air as "The Old G[illegible] Flute" played within earshot [illegible] church itself must have sound[illegible] piciously like sacrilege to Po[illegible] Catholics. Too many of them ha[illegible] the photograph of a woman m[illegible] in an Orange parade in Belfas[illegible] ping her skirt upward as she [illegible] in front of a Catholic church. [illegible] gesture of contempt might be [illegible] in Belfast, but it bloody well w[illegible] happen in Pomeroy.

On this occasion, however, [illegible] learned that the Orangemen int[illegible] to march straight through the [illegible] although they had promised t[illegible] down a road just short of the Ca[illegible] church in order to return to the [illegible] center. Still, for many Catholic[illegible] sounded ominously like a defia[illegible] established custom, still anoth[illegible] ample of the Orangemen fla[illegible] their ability to march where and [illegible] they pleased.

This matter of parade rou[illegible] often a delicate one. In neighb[illegible] Dungannon, for example, [illegible] Catholics slightly outnumber [illegible] testants, the police have consis[illegible] refused to allow Catholics to [illegible]

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Dream on, they said.

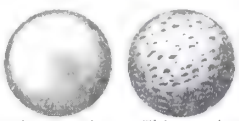
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wn square. The square is
ked with Protestants on
rade days, and it is felt
otestants are there to make
o Catholics approach the
Neill's castle on the north
square, lest they be re-
forcefully of Owen Roe
e same Owen Roe who
childish hearts to beat so

otestants themselves have
emember Owen Roe. In
ed an uprising of native
ish against the Protestant
the north of Ireland, a
hat was marked by appall-
ies committed by the wild
" Irish against the usurp-
ant farmers of the rich low-
Protestant memories, 1611
re of their fear of Catholic
in a united Ireland and
hy such slogans as "Not An
lo Surrender," and "No
" are part of their political

XICALLY, local Protestants
so been gathering in Pom-
ighout the long afternoon.
e village proper has only
stant families, many farm-
vicinity are Protestant and
tly members of the Loyal
odge. They had been ap-
n Pomeroy's bars in their
lothes, and indeed Tommy
fictitious name), a young
otestant farmer, ostenta-
ove a tractor up and down
et several times as he made
s of various business estab-
. All of this Protestant work-
ence in the village, this lack
regalia and emblems, was
d by Pomeroy Catholics as
that the local Protestants
o disassociate themselves
orthcoming show of Orange
(This will not stop Pomeroy
ts from turning out in full
niform next year in what-
hboring town the event is

paranoid Catholics claimed
cal Protestants were in town
column to find out what the
were planning. However,
Protestants were largely
the village when the parade
trouble broke out, they ob-
idn't want to be in the posi-
ding blows with their Catho-

lic neighbors, an especially prudent policy when one is in a distinct minority on local grounds. Anyway, by such nuances are riots made or averted.

In peaceful times the Catholic-Protestant rivalry is carried on by means of parades of largely religious or political import. It has been estimated that the Orangemen hold 800 parades every year, many of them as small as the one in Pomeroy. The Catholics also march, though not nearly as frequently or as freely as the Protestants. And, Catholic and Protestant, they all march to the music of the songs they learned as schoolchildren.

AND THE MUSIC CONTINUED. An accordion band swung into view, playing "The Minstrel Boy," a patriotic song with words general enough to be used as a marching tune by both Catholic and Protestant. Beside me a Catholic bystander looked at the red, white, and blue Union Jack being carried by one of the marchers and bitterly remarked, "Will they never tire of parading around under that cow's afterbirth?"

I looked up toward the head of Main Street where the first Orange band was making the turn onto the Sandy Braes, a side road that would eventually lead the marchers back to the town square. The Orangemen, perhaps daunted by that mass of men in front of the Catholic church, obviously had no plans to march past Saint Mary's. Some of the tension leaked away. The bomb had been defused, and barring some unforeseen incident (a teenage bystander throwing a rock), it appeared that the village might be spared any sectarian rioting. Several truckloads of heavily armed police who were waiting on the outskirts of Pomeroy might not have to move in after all.

In fairness it should be pointed out that in the rural districts of Northern Ireland, Catholic and Protestant get along fairly well and very few want to disturb that precarious equilibrium. Their farms are situated beside each other, and there is the usual amount of mutual aid to be found among small farmers anywhere. The civil strife in the North is mainly confined to the urban centers of Belfast and Londonderry, and a few scattered industrial towns like Armagh, Newry, and Dungannon.

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A major share of the blame for this religious war must be split between the Catholic hierarchy and the Northern Ireland government; the hierarchy for its insistence on controlling the education of Catholic children, and the state for agreeing to finance sectarian schools. (Nowhere else in Europe, except Spain and Portugal, has the state agreed to furnish free education in religious schools.) The Northern Ireland government pays almost 100 per cent of the operating expenses, including salaries, of Catholic grade and secondary schools in Northern Ireland, and up to 80 per cent of the costs of erecting such schools. The state even underwrites the expenses of two Catholic teacher-training colleges. Despite state funding of such education, the government imposes no control over the textbooks used in Catholic schools. Since practically all Catholic youngsters attend these free Catholic schools, such children grow up learning history, for example, from a Nationalist Catholic bias. They consequently learn to hate the English, despise Protestants, and believe that the only good Irishman is a good Catholic.

There are secular grade schools in Northern Ireland, but because almost no Catholic children attend these "county" schools, they become, in effect, Protestant schools manned by Protestant teachers who teach history from a Protestant point of view. As a consequence, religious bigotry learned at home is merely reinforced in school.

To take one example, Owen Roe's Rebellion of 1641 is presented to the Catholic child as a gallant attempt on the part of the persecuted Catholic Irish to regain their national patrimony from heretical Protestants, with no mention made of the thousands of Protestants who were slaughtered in a campaign of hideous brutality. The Protestant child is taught nothing *but* the atrocities, supposedly carried out in defiance of the legitimate English authority and at the instigation of the Pope.

Bernadette Devlin, in her autobiography, *The Price of My Soul*, relates that the Mother Superior of her school tore a chart of "patriots" from the wall because it included a couple of English names like Admiral Nelson. The chart bore the caption, "They Fought For Their Country." The Mother Superior explained that such Englishmen could not be considered patriotic because so many of them had "tortured the Irish for five hundred years." Evidently Mother Superior could see the word "patriot" only in the context of "Irish," and was unable to admit that the English had their patriots too, including many who never had anything to do with Ireland.

THIS SCHIZOPHRENIC TEACHING of history has resulted in a Northern Ireland whose existence as a cultural and geographical entity is subconsciously denied by a majority of its inhabitants. Most Protestants see the North as an extension of Great Britain, as another Wales that merely happens to be separated from the mother country by a few miles of open sea. Too many Catholics view the North as an integral part of an All-Ireland Republic, a part artificially cut off and artificially maintained by the weight of English power.

In the cities, Catholic and Protestant have few opportunities to know each other. They go to their sectarian schools, attend sectarian dances, play their sectarian sports (soccer, rugby, and cricket for the Protestants, Gaelic football and hurling for the Catholics), usually work for an employer of the same religion and come home to a neighborhood that is, in essence, a religious ghetto. There have been attempts to integrate some of these working-class ghettos, but where enclaves of Catholics have been established in Protestant areas, and vice versa, they have been inevitably abandoned or destroyed in the next round of sectarian warfare. Thus Catholics are burned out of their homes in Protestant districts, and Protestants terrified out of their houses in Catholic areas. Then, too, segregated housing has been in the interests of both the Catholic hierarchy and the Northern Ireland government. It is easier to build, maintain, and transport children to Catholic schools that draw from segregated housing developments. Also, the Irish hierarchy, probably the most conservative in Western Europe, still tends to behave as though its charges had to be sheltered from alien ideas. The less social intercourse between Catholic and Protestant, the less chance there is of a Catholic "losing the faith."

Since its inception in 1921, the Unionist government of Northern Ireland (the Unionists hav power since the state was longer than any other polit in Western Europe) has o secretly encouraged segrega ing primarily because it is gerrymander political b when areas are either solidl or Protestant. Segregated also tends to keep sectarian alive, and as long as the can keep the Protestant classes united in seeing the Protestants first, the Unio rule indefinitely because of estant advantage in popula should voters, Catholic or P lose sight of their religion, or Protestant politician ha remind them that Lord Cra founder of the Unionist pa publicly proclaimed, "This estant state for a Protestan How well that statement hol be seen in *The Ulster Yea 1971*, an official publicati Northern Ireland governm 300 fact-crammed pages mention even the word " Nowhere, except for an item under the heading Games," is there any indic one-third of the populatio own religion and culture, separate language (thou seldom used), and has a history that predates the the Protestant planters by of years. A stranger, rea Yearbook, would come to t sion that Northern Irelan another homogeneous Eng ince. Officially, at least, th in Ulster is an invisible ma

Rural children are some affected by this religious They still go to their sectari but, as was the situation in when I grew up there, they a together occasionally if fo more than rock fights with e or to raid someone's orcha fine ecumenical disregard fo gion of the victim. Then, to in the main from farm fam have frequent dealings with of adjoining farms, whethe or Protestant. It may seem to talk of Catholic or P farms, but Northern Irela only place I know where conducting you on a sightse is likely to say, "That's a P farm," or, "That's a Catho house."

inimal contacts between and Catholic rural children ably cease at the age of sixteen, the dating age. It Catholic boy who would e a Protestant girl, or vice is life were not made hell ious compatriots, the other soon disabuse him of the ysical means if cteen young Catholic boys tly recruited into the IRA, ey are rarely used as anye than couriers and ingatherers until they are Much as your small-town youngster will join the local we Catholic lads joined terrorist organization, and lads join the Orangemen. ave been some attempts by in the North to broaden rotestant contacts, mainly Quaker-inspired organizad PACE (Protestant and Encounter). PACE has r more "out-of-school mixeen Catholic and Protestant especially in sports, but one ow successful such a probe if the schools are not . Bernadette Devlin ret her Catholic school volleywas forbidden to schedule ainst Protestant schools be- Mother Superior felt it er do for Catholic children a function where the Entional anthem might be

CK TO POMEROY, where yet her band was parading by mmand of a backward-step-year-old drum major, the ted for a moment to widen separating it from the band ely ahead. The members of carefully refrained from any ng stares at the onlookers. n major faced front again a nervous pluck at the miniange sash that crossed his then rested his long staff at rd angle from his body. He cing at the onlookers and in, his face a study in conlements: stern duty, fear, a elf-importance, a desire to . At that moment the unforedent occurred, threatening to he whole event into a riot. A r, a young working man who ously been drinking all after-



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noon, shouted to the band members, "Go home to hell out of Pomeroy!"

The six-year-old turned his head in fright to face that hostile challenge. Then his face crumpled and he began to cry. An older lad in the front rank of the band stepped forward, murmured a few consoling words and softly urged the child to lift his staff and move the band forward again. The lad complied, still visibly crying. A sudden hush fell over the bystanders who, perhaps shamed at the sight of a child's tears, quietly edged away from their inflamed compatriot. But had the lad not started to cry, or had one of the band members stepped out of rank to challenge that shouted insult, rocks and fists and bottles would have started to fly.

The incorporation of children in these partisan parades is a peculiar characteristic of Northern Ireland, a practice that probably springs from the much quoted "siege mentality" attributed to Catholics and Protestants in the North. When one feels beleaguered ("Not An Inch," "No Surrender"), there is a tendency to use every available body for the cause. The fact that these children, Catholic as well as Protestant, are filled with religious bigotry from their respective schools makes them willing accomplices to adult shows of force. (Cameras trained on the rioting mobs in Northern Ireland continue to show an astonishing number of thirteen- and fourteen-year-olds taking part in the disturbances; and Bernadette Devlin recounts that, in Derry, children of eight, nine, and ten made the petrol bombs and ferried them to the barricades.)

After the parade was over I watched a knot of teenage Orangemen who were waiting to board one of the buses that took them to Pomeroy. The bus driver was evidently in a local pub for a "wee spit of whiskey," and to kill time the youngsters were lightly dribbling a rubber ball back and forth. They were being watched by a group of Catholic youngsters standing nearby. At one point an errant kick sent the ball hopping high off a curbstone and in the direction of the Catholic lads. One of the latter rose in the air and swiftly returned the ball with an expertly placed header. "Oh, I say, well *played*, sir," one of the Protestant lads cried out in a parody of a

teel Englishman's "sporting" re

Both groups of youngsters join

the general laughter that greet

sally, and for a moment they

united in an adolescent mock

the stereotypical Establish

figure. They might even have

to play together had not three

chosen that moment to approa

bus, wordlessly reminding the

folk that there were larger thi

life than just football, such thi

"not mixing with the other

Silence fell, and both grou

youngsters retreated into their

tive isolation. The adults hap

to be Catholic, but had they

Protestant the repressive effect

have been the same.

Later in the evening I ran

Derek Carson on Main Street.

a Protestant, had left Pomer

Australia about the same time

left for America. He, too, wa

on a long vacation. As we appro

each other we said, "Hello,

passed on. (Derek was accom

by a local Protestant or we

have stopped to chat with each

At the instant of saying he

smiled, an amused yet ape

smile that held a thin edge of s

to it. I suspect the same exp

was on my face, an expressio

clearly said, "Isn't the whol

insane and aren't we lucky to

of it?" And though we hardly

merely murmured a polite he

each other's names, we rea

greater depth of friendshi

understanding in that passi

counter than we had ever expe

as children or young adults g

up together in Pomeroy. The y

exile had purged us of hatre

our religions no longer divi

And so Pomeroy's night

was over. Still, all the pent-u

tions of a sore-pressed minor

a fearful majority were presen

parade, and the occasion lack

a spark to explode into a sm

riot. No one struck that spark,

than a week later, at the Pr

Apprentice Boys Parade in

City, the fire next time occur

the North erupted into a r

war, with Catholic and Pro

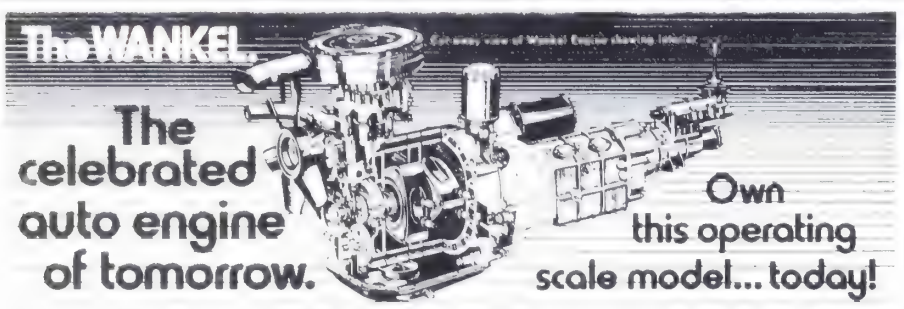
caught in one of history's gri

screaming hate at each other

fine medieval-Christian impa

a hate generated by that Fou

an Ulster education.



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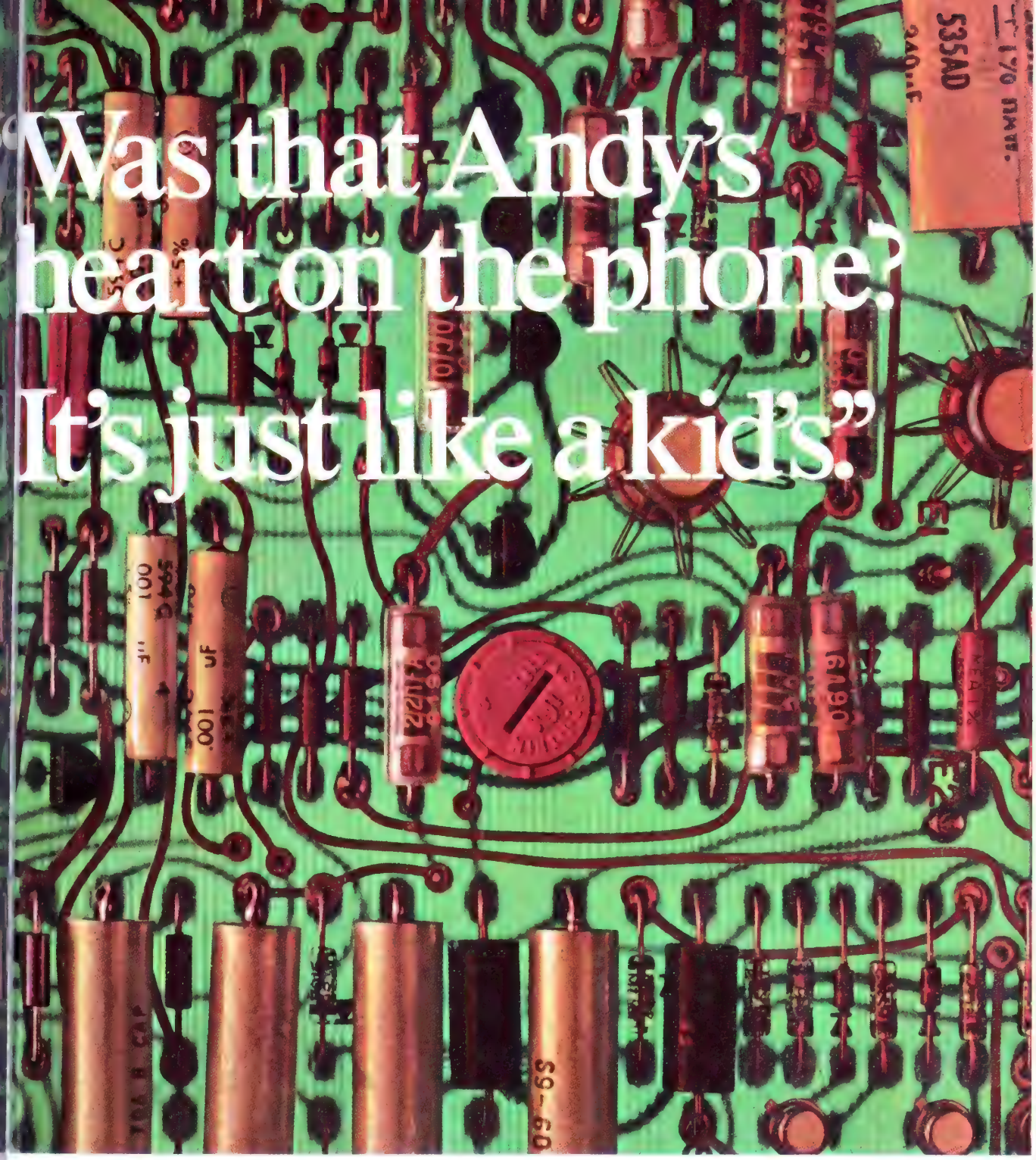


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nary tale in which the moral is unpleasant

. GOODRICH COMPANY is what business ines like to refer to as "a major Amer- ration." It has operations in a dozen as many foreign countries; and of lung facilities, the Goodrich plant at o, is not the most imposing. It is a -story building, once used to manu- planes. Set in the grassy flatlands of al Ohio, it employs only about six hun- le. Nevertheless, it is one of the three anufacturers of aircraft wheels and leader in a most profitable industry. wheels and brakes support such well- nes as the F111, the C5A, the Boeing B70, and many others.

cts for aircraft wheels and brakes often illions of dollars, and ordinarily a con- a total value of less than $70,000, elcome, would not create any special in the hearts of Goodrich sales person- purchase order P-237138—issued on 1967, by the LTV Aerospace Corpora- ering 202 brake assemblies for a new plane at a total price of $69,417—was by Goodrich with considerable glee. was good reason. Some ten years pre- Goodrich had built a brake for LTV that ay the least, considerably less than a uccess. The brake had not lived up to 's promises, and after experiencing con- difficulty, LTV had written off Good- source of brakes. Since that time, salesmen had been unable to sell so shot of brake fluid to LTV. So in 1967, V requested bids on wheels and brakes w A7D light attack aircraft it proposed or the Air Force. Goodrich submitted a vas absurdly low, so low that LTV could l prudence, turn it down.

ich had, in industry parlance, "bought usiness." The company did not expect a profit on the initial deal; it was pre- necessary, to lose money. But aircraft re not something that can be ordered elf. They are designed for a particular and once an aircraft manufacturer buys he is forced to purchase all replacement m the brake manufacturer. The $70,000 that Goodrich would get for making the brake would be a drop in the bucket when compared with the cost of the linings and other parts the Air Force would have to buy from Goodrich during the lifetime of the aircraft.

There was another factor, besides the low bid, that had undoubtedly influenced LTV. All aircraft brakes made today are of the disk type, and the bid submitted by Goodrich called for a relatively small brake, one containing four disks and weighing only 106 pounds. The weight of any aircraft part is extremely important: the lighter a part is, the heavier the plane's payload can be.

THE BRAKE WAS DESIGNED by one of Goodrich's most capable engineers, John Warren. A tall, lanky, blond graduate of Purdue, Warren had come from the Chrysler Corporation seven years before and had become adept at aircraft brake design. The happy-go-lucky manner he usually maintained belied a temper that exploded whenever anyone ventured to offer criticism of his work, no matter how small. On these occasions, Warren would turn red in the face, often throwing or slamming something and then stalking from the scene. As his coworkers learned the consequences of criticizing him, they did so less and less readily, and when he submitted his preliminary design for the A7D brake, it was accepted without question.

Warren was named project engineer for the A7D, and he, in turn, assigned the task of producing the final production design to a newcomer to the Goodrich engineering stable, Searle Lawson. Just turned twenty-six, Lawson had been out of the Northrop Institute of Technology only one year when he came to Goodrich in January 1967. He had been assigned to various "paper projects" to break him in, and after several months spent reviewing statistics and old brake designs, he was beginning to fret at the lack of challenge. When told he was being assigned to his first "real" project, he was elated and immediately plunged into his work.

The major portion of the design had already been completed by Warren, and major subassemblies for the brake had already been

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ordered from Goodrich suppliers. Naturally, however, before Goodrich could start making the brakes on a production basis, much testing would have to be done. Lawson would have to determine the best materials to use for the linings and discover what minor adjustments in the design would have to be made.

Then, after the preliminary testing and after the brake was judged ready for production, one whole brake assembly would undergo a series of grueling, simulated braking stops and other severe trials called qualification tests. These tests are required by the military, which gives very detailed specifications on how they are to be conducted, the criteria for failure, and so on. They are performed in the Goodrich plant's test laboratory, where huge machines called dynamometers can simulate the weight and speed of almost any aircraft.

A dismal beginning

SEARLE LAWSON WAS WELL AWARE that much work had to be done before the A7D brake could go into production, and he knew that LTV had set the last two weeks in June 1963 as the starting dates for flight tests. So he decided to begin testing immediately. Goodrich's suppliers had not yet delivered the brake housing and other parts, but the brake disks had arrived, and using the housing from a brake similar in size and weight to the A7D brake, Lawson built a prototype. The prototype was installed in a test wheel and placed on one of the big dynamometers in the plant's test laboratory. Lawson began a series of tests, "landing" the wheel and brake at the A7D's landing speed and braking it to a stop. The main purpose of these preliminary tests was to learn what temperatures would develop within the brake during the simulated stops and to evaluate lining materials tentatively selected for use.

During a normal aircraft landing the temperatures inside the brake may reach 1,000 degrees, and occasionally a bit higher. During Lawson's first simulated landings, the temperature of his prototype brake reached 1,500 degrees. The brake glowed a bright cherry-red and threw off incandescent particles of metal and lining material as the temperature reached its peak. After a few such stops, the brake was dismantled and the linings were found to be almost completely disintegrated. Lawson chalked this first failure up to chance and, ordering new lining materials, tried again.

The second attempt was a repeat of the first. The brake became extremely hot, causing the lining materials to crumble into dust.

After the third such failure, Lawson, inexperienced though he was, knew that the fault lay not in defective parts or unsuitable lining material but in the basic design of the brake itself. Ignoring Warren's original computatio son made his own, and it didn't take hi discover where the trouble lay—the br too small. There simply was not enough area on the disks to stop the aircraft generating the excessive heat that cau linings to fail.

The answer to the problem was obvi far from simple—the four-disk brake wo to be scrapped, and a new design, us disks, would have to be developed. The tions were not lost on Lawson. Such a ste require junking the four-disk-brake su blies, many of which had now begun t from the various suppliers. It would als several weeks of preliminary design and and many more weeks of waiting while pliers made and delivered the new subass

Yet, several weeks had already gone l LTV's order had arrived, and the date livery of the first production brakes fo testing was only a few months away.

Although John Warren had more or les the A7D over to Lawson, he knew of the ties Lawson had been experiencing. He sured the young engineer that the prob volved around getting the right kind o material. Once that was found, he said, culties would end.

Despite the evidence of the abortive te Lawson's careful computations, Warren the suggestion that the four-disk brake light for the job. He knew that his super already told LTV, in rather glowing ter the preliminary tests on the A7D brake w successful. Indeed, Warren's superiors aware at this time of the troubles on the It would have been difficult for Warren t not only that he had made a serious erro calculations and original design but t mistakes had been caught by a green kid, out of college.

Warren's reaction to a five-disk brake unexpected by Lawson, and, seeing that t disk brake was not to be abandoned so ea took his calculations and dismal test resu step up the corporate ladder.

AT GOODRICH, THE MAN WHO SUPERVI engineers working on projects slat production is called, predictably, the p manager. The job was held by a short, c bald man named Robert Sink. Some years before, Sink had begun working at rich as a lowly draftsman. Slowly, he work way up. Despite his geniality, Sink was respected nor liked by the majority of t gineers, and his appointment as their sup did not improve their feelings toward h possessed only a high-school diploma, quite naturally rankled those who had

ears of college to be commanded by a
n they considered their intellectual in-
, though Sink had no college training,
nething even more useful: a fine work-
edge of company politics.
on a Meerschaum pipe, Sink listened
young Lawson confided his fears about
isk brake. Then he examined Lawson's
ns and the results of the abortive tests.
ne fact that he was not a qualified en-
the strictest sense of the word, it must
have been obvious to Sink that Law-
ulations were correct and that a four-
would never work on the A7D.
ner things of equal importance were
ous. First, to concede that Lawson's cal-
were correct would also mean conced-
Warren's calculations were incorrect.
ts manager, not only was he responsible
en's activities, but, in admitting that
ad erred, he would have to admit that
red in trusting Warren's judgment. It
t that, as projects manager, it would be
would have to explain the whole messy
to the Goodrich hierarchy, not only at
possibly on the corporate level at Good-
ron offices. And having taken Warren's
t of the four-disk brake at face value,
sured LTV, not once but several times,
t all there was left to do on the brake
. it in a crate and ship it out the door.
s really no problem at all, he told Law-
r all, Warren was an experienced engineer, and if he said the brake would work, it would work. Just keep on testing and probably, maybe even on the very next try, it'll work out just fine.

LAWSON WAS FAR FROM CONVINCED, but without the support of his superiors there was little he could do except keep on testing. By now, housings for the four-disk brake had begun to arrive at the plant, and Lawson was able to build a production model of the brake and begin the formal qualification tests demanded by the military.

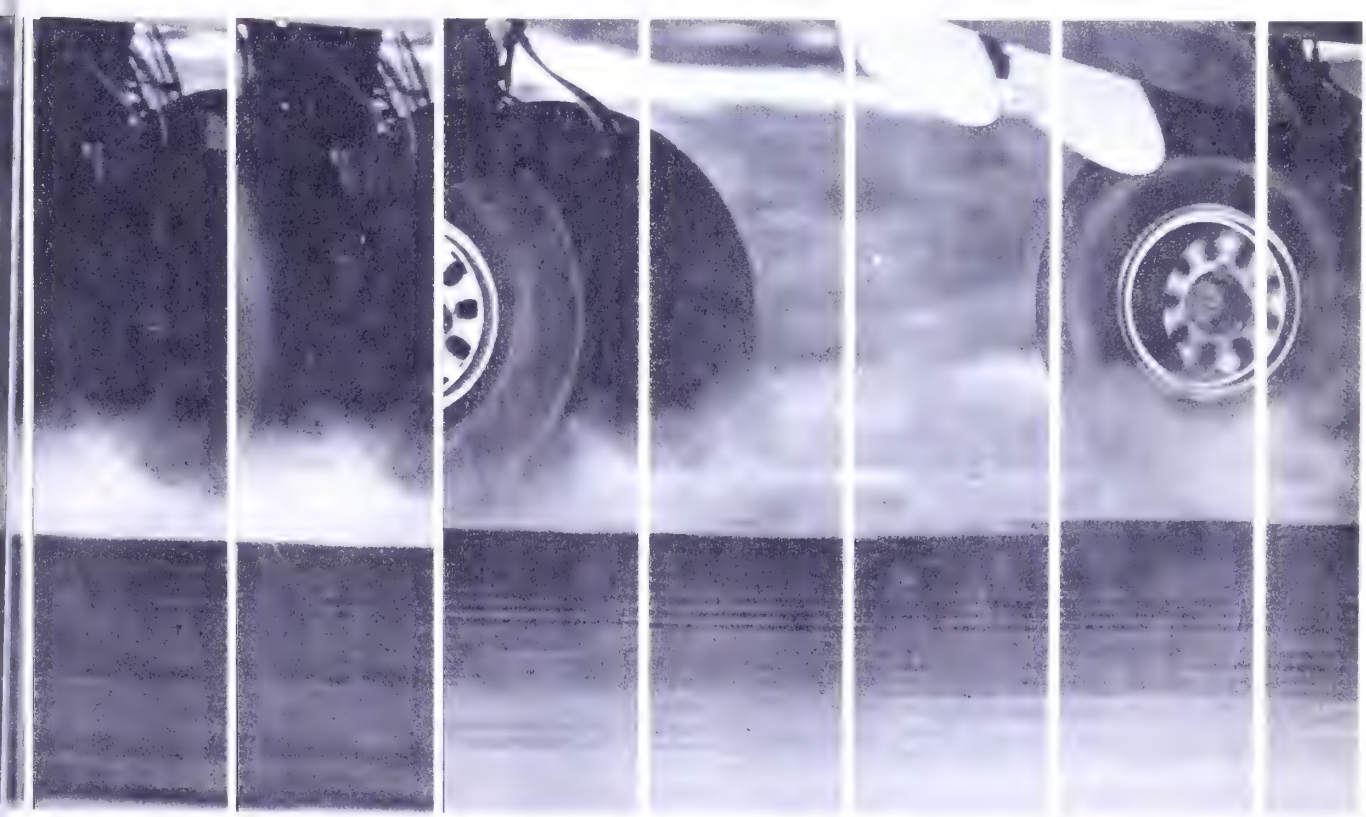
The first qualification attempts went exactly as the tests on the prototype had. Terrific heat developed within the brakes, and after a few short, simulated stops the linings crumbled. A new type of lining material was ordered and once again an attempt to qualify the brake was made. Again, failure.

Experts were called in from lining manufacturers, and new lining "mixes" were tried, always with the same result. Failure.

It was now the last week in March 1968, and flight tests were scheduled to begin in seventy days. Twelve separate attempts had been made to qualify the brake, and all had failed. It was no longer possible for anyone to ignore the glaring truth that the brake was a dismal failure and that nothing short of a major design change could ever make it work.

On April 4, the thirteenth attempt at qualifica-

"There simply was not enough surface area on the disks to stop the aircraft without generating the excessive heat that caused the linings to fail."



ened

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tion was begun. This time no attempt was made to conduct the tests by the methods and techniques spelled out in the military specifications. Regardless of how it had to be done, the brake was to be "nursed" through the required fifty simulated stops.

Fans were set up to provide special cooling. Instead of maintaining pressure on the brake until the test wheel had come to a complete stop, the pressure was reduced when the wheel had decelerated to around 15 mph, allowing it to "coast" to a stop. After each stop, the brake was disassembled and carefully cleaned, and after some of the stops, internal brake parts were machined in order to remove warp and other disfigurations caused by the high heat.

By these and other methods, all clearly contrary to the techniques established by the military specifications, the brake was coaxed through the fifty stops. But even using these methods, the brake could not meet all the requirements. On one stop the wheel rolled for a distance of 16,000 feet, or over three miles, before the brake could bring it to a stop. The normal distance required for such a stop was around 3,500 feet.

Nursing it through

ON APRIL 11, THE DAY the thirteenth test was completed, I became personally involved in the A7D situation.

I had worked in the Goodrich test laboratory for five years, starting first as an instrumentation engineer, then later becoming a data analyst and technical writer. As part of my duties, I analyzed the reams and reams of instrumentation data that came from the many testing machines in the lab, then transcribed all of it to a more usable form for the engineering department. When a new-type brake had successfully completed the required qualification tests, I would issue a formal qualification report.

Qualification reports are an accumulation of all the data and test logs compiled during the qualification tests and are documentary proof that a brake has met all the requirements established by the military specifications and is therefore presumed safe for flight testing. Before actual flight tests are conducted on a brake, qualification reports have to be delivered to the customer and to various government officials.

On April 11, I was looking over the data from the latest A7D test, and I noticed that many irregularities in testing methods had been noted on the test logs.

Technically, of course, there was nothing wrong with conducting tests in any manner desired, so long as the test was for research purposes only. But qualification test methods are clearly delineated by the military, and I knew that this test had been a formal qualification attempt. One particular notation on the test caught my eye. For some of the stops, the in ment that recorded the brake pressure had deliberately miscalibrated so that, while brake pressure used during the stops was corded as 1,000 psi (pounds per square inch the maximum pressure that would be avail on the A7D aircraft—the pressure had act been 1,100 psi.

I showed the test logs to the test lab superv Ralph Gretzinger, who said he had learned the technician who had miscalibrated the in ment that he had been asked to do so by Law Lawson, said Gretzinger, readily admitted ing for the miscalibration, saying he had told to do so by Sink.

I asked Gretzinger why anyone would wa miscalibrate the data-recording instruments.

"Why? I'll tell you why," he snorted. " brake is a failure. It's way too small for the and they're not ever going to get it to w They're getting desperate, and instead of s ping the damned thing and starting over, the ure they can horse around down here in th and qualify it that way."

An expert engineer, Gretzinger had bee sponsible for several innovations in brake de It was he who had invented the unique system used on the famous XB70. "If you wa find out what's going on," said Gretzinger, Lawson; he'll tell you."

Curious, I did ask Lawson the next tim came into the lab. He seemed eager to discus A7D and gave me the history of his mont frustrating efforts to get Warren and Sin change the brake design. "I just can't be this is really happening," said Lawson, sha his head slowly. "This isn't engineering, at not what I thought it would be. Back in sch thought that when you were an engineer, tried to do your best, no matter what it cost this is something else."

He sat across the desk from me, his propped in his hand. "Just wait," he wa "You'll get a chance to see what I'm ta about. You're going to get in the act too cause I've already had the word that we're to make one more attempt to qualify the b and that's it. Win or lose, we're going to is qualification report!"

I reminded him that a qualification r could be issued only after a brake had suc fully met all military requirements, and t fore, unless the next qualification attempt success, no report would be issued.

"You'll find out," retorted Lawson. "I already told that regardless of what the does on test, it's going to be qualified." He he had been told in those exact words at a ference with Sink and Russell Van Horn.

This was the first indication that Sink brought his boss, Van Horn, into the mes

h Van Horn, as manager of the design en-
ing section, was responsible for the entire
tment, he was not necessarily familiar with
ıses of every project, and it was not uncom-
or those under him to exercise the what-he
't-know-won't-hurt-him philosophy. If he
ware of the full extent of the A7D situation,
nt that Sink had decided not only to call for
but to look toward that moment when
must be borne and, if possible, shared.
o, if Van Horn had said, "regardless of
the brake does on test, it's going to be
ied," then it could only mean that, if neces-
a false qualification report would be issued.
ussed this possibility with Gretzinger, and
ured me that under no circumstances would
ı report ever be issued.
they want a qualification report, we'll
them one, but we'll tell it just like it is," he
ed emphatically. "No false data or false
ts are going to come out of this lab."

MAY 2, 1968, THE FOURTEENTH and final at-
tempt to qualify the brake was begun. Al-
h the same improper methods used to nurse
rake through the previous tests were em-
l, it soon became obvious that this too
end in failure.
en the tests were about half completed,
on asked if I would start preparing the
ıs engineering curves and graphic displays
vere normally incorporated in a qualifica-
eport. I flatly refused to have anything to do
he matter and immediately told Gretzinger
I had been asked to do. He was furious and
ed his previous declaration that under no
nstances would any false data or other mat-
issued from the lab.
n going to get this settled right now, once
or all," he declared. "I'm going to see Line
ell Line, manager of the Goodrich Techni-
rvices Section, of which the test lab was a
and find out just how far this thing is going
" He stormed out of the room.
ıbout an hour, he returned and called me to
sk. He sat silently for a few moments, then
red, half to himself, "I wonder what the
ey'd do if I just quit?" I didn't answer and
't ask him what he meant. I knew. He had
beaten down. He had reached the point
the decision had to be made. Defy them
hile there was still time—or knuckle under.
t.
ou know," he went on uncertainly, looking
at his desk, "I've been an engineer for a
ime, and I've always believed that ethics
ntegrity were every bit as important as
ms and formulas, and never once has any-
happened to change my beliefs. Now this . . .
I've got two sons I've got to put through
and I just . . ." His voice trailed off.

He sat for a few more minutes, then, looking over the top of his glasses, said hoarsely, "Well, it looks like we're licked. The way it stands now, we're to go ahead and prepare the data and other things for the graphic presentation in the report, and when we're finished, someone upstairs will actually write the report.

"After all," he continued, "we're just drawing some curves, and what happens to them after they leave here—well, we're not responsible for that."

"Twelve separate attempts had been made to qualify the brake, and all had failed."

I WASN'T AT ALL SATISFIED with the situation and decided that I too would discuss the matter with Russell Line, the senior executive in our section.

Tall, powerfully built, his teeth flashing white, his face tanned to a coffee-brown by a daily stint with a sunlamp, Line looked and acted every inch the executive. He had been transferred from the Akron offices some two years previously, and he commanded great respect and had come to be well liked by those of us who worked under him.

He listened sympathetically while I explained how I felt about the A7D situation, and when I had finished, he asked me what I wanted him to do about it. I said that as employees of the Goodrich Company we had a responsibility to protect the company and its reputation if at all possible. I said I was certain that officers on the corporate level would never knowingly allow such tactics as had been employed on the A7D.

"I agree with you," he remarked, "but I still want to know what you want me to do about it."

I suggested that in all probability the chief engineer at the Troy plant, H. C. "Bud" Sunderman, was unaware of the A7D problem and that he, Line, could tell him what was going on.

Line laughed, good-humoredly. "Sure, I could, but I'm not going to. Bud probably already knows about this thing anyway, and if he doesn't, I'm sure not going to be the one to tell him."

"But why?"

"Because it's none of my business, and it's none of yours. I learned a long time ago not to worry about things over which I had no control. I have no control over this."

I wasn't satisfied with this answer, and I asked him if his conscience wouldn't bother him if, say, during flight tests on the brake, something should happen resulting in death or injury to the test pilot.

"Look," he said, becoming somewhat exasperated, "I just told you I have no control over this. Why should my conscience bother me?"

His voice took on a quiet, soothing tone as he continued. "You're just getting all upset over this thing for nothing. I just do as I'm told, and I'd advise you to do the same."

I made no attempt to rationalize what I had been asked to do. It made no difference who



The A7D is a subsonic U.S. Air Force fighter designed for land-based use. It is powered by a Rolls-Royce single turbofan rated at 14,250 pounds of thrust. It has a multibarrel 20-mm gun and is capable of carrying most types of

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would falsify which part of the report or whether the actual falsification would be by misleading numbers or misleading words. Whether by acts of commission or omission, all of us who contributed to the fraud would be guilty. The only question left for me to decide was whether or not I would become a party to the fraud.

Before coming to Goodrich in 1963, I had held a variety of jobs, each a little more pleasant, a little more rewarding than the last. At forty-two, with seven children, I had decided that the Goodrich Company would probably be my "home" for the rest of my working life. The job paid well, it was pleasant and challenging, and the future looked reasonably bright. My wife and I had bought a home and we were ready to settle down into a comfortable, middle-age, middle-class rut. If I refused to take part in the A7D fraud, I would have either to resign or be fired. The report would be written by someone anyway, but I would have the satisfaction of knowing I had had no part in the matter. But bills aren't paid with personal satisfaction, nor house payments with ethical principles. I made my decision. The next morning, I telephoned Lawson and told him I was ready to begin on the qualification report.

I had written dozens of qualification reports, and I knew what a "good" one looked like. Resorting to the actual test data only on occasion, Lawson and I proceeded to prepare page after page of elaborate, detailed engineering curves, charts, and test logs, which purported to show what had happened during the formal qualification tests. Where temperatures were too high, we deliberately chopped them down a few hundred degrees, and where they were too low, we raised them to a value that would appear reasonable to the LTV and military engineers. Brake pressure, torque values, distances, times—everything of consequence was tailored to fit.

Occasionally, we would find that some test either hadn't been performed at all or had been conducted improperly. On those occasions, we "conducted" the test—successfully, of course—on paper.

For nearly a month we worked on the graphic presentation that would be a part of the report. Meanwhile, the final qualification attempt had been completed, and the brake, not unexpectedly, had failed again.

WE FINISHED OUR WORK on the graphic portion of the report around the first of June. Altogether, we had prepared nearly two hundred pages of data, containing dozens of deliberate falsifications and misrepresentations. I delivered the data to Gretzinger, who said he had been instructed to deliver it personally to the chief engineer, Bud Sunderman, who in turn would assign someone in the engineering department to complete the written portion of the repo gathered the bundle of data and left the Within minutes, he was back with the da face white with anger.

"That damned Sink's beat me to it," h furiously. "He's already talked to Bud abo and now Sunderman says no one in the en ing department has time to write the repo wants us to do it, and I told him we couldn

The words had barely left his mouth whe sell Line burst in the door. "What the hell's fuss about this damned report?" he dem

Patiently, Gretzinger explained. "Ther fuss. Sunderman just told me that we'd h write the report down here, and I sa couldn't. Russ," he went on, "I've told you that we weren't going to write the report. I a my position clear on that a long time ago."

Line shut him up with a wave of his han turning to me, bellowed, "I'm getting sic tired of hearing about this damned report write the goddamn thing and shut up abo He slammed out of the office.

Gretzinger and I just sat for a few s looking at each other. Then he spoke.

"Well, I guess he's made it pretty clear, he? We can either write the thing or qui know, what we should have done was quit time ago. Now, it's too late."

Somehow, I wasn't at all surprised at th of events, and it didn't really make that m ference. As far as I was concerned, we w up to our necks in the thing anyway, and the narrative portion of the report couldn' me more guilty than I already felt myself

Within two days, I had completed the tive, or written portion, of the report. As sop to my own self-respect, in the conclu the report I wrote, "The B. F. Goodric 2-1162-3 brake assembly does not meet tent or the requirements of the applicable cation documents and therefore is not qual

This was a meaningless gesture, since that this would certainly be changed wh report went through the final typing proces enough, when the report was published, th tive conclusion had been made positive.

One final and significant incident occurr before publication.

Qualification reports always bear the ture of the person who has prepared them fused to sign the report, as did Lawson. W was later asked to sign the report. He repli he would "when I receive a signed stat from Bob Sink ordering me to sign it."

The engineering secretary who was del the responsibility of "dogging" the through publication told me later that a Lawson, and Warren had all refused to si report, she had asked Sink if he would si replied, "On something of this nature, I think a signature is really needed."

5, 1968, THE REPORT was officially pub- l and copies were delivered by hand orce and LTV. Within a week flight begun at Edwards Air Force Base in Searle Lawson was sent to California ch's representative. Within approxi- weeks, he returned because some sual incidents during the tests had n to be canceled.

was grim as he related stories of r crashes during landings—caused by les. He told me about one incident in on landing, one brake was literally ether by the intense heat developed test stop. The wheel locked, and the led for nearly 1,500 feet before com- lt. The plane was jacked up and the ved. The fused parts within the brake ried apart.

ning I left work early and went to see y. After I told him the story, he ad- , while I was probably not actually raud, I was certainly part of a con- defraud. He advised me to go to the reau of Investigation and offered to appointment. The following week he the Dayton office of the FBI and after warned that I would not be immune ecution, I disclosed the A7D matter to agents. The agent told me to say out the episode to anyone and to re- further incidents to him. He said he ward the story to his superiors in Wash-

ays later, Lawson returned from a con- th LTV in Dallas and said that the Air ch had previously approved the quali- port, had suddenly rescinded that ap- I was demanding to see some of the ta. I gathered that the FBI had passed

g any reference to the FBI. I told Law- been to an attorney and that we were uilty of conspiracy.

ou get me an appointment with your he asked. Within a week, he had been and told them of his part in the mess. s advised to say nothing but to keep on porting any new development.

ly, with the rescinding of Air Force ap- d the demand to see raw test data. officials were in a panic. A conference for July 27, a Saturday morning affair awson, Sink, Warren, and I were pres- net in a tiny conference room in the engineering department. Lawson and openly hostile to Warren and Sink. rselves on one side of the conference le Warren sat on the other side. Sink, chairing the meeting, paced slowly in front of a blackboard, puffing furiously on a pipe.

The meeting was called, Sink began, "to see where we stand on the A7D." What we were going to do, he said, was to "level" with LTV and tell them the "whole truth" about the A7D. "After all," he said, "they're in this thing with us, and they have the right to know how matters stand."

"In other words," I asked, "we're going to tell them the truth?"

"That's right," he replied. "We're going to level with them and let them handle the ball from there."

"There's one thing I don't quite understand," I interjected. "Isn't it going to be pretty hard for us to admit to them that we've lied?"

"Now, wait a minute," he said angrily. "Let's don't go off half-cocked on this thing. It's not a matter of lying. We've just interpreted the information the way we felt it should be."

"I don't know what you call it," I replied, "but to me it's lying, and it's going to be damned hard to confess to them that we've been lying all along."

He became very agitated at this and repeated, "We're not lying," adding, "I don't like this sort of talk."

I dropped the matter at this point, and he began discussing the various discrepancies in the report.

We broke for lunch, and afterward, I came back to the plant to find Sink sitting alone at his desk, waiting to resume the meeting. He called me over and said he wanted to apologize for his outburst that morning. "This thing has kind of gotten me down," he confessed, "and I think you've got the wrong picture. I don't think you really understand everything about this."

Perhaps so, I conceded, but it seemed to me that if we had already told LTV one thing and then had to tell them another, changing our story completely, we would have to admit we were lying.

"No," he explained patiently, "we're not really lying. All we were doing was interpreting the figures the way we knew they should be. We were just exercising engineering license."

During the afternoon session, we marked some forty-three discrepant points in the report: forty-three points that LTV would surely spot as occasions where we had exercised "engineering license."

After Sink listed those points on the blackboard, we discussed each one individually. As each point came up, Sink would explain that it was probably "too minor to bother about," or that perhaps it "wouldn't be wise to open that can of worms," or that maybe this was a point that "LTV just wouldn't understand." When the meeting was over, it had been decided that only three points were "worth mentioning."

"...a qualification report could only be issued after a brake had successfully met all military requirements."

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Similar conferences were held during August and September, and the summer was punctuated with frequent treks between Dallas and Troy and demands by the Air Force to see the raw test data. Tempers were short, and matters seemed to grow worse.

Finally, early in October 1968, Lawson submitted his resignation, to take effect on October 25. On October 18, I submitted my own resignation, to take effect on November 1. In my resignation, addressed to Russell Line, I cited the A7D report and stated: "As you are aware, this report contained numerous deliberate and willful misrepresentations which, according to legal counsel, constitute fraud and expose both myself and others to criminal charges of conspiracy to defraud . . . The events of the past seven months have created an atmosphere of deceit and distrust in which it is impossible to work . . ."

On October 25, I received a sharp summons to the office of Bud Sunderman. Tall and graying, impeccably dressed at all times, he was capable of producing a dazzling smile or a hearty chuckle or immobilizing his face into marble hardness, as the occasion required.

I faced the marble hardness when I reached his office. He motioned me to a chair. "I have your resignation here," he snapped, "and I must say you have made some rather shocking, I might even say irresponsible, charges. This is very serious."

Before I could reply, he was demanding an explanation. "I want to know exactly what the fraud is in connection with the A7D and how you can dare accuse this company of such a thing!"

I started to tell some of the things that had happened during the testing, but he shut me off saying, "There's nothing wrong with anything we've done here. You aren't aware of all the things that have been going on behind the scenes. If you had known the true situation, you would never have made these charges." He said that in view of my apparent "disloyalty" he had decided to accept my resignation "right now," and said it would be better for all concerned if I left the plant immediately. As I got up to leave he asked me if I intended to "carry this thing further."

I answered simply, "Yes," to which he replied, "Suit yourself." Within twenty minutes, I had cleaned out my desk and left. Forty-eight hours later, the B. F. Goodrich Company recalled the qualification report and the four-disk brake, announcing that it would replace the brake with a new, improved, five-disk brake at no cost to LTV.

Ten months later, on August 13, 1969, I was the chief government witness at a hearing conducted before Senator William Proxmire's Economy in Government Subcommittee. I related the A7D story to the committee, and my testimony was supported by Searle Lawson, who followed me to the witness stand. Air Force officers also testified, as well as a four-man team from the General Accounting Office, which had c… an investigation of the A7D brake at the … of Senator Proxmire. Both Air Force a… investigators declared that the brake w… gerous and had not been tested properly.

Testifying for Goodrich was R. G. Jet… president and general counsel of the c… from the Akron headquarters. Represen… Troy plant was Robert Sink. These tw… any wrongdoing on the part of the … Company, despite expert testimony to … trary by Air Force and GAO officials. S… quick to deny any connection with the w… the report or directing of any falsit… claiming to have been on the West Coas… time. John Warren was the man who ha… vised its writing, said Sink.

As for me, I was dismissed as a high… graduate with no technical training, wh… testified that Lawson was a young, inexpe… engineer. "We tried to give him guidanc… testified, "but he preferred to have his o… victions."

About changing the data and figures … report, Sink said: "When you take da… several different sources, you have to rat… among those data what is the true story. This … part of your engineering know-how." … mitted that changes had been made in t… "but only to make them more consistent … overall picture of the data that is availabl…

Jeter pooh-poohed the suggestion th… thing improper occurred, saying: "W… thirty-odd engineers at this plant . . . an… to you that it is incredible that these me… stand idly by and see reports changed or f… . . . I mean you just do not have to do tha… ing for anybody. . . . Just nobody does t…"

The four-hour hearing adjourned with … conclusion reached by the subcommittee. … following day the Department of Defens… sweeping changes in its inspection, testi… reporting procedures. A spokesman for t… said the changes were a result of the Go… episode.

THE A7D IS NOW IN SERVICE, sporting a … rich-made five-disk brake, a brake tha… very well, I'm told. Business at the Go… plant is good. Lawson is now an engin… LTV and has been assigned to the A7D p… possibly explaining why the A7D's new … work so well. And I am now a new … reporter.

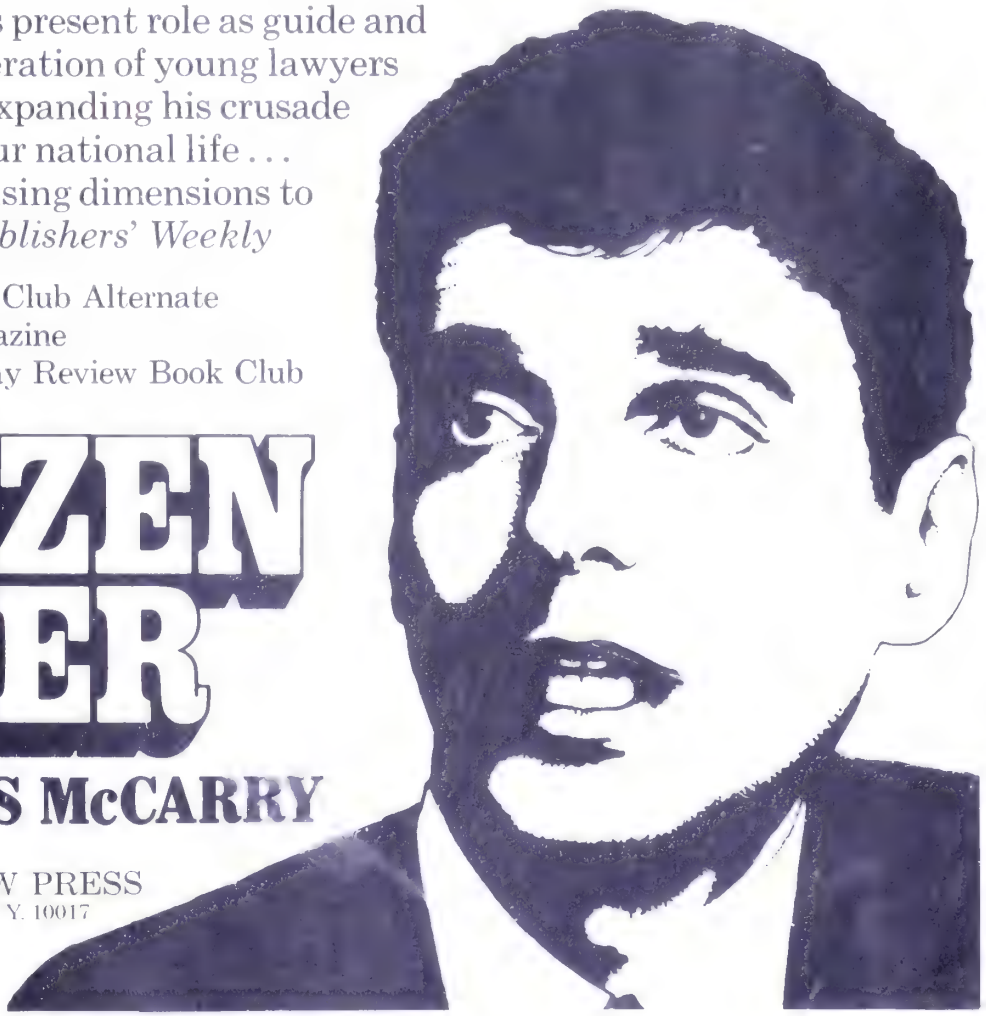
At this writing, those remaining at Go… —including Warren—are still secure in t… positions, all except Russell Line and … Sink. Line has been rewarded with a pro… to production superintendent, a large st… ward on the corporate ladder. As for Si… moved up into Line's old job.

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years at Harvard to the writing of his 1965
ller, 'Unsafe at Any Speed,' and the
ssful suit against G.M. which enabled
embark on his present role as guide and
or a rising generation of young lawyers
hers who are expanding his crusade
rification' of our national life . . .
rry adds surprising dimensions to
's image."—*Publishers' Weekly*

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BEYOND REELECTION DAY

by Richard Reeves

THERE WAS THIS DAY in August of 1968, or so we've been told, when Richard Nixon walked alone with his thoughts on the foggy beach at Montauk, Long Island, pondering the most important speech of his life and he pondered so far into the mist that it took a dozen Secret Servicemen an hour to find him. The point of the story, whispered reverently by his closest staff, was that Nixon was deep in his yellow legal pads, scratching and probing his feelings about God, country, and self.

"I see another child tonight," he told the Republican National Convention on August 8. "He hears a train go by at night. He dreams of faraway places where he would like to go. It seems like an impossible dream. But he is helped on his journey through life. A father, who had to go to work before he finished the sixth grade, sacrifices everything he had so that his son could go to college. A gentle Quaker mother, with a passionate concern for peace, quietly wept when he went to war, but she understood why he had to go. A great teacher. A remarkable football coach, an inspirational minister . . . a courageous wife and loyal children . . . and tonight he stands before you nominated for President of the United States."

His gentle Quaker mother, Hannah Nixon, wasn't much for "new Nixon" theories. Her comment one time was, "Richard has always been the same. I never knew a person who changed so little." We shall see: if her son is reelected this year, he will become our second 22nd Amendment President, constitutionally prohibited from a third term, free at last to be himself after twenty-six years of worrying about his next election.

Free, perhaps, to try to move the nation back to his own traditionalist values, his vision of trains gone by, church and hearth, Horatio Alger and *Pax Americana*. It could be a tragic four years, in the sense that Woodrow Wilson's second term was tragic, with a President and his nation moving in opposite directions. Nixon could be pursuing his greatness in faraway places while his people are looking for a vision of the future at home—not a grand vision, just where will we be in five or ten years? What's going to happen to our children? the neighborhood? the schools? Tell us, Mr. President, what's happening to us?

Nixon isn't the first President to prefer the summits of foreign affairs to the grubby plainness of what's happening to East Orange, N.J.—it must be very seductive to know that outside the twelve-mile limit you *are* the United States of America—but he doesn't hide it as well as, say, John Kennedy did. When our incumbent leader was asked the other day what issues he thought would dominate the 1972 campaign, he answered that, of course, peace was his issue—and then he seemed to go offhand: "If the economy is moving upward strongly, and we believe it will be, then nobody is going to make a successful issue of it. That leaves what, then? Issues that could be made: health, the problems of the cities, of youth, of race, of hypocrisy. The opposition always finds one. That's its duty."

Those "what, thens" are driving people up the wall in East Orange and a lot of other places not so far away. If the next President doesn't understand that—I mean feel it, just a little bit—then he's got problems; we've all got problems. And some of Richard Nixon's best friends are convinced he doesn't understand at all.

Like his mother, Nixon's friends and political allies don't buy the fashionable wisdom that he is some kind of pop-up campaigning gizmo who would say or do anything to get elected. *Almost* anything, may that probably just puts him in with Abraham Lincoln. They they know a man consistent and mind who will be quite a President in his second term doctrinaire, more the "real" lican, more trusting and sure own instincts, more determi give us all his vision of the some day *our* trains will come

"He's going to be more co tive, a lot tougher," said a well Midwestern Republican. "B budgets, fiscal responsibility- are the things he believes in. you can forget about big sharing or welfare reform, control, and all that. Those the White House have been about their polls and the politi plications of everything they next time they'll be able to d they want."

"You know Eisenhower wa of a lot more conservative second term when he knew he' be running again. He was mo est with himself," said a pro source close to the White "Nixon will be too. He does not stand what has happened in th try—he really talks about tho whistles in the night. He wants the clock back. When was t time you heard a train whistle

THOSE ARE FRIENDLY proje Most of the unfriendly c of the President sputter off old "would you buy a used c this man" rhetoric. Other g Nixon-watchers echoed the mo servative or traditionalist li talked of a second Nixon Adm tion with some, if not all, o characteristics:

• *Even more focus on policy.* The boy who dreamed away places is a man dreamin

Richard Reeves is a political reporter and a contributing editor of New York *magazine.*



Will the real Richard Nixon please stand up?

James Grashow

ing remembered as a great President, and he believes his greatness will come from a "Generation of Peace." In fact, he seemed a little disappointed at the beginning of 1972 when *Time* magazine named him its "Man of the Year"; he seemed to be saying they should have called him a man of destiny, manifest destiny: "I am confident that the United States right now is on the brink of exercising its power to do good in the world. Such good as has never been done in the history of civilization because we can now muster our moral force, our economic force and we, of course, have the military power to back up our words. Our aim is to build a structure of peace such as we could not dream of after World War II; we couldn't dream of this when Eisenhower was President. It wasn't the right time. It wasn't the right time when Kennedy was there. But now the time may have come, and we must seize the moment . . . in our relationships with the superpowers."

Bully! And if anyone doesn't like it he'll have the fleet steam into Tokyo Bay. Teddy Roosevelt would have seized the old moment.

It certainly came as no revelation that Richard Nixon was enchanted by global politics—although not many of us knew he personally planned to dictate the planetary peace treaty—but some of his own circle have been a little taken aback by his cavalier attitude toward the 200 million folks at home. Even when publicly concentrating on economic problems, he privately characterized them to a few important Republican guests as a kind of grubby political duty, saying, according to one of them: "The country could take 8 per cent unemployment. Among other things, that 8 per cent wouldn't vote for us anyway, but the problem is that other people get worried about their jobs. So we have to do something."

• *Real Republican economics and domestic cutbacks.* Although he has casually called himself a Keynesian, Nixon was apoplectic about deficit spending for thirty years—until 1971 and his last full preelection budget when he decided to give us back about $30 billion more in goodies than we

will probably pay in through taxes. Wait till next year, 1973.

Balanced budget—mean balancing priorities more money to finance the Nixon Doctrine in underwriting the freedom fighting of our friends of the moment or more money for domestic programs? The managerial types who came to Washington with Nixon have been administratively nibbling to death old programs like Model Cities and the alphabetical poverty agencies, while their boss has threatened or vetoed away new ones like child-care centers. Urban Republicans (there are a few) see that past as prologue to a second term one described this way: "I'm telling you there will be a total breakdown of the cities in a second Nixon Administration."

• *A dismantling of federal control and regulation systems.* Price and wage controls, of course, are going to go the minute the President can get away with it—the man doesn't believe in them. But more than that, he believes that we have just too much government, and people who know him will be startled if he doesn't start to try taking some of it apart. He is the son of a father he has regularly eulogized for standing up like a man in the Thirties and refusing to let the government help the poor Nixons.

"He was and is dead-set against economic controls and intervention," said a White House type who isn't. "But he felt he had to move because of the election and because he was really concerned about the effect of the dollar's stability on foreign affairs."

Nixon's attitudes about the federal government's role in the marketplace and home have been the Republican textbook for decades. In a second term he could act out his convictions. (Dwight Eisenhower said in 1968 that he thought there would not be a second Nixon term because "Dick" would act those convictions out during his first term and the country would slide into a full recession.)

One of the questions two-termer Nixon will have to answer is what, aside from talking a lot, should government do about industrial pollution in, say, East Orange. A sometime environmental adviser to the White House, a Republican with impeccable credentials, answered: "I'm almost positive that the President believes that pollution is none of the federal government's business except in an emergency."

THOSE DIRECTIONS are the paths of principle for Richard M. Nixon, and after next January 20 he may have the luxury (for a politician) of being a man of principle, a man walking a straighter line. The zigs and zags of his first administration are best related to the jagged lines on the poll charts that John Mitchell gets each time the President sneezes in public.

In addition to charting the President's political path, Attorney General Mitchell may be a symbolic figure in the transition from Nixon I to Nixon II. His department, Justice, is quietly characterized as "the cutting edge" among some wise Republicans—it's the place where Nixon did follow his instincts during the past three years. And Mitchell, one of the few memorable faces in the first three Nixon years, may not be around for the last four—if there is a second term there will be some new faces, maybe even memorable ones, as Republicans, who have always considered making an honest dollar a higher calling than government, begin drifting back to their own private interests.

"I think you may see some stronger men around here in a second term," said a regular visitor to the White House. "The Nelson Rockefellers and all won't be Nixon's rivals anymore after this election. Besides that, he has become much more assured and secure himself in the White House and he's not as afraid of strong men anymore."

A SECOND Nixon Administration, its differences and implications, was not mentioned by the multitude of Democrats playing the Presidential game for the last year. But it may be *the* issue of this campaign—at least, one reporter traveling the country is coming to the conclusion that the *immediate* future, the next five years, what people are thinking about. Scammon and Wattenberg can say forty-seven-year-old machinist's wi in Dayton, Ohio, is the electorate, can say that the question on the ele torate's mind is, "My God, what's g ing to happen when the kids get little older, there's trouble at the hig school already with dope, they' even got it in the Army now, there' no more jobs and everything's aut mated, what are they going to do Where's the country going?"

People are scared. Nixon is givi them that vision of the past, whe their own little worlds are breakin up, and when most machinists' wive know that mothers may still weep b they don't know why their sons hav to go to war, the great teachers are o a picket line, the remarkable footba coaches are negotiating five-year cor tracts with Ohio State or the Dall Cowboys, and the inspirational mi isters are in jail or Madison Squa Garden. It may not be enough for th Republicans to set up a picture Nixon's being carried off the Not Dame field on the shoulders of Bill Graham and John Connally to a st tion wagon guarded by constructio workers while the Blue Angels j aerobatically above the stadium.

Still, the next President of th United States will be either a Republ can or a Democrat—that's still tru for now—and the Democrats hav seemed baffled by the broken-fiel running of the past three years an have been reduced to sputtering abou used cars, doing things faster and/o better, and credibility. The credibi ity thing works or, rather, half-work —a lot of people out there don't b lieve Nixon, but then they don't b lieve Democrats either. What the might relate to, if not believe word fo word, would be a credible Democra vision of the future, of what the s ciety might do to live with itself an of what a second Nixon Administra tion would do to 200 million littl worlds looking for some kind of littl peace. If the Democrats could projec that vision, a limited vision, ther would be no second Nixon Admini tration.

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R. Buckminster Fuller

NOW AND WHEN

R. Buckminster Fuller is a rarity in this age of science a practicing natural philosopher. A self-described comprehensivist, he has been urging us for decades to realize that human societies, like biological species, court extinction when they become overspecialized. In Fuller's view, the disease of specialization has progressed unchecked in this century; the recurring symptom is short-sightedness, revealed in our repeated failure to recognize and respond to the fact that life on earth is made up of a series of closed, interdependent systems arranged with all the delicate balance of a pyramid of pool balls.

Fuller's counsel is that we must enlarge our vision and learn to think and operate in terms of Whole Systems. He would have us think of the earth as a spaceship, admirably and efficiently equipped for a journey of indeterminate length if we but understand the interconnectedness of things and use technology to enhance rather than violate natural balances. The alternative scena
dramatically simple: utopia or oblivion.

Fuller's fundamental optimism runs counter '
of the intellectual currents of the twentieth cen
believes that the universe is understandable; th
more than a random element in the universe, n
a bit of luck; and that man has a distinctive and i
place in the ultimate order. These convictions
oped and explored at length—at times at an E
level of generalization—in his new book, Intuiti
tions from which follow.

Fuller's poetic style has been described as h
orderly impenetrability of nature itself. His sui
tences are essentially attempts to deliver thoug
to give all the elements simultaneity, allowing t
to unpack them bit by bit and adjust them to t
sions of his own experience.

Evolution is apparently intent
That life in Universe
Must survive.
Biological life
Is syntropic
Because it sorts and selects
Unique chemical elements
From out of their randomly received
Time and locality of reception
As celestial imports;
Or from out of their random occurrence
As terrestrial resources—fresh or waste
Anywhere around our Earth's biosphere,
And reassociates those elements
In orderly molecular structures
Or as orderly organs
Of ever-increasing magnitude,
Thus effectively reversing
The entropic behaviors
Of purely physical phenomena
Which give off energy
In ever more random,
Expansive, and disorderly ways.
For human life contains the weightless,
Omnipowerful, omniknowing
Metaphysical intellect
Which alone can comprehend,
Sort out, select,
Integrate, coordinate, and cohere.

Little humans
Preoccupied with the immediate needs
Of their physical regeneration
Have locked their zoom-lens focusing mechanism
On the close-ups only
Leaving it exclusively to their intuition
To remind them
Once and again in a surprised while
Of the vast long-distance focusing
Of evolutionary events.

II

I feel it immediately important
To distinguish between mind and brain—
For that unique difference
Also differentiates most incisively
Between human beings
And all the other living creatures.
For instance, it was mind alone that discerned
That physical experiment disclosed and confirm
That local physical systems
Are always exporting energy
In one manner or another, such as by friction,
And it was mind alone that determined to identi
semantically
The exporting of energy
By inventing the abstract name *entropy*.
And mind went on to discern
That physical experiences disclosed and confirm

ving tissue
ll multiplication
ort more energy
:ports,
ıld neither grow
sustain healthy balance.
l also witnessed
talline structures
mport energy
much as they export:
l identified
nporting by the name *syntropy*.

total consequence of entropy is
xpanding physical Universe
nly apparently increasing disorderliness.
not mean absolute disorder:
the momentarily superficial appearance
der than symmetry.
lisorder is only relative
ajority of individual cases.
system
articular entropic exportings
within itself.
letection of disorder is mistakenly assumed
sult of exclusively myopic
short-termed observing.

vinced therefore
e is a great deal of difference
absolute disorder, i.e., chaos,
nly one-sidedly considered,
asymmetry, whose pulsative balancing
time with other systems was not awaited
o hasty and biased observer.
ntrary, I am convinced
rehensively considered experience
tal integrity of order prevails
nspired to explore that order
f discovering humanity's function
olutionary scenario
elf-regenerative Universe.

we have gained vast inventories
nd-error experience
of which information we have developed
of generalized scientific principles
e weightless pattern concepts.
ightless they are metaphysical.
metaphysics
in turn designed
gements of the physical behavior constituents
nnikinetic environment scenery.
rearranged the scenery
ttern of world-around occurring power-driven
tworks
ich teleologic process
luced an ever-increasing survival advantage
manity.



Paul Spica

The human advantage is both physical and metaphysical.
As ever-increasing proportions of all Earthians
Become involved in the processes
Of massive production and distribution
Of both the necessities and desirables
Which implement humanity's regenerative evolution
requirements.
And the degrees of increasing advantage
Are expressible in precise scientific terms
Of the number of centimeters, grams, and seconds of work
Humanity is able to accomplish
Out of each hour of investment
Of each and all of its individuals'
Potential lifetime hours,
Energies, materials, and know-how.

But we also discover that humanity
Does not yet realize its potentially imminent success
Despite the published statistics of death-deferring
Doubling and even tripling of life spans
Of a billion and a half humans
Rendered wealthy by industry
Within only the past seventy years
And despite the concurrent fractionalizing
Of the numbers of human hours
That must be individually invested
To produce the essentials and desirables.
And humanity's enlightenment is delayed
Because the Earth planet is so large.

And man is so infinitely tiny
And so myopically preoccupied with personally avoiding
The erroneously assumed inevitability of poverty
for the many,
Which has slavishly and fearfully conditioned his reflexes.

Those not as yet included
In the high-living advantage, ever-multiplyingly produced
By power-driven tool networks,
Do not comprehend the swiftly accelerating rate
At which comprehensively increasing human advantage
Will include them and their children,
As well as the children of the already advantaged
For they find themselves in a cultural environment
Whose customs, logic, and law
Were designed uniquely to cope only with the struggling
Of the preindustrial frequently failing agrarian era,
Which struggle is no longer essential to their
omnisuccessful potential
Intuiting which children find themselves brimming
With unanswered questions regarding
the significance of life.

Inspired by the beauty and appeal
Of their earnest questioning
And in continuance of our attempt
To differentiate the domains and functionings
Of brain and mind,
We eagerly explore
For experiential evidence
That human minds and brains
May be essentials
In the total design integrity
Of eternally self-regenerative
Scenario Universe.
From physics we learn that every fundamental behavior of
Universe
Always and only coexists with a nonmirror-imaged
complementary.
The nonsimultaneity and dissimilarity
Of the complementary interpatterning pulsations
Integrate to produce
The complex of events
We sensorially identify as reality.
Without the pulsative asymmetries and
asynchronous lags
The complementations would cancel out one another
And centralize equilibriously,
And there would be no sensoriality,
Ergo, no self-awareness, no life.

For we have also learned from physics
That all the positive and negative weights
Of the fundamental components of matter
Balance out exactly as zero.
Life may well be a dream,
A comedy and tragedy
Of errors of conceptioning
Inherent in the dualistic
Imaginary assumption
Of a self differentiated
From all the complex otherness
Of reasonably conceivable Universe
For it must be remembered
That no human has ever seen directly
Outside himself.
What we call seeing
Is the interpretive imagining in the brain
Of the significance and meaning
Of the nervous system reports
Of an assumed outsideness of self
All of which organic design conception
May be that of a great intellect
Which is inventing Universe progessively
Evolving mathematically elegant
Integral equations
For each conceivable challenge
Including the invention
You and me.

At least our speculative excursion
Was relative to our attempt to differentiate
Between brain and mind
For the written record of two millenia
Discloses human minds forever rediscovering
The great dream concept
While the brains of the dogs
Sleeping at my feet
Have never given evidence
Of being concerned with such thoughts.
Either the brain tells them to go hunting
Because their bellies are hungry
Or they bark in reflex to a strange noise
Or they wag their tails in response
To brain-recalled propitious circumstances.

Returning to our hard and soft
Experiential realities
We seek to discover whether there exists
A major phase of universal behavior
Which complements but does not mirror
The omniexpansive, increasing asymmetry
And progressive entropy diffusion of physical syst
And matches the latter
With an increasingly orderly and symmetrical
Omnicontracting and compacting syntropic phas

IV

Our discovery and confirmation
Of man's having a unique and essential
Role in Universe
Will depend upon our developing a clear understa
Not only of the difference
Between brain and mind functioning
But also of their respectively unique characteristi

Starting a new line of attack we first note
That at the present moment in history
Humanity has not differentiated lucidly
Between the meanings of the words
Brain and *mind*:
They are often used synonymously.
The pragmatist tends to discard
The word *mind* as embracing

s to him "untenable mysticism";
ealist feels
ord *brain*
to all his needs.

y to date
sts have learned
uman brain
mmunication system
ord and retrieve information
rates of lag.

is a special case
mmunicating system
like a television set.
t a telegraph wire,
telephone,
ially conceptual as well.
th our optical receipts
with our hearing,
ng,
uching.
e have a telesense station
e receive the live news
it into a video-taped documentary.
in studio we have made a myriad of such videoed
ngs
e live news,
h we hold in swiftly retrievable storage.

e TV studio's
n director—
d by many repeater
ay tube sets—
"What is going on here?"
w—hear, smell, feel—the news:
gnize this scenario?"
n it before—
ng like it?"

ne-headed assistants
e files
in any relevant documentaries.
evision station studio
tor intuitively sorts and selects
sequences
of the myriad of
scenarios, live or replayed:
ng the subject
nge,
vironmental perspective,
at close range,
ng some detail.
her cameramen
r lenses aimed
hotographs,
ding angles
of yesterday's
tary footage.
as available
ily invented footage
yesterday's experience clues

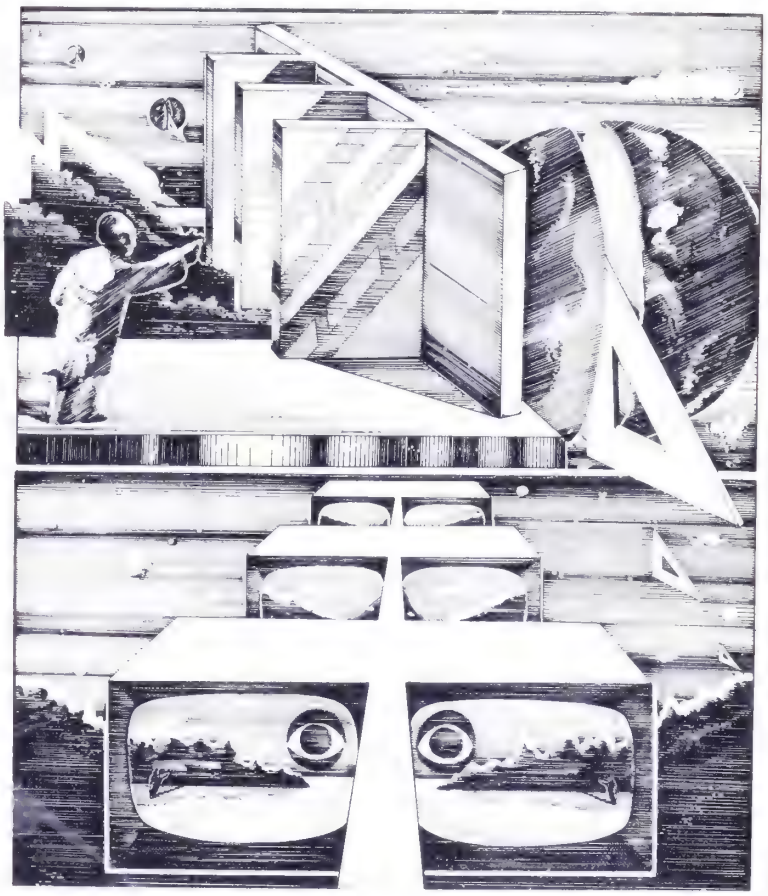
Which may be appropriately considered
At various stages for mixing in with the news.

Out of all this comparative viewing
The director then selects
What he conceives of
As an appropriate scenario
Of action to be taken now
In view of both the news challenges
And the documentary reminiscences.

Because the brain's TV prime resource
Consists of images,
We may call the total brain activity
Image-ination.

All we have ever seen
Is and always will be
In the scopes of our brain's TV station.
All that humanity has ever seen
And will ever see
Is his own image-ination;
Some of it is faithfully reported new,
Some of it is invented fiction or make-believe,
Some of it is doggedly retained "want to believe."

The physiologists and neurologists
Probing the brain
Say it is easier to explain
All the data they have
Concerning the general phenomena



Operative at the top of the spine
If they assume two prime variables always to be operative:
They give one of them the name "mind,"
The other they call "brain."
The neurologists and physiologists say
It is easier to explain all the data they have
If they assume
The *mind* as well as the *brain* to be *co*-operative,
Than it is to explain all the data
If they assume only brain to be operative.

And why is that?
It is because it is found that there are conversations
Going on over this communication system
Using its information retrieving and storing system—
Whose conversational contents
Are in no way explicable
As being produced by feedback of the system itself.

V

Universe is the aggregate
Of all of humanity's
Consciously apprehended
And communicated experiences,
Which aggregate
Of only partially overlapping events
Is sum-totally a lot of yesterdays
Plus an awareness of now.

Yesterdays and now
Are neither simultaneous
Nor mirror-imaged;
But through them run themes
As overlappingly woven threads,
Which though multipliedly individualized
Sum-totally comprise a scenario.

No single frame either explains
Or foretells the whole continuity—
The picture of the caterpillar
Does not foretell the butterfly,
Nor does one picture of a butterfly
Show that a butterfly flies.
I cannot think simultaneously
About all the special-case events that I have experienced,
But I can think of one special set
Of closely associated events
At any one now.

Each one of these thinkable sets
Is what I call a *system*.
A system is a subdivision of Universe.
A system subdivides Universe
Into all of the Universe events
Which are irrelevant to the considered set
Because (a) they are outside the system,
Too macrocosmic and too infrequent
Either to fit into
Or to alter
The considered set;
Or irrelevant because (b) occurring
Too microcosmically remote
Within the system
And of too-high frequency
And of too-short duration
To be tunable with
Or to alter significantly
The considered think-set.

After dismissing momentarily
Both the macro and micro irrelevancies
There remain
The few clearly relevant sets of associated events
Which constitute the system.
We find that all the systems which subdivide Univer
Into insideness and outsideness
Are concave on the inside
And convex on the outside.

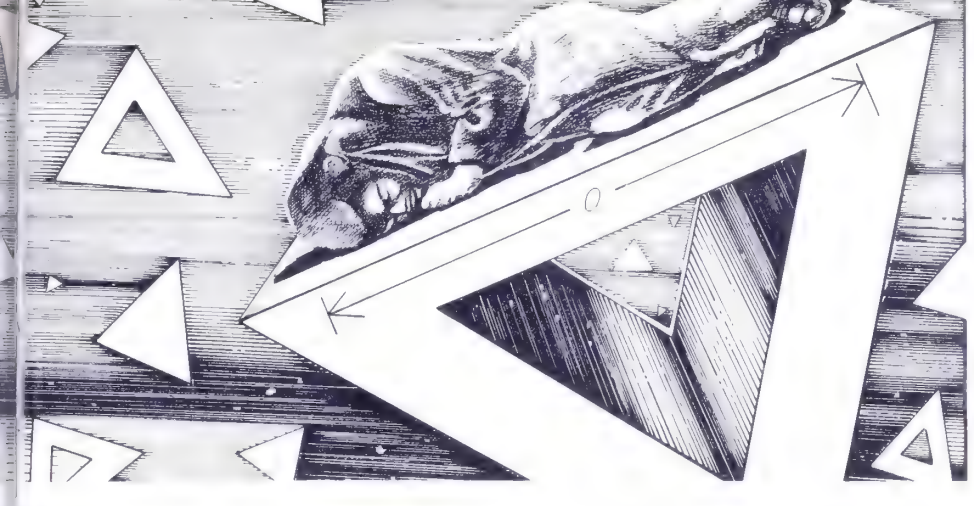
We next observe that
The concave and the convex
Always and only coexist.
A rubber glove on my left hand
Has an external part which is convex
And an inside which is concave.
If I strip the rubber glove off my left hand,
It now fits my right hand.
What had been the concave
Becomes the convex
And the convex becomes the concave.

So we find these always and only coexisting
Complementaries are behaviorally interchangeabl
The tension could be the compression
And the compression could become the tension.
Because in one case the girth
Went into tension
And in the other it
Went into compression.

Experimental demonstration
Of a plurality of special-case instances
Of always and only co-occurring phenomena
Is prerequisite to generalizing
The brain-mind differentiation.

I will give another example
Of always and only co-occurring phenomena.
Physicists today observe
That the proton and neutron
Always and only co-occur.
While they are not "mirror" images of one anothe
And have different weights,
They are transformable
One into the other,
And are thus complexedly complementary,
As are isosceles and scalene triangles.
None of the angles and edges of either needs be th
To produce triangles of equal area.
And the sums of the three angles of each
Will always be one hundred and eighty degrees.

The mathematical balancing or complementation
Of the proton and neutron are analogously balanc



having two small energy teammates.
n has its electron and its antineutrino,
eutron has its positron and its neutrino,
of these little three-member teams
s what the physicist calls *half-spin* or a
antum.
plement one another
ether comprise one unit of quantum.

now discovered experientially
s and only coexisting tension and compression;
s and only coexisting concave and convex;
ways and only coexisting proton and neutron.
consider the Theory of Functions.
braces all of these terms.

ure the always and only co-occurring
les of the Theory of Functions.
ave X stand abstractly for *tension*
nvex or for *proton*,
an then have Y stand abstractly
ression, *concave*, or *neutron*, respectively.
f our foregoing *always and only co-occurring*
tial observations of interessential relationships.

o further still:
the word *relativity*.
ot have relativity
t least two phenomena
erentially related.
lso the word *complementarity*.
ot have one phenomenon complemented
an one other phenomenon.
s *complementarity* and *relativity*
entify identical physical phenomena.
to discover
there exists a generalized concept
nbraces both phenomena,
nd that the ponderable physical energy Universe,
hysical universe,
distinction to the Universe's
s, metaphysical aspects,
brace both *complementarity* and *relativity*.

our brain-mind differentiation
g. "I take a piece of rope."
this before many audiences.
udience has ever said,
"You don't have a piece of rope."
But the fact is I *didn't* have a piece of rope.
Nor has anybody ever said,
"Is it nylon, manila, or cotton?"
Or, "What is its diameter?"

My statement was a "first-degree scientific generalization."
In literature the word *generalization* means
Covering too much territory
Too thinly to be convincing.
However, we have in science a term "generalization"
Which does not have the literary connotation.
A *generalization* in science refers to
A principle discovered by experiment
To be operative in every special case.
If we find any exception,
We no longer have a scientific generalization.

It is a second-degree generalization
To find an additional generalized principle
Operating within the generalized piece of rope:
Such as the always and only
Coexisting tension and compression.
It is also a second-degree generalization
To find the concave and convex within
generalized systems.

It's a third-degree generalization,
Or a generalization of a group of generalizations,
To develop the Theory of Functions
Wherein the X and Y could stand
For any one second-degree coexistence generalizations.

It is a fourth-degree generalization
To develop the word *relativity*.

And it's a fifth-degree generalization
To employ the word *Universe*
To embrace both the relativity and complementarity.
The degrees are then progressive omnibus stages
Of generalizations of generalizations.

The generalized principles
Are all interaccommodative.
None contradicts another;
Nor do they contradict
Any combination
Of other scientific generalizations.

They have complete integrity.
One is associable with the other.

The a priori integrity of scientific generalizations
Is manifest in all the phases of Universe
As we explore it progressively.
Man does not create.
Man cannot create.
Creation is a priori.
Creation is the gamut
Of generalized principles
Which scientists can and do discover
And inventors can employ
In special-case uses.

Man can invent,
Which means "bring in."
The special-case use
Of generalized principles
And of combinations of them.
But man cannot design
Or invent
A generalized anything.

We find that brains deal
Always and only with special cases.
We remember the special-case name —Tim Smith—
Which we may not need to recall
For thirty-five years,
Yet it occupies its own special
Physical brain's "after-image" locale
Possibly its own neuron.
We find the brain always dealing with special cases
And the mind dealing with generalizations.
The generalizations have no weight:
Only special cases have weight
Or any other physical characteristic.
All scientific generalizations
Are pure metaphysics.
All metaphysics are weightless
And physically unlimited.
A triangle is a generalized principle
And a triangle persists conceptually
As a triangle,
Independently of size,
Color, weight, taste, texture, or time.

VI

Searching for a function of man in Universe
We found first
A phase of Universe
Which needed counterbalancing.
This was the entropic, expansive,
Increasingly disorderly, radiantly explosive Universe.
In answer we found Earth to be a sphere
Wherein Universe was collecting,
Sorting, concentrating, and storing energies
In mathematically orderly ways
Such as by refraction, crystal growth,
Photosynthesis, or molecular formations.
Then we found that all the biologicals
Were antientropic.

I found myself publishing in '49,
As did Norbert Weiner
In another book at the same time,
Unwitting of one another's coincidental
Perceptionings and simultaneous disclosures,
That all biological life is antientropic
And that the human mind
Is the most powerfully effective
Antientropy
Thus far evidenced.

It was only a few years ago
That it seemed logical
To cease speaking of the phenomena involved
As antientropy,
Entropy being disintegratively negative;
Antientropy was, in effect, a double negative
Used to express a positive.
So to render the concept positive
And to identify its kinship
To synergy, I started speaking of it as *syntropy*
As the positive complementary
Of the negative entropy.

Now I surmise
That the speculative thought
Of the human mind
In contradistinction
To the physical-experience recalls
Of the physical brain
Is physically nondemonstrable,
Ergo, metaphysical,
But its teleological activity,
Which subjectively evolves generalizations
From multiplicities of special-case experiences
(And thereafter employs the generalizations
Objectively in other special-case physical formula
Can be detected
Through man's intuitive recognition
Of the weightless pattern integrity per se,
Ever weightlessly, abstractly present in the origin
Discovering and inventing events.
Scientific generalizations
Have no inherent beginning or ending.
In discovering them
Mind is discovering a phase of Universe
That is eternal.
The physical human and its physical brain
Unmonitored by mind
Are not only less effectively syntropic
Than other biological species,
They are often consciously
Far more entropic
Than other species
And are only subconsciously syntropic.

Human's average birth weight of seven pounds
Is multiplied sometimes as much as fiftyfold
By syntropic chemical combining of
Other protoplasmic cells
Taken in as food:
With gases and liquids

)y breathing and drinking.
nity's syntropic cell multiplication
ormed greatly by trees, whales, elephants,
living organisms.

ring that antientropy, or syntropy,
the one hand,
the physical trending
reater disorder
ne other hand, means
g the relative disorder
singly orderly physical arrangements,

that the human's biological role is minor,
is metaphysically sorting mind-role
amount syntropy,
ews and sets in fundamental order
m, ergo disorderly,
vent experiences of the universal environment:
nagnitude of physical rearranging
ssively more orderly patterns
ically conceived
man mind
elmingly greater
produced by the
gical organisms
ner biological species.
can design orderly machines,
ne steamship *Queen Mary*,
inental highway system
rfs in physical magnitude
gical undertaking,
of coral-reef building
cule coral creatures.

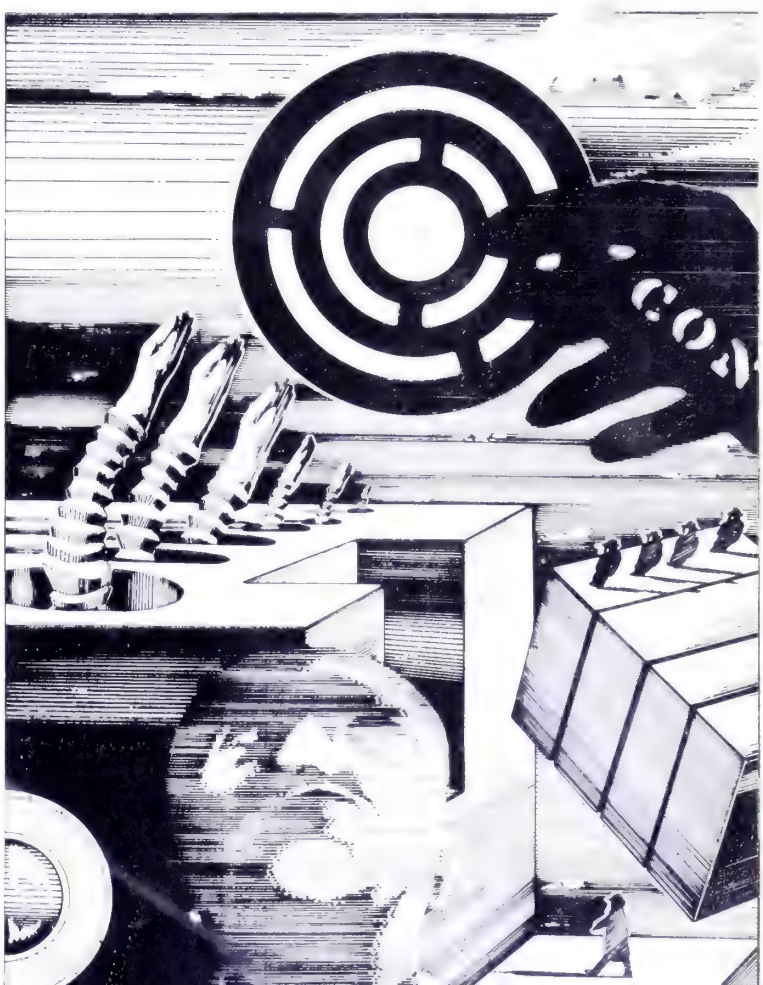
remembered
ropy also means
, concentrate, and store.
peak to any audience,
"Let us take a piece of rope . . ."
nstrate the generalized rope concept—
ving on
icity of special-case rope experiences
n-stored resource of that audience,
amounting to over a hundred experiences each:
erent kinds of pieces of rope,
am drawing upon a memory resource
han one hundred thousand experiences
nany different pieces of rope,
peak to an audience of one thousand.

st-degree generalization
our experience processing
lred thousandfold.
nd-degree generalization
the experiences multi-billionfold.
further degree of generalization
s the number of special experiences
ich the generalization is extracted.

l-degree generalization,
ng of the Theory of Functions,
Embraced all the always-and-only co-occurring phenomena
Of a plurality of second-degree generalizations.
When we get to the fifth-degree generalization,
Universe,
We have increased our numbers-of-experiences base
To all the experiences
Ever known to and remembered by humanity,
Including all the experiences
With all the atoms and their nuclear components.

Thus, the human mind
Has collected, combined, and refined
All experiences of all humanity,
In all-remembered time,
Into one single concept,
Universe,
Which is, *ipso facto*,
The ultimate generalization.

Clearly it is seen
That man's metaphysical mind
Demonstrates the most effective
Syntropic capability evidenced in Universe
Excepting that of the universal mind's
Cosmic syntropy
As manifest in the *eternal design complex*,
Comprehensively and synergetically interaccommodative
As eternally regenerative Universe.
Which cosmic syntropy combines
All the metaphysical integrities
As well as all the physical patterns.



Human mind's metaphysical syntropy potential
Caps all the syntropic sequences
Operative in our Spaceship Earth's
Comprehensive syntropic system.

VII

Einstein,
As metaphysical, weightless, human intellect,
Took the measure of the weighable physical
And wrote
The most economically formulated equation
Mathematically possible.
For it put on one side of the equation
The physical universe, which is to be equated,
Represented as "E"
Because all that is physical is energetic
And on the other side of the equation
Einstein placed the two terms
Minimally necessary to disclose a relationship.
For these two terms he employed
"m" (for energy associated as matter) and
"c^2" (for energy disassociative as radiation),
Expressed as c^2 because
c is the speed of light
In any one linear direction:
But light goes omnioutwardly
In a spherical wave
Whose surface increases
As the second power
Of the linear speed of radiation.
Ergo: Einstein's equation
Is $E=mc^2$.
And in it the velocity of c^2
Is the constant and known term
And the amount of energy
Compacted in any given mass
Can be determined
If the given E to be analyzed
Is measured.

Einstein's equation
Was intuitively formulated
From the experimentally
Harvested data of others,
But proved to be correct
When the subsequent fission occurred.

Here we have the metaphysical intellect
Taking the measure of
And mastering the physical.
We have no experimental data
That in any way suggests
That this process is reversible
And that energy can or will
Take the measure of
And write the equation of intellect
Or the equation of the metaphysical.
This is an example of one
Of the great generalized principles
Operative in Scenario Universe,
Which is the principle
Of irreversibility
Of intellectual processes.
For the syntropic metaphysical
Is not a mirror-imaged reversal
Of the entropic physical's
Disorderly expansiveness.

The fact that man
Using only his physical brain
And not his mind
Can be the most
Entropically destructive organism
Does not contradict
The irreversibility principle
Unique to maximally syntropic mind.
Humanity's imaginative invention of Hell
Discloses its subconscious awareness
Of the ultimate entropy.

Thus we find the metaphysical
Apprehending and embracing,
Comprehending, cohering, and conserving
The integrity of Scenario Universe's
Never exactly identical recyclings.
The physical tries to destroy
And dissipate itself.
The metaphysical law masters and conserves
The evolutionary integrity.

VIII

Though humans are born equipped
To participate
In the supreme function of Universe,
This does not guarantee
That they will do so.
Humans are born utterly helpless,
And must through trial and error,
By physical experiments,
Discover what the controlling family
Of generalized principles may be,
Which principles must be employed by humans
To fulfill their Universe function.
But in order to discover the latter
They first must discover the overwhelmingly superi
Of the mind, as compared to muscle.
And humans also must discover
That the physical,
Which they tend to prize
As seemingly vital
To their regenerative continuance,
Is utterly subordinate
To the omni-integrity of metaphysical laws,
Which are discoverable
Only by mind.

Only if man learns in time
To accredit the weightless thinking
Over the physical values,
In a realistic, economic, and philosophic accountin
Of all his affairs,
Will the particular team of humans
Now aboard planet Earth
Survive to perform their function—

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Tom Buckley

PORTRAIT OF AN AGING DESPOT

He fell from power not long ago, a tortured man out of the pleasure-seeking philosoph



February 1, 1968: General Loan firing the shot seen around the world.

"TAKE A CASE OF BEER WITH YOU," said the man who arranged the appointment. "He'll appreciate it." I thought I was being kidded, but I climbed the stairs to the third floor of the Defense Ministry with a case of Budweiser—$2.40 at the Post Exchange—on my shoulder. As I set it down in his office, Maj. Gen. Nguyen Ngoc Loan rose awkwardly on his braced leg to shake hands. He looked at me closely. At last he said, "I remember you," with a note of triumph in his voice. His eyes rolled away from me. It was only ten-thirty in the morning, but on his desk, which was clear otherwise, there was an empty bottle of Vietnamese "33" beer (so he would appreciate the Budweiser after all) and an empty glass. It was a small office at the end of a corridor, undecorated and barely furnished. Instead of a combination-lock filing cabinet for classified documents, there was a small refrigerator, in which an orderly stacked the Budweiser to chill.

Loan (say "low-ahn") had been promoted to permanent two-star rank only a few days earlier. He shrugged off my congratulations. "It is a joke," he said. "I have no troops and no duties. I am in charge of long-range planning, maybe for the next war. I ask to retire but they de[ny] mit me to retire, so they give me two st[ars] few more piasters. I can live on my sa[la] wife does not complain, but I could ge[t a] job in business. I could earn twice as mu[ch] all. I took a management course at M[IT]" pulled on his cigarette, and his laugh—[a] giggle—was broken up by a hacking co[ugh]

It had been different the last time I [saw] him, in March 1968. Loan was then [the] mander of the national police. From be[hind] walls of his headquarters compound, [in a] place that few Vietnamese approache[d] could avoid it, he commanded 70,000 r[egular] police, the special branch, the paramili[tary] talions of the Police Field Force, an arm [of] and informers. His powers were those o[f life] death, and at his command tens of thou[sands] persons were imprisoned in the tiger [cages] Conson Island and elsewhere: torture [was] dreaded provincial interrogation cente[rs] assassinated, executed, or simply not he[ard] again.

But even then, two of the three ev[ents] were to lead to his fall from power hac[k]

Tom Buckley, who covered the war for the New York Times from 1966 to 1968, He recently made his second return visit to Saigon.

. His friend and fellow Air Force
en Cao Ky, had been induced to re-
premiership and run for the Vice-
while Gen. Nguyen Van Thieu ran
idency. Then in February 1968, dur-
fighting, Loan had the misfortune to
iphed shooting a bound and helpless
isoner in the head with his revolver.
conceivably have escaped the con-
of these two events, but that May,
n was attacked for the second time. he
far as I can tell, the only South Viet-
ieral to be wounded in ground com-
ht leg was shattered by machine-gun
ie led an attack against a guerrilla
took the opportunity to replace him
his own men.
s sent to Australia for treatment, but
aphs and television films of the shoot-
de him notorious. He seemed to epito-
t was vicious and cowardly about the
ral and the South Vietnamese forces
ir, and the public outcry forced him
e was taken to the Walter Reed Army
n Washington. The leg was saved,
it was little more than a stick. Long
cuperation, while Thieu consolidated
Loan and his family lived in virtual
iouse in Alexandria, Virginia, closely
y the Central Intelligence Agency.
st he received permission to return to
was to a meaningless assignment and
ffice.

ET LOAN during the summer of 1967.
casion was the graduation of a class of
uits at Loan's headquarters. I had been
attend by the senior American public-
iser. He was a retired captain of the
State Police, an amiable enough fel-
ularly in comparison with some of his
es, among whom were old-time mem-
onial police forces in Malaya, Burma,
East Indies, and a large number of
former Deep South sheriffs and depu-
s talents clearly would have been better
as a supervisor of bank guards.
as seated not far from me under a can-
from an orange-and-white cargo para-
was not prepossessing. His forehead
l so did his chin, he was losing his hair,
ggled, his teeth were bad, and he was
d stoop-shouldered. Senior officers,
amese and American, invariably wore
ely starched combat fatigues and mir-
ed boots, no matter how deskbound
and set their faces in chin-back frowns
e the vast echoing hollows under their
n, by contrast, wore flopping sandals
ort-sleeved white shirt and baggy gray
users of the ordinary policeman. His homely face was alive with intelligence. Throughout the long ceremony he drank cognac and soda and joked with his subordinates, laughing so hard on occasion that his feet beat a tattoo on the ground as a reflex of his spasms. It was as though Loan were commenting on something everyone knew, that Vietnamese families paid heavily to have their sons accepted as police recruits, since it was generally a much safer job than the infantry and in time the opportunities were considerable for augmenting the small salary with all sorts of graft, notably heavy bribes from draft dodgers.

When the last medal for marksmanship and interrogation technique had been distributed, a buffet was served. The American press crowded around Loan. He seemed to enjoy the verbal sparring and he spoke English well, although he slurred his words—not just because of his drinking, I think, but because he didn't relish the taste of English vowels and consonants on his tongue. For the most part he dodged the questions, but at one point he said something rather elegant, although not, as things worked out, very accurate. "As long as Ky remains in power I will remain in power," he said, "and as long as I remain in power Ky will remain in power."

Between the election and the heavy skirmishing along the demilitarized zone it was a busy summer. I did not see Loan again until early October. The committee on elections of the National Assembly had recommended that because of widespread cheating, the victory of Thieu and Ky should be invalidated. While the full Assembly was voting on the question, Loan slouched in a chair in a box overlooking the stage of the old opera house in Saigon where the Assembly met, his cap pushed back on his head, drinking beer and absentmindedly spinning the chambers of his revolver, a snub-nosed .38-caliber Smith & Wesson "Airweight." The committee's recommendation was rejected.

AFTER WEEKS OF TRYING I was able to arrange an appointment with Loan in early December of 1967. It was a time when American optimism about the course of the war was reaching a zenith of fatuity. General Westmoreland had gone to Washington to inform Congress that the other side was no longer capable of launching major offensive operations. Army units were pursuing the guerrillas near the Cambodian border, and the Marines had just reoccupied Khesanh in force. On New Year's Eve a group of bright young attachés at the American Embassy, calling themselves collectively "the Flower People," a term that was fresh and bright then, gave a "Light at the End of the Tunnel" costume party.

With its ten-foot concrete walls, guard towers, rusting rolls of concertina barbed wire and death's-head signs warning of mines, the exterior

"His powers were those of life and death, and at his command tens of thousands of persons were imprisoned in the tiger cages of Conson Island."

Tom Buckley

PORTRAIT OF AN AGING DESPOT

of Loan's compound proved to be more fearsome than the inside. At least there were no gibbets, whipping posts, or freshly dug graves. His office was on the second floor of a yellow stucco house shaded by trees that probably had been the residence of the commander when it was a regimental garrison for the French cavalry. When I entered the office, through padded double doors, Loan was reading dossiers. For fifteen minutes he did not look up. When at last he signaled me to sit on the chair in front of his desk and ordered drinks, I asked him to tell me something about his early life. He said he had been born in Hué, the old imperial capital, in 1930, one of a family of eleven children. His father, he said, had been an engineer on the highways and railroads. It occurred to me that his status was probably subprofessional, since the French seldom permitted a Vietnamese to go higher. Nevertheless, the family must have been relatively well off as part of the small middle class created by the French, but distinct from and socially inferior to the traditional mandarin and landowning classes.

In 1951, while Loan was studying pharmacy at the University of Hué, the French became belatedly convinced after five years of war that victory or even the avoidance of eventual defeat was impossible without the formation of a Vietnamese national army. Until then the French force had been dominantly composed of troops from metropolitan France, the Foreign Legion, and colonial units from North Africa and Senegal. The 70,000 Vietnamese volunteers were formed in separate battalions, officered by Frenchmen, and were assigned mainly to defensive operations, as they were to be fifteen years later by the Americans.

Conscription was introduced, and for the first time more than a token number of Vietnamese were trained as officers. It was at this point that Loan, whose sympathies were dictated by his family's status, volunteered for officer training. Others of his generation made a different decision, fleeing into the jungle to join the Vietminh. Like many other senior Vietnamese officers I have spoken to, Loan told me that he had served briefly with the guerrillas while still a schoolboy but quit when he learned that they were Communists and not just simple nationalists fighting for Vietnamese freedom. It's a story I'm dubious about.

"At that time they didn't say a word about it," Loan said. "I was a Vietminh cadre from the time I am fourteen until nineteen, but all they say is just to fight against the Japanese, the Chinese, the French imperialists."

Loan was graduated at the top of his class, which included Ky, served briefly in the Delta, and was sent to what was then French Morocco for flight training. He also studied for a while at St. Cyr, the West Point of France. By the time he returned home, in 1955, the jungle was closing in over the wreckage of Dienbi
French had signed the Geneva accor
new rump government of South Vietna
by Ngo Dinh Diem, was being establis
United States.

THE NATIONAL ARMY numbered 30
at the time of the French collapse,
became an effective fighting force. In
1 Dragon Embattled, Joseph Buttin
quite accurately, "They were poorly t
equipped, but the major deficiency the
long time to come was a lack of com
cers: The best elements of the Vietna
cated middle class had no desire to s
army created to fight, still under Frer
direction, for a regime they despised a
people who, even if led by Commu
still known to be fighting primarily fo
independence."

It was these officers who formed th
of Diem's armed forces and hold all
positions today, and the handicaps t
with have never been overcome. The
cruited reluctantly, trained indifferent
ized and snubbed first by the French a
the Americans and throughout by the
intellectual elite of their own countr
flected the traditional view in the C
military men are down near the last r
social ladder. And in the eleven years
ond Indochina war little has happe
prove their sense of self-esteem.

The Vietnamese Air Force probab
have so pronounced an inferiority com
other services, mainly because the Vi
not have any airplanes—nothing mo
until recently, than a few machine gu
lenge the old propeller-driven Skyra
plied by the United States. As Loan
in rank—he was promoted to major
the fall of Diem—he did less flying and
work. He was sent to the United States
training and gradually emerged as an i
and security specialist.

A Vietnamese who knew Loan in
describes a figure less flamboyant tha
set by Ky, a withdrawn, seemingly ra
young man who drank sparingly, did
mistress, and whose only vice was a fo
the poker games played in an upstairs
Brodard's Café.

The Vietnamese Air Force had a bri
of glory in the spring of 1965. It flew t
bombing raids against North Vietna
commander of the Air Force, led the
Loan flew as his wingman. The raids w
symbolic. The Skyraiders didn't go
north of the Benhai River; and because
clearly no match for North Vietnames
radar-directed heavy flak guns, and

ey were restricted to operations in nam thereafter. It was not until 1968 ietnamese Air Force received even a ber of jets, and these were not suit- erations against the North either.

ied our hands," Loan said when I went him. "You wanted to win the war all ves." What else could he say? More- ms incontestably true that until it was e American command *had* decided to ar with American troops and let the e pick up the pieces.)

1965, only a few months after the emerged as the leader of the military r two years of revolving-door govern- s elevation to power occurred just as combat troops were beginning to ar- their presence provided an essentially e of stability. Older generals were ff into exile or retirement. Loan was to colonel and appointed director of telligence and security. A year later he command of the national police. He most trusted confidant and, according bservers, second only to him in power.

ET ATTACKS BEGAN in the north and of Vietnam early in the morning of 0, 1968. Saigon and the Delta were hit ur hours later. In the absence of Thieu, spending the holidays at his villa in is wife's home city, Ky and Loan took the defenses of the capital.

afternoon of February 1 there was a in the vicinity of the Anquang Pagoda, quarters of the "militant" wing of the church, which was agitating for a nego- ce with the Vietcong. During the course hting a captive was brought to Loan, d with his aides perhaps a half block ithout a word, Loan snapped away his and drew his revolver. He took a marks- nce, his right arm extended, and, at a of perhaps three feet, put a single bullet side of the prisoner's head.

heat of his rage, Loan had ignored the Eddie Adams, the ace photographer of ciated Press, and an NBC camera crew sed on him. He glared at them after the and it seemed certain he would order seized, but, inexplicably, he did not. ours Adams' picture sequence was being ed around the world. The next night the shown on the Huntley-Brinkley televi- s.

wo minutes of air time swept by, the eded, but the image remains. Loan, armored with a flak vest, is a symbol of le savagery. The prisoner, smaller, frail, his hands invisible, wired together be- back, wears only a ragged shirt and shorts. His face is distorted, pushed to one side by the impact of the bullet in his brain, his hair stands up, his mouth opens in what might be a final cry.

That was, I think, the turning point, the moment when the American public turned against the war. The Tet offensive destroyed confidence in the judgment of the men who were directing it; the murder committed by Loan sealed its moral bankruptcy. At the same time there rose to the surface a grudging admiration for the courage of an enemy that had fought for so long without a single airplane, helicopter, tank, or artillery piece against the most powerful nation in the world and mercenaries hired from all over Asia.

There was a fine irony in all this. The prisoner was identified, accurately probably, as the commander of a Vietcong sapper unit. He was said to have had a revolver in his possession when he was captured and to have used it to kill a policeman. Unlike the main force battalions that invaded Saigon, which wore khaki uniforms, and the sappers who penetrated the United States Embassy, who wore red armbands, the prisoner had no similar identification. As a practical matter, his end was probably merciful, since he escaped the gruesome torture that would have almost certainly been a prelude to his death in captivity.

The killing that so shocked the United States had no similar impact in Vietnam. Few Vietnamese were even aware of it, and if they were, they could understand a certain appropriateness in Loan's action. The Vietcong frequently assassinated government officials, although giving these murders at least a semblance of legality by first convicting the victim of a capital crime in absentia in a revolutionary court and leaving a death warrant with the body. From time to time the Vietcong have carried out multiple murders. One I recall was inflicted on a village of Montagnards who had been working for the government. In Hué during the Tet fighting many hundreds of government officials, sympathizers, and members of their families were massacred. By and large, though, I think far more murders and atrocities were committed by the Allied side. For one thing, they had the firepower and mobility to strike at Vietcong villages. For another, they had the more pressing need for information about the enemy, which inevitably leads to torture and worse.

"He was Ky's most trusted confidant and, according to many observers, second only to him in power."

I NEXT SAW LOAN a month or so after the killing, when I arranged to go on a night patrol of the city with him. The Vietcong offensive had receded but skirmishes still took place on the outskirts of the city. A "second wave" attack was anticipated, however, and Saigon remained under a strict curfew from 7:00 P.M. until dawn. A police jeep picked me up at my apartment build-

ing at 10:00 P.M. and took me to the compound, where he was waiting for me. I sat beside him as we rolled through the deserted, eerily quiet streets, one of a convoy of three jeeps.

He said that at least as far as he was concerned the assault on Saigon had come as no surprise. "We knew in advance they were going to attack," he said. "For three days before, I had meetings, meetings, meetings. On the night it happened Ky called me. 'How about you and your wife coming over?' he said. I said, 'No, thanks. I'm on combat alert.' But he insisted. So I went over for a few minutes. Ky looked at me. 'You carry a revolver in my house on the first day of the New Year?' he said. 'You know it's bad luck.'

"I only stayed for a few minutes," Loan said. "I stayed on the streets, riding around like we are doing now, until 2:00 A.M. I am just lying down on my cot at my headquarters when I get the news. The VC are attacking all over. Ky calls me to say that Tansonhut is under attack. He says he is being advised to leave there. 'No,' I say, 'stay with the Air Force.' General Khanh, the Third Corps commander, calls me to tell me to take command in the city. I have very few troops. I send my last two armored companies to help Tansonhut. Then I round up a platoon of PFFs [the Police Field Force] and two armored cars, and we race to the radio station, which the Communists have overrun. We take it back and the man right next to me is shot dead and falls on top of me."

Loan took a pull on a highball that was mixed for him by his orderly. The ingredients were kept in a small portable bar in the rear of the jeep. Sensing that he was in an amiable mood, I asked him to explain why he had shot the prisoner. "I am not a politician," he replied. "I am not a chief of police. I am just a soldier. When you see a man in civilian clothes with a revolver killing your people . . . when many of your people have already been killed, then what are you supposed to do? We knew who this man was. His name was Nguyen Tan Dat, alias Han Son. He was the commander of a sapper unit. He killed a policeman. He spit in the face of the men who captured him. What do you want us to do? Put him in jail for two or three years and then let him go back to the enemy?

"People in the United States do not know the things we know here," he said. "I respect the Vietcong in uniform. They are fighting men like me. People know that when they are wounded I take care of them. I see they get to the hospital. But when they are not in uniform they are criminals and the rule of war is death."

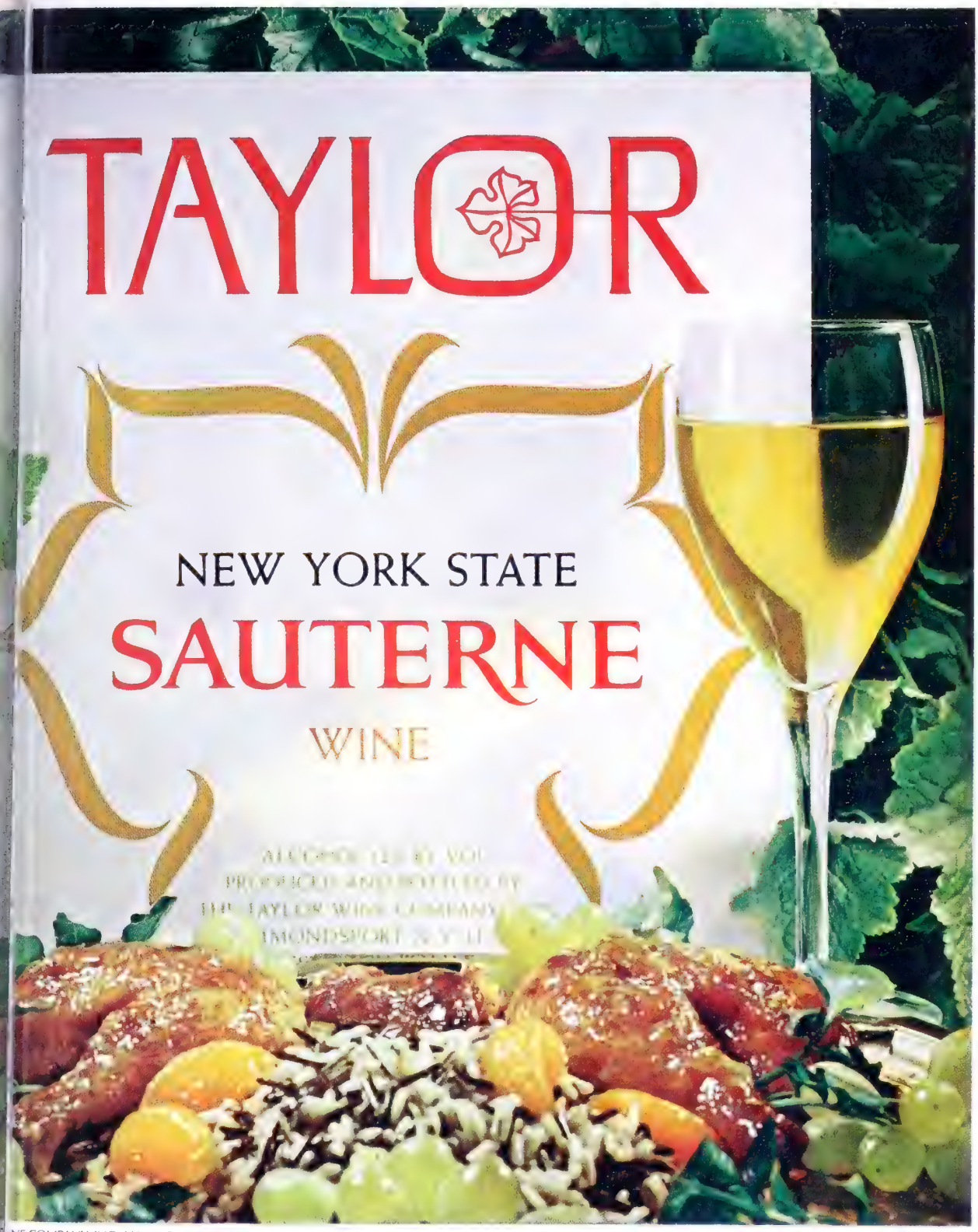
We had rolled over the high-backed bridge into the port district. Behind the warehouses and storage yards was a warren of shacks and tiny truck-gardening plots that even in the best of times was highly insecure. We turned off the main road and rolled slowly into a rutte for 100 yards and stopped. Loan's driver p dashboard switch, and a floodlight on t illuminated the featureless dwellings o sides of us. He flashed the light quickly more. Another 100 yards away anoth flashed a signal in reply. We started f again, turned two or three times and eme a small square in front of a police post.

Scores of police materialized out of th ows. Groups of men and women were be forward to stand before camp tables at were seated members of the special branc carefully checked the identification cards Vietnamese above the age of sixteen mus Raids and roundups were being carried over Saigon during those weeks. Here, port, an area had been cordoned off, the searched, and the residents brought to th tral point.

Off to one side, squatting in the shado a closely guarded group of fifteen or civilians. Loan slouched over. The police in charge of the roundup said something namese and pointed to an extraordinaril some man—tall, clear eyes, a coppery s his skin—who wore clean white pajama gave a word of command and the m brought before him. Loan turned the man tification card over in his hands, not loo it. He asked questions, gently, as thoug ing of something else. The man replie equally calm tone of voice.

Then Loan stepped back. He reached trousers pocket. He held what looked like automatic. He pointed it at the man's had a momentary sense of—what shall I rushing time, of dreadful weight. The m pression didn't change. Loan's finger ti on the trigger. There was a spurt of flam his other hand Loan flipped a cigarette pack, put it in his mouth, and turned th of his funny cigarette lighter to its tip. H drag and put his head back and laugh coughed on the smoke and laughed a scratching, hawking giggle, a shriek. H laughed and the police laughed, and the the white pajamas stood there motionl silent.

WHEN I WAS IN WASHINGTON the rapher who took the picture came me," Loan was saying in his bare little off the beer bottle on his desk. "He said that sorry that he had to take it. He say that I given his prize money to some organizati the Red Cross. I tell him, 'I am finished n career is over, but that is all right. What is past. To be alive or dead, to be liked liked, it doesn't matter. Life belongs to E to God, whatever it is that is higher than m



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THE ETHICS OF ADDICTION

An argument in favor of letting Americans take any drug they want to take



TO AVOID CLICHÉS ABOUT "drug abuse," let us analyze its official definition. According to the World Health Organization, "Drug addiction is a state of periodic or chronic intoxication detrimental to the individual and to society, produced by the repeated consumption of a drug (natural or synthetic). Its characteristics include: 1) an overpowering desire or need (compulsion) to continue taking the drug and to obtain it by any means, 2) a tendency to increase the dosage, and 3) a psychic (psychological) and sometimes physical dependence on the effects of the drug."

Since this definition hinges on the harm done to both the individual and society, it is clearly an ethical one. Moreover, by not specifying what is "detrimental," it consigns the problem of addiction to psychiatrists who define the patient's "dangerousness to himself and others."

Next, we come to the effort to obtain the addictive substance "by any means." This suggests that the substance must be prohibited, or is very expensive, and is hence difficult for the ordinary person to obtain (rather than that the person who wants it has an inordinate craving for it). If there were an abundant and inexpensive supply of what the "addict" wants, there would be no reason for him to go to "any means" to obtain it. Thus by the WHO's definition, one can be addicted only to a substance that is illegal or otherwise difficult to obtain. This surely removes the problem of addiction from the realm of medicine and psychiatry, and puts it squarely into that of morals and law.

In short, drug addiction or drug abuse cannot be defined without specifying the proper and improper uses of certain pharmacologically active agents. The regular administration of morphine by a physician to a patient dying of cancer is the paradigm of the proper use of a narcotic; whereas even its occasional self-administration by a physically healthy person for the purpose of "pharmacological pleasure" is the paradigm of drug abuse.

I submit that these judgments have nothing whatever to do with medicine, pharmacol psychiatry. They are moral judgments. I our present views on addiction are astoni similar to some of our former views on se recently, masturbation—or self-abuse, as called—was professionally declared, and larly accepted, as both the cause and the tom of a variety of illnesses. Even today, sexuality—called a "sexual perversion"- garded as a disease by medical and psy experts as well as by "well-informed" lay

To be sure, it is now virtually impossibl a contemporary medical authority to supp concept of self-abuse. Medical opinion ho whether a person masturbates or not is m irrelevant; and that engaging in the pra refraining from it is a matter of personal or life-style. On the other hand, it is v impossible to cite a contemporary authority to oppose the concept of drug Medical opinion holds that drug abuse is medical, psychiatric, and public health p that drug addiction is a disease similar betes, requiring prolonged (or lifelon careful, medically supervised treatment; a taking or not taking drugs is primarily solely, a matter of medical responsibilit

Thus the man on the street can only what he hears from all sides—that drug a is a disease, "like any other," which h reached "epidemic proportions," and "medical" containment justifies the limit penditure of tax monies and the corres aggrandizement and enrichment of nob cal warriors against this "plague."

Propaganda to justify proh

LIKE ANY SOCIAL POLICY, our drug la be examined from two entirely d points of view: technical and moral. Our inclination is either to ignore the moral tive or to mistake the technical for the m

Since most of the propagandists agai

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o justify certain repressive policies the alleged dangerousness of vari- hey often falsify the facts about the acological properties of the drugs prohibit. They do so for two reasons: e many substances in daily use are ıful as the substances they want to cond, because they realize that dan- lone is never a sufficiently persuasive justify the prohibition of any drug, or artifact. Accordingly, the more the moral dimensions of the problem, hey must escalate their fraudulent lt the dangers of drugs.

re, some drugs are more dangerous It is easier to kill oneself with heroin spirin. But it is also easier to kill one- ıping off a high building than a low case of drugs, we regard their poten- self-injury as justification for their ; in the case of buildings, we do not. nore, we systematically blur and con- o quite different ways in which nar- cause death: by a deliberate act of by accidental overdosage.

dividual is capable of injuring or kill- f. This potentiality is a fundamental of human freedom. Self-destructive ıay be regarded as sinful and penalized f informal sanctions. But it should not d as a crime or (mental) disease, justi- arranting the use of the police powers for its control.

re, it is absurd to deprive an adult of r of anything else) because he might ill himself. To do so is to treat every- ay institutional psychiatrists treat the uicidal mental patient: they not only uch a person but take everything away —shoelaces, belts, razor blades, eating nd so forth—until the "patient" lies a mattress in a padded cell—lest he kill he result is degrading tyrannization.

by accidental overdose is an altogether natter. But can anyone doubt that this w looms so large precisely because the rcotics and many other drugs is illegal? o buy illicit drugs cannot be sure what are getting or how much of it. Free rugs, with governmental action limited arding the purity of the product and ity of the labeling, would reduce the accidental overdose with "dangerous the same levels that prevail, and that ceptable, with respect to other chemi- s and physical artifacts that abound in lex technological society.

ssay is not intended as an exposition on nacological properties of narcotics and nd-affecting drugs. However, I want to lear that in my view, *regardless* of their ll drugs should be "legalized" (a mis- leading term I employ reluctantly as a concession to common usage). Although I recognize that some drugs—notably heroin, the amphetamines, and LSD, among those now in vogue—may have undesirable or dangerous consequences, I favor free trade in drugs for the same reason the Founding Fathers favored free trade in ideas. In an open society, it is none of the government's business what idea a man puts into his mind; likewise, it should be none of the government's business what drug he puts into his body.

"If ingesting alcohol is a Constitutional right, is ingesting opium, or heroin, or barbiturates, or anything else, not such a right?"

Withdrawal pains from tradition

IT IS A FUNDAMENTAL characteristic of human beings that they get used to things: one becomes habituated, or "addicted," not only to narcotics, but to cigarettes, cocktails before dinner, orange juice for breakfast, comic strips, and so forth. It is similarly a fundamental characteristic of living organisms that they acquire increasing tolerance to various chemical agents and physical stimuli: the first cigarette may cause nothing but nausea and headache; a year later, smoking three packs a day may be pure joy. Both alcohol and opiates are "addictive" in the sense that the more regularly they are used, the more the user craves them and the greater his tolerance for them becomes. Yet none of this involves any mysterious process of "getting hooked." It is simply an aspect of the universal biological propensity for *learning*, which is especially well developed in man. The opiate habit, like the cigarette habit or food habit, can be broken—and without any medical assistance—provided the person wants to break it. Often he doesn't. And why, indeed, should he, if he has nothing better to do with his life? Or, as happens to be the case with morphine, if he can live an essentially normal life while under its influence?

Actually, opium is much less toxic than alcohol. Just as it is possible to be an "alcoholic" and work and be productive, so it is (or, rather, it used to be) possible to be an opium addict and work and be productive. According to a definitive study published by the American Medical Association in 1929, ". . . morphine addiction is not characterized by physical deterioration or impairment of physical fitness . . . There is no evidence of change in the circulatory, hepatic, renal, or endocrine functions. When it is considered that these subjects had been addicted for at least five years, some of them for as long as twenty years, these negative observations are highly significant." In a 1928 study, Lawrence Kolb, an Assistant Surgeon General of the United States Public Health Service, found that of 119 persons addicted to opiates through medical practice, "90 had good industrial records and only 29 had poor ones . . . Judged by the output of labor and their own statements, none of the



James Hanlon

normal persons had [his] efficiency reduced by opium. Twenty-two of them worked regularly while taking opium for twenty-five years or more; one of them, a woman aged 81 and still alert mentally, had taken 3 grains of morphine daily for 65 years. [The usual therapeutic dose is one-quarter grain, three to four grains being fatal for the nonaddict.] She gave birth to and raised six children, and managed her household affairs with more than average efficiency. A widow, aged 66, had taken 17 grains of morphine daily for most of 37 years. She is alert mentally . . . does physical labor every day, and makes her own living."

I am not citing this evidence to recommend the opium habit. The point is that we must, in plain honesty, distinguish between pharmacological effects and personal inclinations. Some people take drugs to help them function and conform to social expectations; others take them for the very opposite reason, to ritualize their refusal to function and conform to social expectations. Much of the "drug abuse" we now witness perhaps nearly all of it—is of the second type. But instead of acknowledging that "addicts" are unfit or unwilling to work and be "normal," we prefer to believe that they act as they do because certain drugs—especially heroin, LSD, and the amphetamines—make them "sick." If only we could get them "well," so runs this comforting view, they would become "productive" and "useful" citizens. To believe this is like believing that if an illiterate cigarette smoker would only stop smoking, he would become an Einstein. With a falsehood like this, one can go far. No wonder that politicians and psychiatrists love it.

The concept of free trade in drugs runs counter to our cherished notion that everyone must work and idleness is acceptable only under special conditions. In general, the obligation to work is greatest for healthy, adult, white men. We tolerate idleness on the part of children, women, Negroes, the aged, and the sick, and even accept the responsibility to support them. But the new wave of drug abuse affects mainly young adults, often white males, who are, in principle at least, capable of working and supporting themselves. But they refuse: they "drop out"; and in doing so, they challenge the most basic values of our society.

The fear that free trade in narcotics would result in vast masses of our population spending their days and nights smoking opium or mainlining heroin, rather than working and taking care of their responsibilities, is a bugaboo that does not deserve to be taken seriously. Habits of work and idleness are deep-seated cultural patterns. Free trade in abortions has not made an industrious people like the Japanese give up work for fornication. Nor would free trade in drugs convert such a people from hustlers to hippies. Indeed, I think the opposite might be the case: it is questionable whether, or for how long, re sponsible people can tolerate being treat a totally irresponsible with respect to drug n drug-taking. In other words, how long c w live with the inconsistency of being expec t be responsible for operating cars and comp r but not for operating our own bodies?

ALTHOUGH MY ARGUMENT about drug-tak z moral and political, and does not d n upon showing that free trade in drugs woul ls have fiscal advantages over our present po e let me indicate briefly some of its econom in plications.

The war on addiction is not only astro m cally expensive; it is also counterproducti 0 April 1, 1967, New York State's narcotics tion control program, hailed as "the mos a sive ever tried in the nation," went into o "The program, which may cost up to $40 m lion in three years," reported the *New* or *Times*, "was hailed by Governor Rockefe 'the start of an unending war.'" Three a later, it was conservatively estimated th number of addicts in the state had trip quadrupled. New York State Senator Hughes reports that the cost of caring fo ac addict during this time was $12,000 per y against $1,000 per year for patients in sta tal hospitals). It's been a great time, thou fi some of the ex-addicts. In New York Cit diction Services Agency, one ex-addict sta d $6,500 a year in 1967, and was making $ 0 seven months later. Another started at 5 and soon rose to $18,100. The salaries th medical bureaucrats in charge of these pr an are similarly attractive. In short, the de tr and rehabilitation of addicts is good bu ne We now know that the spread of witch ft the late Middle Ages was due more to th of witchmongers than to the lure of witch ft it not possible that the spread of addictio e day is due more to the work of addictm ge than to the lure of narcotics?

Let us see how far some of the monie pe on the war on addiction could go in sup tu people who prefer to drop out of society an de themselves. Their "habit" itself would co me to nothing; free trade would bring the p ce narcotics down to a negligible amount. ur the 1969-70 fiscal year, the New York St Narcotics Addiction Control Commissio an budget of nearly $50 million, excluding pl construction. Using these figures as a te ati base for calculation, here is what we co \$100 million will support 30,000 drug d at $3,300 per year. Since the population York State is roughly one-tenth that of tion, if we multiply its operating budget r diction control by ten, we arrive at a fi \$500 million, enough to support 150,000

advocating that we spend our hard-
ey in this way. I am only trying to
ee trade in narcotics would be more
for those of us who work, even if we
ort legions of addicts, than is our
ram of trying to "cure" them. More-
not even made use, in my economic
the incalculable sums we would save
crimes now engendered by the illegal
igs.

The right of self-medication

, the argument that marijuana—or
, methadone, or morphine—is prohib-
e it is addictive or dangerous cannot
d by facts. For one thing, there are
s. from insulin to penicillin, that are
ictive nor dangerous but are neverthe-
ohibited; they can be obtained only
hysician's prescription. For another,
nany things, from dynamite to guns,
uch more dangerous than narcotics
to others) but are not prohibited. As
nows, it is still possible in the United
alk into a store and walk out with a
Ve enjoy this right not because we
t guns are safe but because we believe
strongly that civil liberties are pre-
he same time, it is not possible in the
tes to walk into a store and walk out
tle of barbiturates, codeine, or other

e that just as we regard freedom of
d religion as fundamental rights, so
also regard freedom of self-medication
amental right. Like most rights, the
elf-medication should apply only to
d it should not be an unqualified right.
se are important qualifications, it is
to specify their precise range.
uart Mill said (approximately) that a
ight to swing his arm ends where his
s nose begins. And Oliver Wendell
aid that no one has a right to shout
n a crowded theater. Similarly, the
ondition with respect to self-medication
e the inflicting of actual (as against
) harm on others.
esent practices with respect to alcohol
nd reflect this individualistic ethic. We
right to buy, possess, and consume al-
everages. Regardless of how offensive
ess might be to a person, he cannot
with another person's "right" to be-
briated so long as that person drinks
ivacy of his own home or at some other
ate location, and so long as he conducts
n an otherwise law-abiding manner. In
have a right to be intoxicated—in pri-
lic intoxication is considered an offense
to others and is therefore a violation of the criminal law. It makes sense that what is a "right" in one place may become, by virtue of its disruptive or disturbing effect on others, an offense somewhere else.

The right to self-medication should be hedged in by similar limits. Public intoxication, not only with alcohol but with any drug, should be an offense punishable by the criminal law. Furthermore, acts that may injure others—such as driving a car—should, when carried out in a drug-intoxicated state, be punished especially strictly and severely. The right to self-medication must thus entail unqualified responsibility for the effects of one's drug-intoxicated behavior on others. For unless we are willing to hold ourselves responsible for our own behavior, and hold others responsible for theirs, the liberty to use drugs (or to engage in other acts) degenerates into a license to hurt others.

"It is absurd to deprive an adult of a drug (or anything else) because he might use it to kill himself."

SUCH, THEN, WOULD BE the situation of adults, if we regarded the freedom to take drugs as a fundamental right similar to the freedom to read and worship. What would be the situation of children? Since many people who are now said to be drug addicts or drug abusers are minors, it is especially important that we think clearly about this aspect of the problem.

I do not believe, and I do not advocate, that children should have a right to ingest, inject, or otherwise use any drug or substance they want. Children do not have the right to drive, drink, vote, marry, or make binding contracts. They acquire these rights at various ages, coming into their full possession at maturity, usually between the ages of eighteen and twenty-one. The right to self-medication should similarly be withheld until maturity.

In short, I suggest that "dangerous" drugs be treated, more or less, as alcohol is treated now. Neither the use of narcotics, nor their possession, should be prohibited, but only their sale to minors. Of course, this would result in the ready availability of all kinds of drugs among minors—though perhaps their availability would be no greater than it is now, but would only be more visible and hence more easily subject to proper controls. This arrangement would place responsibility for the use of all drugs by children where it belongs: on parents and their children. This is where the major responsibility rests for the use of alcohol. It is a tragic symptom of our refusal to take personal liberty and responsibility seriously that there appears to be no public desire to assume a similar stance toward other "dangerous" drugs.

Consider what would happen should a child bring a bottle of gin to school and get drunk there. Would the school authorities blame the local liquor stores as pushers? Or would they



blame the parents and the child himself? There is liquor in practically every home in America and yet children rarely bring liquor to school. Whereas marijuana, heroin, and cocaine—substances children usually do not find at home and whose very possession is a criminal offense—frequently find their way into the school.

Our attitude toward sexual activity provides another model for our attitude toward drugs. Although we generally discourage children below a certain age from engaging in sexual activities with others, we do not prohibit such activities by law. What we do prohibit by law is the sexual seduction of children by adults. The "pharmacological seduction" of children by adults should be similarly punishable. In other words, adults who give or sell drugs to children should be regarded as offenders. Such a specific and limited prohibition—as against the kinds of generalized prohibitions that we had under the Volstead Act or have now with respect to countless drugs—would be relatively easy to enforce. Moreover, it would probably be rarely violated, for there would be little psychological interest and no economic profit in doing so.

The True Faith: scientific medicine

WHAT I AM SUGGESTING is that while addiction is ostensibly a medical and pharmacological problem, actually it is a moral and political problem. We ought to know that there is no necessary connection between facts and values, between what is and what ought to be. Thus, objectively quite harmful acts, objects, or persons may be accepted and tolerated by minimizing their dangerousness. Conversely, objectively quite harmless acts, objects, or persons may be prohibited and persecuted by exaggerating their dangerousness. It is always necessary to distinguish—and especially so when dealing with social policy—between description and prescription, fact and rhetoric, truth and falsehood.

In our society, there are two principal methods of legitimizing policy: social tradition and scientific judgment. More than anything else, time is the supreme ethical arbiter. Whatever a social practice might be, if people engage in it, generation after generation, that practice becomes acceptable.

Many opponents of illegal drugs admit that nicotine may be more harmful to health than marijuana; nevertheless, they urge that smoking cigarettes should be legal but smoking marijuana should not be, because the former habit is socially accepted while the latter is not. This is a perfectly reasonable argument. But let us understand it for what it is—a plea for legitimizing old and accepted practices, and for illegitimizing novel and unaccepted ones. It is a justification that rests on precedent, not evidence.



The other method of legitimizing polic... more important in the modern world, is t... the authority of science. In matters of h... vast and increasingly elastic category, ph... play important roles as legitimizers and ...mizers. This, in short, is why we regar... medicated by a doctor as drug use, and se... cation—especially with certain classes of ... as drug abuse.

This, too, is a perfectly reasonable a...ment. But we must understand that it is ... for legitimizing what doctors do, becau... do it with "good therapeutic" intent; an... legitimizing what laymen do, because th... with bad self-abusive ("masturbatory" ... altering) intent. This justification rests ... principles of professionalism, not of pha...ogy. Hence we applaud the systematic ... use of methadone and call it "treatm... heroin addiction," but decry the occasio... medical use of marijuana and call it "da... drug abuse."

Our present concept of drug abuse art... and symbolizes a fundamental policy of s... medicine—namely, that a layman sho... medicate his own body but should place i... cal care under the supervision of a ... certified physician. Before the Reformat... practice of True Christianity rested on a ... policy—namely, that a layman should ... self commune with God but should p... spiritual care under the supervision of ... accredited priest. The self-interests of the ... and of medicine in such policies are ... enough. What might be less obvious is t... est of the laity: by delegating responsib... the spiritual and medical welfare of the p... a class of authoritatively accredited sp... these policies—and the practices they e... relieve individuals from assuming the ... of responsibility for themselves. As I se... present problems with drug use and dr... are just one of the consequences of our p... ambivalence about personal autonom... responsibility.

I propose a medical reformation ar... to the Protestant Reformation: specifi... "protest" against the systematic mystific... man's relationship to his body and his pr... alized separation from it. The immediat... this reform would be to remove the phys... intermediary between man and his bod... give the layman direct access to the langu... contents of the pharmacopoeia. If man ... encumbered access to his own body ... means of chemically altering it, it would ... end of medicine, at least as we now k... This is why, with faith in scientific med... strong, there is little interest in this ... medical reform. Physicians fear the loss ... privileges; laymen, the loss of their prot...

Finally, since luckily we still do not liv...

...tion of "one world," our technical ... the "drug problem" has led, and ...edly continue to lead, to some curi... to combat it.

...e such attempt: the American gov... ...ow pressuring Turkey to restrict its ... growing poppies (the source of ... d heroin). If turnabout is fair play, ... should expect the Turkish govern... ...sure the United States to restrict its ... growing corn and wheat. Or should ... at Muslims have enough self-control ... hol alone, but Christians need all the ... politicians, policemen, and physi... ...ing to bear on them to enable them ...

...berty, and the pursuit of happi...

...R LATER we shall have to confront ...ic moral dilemma underlying this ...oes a person have the right to take a ... rug—not because he needs it to cure ... because he wants to [illegible]. ...aration of Independence speaks of ...able right to "life, liberty, and the ...appiness." How are we to interpret ...serting that we ought to be free to ...piness by playing golf or watching ... by [illegible] ...ma, or ingesting pep pills?

...stitution and the Bill of Rights are ...e subject of drugs. This would seem ...at the adult citizen has, or ought to ...ight to medicate his own body as he ...re this not the case, why should there ...e a need for a Constitutional Amend... ...law drinking? But if ingesting alco... ...d is now again, a Constitutional right, ...g opium, or heroin, or barbiturates, ...g else, not also such a right? If it is, ...arrison Narcotic Act is not only a bad ... unconstitutional as well, because it ...in a legislative act what ought to be ...ed in a Constitutional Amendment.

...stions remain: as American citizens, ... have the right to take narcotics or ...s? If we take drugs and conduct our... ...responsible and law-abiding citizens, ... have a right to remain unmolested by ...ment? Lastly, if we take drugs and ... law, should we have a right to be ... persons accused of crime, rather than ...s accused of mental illness?

...re fundamental questions that are con... ...y their absence from all contemporary ...s of problems of drug addiction and ...e. The result is that instead of debating ... drugs in moral and political terms, we ... ask as the ostensibly narrow techni... ...m of protecting people from poisoning themselves with substances for whose use they cannot possibly assume responsibility. This, I think, best explains the frightening national consensus against personal responsibility for taking drugs and for one's conduct while under their influence. In 1965, for example, when President Johnson sought a bill imposing tight federal controls over pep pills and goof balls, the bill cleared the House by a unanimous vote, 402 to 0.

The failure of such measures to curb the "drug menace" has only served to inflame our legislators' enthusiasm for them. In October 1970 the Senate passed, again by a unanimous vote (54 to 0), "a major narcotics crackdown bill."

To me, unanimity on an issue as basic and complex as this means a complete evasion of the actual problem and an attempt to master it by attacking and overpowering a scapegoat—"dangerous drugs" and "drug abusers." There is an ominous resemblance between the unanimity [illegible] politicians, physicians, and priests—formerly supported the protective measures of society against witches and Jews, and that with which they now support them against drug addicts and drug abusers.

A [illegible] enunciated: "The only purpose [he wrote in *On* ...] ...cised over any member of a civilized community, against his will, is to prevent harm to others. [illegible] sufficient warrant. He cannot rightfully be compelled to do or forbear because it will make him happier, because in the opinions of others, to do so would be wise, or even right . . . In the part [of his conduct] which merely concerns himself, his independence is, of right, absolute. Over himself, over his own body and mind, the individual is sovereign."

By recognizing the problem of drug abuse for what it is—a moral and political question rather than a medical or therapeutic one—we can choose to maximize the sphere of action of the state at the expense of the individual, or of the individual at the expense of the state. In other words, we could commit ourselves to the view that the state, the representative of many, is more important than the individual: that it therefore has the right, indeed the duty, to regulate the life of the individual in the best interests of the group. Or we could commit ourselves to the view that individual dignity and liberty are the supreme values of life, and that the foremost duty of the state is to protect and promote these values.

In short, we must choose between the ethic of collectivism and individualism, and pay the price of either—or of both. □

"The concept of free trade in drugs runs counter to our cherished notion that everyone must work and [illegible] is acceptable only under special conditions."



[illegible]

DID YOU EVER SLIP ON RED BLO

Did you? Or asked [illegible] Did you ever? I mean did you ever slip on red blood yourself, do you know what it's like?

S[illegible] at her, starkly, closely, so that she hid nothing from him. Her nudeness made her radiant in the dim, coarse light of a winter afternoon. He felt [illegible] eyes, in the pressure of her angry eyelids against her eyes. Everything about her was hard, smooth.

"Nobody knows what we know," he said.

She said nothing. Her eyes were still closed.

The sheet had fallen away from her and she was shadowy in the dim light of this room he rented for them. It did not look out onto the sky but across a terrible precipice to another building. The blinds were always closed, there was nothing to see. Here, he had to see her with his [illegible] hands. He could not believe in her except when they were together like this. She slipped from his mind, slipped out of focus. When they were together in this room she was brought up close to him, as if centered in the telescopic sight of a rifle.

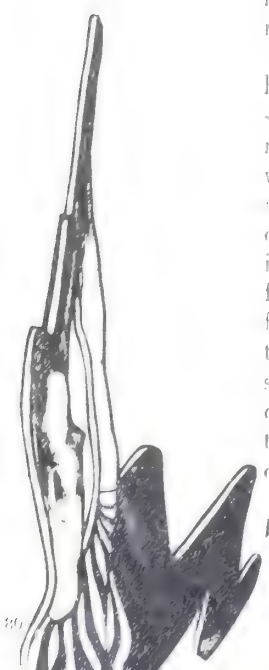
They met like this for the first time in December. That was six weeks after the day they first saw each other, at La Guardia Airport, and about nine months after the trial ended out in Milwaukee, a trial Marian knew little about, involving four young men in their twenties indicted for conspiracy to advocate resistance to induction into the United States Army. Of the four young men only one was well known, the folk-singer Jacob Appleman, who was sentenced to three years in jail. Two others were given similar sentences. The youngest of the defendants, Robert Severin, who was twenty-three at the time of the trial and also at the time of his death, had been acquitted. No one knew why.

Why was Severin acquitted? people asked. *Why Severin and no one else?*

Quick, weasel-like, nervous, with something [illegible] and in[illegible] to shave [illegible] with a habit of running his ha[illegible] he distr[illegible] of them. [illegible] to [illegible] sent myself. I don't lie," he told his la[illegible] wouldn't remove the moustache and he [illegible] dress properly and he wouldn't meet [illegible] eye, a lifelong habit of his, not even th[illegible] father had retained for him. Severin [illegible] slender, dark, with a boyish frame and [illegible] chest. He twisted his body as he sat, [illegible] uncoordinated movements, without se[illegible] know what he was doing. During th[illegible] had squirmed in his seat, his heart ac[illegible] at strange times—especially during [illegible] [illegible] which nothing seemed to [illegible] ing. Severin feared that something [illegible] happening at these times, but that no [illegible] No one could guess. His heart had gra[illegible] creased its beat until it was pounding [illegible] during one forty-five-minute period [illegible] FBI agent, a stranger, talked about th[illegible] colors and the texture of the paper an[illegible] of print involved in a pamphlet writt[illegible] defendants and passed out to several [illegible] young men in Milwaukee, at an antiwa[illegible] Minutes and minutes passed as words [illegible] nounced carefully by that man, that s[illegible] courteous and handsome American i[illegible] ties, who spoke without any hatred or[illegible] . . . Listening to these simple, incredib[illegible] Severin was afraid he would begin to s[illegible]

But he never screamed so that any[illegible] hear.

The trial ended on the morning of [illegible] after the jury returned its verdict. Seve[illegible] out. He did not say goodbye to his law[illegible] his parents, who had spent the four we[illegible] trial at a hotel in Milwaukee, or to the [illegible] fendants. He disappeared. He willed hi[illegible] disappearing. In his head for many [illegible] had been a vision of himself disappear[illegible] ing image on a screen, a slow fade-out [illegible] clusion of a movie.



flashed its thoughts like pictures on a
one of the thoughts was Robert
ways alone. Walking somewhere
ne. Since his boyhood he had imag-
f as a character in a film, a figure
s a screen, blown up, enlarged, exag-
could be gigantic sometimes. He
ven if other people did not. At the
en he had reached his full growth:
en inches. As if to show that he did
ing this short, he often stood with
balanced on one leg, the other leg
rently. He did not walk with his
ack, he did not "observe" good pos-
as one of the things that annoyed his
might be better not to slouch in
lawyer said gently. His name was
ner and he was from New York, not
like the other attorneys; but still
not trust him. He was a lawyer
ather had insisted upon. At first
been eager to talk to Fisher, to ex-
fe, but it turned out that Fisher was
interested in his life. "We have to
on what is relevant to your case,"
saying. Finally Severin understood,
k, that this man did not like him. He
nd then he was bewildered, for why
his man like him? Why shouldn't
him? He wanted only to do good and
ers to do good. In the end, Severin
ke to Fisher. He sat with his shoulders
a green-gray tweed suit with a vest,
ad bought especially for this trial. It
oo large for him, ill-cut, a parody of a
d told the salesman in the discount de-
tore that he wanted a baggy, old man's
se of a suit," a proper outfit in which
e tried by his government, which was
with him.
n think that's funny, that suit," his
d him.
hing is funny," Severin said.
what you believe."
elieve that nothing is funny," Severin
e same tone. "But we have to make
tenses."
Severin acquitted and no one else?
near everyone ask this question. Mak-
y up the aisle of the courtroom, out
ple stood around in the corridor, duck-
omeone seemed to be swinging at him
d out to be a student waving a placard
darkening, heating; yet he had never
Not out loud. He was free, freed. Time
ar. *Robert Severin disappearing into*

e shut his eyes he could see quite pre-
ark shape drawing into itself, wither-
eating into something that glowed
ke the sun. Then it disappeared. That
. that disappearing, that nullity. He wouldn't even have to argue or explain himself. He would have no need for words.

It wasn't until several weeks later that the three others received their sentences; Severin read about it in a newspaper. By then he was in Montreal, where he knew no one. He stared at the photograph of Appleman—Appleman with his bushy hair and glum, sardonic expression and his career "just beginning to catch on," as people said—and Severin heard the voice in his head cry, *I don't know why Severin was acquitted, I don't know why Severin was acquitted, I don't know*. He might have wanted to dissociate himself from Severin, with these words.

An incantation: *I don't know why.*

A litany: *I don't know why.*

And he did not know why. He did not understand. His brain replayed for him those hours of the trial, the testimony of FBI agents and the testimony of witnesses and the level, reasoned arguing of the defense lawyers, who had all the dark-rimmed, glowing eyes of men drowning for a good cause, and the occasional snorts and interruptions of the judge, whose terrible eyes Severin had never quite seen. He knew that he was guilty, yet he had been found not guilty. He was as guilty as the others; they were as innocent as he. Yet it had not turned out that way.

He had tried to explain some of this to Marian Vernon, who had seemed to understand. "There was no difference between any of us," he told her. His voice had rattled, accelerating. He had not talked for many weeks and now he could not stop. She had nodded, yes, yes, she understood or seemed to understand, staring in prim panic into his face, their faces level, like brother and sister. "That was how I figured out they had me marked for something special," he told her angrily. "That's why I have to get out of the country. I don't have much time left. I'm going to explode if I don't get out." *Yes, yes*, she had said, dumbly, but she had not really understood. Weeks and months after his death she went around saying she didn't understand, she didn't understand what he had wanted, why he had done it, why, why had it happened? "Jesus, if I could relive that hour," she said. She and Oberon talked about it all the time, talking about "it" as they embraced, closing their eyes upon a fast shocked image of Robert Severin's face. He was a stranger and yet they were close to him, intimate, knowing. He was always with them. His enlarged face followed them everywhere and excited them, almost beyond endurance.

Sometimes she hated Oberon: her love shriveled into something bitter and white-hot and she hated him, she snapped at him, *You don't know what it's like to remember such a thing—did you ever slip on red blood, yourself? You don't know what I know!*

And he would take her in his arms, to quiet her.

"The company of children, other teachers, the confinement of a room and a single building —these things frightened her. She wanted to live."

Joyce Carol Oates is the [illegible] *Earthly Delights, Ex-* [illegible] *Them, in addition to many short stories.*

Joyce Carol Oates

DID YOU EVER SLIP ON RED BLOOD?

MARIAN NEVER HAD TIME for newspapers, never watched television, picked up important news and catastrophes from other people. Of course she had known nothing about the Milwaukee trial; the name Jacob Appleman was familiar to her, but she had never heard any of his records. She was a young woman of twenty-two, a stewardess with Pan American Airways. She had graduated with a Bachelor of Arts degree from the University of Oklahoma, which qualified her for teaching in the elementary schools of that state, but she had never really planned on teaching. The company of children, other teachers, the confinement of a room and a single building these things frightened her. She wanted to live.

Her hair was a dark, wavy red, worn to her shoulders. Her face was lightly freckled, very healthy, her posture reflected health and enthusiasm, she had always been a happy child, a happy girl, arguing philosophically to herself that life was a wonderful adventure and that it should be faced with a constant smile. To a magazine reporter who had interviewed her in November she had confided, "That was how I got through that hour without cracking. I told myself that life is a wonderful adventure. I told myself that there is always a good, unexpected side to things, another arrangement we don't know about immediately."

"And did that turn out to be true?" the reporter asked.

She paused. She lowered her eyes, thinking of Oberon. She said finally, "I can't tell you about that."

Oberon had known about the trial, which was always referred to as the "Appleman Case," though three other men had been indicted. Oberon, who was interested in folk music, had followed Appleman's career since his first record, in 1965, and he had been very disappointed at Appleman's political activities—the organization of a series of anti war demonstrations in Chicago and Milwaukee. In his imagination he had even written Jacob Appleman a letter of warning. "My name is David Oberon and I am a stranger to you, yet believe me when I say that I wish you well. Why are you trying to destroy yourself? Why are you trying to corrupt hundreds of young Americans? Our country is engaged in a certain action in Southeast Asia and it is everyone's duty to support his country. . . ." But he did not dare type out this letter. This was in the fall of 1969; Appleman had not been arrested yet, but Oberon knew that the government was preparing a case against him. His letter might be confiscated. Even if he sent it anonymously it might be confiscated and traced back to him.

Oberon had followed the case through the newspapers. He knew the names and a little of the facts concerning the other defendants, so the name "Robert Severin" was immediat iar to him. Severin had been the onl acquitted and people had wondered al Oberon himself had not wondered, beli the jury had wanted to free someone, j clare to the FBI and the Department that they could free a defendant who h ably been guilty of committing a crim the United States Government. It was a act. He had heard, anyway, that Sev youngest of the four, had been indicte he could be acquitted—the governmen no interest in him, really.

He explained this to Marian, who sunny, cheerful by nature, a young woman with a personality simple as slic on a screen, one after another, and nature changed even as Oberon spok as if he were teasing her with his Severin, his superior knowledge of drawing her out of herself in a madde "I don't know what you're doing to laughed. "You're making me drunk. I f Don't stop talking."

"What else do you want to know?" her.

She hesitated. "What it was like."

"What it was like . . . ?"

"You know. What it felt like. To you happened."

He had fallen helplessly in love wit

HE WAS FOURTEEN YEARS OLDER tha Vernon, a tall, well-built man wi hair, an amiable anonymous face, w thing courteous and predictable in his was much taller than Robert Severin. had the occasion to stand beside him, have towered over him—poor Severin girlish weasel-like body, his narrow s If he had had the occasion to fight wit could have picked him up and thrown h knocking him senseless. Very deftly an ously he could have pinned Severin's down to the ground, holding him the until he could be arrested.

Oberon sometimes thought of that. He while he lay with Marian, of holding squirming body down against the p Once he told her about it. "Like this, this . . . like this . . . I would have down . . ." he whispered. They had lain face to face, solemn, grieving, and the them had begun to laugh. Another time told her what he was thinking of, but I that she too was thinking of Severin, Severin. "I love you, I love *you*," she ha as if arguing.

Seen up close like this, Marian wa beautiful woman. Drained of superficia the friendly charity of her kind of wom



of himself as belonging to a crowd, a crowd of American men as they might be imagined, or collected for a special photograph: not a real crowd of unruly and ugly people, but an ideal crowd of "average" American men, fairly good-looking, of a certain height, in good health. Therefore he was six foot two inches tall, with short, wavy brown hair, a face that was almost handsome, with a strong clean nose and chin. His brown eyes looked ordinary and unalarming, but they were in fact extraordinary. His vision was perfect. He had always been proud of his eyesight. Eyes like muscles, tensing, erect, precise, fixing themselves on that stranger's face, adjusting themselves to the face, getting to know it closely, intimately . . . The face had been framed by jumbled, spiky hair: it had been partly hidden by sunglasses: its skin was an eerie olive, pale and waxen and yet greasy, sagging with fatigue. The moustache had aged it.

SEVERIN HAD BOUGHT THE SUNGLASSES in a drugstore north of Portland, Maine. It had rained all day and yet the sky glowed; it reminded him of the sky in Milwaukee, that soulless glowering that had pressed upon him for so many months. Swollen gray sky and lake, remote, bulbous, inescapable . . . He wanted to break through to a place where the sun shone. He bought the sunglasses for $1.98 and they looked like aviator's glasses, with large lenses and wire frames. They were made of some synthetic material, not glass, a kind of plastic that did not break easily or even crack: they were thrown a dozen yards from his body, and yet they did not break.

Now for the approach: how to approach New

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York? He had family there, parents. He feared his father and his father's beaconlike face. It wasn't enough loving them and then not loving them; somehow they were mixed up with his childhood and the nation itself. Awake, unable to sleep, he began having little split-second dreams out on the highway—going crazy, eh, Severin?—and one of his visions was his father stretched out flat, the face stretched out like a big welcome mat, the bumpy hilly terrain of the United States, all someone's face. That could be. Wasn't there a movie about someone crawling across the faces at Mt. Rushmore? Or had Severin imagined that movie? Or was he an insect, himself, crawling across the face of his father, not able to put the various parts of the face together into a whole?

His night dreams did not work. Did not function properly. That was because he couldn't sleep anymore at night, why bother getting a motel room if he couldn't use the bed? but even when he had been sleeping normally his dreams had not worked. How do dreams *work*? What is their *function*? "My dreams all dissolve and disappear," he told his lawyer, Mr. Fisher. He had no one else to talk to; by then he had quarreled with Appleman and the others, and their attorneys had quarreled with one another; it was no good. The government had already won. A story in *Look* magazine implied that Appleman was a saint, but Severin knew better than that, everyone knew better than that, it was just journalistic crap and yet you couldn't make your way through it: what would turn out to be true, what would turn out to be lies? "Jesus, I can't get myself straight, when I try to think about something it all dissolves. Even my dreams . . . My dreams just disappear," he tried to explain to Fisher, who had pretended to be interested. "I don't dream like other people, only pieces of dreams like jigsaw puzzles. . . ."

After the verdict, Severin had walked away without saying goodbye.

Not just his dreams but his bowels didn't work. Panic. Pain. Pain like fire. Sitting anxiously in the courtroom, fidgeting in his seat, he heard little of the testimony and fixed his gaze upon sterile, empty space, trying not to show the pain he felt. Small rocks seemed to be passing through his intestines. Yet he had never screamed out loud . . . *And now Severin will eradicate himself*, he thought as he walked out of the courtroom and out of the courthouse. *Severin walking fast, a comic figure. Almost running.* During those four winter weeks his weight had dropped from 145 to 128. His skin had grown so sensitive that he could not bear to be touched, and he could feel people breathing on him, he could feel the subtle but very abrasive touch of breath, air, against his skin. Appleman had a habit of gripping his arm, his elbow, as if to make sure Severin wouldn't get away. He hated Appleman's closeness, hated the feel of his breath. If he get a table between them, good. He co make sense of Appleman's nervous strategie after a while he stopped listening.

They were all guilty, anyway. That wa thing they had agreed upon.

So he sat through the weeks of the trial. ing how words flowed about him, subm him, threatening to suffocate him, and yet quite touching him. How they talked, these ... always talking, talking... His lawyer wo let him testify. None of the defendants was to testify. All right, then, time would pas nothing would matter, it was really comp they were guilty and their punishment w ginning now, right now. That was why his were turning to gas, poisonous rotting gas was why he couldn't sleep. In court, alre prisoner at the front of the courtroom, he at a certain space in the room, not a perso object but a space, an invisible point in t and tried to hypnotize himself into calmn lence, into nothing. Otherwise, he might ex

Grappling with the stewardess, the re he had felt the danger of his body collidin hers: a danger for her, not for himself.

"Don't make me kill you," he begged he

She was his height, as full in the body- her face bleached out beneath her makeup.

As soon as the plane left the runway he stood out in the aisle, and took the ro towel out of his coat. She came toward woman perfectly balanced as in a dream around her faces turned and chins creas outside the windows the jumbled landsc small houses fell backward and down, in s "Don't make me explode us all," he begg

He had found the flare on a highway Montreal, he had laughed to see it so inn left behind—it looked like a stick of dyn Walking in the perpetual drizzle he had it up and hid it in his jacket, you neve when you might need dynamite, also yo knew when you might need a knife. H bought a knife in a sporting goods store in town somewhere. He couldn't remember but probably someone had been watchi and knew. In grade school and high sc had never played with knives—you didn with" knives in his family—but other bo had knives and Severin had envied the he had his own knife. And a flare that like dynamite. Maybe it was dynamite. I fuse that could be lit. The fuse was da perhaps it could still be lit.

Outside Boston he took a motel roo night, but he couldn't sleep. A waste of lars. He found a newspaper and looked weather report: always raining. From M down to New York: rain. He couldn't re where he was, exactly, but it was always a cold steady drizzle, and yet the sky wa



th seemed to him very important. He
pp thinking about everything in his
i n w he thought about the weather in-
he was a weather map of the United
id so a very helpful list of temperatures
ar nd the world. He looked through the
al nes and discovered that Algiers was
y was it missing? The FBI had
fo verything.

TIAL HE HAD BEEN SPIED ON; he knew
el g and didn't question it. But he had
d e walked in the street, up and down
st ets, openly. It was a foreign country
ia and he was free here. In fact, he was
wl re. Even in Milwaukee. He sent him-
k Milwaukee, that raw freezing ugly
th courtroom, to see if Robert Severin
s ing there, yes, there he was, the size
tending to listen while words flooded
es, he was guilty. Didn't he love his
d he want to destroy his mother? Oh
he want to destroy himself? The first
opping out of law school, his father
that out to him. The first step toward
ion. And this Appleman, who was
"Who is this Appleman that you
ow him, blindly?" his father de-
ne irony was that Appleman envied
l the others because they had gone
while he, Appleman, so wealthy and
had barely managed to graduate from
; but Severin didn't bother to tell his
. Was he guilty of certain lies? Of
rtain statements? Guilty of a small un-
y? The young man he had shared an
with near Columbia, a twenty-eight-
teran of the Vietnam war and, like
aw student, had flown out to Milwau-
fy for him. *Very serious, very moral*
letely moral person . . . We had little
and we weren't friends, no, but I ad-
for his honesty. . . . Yet, when the
businesslike prosecutor had cross-ex-
n, he had faltered and said, *Yes, Bob*
ly honest and he would never commit
I mean any dishonest crime. . . . Any
crime! Severin himself had to laugh,
'd sat through one hundred hours of
nd he knew what was what. Any dis-
me! *It's a strange distinction for a*
entering the law, the prosecutor had
, with a smile, as if a little embarrassed
ness, *the division of crimes into honest*
est crimes. . . .
had stopped listening.
y spent ten hours discussing the case,
they came back Severin stood for
onor of them, "at attention," in a par-
young man in a green-gray tweed suit
at attention in a courtroom, his face
composed for a smirk and his bowels churning with flame and lava. Bastards! Bland faces and frank honest souls!

Mr. Foreman, how say you? Is Jacob Appleman, the defendant at the bar, guilty or not guilty?

Guilty.

Is John Harvey, the defendant at the bar, guilty or not guilty?

Guilty.

Is Russell Kurzon, the defendant at the bar, guilty or not guilty?

Guilty.

Is Robert Severin, the defendant at the bar, guilty or not guilty?

Not guilty.

Not guilty.

So he sent himself out of there, on a Greyhound bus up to Montreal. He was free. He had money. His father was always giving him money, for good nourishing food and for good hotel rooms. He tried to sleep on the bus but his skull seemed too large for his brain. His brain slipped wetly around inside the bone case, an unpleasant sensation. Were his thoughts dissolving, turning to poisonous intestinal vapors? They kept slipping, slithering, out of his grasp. He had to rely upon flashes of dreams in the daylight; that was where he got his best hunches from. He telephoned home just once, collect, from a telephone booth that looked over and up to McGill University, buildings and grounds and university students so normal and handsome that he wanted to cry, his nose ran with envy and he could barely pay attention to his conversation with his father . . . "Bob? Bob? Is that you, Bob? Are you all right, Bob?" his father had shouted across the

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distance. It was terrible to hear his voice. Severin changed his mind. he didn't want a father again, why hadn't he remembered what it was like? He hung up.

Anyway the telephone was probably wiretapped.

"It is not necessary for the accused to have done anything," someone was explaining to the jury. It was the judge himself. He was the most adult of all the adults. "In a case like this, the prosecution has only to prove that they *agreed* to do something. The case rests entirely on intent and you must find the defendants guilty or not guilty according to their intent. . . ."

He intended now to blow up the country. He intended to fly up into the sun, to clean himself in the sun, to escape the rain of the East Coast. Why did it rain so often? And on clear days his head ached: he muttered in disgust, *Severin, you're going crazy*. Why else walk around with a fake stick of dynamite in your pocket, a kid's jackknife with three blades in your pocket? Oh it was a joke, like the green suit. People took him too seriously. Adults took him too seriously. Out in Milwaukee—maybe in the whole Midwest or the whole country—people thought that the White House might be blown up just because Severin or someone with a moustache like his did not throw his shoulders back and blew his nose at the wrong time, into a soiled Kleenex. The sunglasses helped his burning eyes but really they were part of the joke. You couldn't disguise yourself, of course. The FBI had cameras that X-rayed you antiseptically as you walked in the street. You couldn't hide from them: therefore, you joked in a mild and cavalier way with them.

"You don't joke with these people." Fisher had told him angrily, as if speaking to a child. "What do you think this is? A game?"

It turned out that all the defendants, when served with their indictments, had tried to joke nervously with the men who brought them. Tried to establish a quick jocular rapport with the low-level FBI men who questioned them, as if that would help. Wouldn't it help? A quick jocular alliance against the hierarchy, the Rulers. Wouldn't it help?

"No, you don't talk. You don't cooperate. You don't try to win their good favor. They are out to get you whether you can believe it or not. The government is out to get you . . . Do you think that's a joke?"

It was so hard to believe, so hard to believe, that anyone wanted to hurt them, even the government they had dared to arrest them. The government turned out to be men who looked like Severin's father and his lawyer: that is, good citizens, well dressed and polite. Of course, they hated the government and had accused the government of being fascistic, in their speeches, even in their televised speeches, but somehow it was hard to believe that these men, the FBI agents and their attorneys and the prosecut wanted to hurt them . . . Like most A Severin believed that he could make ar him, if he tried. He had never been p high school or college, but he had alw ished the belief that he could be popu worked at it.

THE STEWARDESS HAD SMILED AT HI sticked lips baring her teeth i numbed grimace, the two of them stari other levelly, the same height. He had brother to her. She was one of those p terly girls so popular in high school, hello to everyone in the halls, absolu fident and shadowless. "I don't want to he had whispered. "Take me up fron explain myself to the pilot. Let me ex you can see how clear everything will

"Yes, I'll take you. Don't be upset,'

"I'm not upset. I'm not going to hu anyone, unless I have to. I'm very calm said.

Severin gripped her close. The pi title: Captain. He was a man who rese of the other defense lawyers. Severin s that this man was intelligent and woul tricks on him: were the lives of fifty p worth any risk? No. It was logical. about it in the newspapers all the time. thing in the back of Severin's head *What a joke this is, now, what a laugh really on this plane? Or still back in dreaming a daylight dream?* "My des Algeria," Severin stated. "I am defec demanding diplomatic immunity."

But on the turnpike leaving Bo had walked slowly along for seve before someone stopped. It was an FB an ordinary car. He joked with the m ingly, delicately. That was the charm walked a kind of fence with them, teas This man claimed to be a publisher's r tive. Severin laughed and said, "Whic ers? Name one."

The man did give a familiar name the college department. Textbooks. A college student?"

"Ha ha," Severin said. "Are you offe scholarship if I turn over all the ev wouldn't mind going back to law scho

"I don't understand," the man said

"No, never mind. It's just a joke. I way out of the country, I'm just goi goodbye to my family."

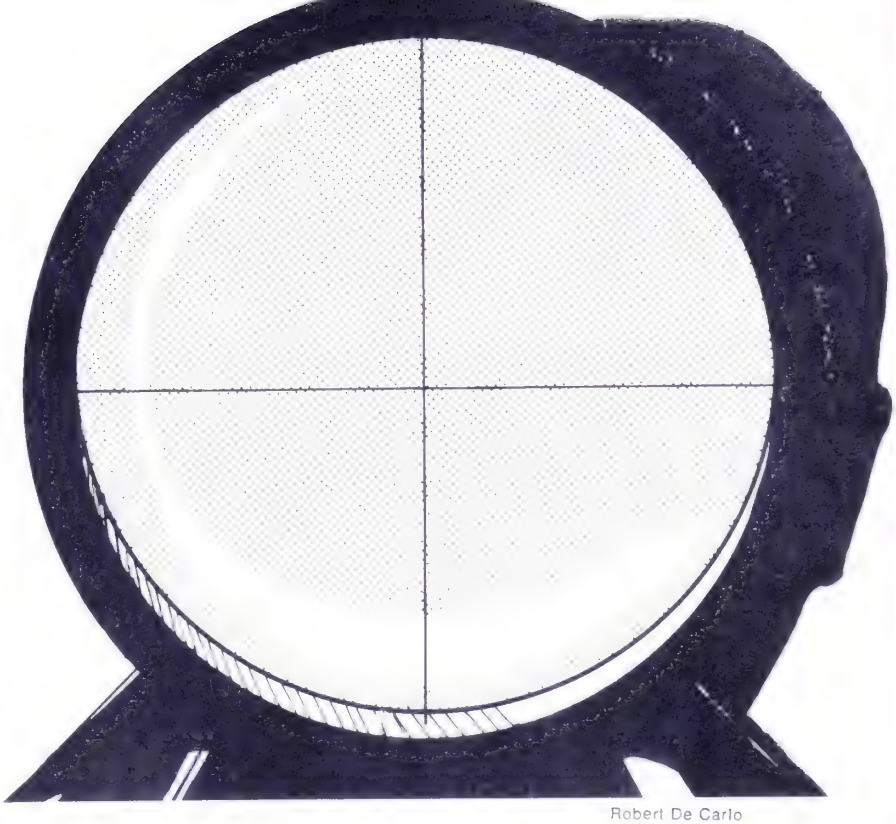
"Where does your family live?"

Severin glanced at the man, sizing l big man, like all of them. If it came he'd have to use his elbows and feet, t the bastard. He wouldn't want to use then it would be murder. Still, it would

a fight. They rarely touched you. n they?
k," Severin said. He felt helpless, e uth like this; but when they already th you had no choice but to say it.

N HIS SUNGLASSES, carefully, hook- em behind his ears. The earpieces d of wire and quite pliable. When ion looked into his face for the first ming him frankly on board the plane ot see him. She did not remember But after the take-off, when he his feet and opened his oversized ked at him again and this time she

s baggy green suit coat he drew a rolled up, and he unrolled it to show of dynamite. Mutely he raised it to rows arching. They walked together of the plane. She felt his breath on her neck, so close.
like violence. I don't like blood. I ives and this is the first knife I ever told her earnestly. She glanced back e had a knife in his hand. She went *t cold. The dynamite I couldn't be- as so . . . so extreme . . . But the knife right size . . . But he was very polite, me . . . No. I wasn't afraid. I went numb and like a robot, but I wasn't uld have been afraid to do what Mr. . . . that really took courage . . .*
n't resent the FBI risking your life, asked her.
No. I don't consider it that, that they ife. I mean, it was their job. It was 's job. He was given orders. It was ry carefully. I had faith in them. I I had faith in them. I wasn't afraid."
ose did he stay to you?"
y close. He held me from behind, my gers were very tight around my arm, rm, and he kept asking me if he was , he was very polite and didn't talk as sort of short, no taller than I was. ng I could feel the knife in my back, gernail, a man's fingernail . . . He go to Algeria, he said. Something un. He was tired of rain. The Captain of course, this plane was headed for and it wasn't a transatlantic plane and d that he would have to wait . . ."
d he believe that?"
s, he believed that, at once. He was and apologetic about hurting me."
e you working with planes? Severin *This is no job for a woman. Planes the sky all the time, disintegrate in* . She seemed to be listening to him. he nodded. He could see a droplet of



Robert De Carlo

perspiration on her forehead. She was a pretty young woman, like a sister, so pretty, so eager to please him, docile and not argumentative as he had feared she might be . . . *The sky is for men, it's dangerous. After this you should stay on the ground. Are you listening?*

Oh yes I'm listening, yes I'm listening. . . .

The other passengers had filed out. Severin stood with her just inside the door, at the top of the ramp, squinting out into the drizzle. Someone was speaking to him through a loudspeaker. But the loudspeaker did not work very well. "Where is that plane? That big plane? I'm waiting for it," he yelled out into the rain. He held the stewardess back against him, an embrace and yet not an embrace: it was an impersonal embrace. Minutes passed. He had the idea that an hour had passed and could not be retrieved. He saw a large jetliner being moved toward him, far away in the rain, and then he wondered if he had seen correctly. Would they give him a pilot and a crew? All that expense, just for him?

"You might like Algeria, yourself," he told the girl. "There, you could stay on the ground and forget about all this crap, this fooling around. You could stay there with me."

"You won't hurt me?"

"I don't want to hurt you."

"When will you let me go?"

"In Algeria."

They were calling to him: the plane is ready, the crew is ready. He saw the plane but it was some distance away.

"Closer, bring it closer! Don't you hear me?" he yelled.

The little knife with one blade stuck out, pressed against the girl's back. Against the uni-

Joyce Carol Oates

DID YOU EVER SLIP ON RED BLOOD?

form. His face was hot from being so close to her hair. He breathed in and out, against the back of her neck. Her ear. He said, "I don't want to hurt you or kill you, I'm not in favor of violence or blood . . . Tell them to bring that plane closer."

She cupped her hands to her mouth and tried to call to them, but she could not speak. He heard a sob from her. *I thought I would break down, then, and that he would kill me, just slide the knife in me because he was disgusted. . . .* She sobbed, her shoulders shook; he relented and said, "All right, forget it, let's go. Let's go."

Stiffly he walked her down the ramp. She nearly slipped and he held her steady, his fingers tightening around her arm. She cried out with the surprise of it, the pain. He knew that people were watching him, from inside the hangars and from behind the steel fences; perhaps a camera crew was filming this. He imagined himself on film, on a television screen. An image of Robert Severin walked across a screen, jerkily, streaks of rain on the camera lens. It would be so realistic. He could see his own figure, holding the stewardess tight against the front of him, walking her down the ramp carefully, stiffly, Robert Severin in his dirty, baggy suit wearing his aviator's sunglasses as if he were prepared for the sun of Algeria, his hair bunched and spiky from not having been washed for a month. *Robert Severin centered on a screen. Robert Severin centered in a telescopic sight.*

At the bottom of the ramp the girl slipped and stumbled two steps down, to the pavement. She turned as if to apologize to him and at that moment there was a shot. Severin jerked backward against the steps, away from her. Then another shot. His face exploded: she was looking up into his face when it exploded. It was as if something had been thrown against his face, an object stuffed with blood, and now the blood had burst out and was pouring from him. Did she hear him scream? Any sound at all? She caught the fullness of his weight as he fell, his body gone heavy, the blood gushing from him and onto her. She fell, she tried to get to her feet, screaming, but she slipped in his blood, she slipped to her knees and then pushed herself up, frantic to get away, to get away . . .

I thought I was shot, myself. I thought we were both shot.

Does this alter your plans?—your plans for a career?

Oh no. No.

You'll have something to tell your grandchildren, won't you?

Oh yes.

What do you think of the FBI man who did the shooting?

She studied the photographs in that evening's newspaper: a picture of herself, two microphones extended to her, her face looking good enough, even her hair good enough; an ture of the man at the steel wall, ain rifle. She stared. He had such dark hair, the gun so firmly, so certainly . . . Oth stood below him, watching. They seem ordinary men. They watched him and h over the wall, his back to them, aiming and peering through the scope, staring at Severin through the scope . . . And yet she nor Severin had known about the ri marveled at this, tracing with her forefin own face and then the outline of the FB body and the rifle, aimed out of the pic that face of hers. Past her face. Over her s and into Severin's face.

It was so confusing, so hard to think al

Powerfully, she felt the blow again: slammed back from her, against the step ramp. She had slipped on the wet steps. A the shot, then the second shot. How sh him! "Tell me what you felt," she said.

"I had the idea that the two of you c me. Right back through the scope," he s

"Did you? Did it seem as though I wa ing you? What did I look like?"

"Very beautiful," he said.

"Was I beautiful? Was I? Even in t even after that hour with him? Was I b to you?"

"Yes, you were beautiful . . . For fifte utes I was watching you, you and him. had never seen a face like yours . . ."

"Were you afraid?"

"No. I took my time. I knew how it wo out. I had only to wait for the right mo order to make it turn out that way. As they flew me in, as soon as I got propp that wall, he was a dead man. But it took to kill him."

"Did you ever kill anyone before?"

"Never an American."

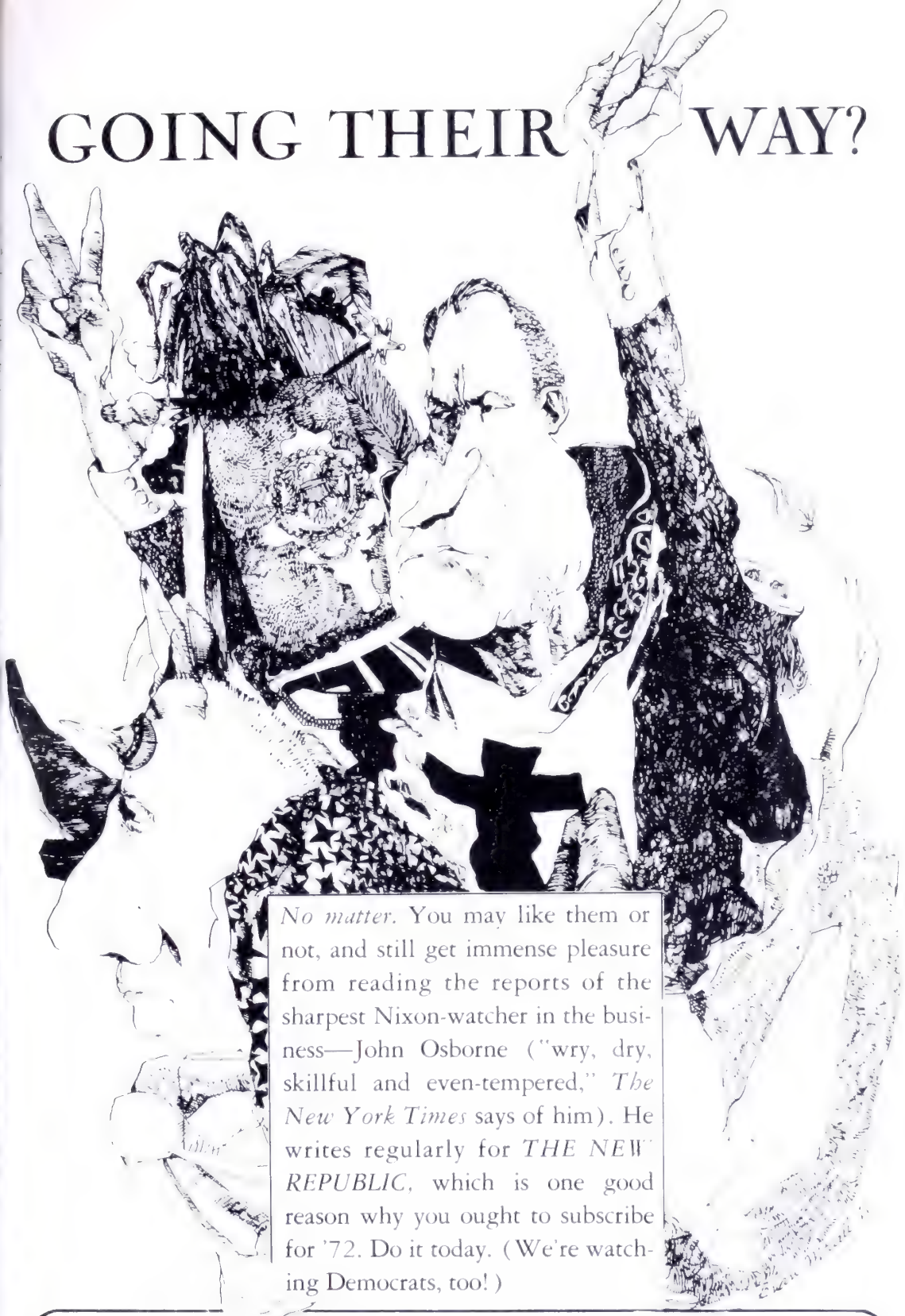
With his deer rifle he had shot the you with the sunglasses, the first shot catch squarely in the chest, the second shot squ the face. Excellent shots. For ten, fifte utes he had watched through the sight. breathing, waiting patiently. He had bee his orders. Ah, that girl! That white gasp of hers!

The boy had bounced back. Blood had out of his face, like an exclamation.

One day Oberon sought her out, rang t bell to her apartment. He introduced him heard her breathing, inside the door. inches away. Silence. "You know who I said. He was very excited: there was even about him, of intense excitement. The gi inside her door, which was latched with lock, a chain, and he brought his smilin the crack in the door so that he could loo She was staring up at him.

"You know why I'm here," he said.

GOING THEIR WAY?



No matter. You may like them or not, and still get immense pleasure from reading the reports of the sharpest Nixon-watcher in the business—John Osborne ("wry, dry, skillful and even-tempered," *The New York Times* says of him). He writes regularly for *THE NEW REPUBLIC,* which is one good reason why you ought to subscribe for '72. Do it today. (We're watching Democrats, too!)

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UP AGAINST THE SYSTEM IN SEATT

Every now and then someone manages to slow down the juggernaut of urban r

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by Patrick Douglas

THE FOLLOWING IS A STORY about a marketplace. It is also a story about the ways in which power is wielded in a more or less typical American city.

Seattle is not, by and large, a very interesting city. Surrounded by water and snow-covered mountains, as well as by the cult of the Great Outdoors, its residents have apparently been too preoccupied with the scenery to give much thought to their municipal soul. The city's government buildings are described by a prominent local architect as "the ugliest in the country." The Seattle Center, site of the successful 1962 World's Fair, is today little more than an amusement park. True, the Center contains a number of athletic and cultural temples, all of them extremely popular at night, but as soon as the rites are over, the celebrants climb into their cars and engineer a traffic jam. One might at least expect that Seattle—jumping-off place for the Klondike and all that—would have an interesting waterfront. It doesn't, mainly because the city has erected a monstrous, double-deck, elevated expressway called the Alaskan Way Viaduct, which effectively walls off downtown from the harbor lying just below. A city that would put up a structure like that is capable of anything.

Virtually the only local exceptions to what Jane Jacobs calls the Great Blight of Dullness are the area around Pioneer Square—significantly, the oldest section of the city—and a curious establishment known as the Pike Place Market. The Market is a jumble of vegetable stalls, fruit stands, hotels, cafés, fish shops, meat shops, secondhand stores, and odds-and-ends places perched on a hillside overlooking Elliott Bay, in the middle of downtown Seattle.

Because of its diversity, the Market is almost impossible to describe. Mark Tobey managed quite nicely with canvas and brush; one who is dependent upon words is ultimately reduced, like Thomas Wolfe, to the making of lists.

Lists of people. The Market is one of the busiest thoroughfares in town—and certainly the most public. On any given Saturday it is jammed with farmers, lawyers, businessmen, housewives; architects, lumberjacks, Indians, blacks; Japanese, Filipinos, Caucasians, Chinese; street people, students, fishermen, freaks.

Lists of edibles: salmon, smelt, Alaska king crab; lutefisk, halibut, Dungeness crab; octopus, geoduck, squid; pomegranates yas, persimmons.

Lists of places: Quality Fruits and Veg Loback's Meats, Liberty Malt Shop, A Lunch; Mrs. Myklebust's Old Time Sh Book and Record Shop, Mug's Antiqu cialty Spice Shop, Market Watch an Shop, Dr. Sussman—Eyes Examined; Coins, Red Wing Cafe; Pete's Italian Soup and Salad Restaurant (run by the r of a large commune).

And lists of things: lanterns, mirro "with hollow ends," busts of Douglas Ma a boa constrictor skin, copies of *Colo hunter of Missouri* by Ripley D. Saun *Fear in the Forest* by Cateau de Leeuw, leather handbags, bejeweled roach clips of the newer shops), postcards bearing of Guy Lombardo and Ozzie Nelson, Bl a sperm whale tooth, old pharmacy bottl the St. Paul Homeopathic Pharmacy," stove called the Great Majestic, a stuffe head, a cast-iron clock trimmed in ma sonic fifty-year pins, garter purses, an graphs of gaunt pioneers.

None of the Market was created acc design, nor could it be. Instead, the Mar accretion of generations of merchants multitude of individual decisions and ac in the main Market building (which i nearly a dozen different structures hap strung together), corridors suddenly t grocery stores, and mysterious passage off in odd directions, creating a univer cident, possibility, and surprise—all th that places like Disneyland promise never really deliver. Therein, of course, l of the Market's appeal. To people weary mentation and recorded messages, the serves mainly as an antidote.

Blighted prin

IN THE EARLY SIXTIES, a group of local men known as the Central Ass working hand in glove with the city pla partment, drew up a comprehensive sc downtown development. The plan prop

Patrick Douglas was managing editor of Seattle Magazine *at the time of its demise in December 1970. At present he writes documentaries for KCTS/9 TV in Seattle.*

usiness district be encircled by a
tric "ring roads" that would feed
ars into a perimeter of garages and
The downtown area itself would be
series of "superblocks." The city
emulate its supposedly strongest
he suburban shopping center.

ation's plan, which was greeted in
vide-eyed wonder, was in essence
hat proposed by Victor Gruen for
Worth and subsequently copied by
nore than ninety other locations
dismay of critics such as Jane
ceivably, such a plan might have
iate to flat Ft. Worth; in terms of
y built on an isthmus dotted with
s —a more inappropriate plan could
been devised.

was the Association's plan made
was duly adopted by the city coun
accomplished, the Association got
ities. In the area around Pioneer
eighborhood of marvelous old red-
s —the Association called for park-
high rise office buildings. In the
ct, it envisioned apartment towers,
gs, and a major hotel.

ale behind these proposals was the
ll such cases "prime acres of real
the moment "blighted" must be
best and highest use." In the words
e Huxtable: "It would be irrelevant
ntained the Kingdom of God. The
mathematics are immutable."

e THE ASSOCIATION's proposal for
ket district, the city obediently
urban renewal project covering a
ty three acres (its boundaries being
sociation had prescribed). For the
design work, the city, to its credit,
of the best architects in town (though
ost sympathetic to the Market). In
eir design, however, the architects
bound by an economic study the
o commissioned—which simply en
the Central Association had already
he architects' results were entirely

plan called for the construction of a
tage, on top of which would be built
h-rent apartment towers, plus a con
l of up to thirty five stories. As an
the plan also provided for the con
300 units of low-rent housing (which
mmodate just over half the people
a retired, single men—who lived in
rhood's cheap hotels and visited the
y for food, clothing, and companion
t the city liked to refer to as the Mar
an area, according to the city's

mysterious mathematics, covering exactly 1.7 acres—was to be "saved."

The city insisted that this one spot was to remain almost exactly as it was, but some people were not so sure. As evidence for their misgivings, they pointed to the report issued by the city's economic consultants, which predicted that rents in the "revitalized Public Market"—located only a few yards away from a brand-new 600-room convention hotel—would be at least three times as high as they were at present. Partly for this reason, the study also predicted that only about a third of the Market's floor space would be occupied by existing tenants. (These predictions, to be sure, were not stated nearly so explicitly as *that*; one had to do a good deal of digging to ferret them out.)

The remainder of the floor space, said critics of the city's plan, would inevitably be taken over by cocktail lounges and souvenir shops anxious to serve the needs of the hordes of conventioneers encamped across the way. As a local underground newspaper pointed out, the logic behind all this sounded suspiciously similar to that employed by the American officer in Vietnam who delivered the famous explanation: "We had to destroy the village in order to save it."

"It would be irrelevant if the site contained the Kingdom of God. The logic and the mathematics are immutable."

Ada Louise Huxtable



Patrick Douglas

UP AGAINST THE SYSTEM IN SEATTLE

The Friends of the Market

ASIDE FROM ITS LIKELY EFFECT on the Pike Place Market, Seattle's urban renewal plan is significant for other, and broader, reasons. First of all, it typifies what has been happening to some of the world's great markets—Les Halles, Covent Garden, and the Washington Market in New York. Here are some of Ada Louise Huxtable's comments on the City of London's plan for "saving" Covent Garden—comments that could well have been written about the City of Seattle's plan for saving the Pike Place Market:

> *The Covent Garden plan . . . claims to recognize the special character of the area and to update it to modern city needs. Whether the two objectives are not mutually exclusive is something the planners have not really faced. . . . Is this the place for a convention center at all? Should this ever be the site for concentrated, large-scale building? . . . What will happen to the rich mixture of small enterprises and the cohesive community of elderly residents on small incomes when this construction, with its inevitable inflation of land values, moves in? Is this plan not certain doom rather than salvation?*

Another reason Seattle's plan is important is that it more or less epitomizes the checkered record of the U.S. urban renewal program, which in far too many cases has been used merely to put up blockbuster, high-rent apartment projects in order to increase a city's tax base, lure the middle class back from the suburbs, exile the poor, and make a lot of money for a small group of investors.

Finally, Seattle's plan is significant because of the reaction it provoked. In a column that appeared in the *New York Times* last June, Ada Louise Huxtable took note of Seattle's plan and of the citizen efforts being made to alter it, then went on to make the following observations:

> *You may not be able to call it a force majeure (although I am beginning to wonder), but preservation is a distinctly grass roots movement with growing results at every level. . . . There is, in this country, a kind of cultural coming-of-age, an increasing sophistication that sees heritage as more than history.*

As Miss Huxtable was obviously aware, her comments were particularly applicable to the fight to save the Pike Place Market.

The fight was led by Victor Steinbrueck, a professor of architecture at the University of Washington. For him, as for Mark Tobey, the Market is "the soul of Seattle." When the Central Association unveiled its plan for the Pike Place district, Steinbrueck and a number of like-minded architects, attorneys, and market merchants formed a group called Friends of the
Last spring, the Friends drew up an i
measure that would create a seven-ac
Place historical district. Within that dis
construction and renovation would be s
approval by a twelve-man board.

What the Friends hoped to accompl
something analogous to the changes alr
ing place in the area around Pioneer
where the city council, rejuvenated by
fusion of younger blood, had created a
acre historical district—over the violer
tions of the Central Association. Protecte
council's action, Pioneer Square had s
ously become a thriving neighborhoo
galleries, antique shops, and restauran
that the Friends wanted to turn the Ma
an imitation of San Francisco's Gh
Square; that was what the *city* had in m

The Friends took their initiative to th
in June, and within three weeks they
quired nearly double the number of si
needed to place the measure on the N
ballot. "Getting the necessary signature
trouble at all," says Steinbrueck. "O
problem was fending off the crowds of
from all over the country who wanted to
names to the list."

Toward the end of June, the Frien
joined by a group of young doctors, law
market merchants known as the Allian
Living Market, which had been formed
for passage of the Friends' initiative. T
campaign, the Alliance secured the serv
young man named Al Pierce, who had s
Teddy Kennedy's 1970 campaign staff.
mid-July, Pierce flew out from Boston t
ize the faithful.

More friends of the

FROM THE OUTSET, the Alliance
Friends faced some formidable op
The most visible proponent of the city
renewal plan was the city itself, which,
expense, printed thousands of posters, br
and booklets extolling the project's virtu
explaining why the Friends' initiative s
defeated.

Far less visible in its support of th
but far more effective—was the Central
tion, the group of businessmen that had
up the project to begin with.

A third strong supporter was the cit
ing newspaper, the *Seattle Times*, who
dent, W. J. Pennington, is also preside
Central Association (a fact of which
tiny handful of the *Times*' readers are
unaware).

The project was also endorsed by
CBS affiliate, KIRO, whose president, I

ce-president of the Central Associa-
evening, Mr. Cooney delivers a sta-
l. As he appears on the screen, he is
the president of KIRO; he is never
the vice-president of a special-inter-
on whose members his station is de-
a portion of its income.)

owerful force behind the project was
Park Plaza Corporation, a group of
rs that hoped to win the contract to
area. The chairman of the Corpora-
of directors is an attorney named
Ferguson. Until recently, Mr. Fergu-
o chairman of the Central Associa-
nittee on Pike Place development.
oned Ferguson's successor to ask for
, he informed me that Ferguson was
an to see. "In fact," he added, "the
Ferguson stepped down as committee
as to make this whole situation look
e eyes of the public.")

he incorporators of the Central Park
oration were A. L. Brock, assistant
director of the *Seattle Times*; and
publisher of the city's morning news-
eattle Post-Intelligencer—which, like
strongly supported the city's urban
n. Both these men later sold their in-
but the Corporation apparently had
e attracting capital. At the time of the
election, it had spent more than
preliminary design work and had
trol over a dozen parcels of land with-
ct's boundaries.

THE END of the summer, another
supporting the city's plan appeared—
e was something of a surprise. Calling
Committee to Save the Market, the
a press conference on August 23 to
the start of a campaign to defeat the
nitiative. Unless the initiative were
n, said the Committee, the urban re-
ject would collapse, and federal funds
for restoration of the Market core
ish.

ng to the group's campaign coordina-
MacEwan, the Committee to Save the
as organized to represent the Market
d merchants, and as proof of this, he
the Committee's stationery, which in-
ained a list of thirty-seven Market own-
merchants. The real origins of the
e to Save the Market, however, were
found by perusing the Committee's sta-
r by reading its campaign literature.
to be found, instead, in a meeting that
early last summer. It involved just two
ne of them was Irving Stimpson, presi-
impson Advertising, Incorporated. The
s James Walsh, president of the Bon Marché, one of the city's largest department stores. At the time of the meeting, Walsh was just stepping down as president of the Central Association. The subject of the meeting was: what could be done to defeat the Friends' initiative.

On July 28, Stimpson hired the services of a young free-lance public relations man, Mike MacEwan, who was just finishing a job for the Chamber of Commerce. During the month of August, Stimpson and MacEwan attended a pair of breakfast meetings with a dozen downtown businessmen, among them members of the Central Park Plaza Corporation. The meetings were presided over by Walsh. W. J. Pennington was also in attendance. None of the merchants listed on the stationery of the Committee to Save the Market was there.

Shortly after these meetings, the Committee launched a $65,000 campaign to defeat the Friends' initiative. (A typical newspaper ad began: "Pike Place Market Merchants ask your support. Help us stay in business. Please vote no on Initiative #1.") Needless to say, that kind of dough was not being ponied up by fruit peddlers and fishmongers, but for weeks, the Committee to Save the Market refused a request from a group known as CHECC (Choose an Effective City Council) that it reveal its source of funds—even though the Friends and the Alliance had readily complied.

Finally, CHECC announced the Committee's refusal at a news conference, and at 7:15 A.M. the following day, a group of downtown businessmen—known to themselves as a Subcommittee of the Committee to Save the Market—held a breakfast meeting in Room 310 of the Rainier Club, bastion of the local business establishment. The group heard reports from Irving Stimpson and Mike MacEwan, as well as from John Gilmore, executive vice-president of the Central Association. Two hours later, the Committee to Save the Market disclosed its list of contributors.

The largest single contribution came from the owners of one of the market buildings, but by far the largest percentage of the total came from members of the Central Association and the Central Park Plaza Corporation. None of the money was contributed by the merchants who were listed on the stationery of the Committee to Save the Market.

This disclosure, in turn, led supporters of the initiative to wonder whether there wasn't some connection between the Committee to Save the Market and the Central Association, but both groups denied that this was the case.

Around the middle of August, a number of letters went out to stores and business groups in downtown Seattle. The local chapter of the Washington State Restaurant Association, for example, received a letter from Frederic Danz, a stockholder in the Central Park Plaza Corporation and a member of the Central Association's board of

"The most visible proponent of the city's urban renewal plan was the city itself, which, at public expense, printed thousands of posters, brochures, and booklets extolling the project's virtues."



trustees. In his letter, Danz stated that the Central Association was raising money for a campaign to defeat the Friends' initiative and that the Association would like the downtown restaurants, hotels, and theaters to contribute $6,500 toward that goal. Checks should be made out, said Danz, to a group called Concerned Citizens to Save the Market.

On September 30, an attorney representing the Friends of the Market took a deposition from Mike MacEwan. The attorney showed MacEwan a copy of Danz's letter and asked whether he had ever seen it before. MacEwan replied he had not. The attorney then asked MacEwan the following question: "What is the difference between the Concerned Citizens to Save the Market and the Committee to Save the Market?" MacEwan, testifying under oath, replied, "The Committee to Save the Market is the group that I work for: I have never heard of the Concerned Citizens to Save the Market."

On September 27, three days before that deposition was taken, this writer interviewed Mike MacEwan. I did not mention the Danz letter. Instead, trying to appear as innocent and casual as possible, I simply asked MacEwan whether he had ever heard of a group called Concerned Citizens to Save the Market. MacEwan switched on his brightest PR smile and then replied: "Oh sure, that was a forerunner of our group. That was just one of the names we considered using and later discarded."

The outcome

As ELECTION DAY APPROACHED, the Market became the central issue of the campaign. The Committee to Save the Market continued running its phony "Market merchant" ads, which undoubtedly left thousands of voters thoroughly confused (and confused voters tend to vote no): the Friends and the Alliance, supported by scores of merchants in the Market district and hundreds of volunteers, concentrated their efforts on doorbelling.

On election night, members of the Alliance gathered for dinner at the Brasserie Pittsbourg, a French restaurant on Pioneer Square that had served as the group's unofficial headquarters. Midway through the paté and the quiche and the escargots, the returns began filtering in through a tiny portable television set in the corner; and within a short time, dinner was all but forgotten: the initiative had been carried by 20,000 votes.

The rest of the evening was given over to a mild form of pandemonium. The Friends of the Market were hosting their own victory party in a renovated building just down the way, and for the next few hours, members of the Friends and the Alliance drifted back and forth between the two celebrations—laughing, drinking, pounding each other on the shoulders. It was a gra[nd] in Pioneer Square.

Since November, local politics hav[e] into a kind of uneasy truce. As far as th[e] is concerned, the urban renewal projec[t] collapsed, nor does anyone expect it to [re]the local papers, which, like the Com[mit]Save the Market, were forecasting [an]should the initiative pass, are now edit[ing] that a scaled-down project should pr[o]course.

Few people, however, pretend that [it] will last very long. For Seattle—like a lo[t] cities these days, I suspect—is caught i[n] power struggle between the city's old-e[s]ness establishment and a coalition con[si]professional taste-makers (architects a[nd] professors) and young upstarts (many [of] lawyers), who by and large are East [C]urban conscious, well informed, and i[n] (It may indeed be true, as the press [ke]minding us, that the brightest young [pe]forsaking the cities, going back to the [la]there is a large group of slightly old[er] people—age thirty to thirty-five, largel[y] by the press, caught between the revo[l] the status quo—who are quite fond of [ci]willing to work to save them.) The e[nd] struggle is not yet in sight.

Even now, the alarum is sounding f[or] confrontation, one whose subject is de[ce]familiar—freeways. The city wants to b[ui]lane, elevated expressway leading to t[he] Center. The rush to build is led by th[e C]Association and the *Seattle Times*, wit[h] *Intelligencer* bringing up the rear. "[Th]Freeway," we are told by the *Times*, [wi]softly curving and sculptured structu[re] any other highway in the area." In trut[h] Freeway would be very like at least [on]highway in the area—the Alaskan Wa[y] For just as the Viaduct walls off the ci[ty] waterfront, so would the Bay Freewa[y] the city from Lake Union. Together, t[he] vated expressways would form the nort[h] of the city's ill-conceived "ring road."

The fight to halt this nonsense is le[d] zens group headed by a professor fro[m] versity of Washington. Within a short [ti]citizens will be joined by some of the sa[me] people who formed the Alliance for [the] Market.

Sooner or later, no doubt, we will w[it]appearance of yet another citizens g[ro]one calling itself the Committee to Sa[ve] ter. The only way to accomplish thi[s] Committee will tell us, is to build th[e] otherwise no one will be able to get to t[he] which will simply curl up and die. [Th]nouncements will be reported by the l[o]with all the solemnity in which they [re]fold the words of the Central Associati[on]

RSE

RAZY HORSE WAS KILLED
ge Keithley

1

there was gold in the Black Hills
ished to go up and dig, which required a road
thru the quiet country.
We knew our duty
otect the public
ept our eyes open for anyone who incited
mong the agency indians or the hostiles
ldn't come in and live on our land
y were invited.
We had to watch him
ular because we were told
uch power with his people.
sn't easy to understand.
l not much bigger than a boy
air was soft and straw-brown:
was no darker than a white's with a tan.
himself with terrible restraint
iked dancing or wearing paint.
ought half-breed but he was a full-blood.
ormants agreed that he gained
e and influence from his visions.
the one about his horse
in a wild way on the landscape
ther world. Hence his name.
ook these tales at face value.
d other impressions . . . Moreover
so silent it was hard to hear
was planning. When we sent spies
ought back lies to guarantee their salaries.
e needed someone we could trust.

*

less of the rumors, he was only human:
t get him a good-looking woman?
ought him a half-breed girl and let her live
ills at his place. She slipped away
eek to report. I think you'll agree
ecessary to do this
would never have any peace.

2

she told us that he planned
e the territory
e truly alarmed.
Whether he went away
to hunt a while or settle
he had to pass among people
whose lives we were sworn to protect
and no one doubted that he was armed.
Or were we to think he wanted to kill
the elk and bison with his bare hands?
Well, we sent a select party to request
that he visit the fort and discuss
his journey with us. On the way
more of our men rode up to escort him.
It wasn't wise to let him leave
our jurisdiction for any reason. One can say
for certain he knew of the warriors in prison,
he would be watching for his chance to return
and we would never have any peace.

3

Our cannon were concealed
by a wall of cottonwoods, and where the road came up
a river of dust drifted into the trees
as the party proceeded. He rode right by
to the front of the fort. There was no trouble.
He dismounted and followed. We said we were
going to greet the officer in his house . . .
Our plan was just to jail him overnight
and hurry him out of the country under guard.
We wanted a high walkway to the door
so he couldn't see—in this we had the help
of several hundred horse troops
and the local Lakota indian police.
They formed a corridor to the jail
but he heard men dragging their chains,
then he saw the small building with the bars
on the windows and he went out of his head.
He dropped his blanket and showed a knife.
Someone bent his arms behind him
but he slipped free and started to attack
anyone near him, slashing at us
with his blade until he drew blood.
So the sentry stuck a bayonet in his back
and our worries were over. He fell
gently on his face. We slid him inside
and put him to bed, where he died. At sunrise
two people tucked his body in a box
and dragged it into the Badlands to bury him
where no one was watching. Maybe a prairie hen
and her young hunched in a bush—overhead
the eagle hawks kept looping like patrols.
It was just as well. Outsiders will sympathize
with him of course but we had to kill
fool or fight a new war with his friends.
Or we could give up our guns
and unlock the gates and let everyone run loose
and we would never have any peace.

Richard Schickel

BOOKS

Marx is dead

Autopsy of Revolution, by Jacques Ellul. Knopf, $8.95.

TO A POINT JUST PAST the middle of *Autopsy of Revolution* Jacques Ellul goes along stylistically pretty much as he always has—the brilliant originality of his thought muted by a certain repetitive, fussy pedantry that takes the form of excessively detailed historical proofs of his arguments, compulsive quotation from the staggering array of political philosophers and theoreticians with whom he has devoted his career to quarreling.

Then, suddenly, as he turns to the subject of "Vulgarized Revolution" that is, to the ideas, behavior, and rhetoric deployed by our contemporaries (especially the youth movement and its fellow travelers) who claim to be the inheritors of the great revolutionary tradition born in France in 1789 and monumentally rationalized (or, as Ellul would have it, "brought into history") by Marx —his prose undergoes a change both radical and startling. Dispassion becomes passion, icy (but generally respectful) contempt toward opposing points of view becomes hot (and scornful) outrage. And if Ellul, the supreme rationalist among our social critics, never splutters off into unreason or what for him would be the ultimate self-betrayal, illogic, it is nevertheless true that in the whole extensive body of his work there is no passage that quite compares to this fifty-nine-page chapter.

I doubt there is anything that can make so remote and unbending an intellect into a best-selling popular author or even into an unread but oft-invoked sage on the order of Herbert Marcuse. The trouble is that he stands in such formidable opposition to the spirit of the time. One simply can't imagine the revolution "mavens" of academia and the higher journalism, whom it is his business to devastate in the present volume, taking him up except to try to put him down. On



the other hand, one does detect at the moment a searching for new intellectual initiatives; and I would guess that this chapter, so much more vividly personal than anything else he has written, is a place for strangers to begin their exploration of Ellul. Moreover, the book that surrounds it to some degree recapitulates the most important arguments of his most important previous works, *The Technological Society* and *The Political Illusion*, developing them further and also wheeling them into positions from which he can, with withering accuracy, enfilade the familiar but well-fortified positions of the conventional Left. In short, *Autopsy of Revolution* (the title implies his theme, which is that revolutionary theory has died without anyone's noticing) is, to borrow the much-abused term one more time, his most "relevant" book.

BUT TO RETURN FOR A MOMENT to Ellul's surprisingly passionate outburst on vulgarization. The problem as he sees it is this: when Marx brought revolution into history, converted it from what had been regarded as a recurrent but episodically timed aberration into the prime mover of history, he began the process of "normalizing" it. In no more than a wink of time's eye, normalization has bred trivialization:

> *. . . we have reduced revolution to the level of daily news . . . with winter sports, the new automotive models, the latest presidential press conference, the miniskirt, and the Goncourt award . . .*

Worse, as Ellul sees it, we have allowed revolution to be co-opted by the very structure against which, traditionally, it was directed—namely, the state. By this he means the modern government, whether it be by military junta, Communist party bureaucrats or Nixonian opportunists, which presents itself to its own people and to the world at large as anything but "revolutionary." (In that sense politicians are today in much the same position as artists, who must invent themselves in some kind of revolutionary aesthetic if they are going to get *their* constituency to take them seriously.)

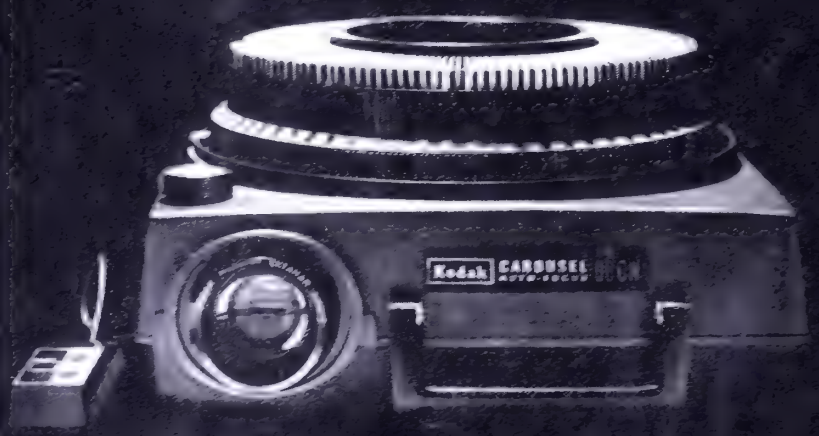
But this debasement of the revolutionary coinage involves us in a devastating series of ironies. To begin with, "young middle-class supporters of a revolutionary movement, far from becoming revolutionists by virtue of their inflammatory ideas, dress, and behavior . . . are the logistic vanguard of the bourgeois by their very extremism enabling the bourgeois to establish bridgeheads in the wholly alien territory of revolution. They have not deserted the 'class'; they are its unconscious representatives." Then, too, the more revolution is talked about, the more it becomes. It ceases to be a historical ordeal, the crisis of an entire political system. It is our culture, not because we have turned revolutionist but because we have become. The analogy, he says, is with

Richard Schickel is film critic for Life *and a frequent contributor to other journals.*

hrist n's conversion of God
fying Judge, dissolving
ains his descent to earth"
ser e Good Shepherd whose
all t world might tug . . ."
the timate irony cuts deeper
ony t approaches the absurd.
hat e have, in part uncon-
y, i part cynically, conspired
is r revolution of its tragic
ion Until recently, as Ellul
f m were occasionally driven
llio they did not embark on
the edly. The most deter-
reb refused to identify them-
as volutionists: those who
usl accepted the identity em-
re lution with religious so-
y," nowing it to be "the
d unpredictable ory of
me s yet historic, of man out-
y d tiny . . ."

S IT ATTER? Isn't it perhaps a
rm f progress, this constant
al it revolution that effec-
m nizes the society against
l t ors of the thing? Isn't it
e at what has really hap-
is at we have, without gen-
rec nizing the fact, reached
ag n social evolution where
e ct radical change blood-
l st painlessly? Nonsense,
en to snort. He is no conser-
he s in fact deeply committed
t h calls a "necessary revolu-
wh h implies that all the vio-
he als of the past century or
b n unnecessary revolutions,
io that have failed to alter
ar y the conditions—notably
io and anomie—that ani-
Mrx's revolutionary ardor.
, t would seem that millions
ru led and died in vain, that
he revolutions counted as
fu have actually deepened
g ies, deepened them to a
vi e we now face an existen-
s far more profound than
i ssed or predicted.
s mpossible to summarize
n l's supporting arguments
t nt, but very roughly they
d ng like this: the French
i was different both in de-
n in kind from all the
a that had preceded it in his-
y were not revolutions at
l's view. They were rebel-
a rebellion "is always re-
r in the sense that it rejects
i iate past but favors a for-

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mer and assuredly more satisfactory past." As a result, such an uprising has no future "because the future can only be an aggravation of the present and rebels are done with the present." As far as Ellul is concerned, the only value, the only concept behind a revolution is "freedom." A full-scale revolution can, of course, grow out of a spontaneous rebellion often does, in fact. But revolution in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries relocates the rebel's grievances. It may invoke "freedom" as a rallying cry, but it specifies that its absence is the result of "social injustice," which invariably turns out to be the product of "class oppression." Certainly that is the way it seemed to Marx and to both his followers and his opponents on the Left.

But, according to Ellul, there was a factor present in the French Revolution, which was Marx's model, that he did not sufficiently heed. It is, moreover, a factor that has been present, also unremarked, in all subsequent revolutions. That is, that revolutions do have futures and therefore require "a doctrine, a plan, a program, a theory of some kind," aimed, of course, at reorganizing the situation, finding a stable structure that will guarantee freedom. But plans, of course, imply planners—and managers. And their presence guarantees a growth in state functions and functionaries, and in the long run "revolt and revolution, which strike at the state, serve to fortify it."

The point was proved, if only Marx had noticed it, by the French Revolution.

> *The bourgeoisie made the revolution to seize power, but also to institute the supremacy of reason in the state—in order to achieve at last an ordered state. In the eyes of those masterly bourgeois administrators and managers, the unpardonable disgrace of monarchic government was its incoherence and ineffectuality. The common people shouted tyranny; the bourgeoisie railed against neglect. What shocked the revolutionaries was not the Bastille itself but the fact that anyone and everyone was imprisoned there haphazardly, without due process of law, without established rights, without any systematic examination of charges or penalties.*

I don't think anyone will dispute the fact that this experience has been recapitulated in every st revolution. Nor do I thin doubts the truth of the Ellul approvingly introduce marize what happens when to bring order out of revo chaos gains dominance in cils of the new governmen Saint-Juste said: "Liberty vails must become corrupte said it all."

WELL, NOT QUITE. For cess of corruption, th form it tends to take—the high interest. Since his ar largely with Marx, his follo interpreters, Ellul is specifi cerned with the perversion sulted from men acting blin basis of their theories (th suggests that revolts con pretty much the same, whe are made in the name of democracy, or socialism) rate, when revolution loses taneous and unpredictable when it is seen as the l driving history rather than its accidents, the beginnin of meaning, then "man sessed of himself more th the most rigid system of v other words, he is reduce player whose few lines and tions are predetermined forces over which he has no At most, if he has a certain a revolutionary party's hie may function as a tactician trying to determine wheth that stratagem consolidate ty's position on the locomot or whether it puts it in being tossed off at the n (Actually, of course, he is ing convenient theoretical for the further consolidati party's power.) Worse—ar plains why it is necessary figures and for nations e assume, for public-relati poses, the stance of rev crusaders—revolution has "the bearer of liberty and oppressed peoples, and th longer a *means* to obtain other result; it ceases to period of disorder, a crisis unavoidable, but to be sett theless by the most rapi ceptable means; it is the moment . . . the *moment* is at last free, an apotheosi

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f humanity shares." In evolution consumes all summarizing them and something miraculous, em. It is almost an exellian newspeak; revonsformed, at least for urposes, from a beginnd, a consummation.

IMAGINE, this summary thought has about it a rg, for it is true, I think, nger conceive of revoluing but Marxist terms, ine that so profoundly a writer can be anything a conservative apolothing could be further h. Ellul is, in fact, closer anarchist of the intelonviolent sort than he is type of political theorist. the disparity in their ethods of thought he is, analyses, closer to Paul an to any other familiar e American intellectual ay, Ellul concedes that rical moment Marx was correct. The industrial of Western Europe was ss, puzzled and puzzling cedented situation, and e likely power base for volution. Why should it e middle class of Europe just a moment before, of its own destiny, reortate in a form more to its

uble was that history quickly for the proletariat hion that, at least momenliorated the new class's When Lenin took power that was theoretically imr him to take power, he ckly to bring theory into reality. He (and others ly made substitutes in the he proletariat was crossed e agrarian populations of eveloped nations—as Rusis—written in. For the inpitalists of the West they imperialism as the exce. Yet they expected—or to expect—that the revosynthesis resulting from able clash between these s would be roughly the e one Marx had predicted. is precisely at this point,

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Ellul argues, that Marxist theory dies and his "autopsy" becomes necessary. And for the same reason that medical autopsies are necessary: to learn from our deadly errors and to develop new treatment techniques (revolutionary in character, Ellul insists). Marxist theory is dead, he says, because it no longer offers an adequate description of the forces that oppress modern man or proposes an adequate revolutionary response to them.

Here Ellul begins to draw upon his own earlier writing to lay the groundwork for his own description of the "necessary revolution" which he thinks we must begin to undertake. In *The Technological Society* Ellul exhaustively proved a fairly simple thesis, which is not, as one might suspect, that machines are actually ruling us, but that we are so beguiled by the efficiency of machines that we have been for some time almost unconsciously reconstructing all our social institutions, and most especially the centralized state, on the model of machines—in the process, of course, turning men into interchangeable parts and demanding that they function no more creatively or individualistically than so many eccentric cams. In *The Political Illusion* he argued, in effect, that politics had become the opiate of both the masses and the intellectuals, the essential illusion being that politics offers a solution for everything from the twinges of neurotic unhappiness that from time to time afflict nearly everyone right on up to the endlessly nagging, profoundly depressing suspicion that, for all our belief in the idea of progress and the idea that we have actually been making progress, we may only have been steaming in a circle.

IT IS DIFFICULT TO SAY whether the lure of Marxism has rested on its appeal as an efficient, machinelike technique for social organization or on the strength it draws from our belief in the political illusion or whether the reverse is true. Perhaps it is not important. Perhaps we are dealing here with a kind of reciprocating engine. But this much is certainly true; our faith in all three—in technique, in the power of political action to effect meaningful change in all aspects of life, in the efficacy of revolution as it was defined for us over a century ago—has contributed to the cancerous growth of the state in which now reposes such hopes as we sti for humane social control, bu in fact, has become our mos fully distorting oppressor.

Which brings us to a fin That oppression now operate classes equally; it does no more heavily on the proletar on any other group. Convers detects in the working class n virtue or ability to combat th ly force. Worse, the Leninist deepens rather than allevi problem. Even if there w truth, a half-century ago, in tion that imperialism explo underdeveloped nations, th that all developed nations, or communist, in the process peting for influence, manag ploit the underdeveloped i fashion. It makes no differe they *say* they are exporting –some form of socialism, so of democracy. What they ally sending is the same dis age—technique, political statism.

There is, of course, a here. Life in these nations brutish, and short. Humanit recognizes, ought to do about it. But, he seems to may be doing them no great thoughtfully sending them and machinery that have ma the industrialized nations dise on earth we all assume Is it possible that we ought take a revolution of our "necessary revolution" he in his last chapter—before many more of our ideas to

I DON'T KNOW. Ellul's nece olution is a most diffi There are no mass move great sweeping ideas tha commend to us. The revo has in mind involves "decr ciency in all areas . . . a low dard of living, a reduction scale programs, and the e mass culture." We must, h tack "all instruments of which alienate human bei one another and from soc that attack cannot be irr violently anarchistic. It i planned retrenchment an not just the creation of a attractive, salable progran voluntary reeducation o of each individual's cons

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the first time, here is the
ry, the tumultuous back-
gainst which it began, as
e consequences.
e epic experiences of his
as *Aeneid* and *Iliad*, in-
d battle, as well as an
through the fabulous
the known world."
—*The Observer*, London
understanding of China
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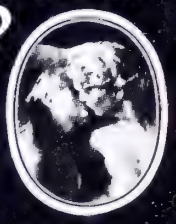
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Anything else would simply amount to more tinkering with the social organism and very possibly involve us in more, rather than less, bureaucratic manipulation.

After such a devastatingly reasonable destruction of a major system of thought, his own proposals seem, at first glance, rather feeble—just a set of variations on the humanistic and classic liberal themes. After a book that refers us inexorably toward a contemplation of man's fate as essentially, irreversibly tragic, it sounds a little bit like one of those angelic choirs Hollywood used to put on the sound track to distract and uplift us when there was no logical way to keep the hero alive at the end of the film.

And yet, if Ellul cannot ultimately save us, he can at least preserve us from the disastrous errors implicit in currently fashionable "revolutionary" behavior and propaganda ("to my great sorrow, I see *all* modern revolutionary movements making their final agonized lunge at television screens"). Most important, he restores an absolutely vital perspective to our endless discussions of his subject. Man is not, by nature, a revolutionary animal, he writes: "he engages in revolution by a decision, a wager, an absurd gesture of revolt and rejection in the face of his inhuman condition. His choice is absurd because its chances of success or effectiveness are minimal." But, he adds, it is only through this decision, this gesture, this attempt to find meaning in meaninglessness, that, in the last analysis, man fully exists. So Ellul summons us, at last, to the most difficult of all tasks, to revolutionary nonconformity as individuals disdaining the illusory warmth of the mass. He summons us, really, to rebellion (as he earlier described it), not to revolution. Which is a way of saying that he summons us to reclaim our humanity from the theorists and ideologues and the juveniles who have been posturing before us in the name of a revolution that is, in fact, not a whit more practical or promising than his, but is certainly likely to be more prone to brutal error. In a world that offers nothing but bad bets, his is surely the slightly better one. In a world that offers very little but the most dangerous nonsense in the form of social and political theory, his work must surely be judged as unavoidable and very possibly great. □

Would we hurt each other less if we touched each other more?



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[1]*Harper's.*
[2]*The Atlantic.*
[3]*Christian Science Monitor.*
[4]*Saturday Review.*

George Braziller NEW YORK

Alden Whitman

BOOKS

A market for snake oil



Mussolini and Fascism: The View From America, by John P. Diggins. Princeton University Press. $16.50.

IN 1934 COLE PORTER WROTE a song containing the line (later dropped), "You're the top—you're Mussolini." Allowing for only slight exaggeration, Porter was reflecting the American attitude toward Italy's Fascist dictator, an attitude that had obtained since the 1922 "March on Rome" and was, in large measure, to prevail, despite the Ethiopian conquest, almost to the outbreak of World War II.

How is it to be explained that a mountebank laid so long a hold on our imagination and esteem? And how to explain that his "system," so antithetical to our democratic ideals and traditions, was so extravagantly praised and so widely supported? These are the tasks John P. Diggins of Princeton has set himself in his admirable and, as it turns out, frightening inquiry into American opinion.

What is frightening is to discover how easily we can be misled, how simply we can be duped, how little we learn from experience. And especially what pushovers we are for peddlers of anti-Communist cures.

Just as we have been sold the snake oil of supporting the Greek colonels and the crucial early stages of the Indochina war in the name of freedom and anti-Communism, so we bought Mussolini and Fascism fifty years ago. And the pitchmen then, as now, were not only our top political leaders but also our newspapers and magazines, which were uncritical reporters of events. (Apart from attesting twenty-five years of official duplicity, the Pentagon Papers testify to a quarter-century of a generally unvigilant press.)

With one or two exceptions, Mussolini and Fascism enjoyed favorable, if not ecstatic, American press coverage. By the *New York Times*, by the wire services, by the mass-circulation *Saturday Evening Post*, by the business magazines, Mussolini and Fascism were painted as "the saviors of Italy" from "the menace of Bolshevism." Kenneth Roberts, the popular adventure writer, summed up the case for Fascism in 1922 by asserting that under Mussolini's dynamic leadership, the brave Blackshirts made short shrift of the radicals, restored the rights of property, and purged the country of self-seeking politicians. And Anne O'Hare McCormick, the *Times*' correspondent in Rome, as Diggins notes, "spent almost twenty years explaining to Americans the poetic beauties of the Italian landscape as well as the political beauties of Mussolini and Fascism." Arnaldo Cortesi, also of the *Times*, fed its readers a diet of Fascist puffery.

Not astonishingly, one of Fascism's most vocal press admirers was William Randolph Hearst, whose newspaper chain the Italian government considered "the most favorable to the regime." But not only did journalists, including the venerable Lincoln Steffens, succumb, but also "publicists like Otto Kahn, bankers like Thomas Lamont, clergymen like Cardinal O'Connell . . . and politicians like Al Smith." Of these, perhaps the most significant was Mr. Lamont of the House of Morgan, who viewed himself as "a quiet missionary" to the American banking and business community and whose efforts resulted in substantial investment props for Mussolini. The propaganda, fed, of course, by the wily dictator, gave him a saintly American image. "He and his men represented all that was healthy and redemptive in Italian life," Mr. Diggins writes. "Fascism was the righteous answer of responsible middle class to the ery of Communism. As Mussolini readily appealed to Americans as a new leader who firmed the old solid values tues: 'duty,' 'obedience,' and 'patriotism.'"

ONE EXPLANATION for appeal to important se the middle and upper classe as to many workers, was a anxiety, assiduously foster government and press, abo revolution. The Palmer raid clusion of duly elected from the New York Legisla other episodes and investig pointed to a peril. These ala excursions continued throu Twenties and Thirties, alth basis in fact for them w tenuous.

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Alden Whitman is a member of the New York Times *staff.*

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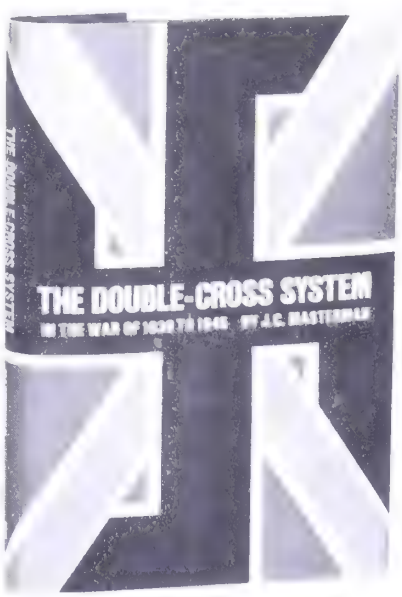
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PERFORMING ARTS

Balanchine: slaughtering a sacred cow



IT MAY YET BE a little too early to write about the life and (artistic) death of George Balanchine. But he has not produced a significant ballet for some time, and whatever excitement comes out of the New York City Ballet these days is thanks to Jerome Robbins and such hits as *Goldberg Variations*. There are ever-increasing complaints that Balanchine is repeating himself in a tired manner; that the New York City Ballet is too much a reflection of him; that the action has shifted to other ballet companies; that (heresy!) perhaps the New York City Ballet needs a new man at the top.

As the New York City Ballet has diminished in artistic importance, the American Ballet Theatre is enjoying something of a revival. Critics are contrasting Ballet Theatre's wide-ranging repertoire with NYCB's inbred list of Balanchine-dominated ballets, and are for once smiling favorably in the former's direction. Only a few years ago it was fashionable to use NYCB as a stick with which to belabor BT. Balanchine was the darling of the intellectuals, the most sacred cow of any living creator. Everything he did was greeted with rapture, and those who remained unconvinced that he was the greatest choreographer since Fokine were regarded as philistines. (When my wife and I wrote a *Harper's* piece about Balanchine in 1964, suggesting that the NYCB repertoire needed new blood, we were reviled. Balanchine was not *supposed* to be criticized.)

It is not so much that Balanchine has failed to move with the times. Rather it is, I think, that his creative abilities are one-sided. He has been the great objectivist of ballet, the organizer, the choreographer who worked in pure line and pattern. This he did more skillfully and more convincingly than anybody else. A Balanchine ballet was an exercise in spatial logic, with long-limbed dancers trained in the Balanchine idiom using their bodies to create severe patterns. But in the process humanity was lost. Soon those plotless ballets of Balanchine tended to look alike: the over-and-under patterns, the severely sculpted duets, the deft handling of large ensembles counterpointing each other. In a curious sort of way it was Mickey Mouse ballet, with the dancers reflecting exactly what was in the architecture of the music: the music went this way, and so did the dancers; it went that way, and the dancers followed suit. All this was done in a dispassionate manner. But some of us all right, I—always felt that Balanchine had created dehumanized ballet, far more dehumanized than anything Alwin Nikolais or Merce Cunningham had ever done.

But what about Balanchine's wit and humor? To which I say, *what* wit and humor? Balanchine is essentially a humorless man. Those ballets of his that are considered funny achieve their effects through burlesque rather than real wit—the wit, say, of Antony Tudor's *Gala Performance*, which, when well done, is *really* funny. Balanchine's method of being funny is through burlesquing himself. He makes his dancer go into an exaggerated bit of Balanchine technique. Everybody instantly recognizes this and howls. But it is not very funny. Nor are such ballets as *Stars and Stripes* very funny. Indeed, *Stars and Stripes* is terribly cynical, the work of a foreigner with no affinity for America commenting on American institutions. It can be done, as the drawings of Saul Steinberg prove, but Steinberg's observations are rooted in people and institutions, wh as anchine's continue to exp selves in abstract patt pretend to be liberal.

IT IS THIS LACK of contac man feeling that has finally t critics restive. And it is int note that there is beginnin to greater appreciation of A dor, who has not created a nib ballet for Ballet Theatre sin *tow* of 1945. Balanchine a are polar. Where Balanchin abstract patterns, Tudor ponent of the psychological ballet with a story in which mo are probed and motivati ined. It is not that Tudo been forgotten. *Jardin au* even danced by the NYCB; *of Fire*, universally regarde the great dance works of th has been a mainstay of the toire ever since it was creat But Tudor, whose inspira teriously dried up after 19 isted almost on sufferance time. Now, more and more ized that he was one of the found choreographers of t I myself believe he was the

For Tudor, who was choreographer-technician around, and who invented movements allied to those cabulary of classical ball series of movements that h dinary emotional impact a creator of infinite variety could encompass the expre *Judgment of Paris*, the s manticism of *Jardin*, the *Undertow*, and the affectio of *Gala Performance*. And the fierce yearning and con *Pillar of Fire*, his masterpi

Where Balanchine has been content to move figures around the stage in objective patterns, Tudor moved them around in an effort to explain what they felt and thought. Never sentimental, never a mere entertainer, never merely fashionable, he accomplished his aims with taste and a Proustian feeling for character. Compare his *Romeo and Juliet* with the Mickey Mousings of the Russian version, or the other versions in recent years, for that matter. Tudor does it all through suggestion. His duel scene, for instance, is not Errol Flynn facing Basil Rathbone. It is expressed purely in choreographic terms.

Balanchine has tried a few ballets with plots. He is supremely uncomfortable in those. *Don Quixote* ended up a charade, with surprisingly little dance in it. Indeed, the most successful dance episodes came in a series of divertissements that had nothing to do with the action. There Balanchine was back on his old abstract ground. He really is very limited—a great technician who at basis does not have much to say. Things have not changed since 1964, when the *Harper's* article described Balanchine's choreography in terms of Stravinsky's music. Both represent cosmopolitanism, objectivity, craft, preoccupation with manner and style, deliberate antiromanticism. It could also be added that both were untouchables. In those days you did not criticize a Balanchine ballet or a Stravinsky score.

But times have changed. Even Stravinsky's music has come under attack, especially by the red-hot avant-gardists, who see in Stravinsky's neoclassicism an evasion of the issues confronting new music. Funny thing about Stravinsky, anyway: for decades he was regarded universally as The World's Greatest Composer, but at the same time the public for decades refused to like any but a handful of his works. Balanchine, Stravinsky's almost exact analogue, had it better. He had his own dance company, and his works were constantly performed. As they should have been performed. A corrective to the Massine symphonic ballets and other pretentious works along that line was needed, and Balanchine was the man to clear the slate. He did, but only too well, substituting body for soul. Within his world he was perfect, but it was a limited world. And now his reign is over. □



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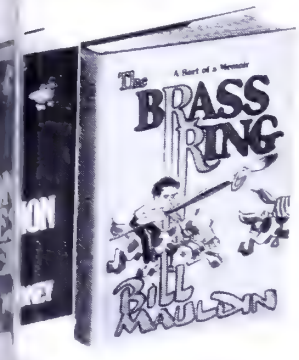
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CROSS-COUNTRY SKIING

Notes of an enthusiast



BEFORE I'D EVER SEEN a cross-country ski I used to have a recurring dream. I was on some other planet. I slipped out of a dark city, through a gap in the force field, and into a meadow. My body was changing mysteriously. It was dawn. The sky was apple green, the air felt like a silk shirt. I had to go somewhere far away. My body was changing so that I would be able to. It grew longer and lighter. I began to run, easily but with an astonishingly powerful spring. Air came to my lungs not only through my mouth but directly through the skin of my chest. It was like slaking a deep thirst. I came to a hill. I feared that would be the end of the magic, but the new power just coiled up tighter. It made me laugh. I breasted the hill and kept on, absorbing the silver air and discharging energy down through my calves and forward from my brow and eyes. I was acutely conscious of the trees and rocks and the air and light, and how my motion was in rhythm with them. The purpose of the journey and what lay beyond the next hill changed from dream to dream, but the original sense of my body in motion was constant and recurring.

When I finally learned how to cross-country ski I realized these dreams had been a foretaste of sensations obtainable here and now. It wasn't like that at first, of course, nor is it like that every day now. But every so often I'm shot through with everything the dream foretold, and more.

If you've ever had an affection for a canoe or a slender rowboat, taken pleasure in the elegance of the lines, the neat slice of the bow, the clean tuck of the stern, and felt a seed of superstition that a boat like that is sensate and *likes* moving through the water, then you may find a particular joy in cross-country skiing: once you begin to get the motion right, the kicking and gliding and riding the driving ski with your body weight floating forward over it, you may find that you have swallowed your boat whole, that you are your boat moving through a lake of still air and snow.

But even the first awkward runs can have grace. The first cross-country skis I got were sturdy wide clodhoppers, not the fragile and elegant ones I have now. I was living in Iowa, where there are still strips of virgin forest by rivers and among the few hard-to-till hills and gullies. I used to bundle up and shuffle along through an oak forest, innocent of technique and wax, but happy to wander alone, puffing up clouds in the motionless subzero air. The third time I went out in this forest there was a foot of snow and more falling. I jogged and poled my way along an old logging road. I reached the top of a rise and started sliding down the other side, making no more noise than a sailboat slipping through flat water.

A red fox, beautifully furred, was sitting on a stump beside the road. His tail was wrapped around his hip and across his forepaws. I could see the particular hairs of his coat. He looked at me curiously as I toward him. He wasn't a m think because I wasn't m of the moves I should re to be advancing on him. I fl and he hopped down like a a sofa. About ten yards fr me. He loped down th fairly casually considerin he in the snow up to his sh ld each bound. I tagged alo s downhill after him. After a yards the fox glanced a n looked concerned that I w s him. He upped the pace. p bit and scrunched down. g around again, more pu alarmed. He stepped to the h road and let me pass by n met. The fox pricked hi e there was no noise. I ghost o the rest of the hill, my h d back to watch him. He cam pa the middle of the road a w me, his head cocked to one de

Skindivers tell me tha objects of curiosity to the sh in that silent world.

There are still patches f landscape to glide into d coral reef, woods muffled a snow and more falling.

THE NEXT WINTER W Rhode Island in a col t tage near Matunuck on th six- or seven-square-mile eerie second-growth wood p

John Casey is a free-lance ficti essayist.

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Putney School kids are
good too, since John Caldwell is the school coach as well as the Olympic coach. There are miles and miles of trails laid out for training cross-country skiers—through birch and pine woods, hayfields, and apple orchards. It was in an apple orchard that I saw a skier skimming along, each stride extending his body easily and fluidly so that for a split second at the end of each kick his upper body seemed to be flying over his forward knee. This form of skiing is more graceful than skating (which it distantly resembles) because the motions are larger and are concentrated in straight lines. I wanted that motion: I could tell that it would feel good—better than running or skating or rowing or swimming.

Unfortunately, the winter in Rhode Island turned to rain. I tried dreaming about how to do it right (which is how I learned to downhill ski as a kid and, later, how to shoot pheasant. I'd try it for a while, then watch it done right, then hook the two together in a dream lesson).

Having had an instructive dream or two, reread John Caldwell's *Cross-Country Ski Book*, and jogged a bit, I entered last year's George Washington's Birthday Race, a southern Vermont event. Eighteen kilometers (about eleven and a half miles) from Westminster West to Putney. A crowd of 100 or so. One hundred seeded skiers (U.S. cross-country and biathlon team members as well as college racers) lined up ahead of the mob for the mass start. At the gun the crowd yelled a collective Comanche whoop and *sprinted* forward. Like the subway at rush hour with everyone swinging ski poles. We swept up a hill, down again, funneled across a footbridge, and then up again. And up. I fell in behind a fellow who was striding along with style. Tried to catch his rhythm. By now the crowd was strung out in double file up and around the shoulder of a hill. It looked like a procession of medieval flagellants.

On and on. I saw, or rather dimly perceived through a pulsating pinkish haze, a sign beside the trail. The sign said "kilometer 1." I heard a far-off train whistle that turned out to be coming from my throat. But then, mysteriously, at kilometer 4, it cleared up. I was skiing better than I ever had. There was a wide channel from my throat to the bottom of my lungs. The air tasted like sweet cold spring water. The birch trees were white again, the sky blue.

After the race (about an hour and a half for me) I stood for a while bubbling with deep well-being. I felt like a potbelly stove—I was throwing off a shimmer of heat a foot in every direction. I skied back to the house where I was staying, two or three miles through the woods, still glowing with bloodheat and drinking in gallons of air laced with pine trees and imminent snow.

ALTHOUGH IT'S EXCITING to go to a big birthday party and have a number pinned on you and go sprinting off with a crowd and crash around the course faster than you normally would (or could), the keener and longer pleasures are solitary. There are, of course, bad days both going out solo and going out racing. A bad day touring: packs of snowmobiles coming and going. Aside from their shrieking noise and their stink and juggernaut destruction of fences, saplings, and bird and animal life keeping warm under the snow, snowmobiles can wreck a trail for anything but another snowmobile. The engine heats up the snow. The snow refreezes into sheet ice. The next snowmobile along churns out ice chunks with its tank tread as though someone had stuck fifty cents in an ice machine. And it's not just along a narrow swath on one side of the trail. Snowmobiling for fun (I exclude practical use) is a herd sport, and snowmobile heaven is three abreast at full throttle. So you try to skate back home on the ice chunks, careen out of control, gouge your ski bottoms, hit a stone wall, and break a ski tip.

As for a bad day racing: even if you've got a piece of basic technique and some wind and muscle, there can still be a problem with snow and wax. When it's cold it's not too hard to recognize the snow type and the right basic wax. But when the snow gets wet and warm, it's a mess. Even Finnish and Swedish run out of words for it.

The other week I raced in the Putney relays. A team had lost a man and I hopped in out of the crowd. The snow was slush. The *cognoscenti* were discussing what *kind* of slush it was and were blowtorching on the esoteric once-a-year waxes: hard yellow, silver klister, and mixed secret

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ingredients. I smeared on purple klister (all I had). The label was ambiguously translated, "For changing conditions." I got to the starting line just in time for the gun. I was dead last out of the gate, last up the hill, and last into the woods. Every time I kicked, my ski slipped backwards. By the time I'd done my six-and-a-quarter mile leg I'd raised blisters on my hands from poling. My clothes were soaked with three pounds of sweat. No quitting, because it was a relay. Near the finish there was a crowd lining the track, come to see the hotshots. I approached this gauntlet of shame with my eyes fixed straight ahead, my cheeks burning. I slithered and lurched toward the tag line. A man pulled his wife back from crossing the track. She: *Oh, I thought they'd gone by hours ago.*

How did I preen myself into this? The day before, I'd done the same distance in slightly moist snow with some speed and, I thought, some style. I'd kicked and glided along in happy solitude, almost catching up to my phantom vision of how it's done.

I tag my man. Strip off racing bib. Pull hat low over eyes. Cringing. Not one of the club after all.

It becomes funny after a half hour. Although I can still work up a blush. And sometimes a gritty little desire to find another race, get the right wax, and whip someone's ass.

I'll dry out my peacock tail feathers some other way. Maybe a race on a dry day. Maybe. But the immediate solution is to go up to Burke Mountain and cruise around the trails. A frozen crust, not the most pleasant condition. The skis clatter over ruts, and the downhills are faster than normal. I take several nose dives at tight corners. But the wax holds somewhat up the rises. I feel better already. Halfway along the five-mile trail I come out into an open field. Across a broad valley there is a vast threatening horizon. The wind (I learn later) is blowing almost fifty-five miles an hour. I can see the snow squalls coming for miles. A couple blow close by, blotting out the pine trees. A squall hits directly, and for an instant I'm breathing snow. It passes, but there's no more sun, no shadow. The sky is a milky glow, the same color as the crust. The perspective from my eyes to my ski tips is whited out. The air catches the sky and snow color. As I move along it's like floating inside a pearl. A little frightening.

Next day I sign up for a [illegible] a balm. The instructor is a [illegible] lege racer. It's a bad icy [illegible] have a good time. We swit[illegible] back and forth going arou[illegible] I can watch him do it right [illegible] see what I'm doing wrong e[illegible] as how my stride is pretty [illegible] balm), but if I'm interest[illegible] any racing?—he pauses [illegible] maybe. Then there are a [illegible] How to keep driving over [illegible] the rises, around turns. Al[illegible] are too long, inhibiting m[illegible] ting low enough to balan[illegible] over the driving knee. Al[illegible] things to learn. Not just fo[illegible] for the feel of it. We agree[illegible] the George Washington' [illegible] Race.

BACK HOME to South Ne[illegible] mont, where we've n[illegible] this winter. I ski out late in e[illegible] an easy flat trail that skir[illegible] The water runs black dow[illegible] dle, dark green against th[illegible] along the bank, and occasi[illegible] up in pale green and white[illegible] I push hard across an ope[illegible] glide in for a rest in the sh[illegible] woods. The sun is going [illegible] miles from home but I feel [illegible] The back of my sweater, m[illegible] and my moustache are c[illegible] the white frost of my [illegible] breath. It has been a gre[illegible] I wonder a minute if sc[illegible] pleasure is sharpened b[illegible] afraid that these woods [illegible] which should outlast me [illegible] Maybe. But I felt the [illegible] shapes of trees in winter, [illegible] and the air carrying the h[illegible] the cold long before I lea[illegible] all that in frames. And I'[illegible] very early on I wonder[illegible] travel into winter, how to [illegible] that it all closed around m[illegible]

I think again of skin[illegible] coral reefs. I pull the ice of[illegible] tache and knock the frost [illegible] I start home in the half li[illegible] back in the tracks I've ma[illegible] spurt of energy. I begin to[illegible] I pick up the tempo, bal[illegible] over the driving ski. I [illegible] catching the phantom in f[illegible] It feels like the old recurri[illegible] as if the silver air is comi[illegible] the skin of my chest and [illegible] uncoiling down through [illegible] each stride.

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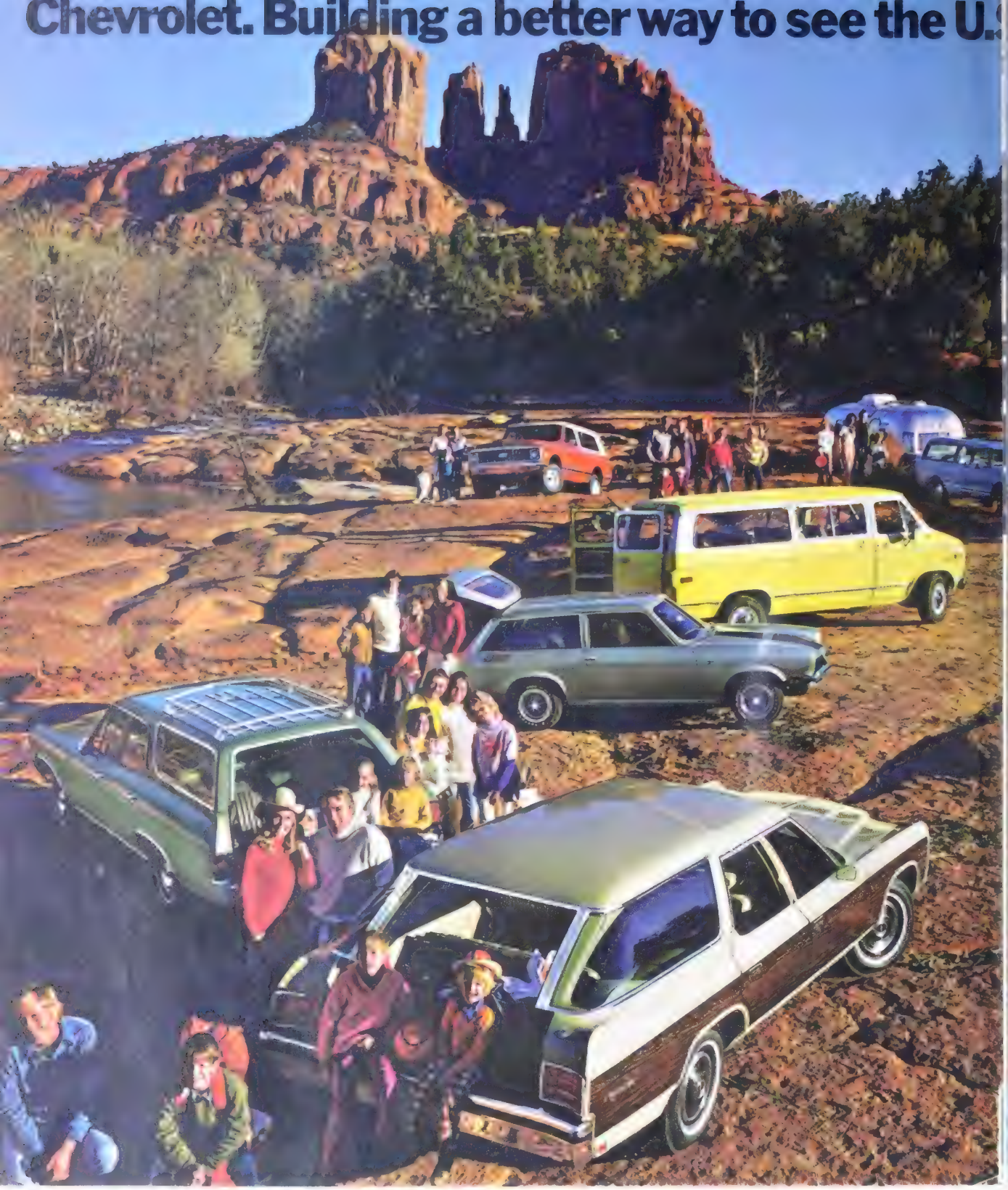
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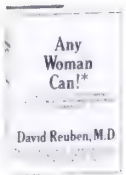
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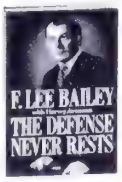


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Harper's Magazine

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ABOUT THIS ISSUE



Harrison Wellford

Journalism, to put new teeth in an old saw, is too important to be left to journalists. In a literate society we expect that the stories that demand telling will somehow be told, whether or not there's a journalist present to tell them. In fact, there are some stories that simply aren't accessible to the working journalist, others that benefit in some special way from the "insider's" perspective.

In this issue, *Harper's* offers two major articles by nonjournalists: "Shuffle Brain" by Paul Pietsch (page 41) and "Democracy and the Good Life in a Company Town" by Peter Schuck and Harrison Wellford (page 56). Both are written with grace and intelligence, and both deserve to be read.

Pietsch, who teaches neuroanatomy at Indiana University, is in the unusual position of reporting on his own work. The benefit, of course, is that not only does the reader learn how Pietsch's research confirms the holographic theory of memory but he is afforded some insight into the scientific process itself, and he can appreciate the elegance with which theory and experiment interact.

Schuck and Wellford, both of whom are associated with Ralph Nader's Center for the Study of Responsive Law in Washington, first came into contact with St. Mary's,



Peter Schuck

Georgia, while working in Sav
doing research for *The Water*
a study of water policy by in
published by The Center. Shoc
what they saw there, they none
hesitated to get involved, feeli
story would eventually be tol
journalist. Only after a num
journalists repeatedly failed to
did the two sit down to record
observations of the town.

If 25,000 mainland Chinese of all ages and professions were suddenly permitted to emigrate to, say, Singapore, there is little doubt that they would be met there by television klieg lights, newsmagazine pundits, university research teams, foundation philanthropoids, and (doubtless) CIA agents—all eager to discover, from firsthand sources, how Communist China really works. We Americans do seem to have become sophisticated enough to realize that the smiles or frowns of Great Helmsmen do not fully explain the complexities of life in a society under Communist rule.

Yet such is the modishness of American curiosity these days that a real migration every bit as significant —the continuing exodus of thousands of Jews from Soviet Russia—has attracted relatively little notice, partly because, while China is "in" this year, Russia has been "out" for quite some time. What scant attention the exodus has received has been rather narrowly focused on the familiar Zionist theme of victims of anti-Semitism reaching the Promised Land. "Let My People Go" has been the slogan, with little or no interest in the latter-day "Israelites" as incomparable witnesses to the quality of life in Pharaonic "Egypt," let alone as experts on parting seas.

Yet the more than 25,000 Soviet Jews already in Israel constitute the largest group of refugees from the U.S.S.R. since the aftermath of World War II left tens of thousands of Russian war prisoners and forced laborers in Germany. Moreover, unlike those postwar refugees, or individual defectors later on, the new migrants fought their way out of Russia—against all previous odds—by means of an unprecedented mass protest movement that has not hesitated to employ sit-ins, demonstrations, hunger strikes, and other distinctly "un-Soviet" tactics.

Our European Editor, Anatole Shub, flew from Paris to Tel Aviv early this year to meet some of the Soviet Jews, in an attempt to discover how, and why, their extraord
movement got started. His arti
this issue, "From Russia
Chutzpah" (page 72), repor
findings on the genesis of the
exodus.

For the Russian-speaking Sh
former Moscow correspondent
encounter with the Soviet Jew
something in the nature of Old
Week. Each day's talks with f
Soviet citizens brought fasci
new tales about the most diver
pects of life on "one-sixth o
earth's surface." To his surprise,
found hardly anyone else exp
what he sees as a gold mine
formation about Russia as it rea
Perhaps such indifference to
reality is the psychic price
Americans expect to pay for the
lated "discovery" of China. B
older generation, at least, sho
member how a similar indiffe
toward Russia—when Ger
Italy, and Japan held the spotli
helped lead to unpleasant sur



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guarantee ever made a car du-
olid, or economical if it wasn't
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LETTERS

A Happy Death

It is undeniably captious of me to register a protest about the omission of the translator's name in the chapter from Camus' *A Happy Death* [March] when, with such particular care, a warm tribute has been paid to him on page four.

However, as a layman who feels an unending debt to good translators, I wish that credit might have been given in both cases, since the reference on page four can so easily be overlooked. One of the great problems for translators, as I am sure you know, is that their names are often omitted from credit lines, and in this case there was just the right space after "Reprinted by permission" for "Translated by Richard Howard."

I am sure this was an oversight: your concern for the matter is obvious. Thank you.

JOY CHUTE
New York, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE:
Not crediting Mr. Howard's excellent translation was indeed an oversight. Henceforth we will give translators credit where credit is due—right there under the title of their work.

The Easy Chair

When the advance press releases came in, I doubted their veracity. John Fischer ["Georgia: Mother of Social Invention," March] had not *really* come to Georgia, visited Gainesville and the mountains, perceived change and written about it. No, the press releases had left out the simple-minded praise of a progressive governor (who is not progressive) and omitted the investigation of the ruling oligarchies who still forbade Negroes to vote.

For once, thank God, somebody just wrote about what has been happening. I'm grateful to him for it. The long years of struggle to eliminate the county unit system, the civil-rights marches to integrate the ballot box, the painful but necessary overthrow of the Bourbon oligarchy have had impact. People like Martin Luther King and Ralph McGill did not spend their lives in futile battles: there *are* results that speak for the worth of their efforts. So I really was grateful to find that Mr. Fischer had written so well about my hometown (Gainesville) and about the state. As he pointed out, there remain tremendous problems. These old red clay hills still have a lot of poor people scattered over them. But as Henry Grady said nearly a century ago, "The South of slavery and secession is gone, thank God . . . we are living, breathing, growing every minute . . ."

REG MURPHY, Editor
The Atlanta Constitution
Atlanta, Ga.

Eight Months on Full Feed

Hallelujah! Let's have more informative articles of the type written by Vance Bourjaily ["Eight Months on Full Feed," March]. This is the kind of material that helps the sated American consumer to properly distinguish between quantity and quality. As a nation of meat eaters, we have long needed an exposition that conclusively demonstrates that the grading standards called U.S. Good, Choice, and Prime are nothing more than euphemisms for Fat, Fatter, and Fattest. And should the truth be further extended, there are distinct differences between animals' fat on their food intake and the ease in which they are utilized by the human body.

Being one of those few lucky Americans who on occasion has partaken of a few morsels of beef, pork, and lamb raised by his country in-laws for their own tables, I too attest that the flavor and texture of these meats is incomparable with the commercial product. Unfortunately, I, like most Americans, must rely on these commercial grades to fill our larder.

It is exactly this reliance upon commercially raised meats that makes me wonder just how significant a factor they were to my recently experienced coronary attack and concurrent high cholesterol count. With a menu consisting principally of roasts, broiled cuts, and no medical history involving weight, physique, heredity and activity predisposing me to such an attack at my age, it just could be that those euphemisms for Fat, Fatter and Fattest were the culprits most responsible in bringing on my affliction.

EUGENE [illegible]
Rockf[illegible]

The Scientist as Sh[illegible]

The sure hand that Malachi [illegible] brought to the decline of the do[illegible] religions in his book *The En[illegible]* seems to me quite absent in [illegible] sideration of "The Scientist [illegible] man" [March]. I distrust [illegible] more than does he such a letha[illegible] as B. F. Skinner offers us in th[illegible] of "science." By great good [illegible] it is bad science, and will no[illegible] But Martin's undiscriminating [illegible] on all whom he describes as [illegible]

ives the reader a single road
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nces as without human rele-
hat Martin fails to tell is the
and demonstrable break-
that has occurred in the nat-
nces in little over a decade.
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horitative of scientific jour-
ure, now publishes a weekly
nt subtitled *The New Biol-*
l what Martin dismisses as
– the unjustified leap to
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f many minds, lay and scien-
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ly digesting evidences unan-
a generation ago.
gles out *The Imperial Ani-*
iger and Fox, for unpleasant
Within scarcely a decade
l cultural discoveries in Af-
literally turned upside down
nptions concerning human
. What the book presents is a
fort to synthesize our new
e with older anthropological
A critic must conclude Mar-
te unfamiliar with the evi-
er and Fox have dealt with.
as emerged in this decade,
on the basis of hard evidence, is an entirely new interpretation of evolution and man. Malachi Martin is dealing with the new scientific development with the nineteenth-century fixations of a Bishop Wilberforce. The contemporary evolutionist, exploring a wilderness of new evidences, needs the hard hand of criticism, God knows. But such as his will not do.

ROBERT ARDREY
Rome, Italy

I can well understand the alarm that Malachi Martin tells about in his article against scientians. It's a valid outcry, I think, against what must surely be a turn from scientific plausibility to scientific implausibility. Truly any removal from scientific theory and fact causes alarm, and much of what B. F. Skinner has written in his book *Beyond Freedom and Dignity* has created questions, if not doubt, as to the scientific validity of his assumptions and what he has to say. But it must be remembered, I believe, that Skinner is making guesses on the basis of what he has examined through experimentation, observation, and his own research. After all, psychology is the science of understanding, prediction, and control of behavior. So it is reasonable to assume that, from his understanding of social problems, his experiences, and his research, Dr. Skinner has made a valid prediction of what is likely to occur in our unforeseeable future. As for the other scientians that Malachi Martin writes about, only time can tell whether or not what they say is scientific or merely the unscientific outcry of a shaman searching in the dark. Whatever the case may be, I do not think anyone is wise enough at this moment in our history to say that Skinner is wrong or right, that he is being unscientific, that his conclusions are unfounded. What may appear to be unscientific doesn't necessarily have to be so in fact. At any rate, although I am in agreement somewhat with Martin, I believe B. F. Skinner and the scientians, as they are called, have the upper hand and will prove to be right.

EMMETT E. Q. HAYES
Dayton, Ohio

Martin's article is amusing and makes some good points – a few scientists who have gone far from any facts. But it also represents a deep

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bias of many humanists that to understand is to make boring. What could be further from the truth!

In "The Scientist as Shaman" Martin concludes that "They will close man's mind to any possibility of ultimate mystery. This promises a boredom as great as the universe..." But it is science that has opened man's mind and revealed how great the universe actually is. Far from creating boredom, the explanation of a universe measured in millions of light-years is infinitely more challenging than explaining a few square miles in the Garden of Eden. Science offers excitement..."as great as the universe."

S. L. WASHBURN
Department of Anthropology
University of California
Berkeley, Calif.

MALACHI MARTIN REPLIES:

It is nowadays a common if somewhat corrupted borrowing from an earlier mode to brand any criticism of scientists as heretical, and in lieu of reasoned response, to brand the critic as superstitious and full of fear that cherished values will be destroyed. And, I must confess, heretical though it may be, it is wise to fear the scientist who, powerful with reputation and genuine accomplishment, and who without doffing the regalia of his office, proclaims "knowledge" beyond all responsible science and often beyond all knowledge of man.

It is merely supercilious—and in some cases possibly self-serving—to justify scientism as an attempt to reconcile scientific breakthroughs, however numerous or impressive they may be, with earlier discoveries. Indeed, Dr. Leakey's valuable discoveries, and science itself, are not served but betrayed and made a joke of by such mental somersaults and sheer poetic frenzy as Tiger and Fox's presentation of the inner thoughts of Paleozoic man or Desmond Morris's subtle analysis of my sex life as compared with that of 30,000-year-old *homo sapiens*. To suggest that scientian writings bear any resemblance to scientific hypothesis is not only to ignore the criteria of science; it is also to ignore the fact that these writings are presented, not as hypothesis, but as knowledge, as fact, and they are expected to be taken as such by large numbers of people who have more respect for science than specialized training to analyze the contributions of its baser offshoots.

The defense of all scie
every stance, merely because
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in question, serves neither sc
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answers; it smacks of a d
born of fear ("You mean *th*
have my answers either?")
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voices raised in the name o
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of ideas in dialogue, and not
claim the scientific as the on
knowing, but indeed proclai
edge" in a manner totally ar
to the needs of man and to
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Mickey Mouse in the M

Peter Browning's arro
writing about development
for the Mineral King valley
Mouse in the Mountains,"
typifies the selfishness of "re
ists" who would wall off th
ness from all those who are n
enough, wealthy enough, o
have time enough to enjoy
thinks it should be enjoyed.

The land he writes of is
owned, belonging to every
ghetto dwellers to the whi
well-paid elite who, accord
U.S. Forest Service study,
the great majority of the pe
visit wilderness and primitiv

Browning sneers at th
would pay for a chair lift ra
climb a mountain, would
motel bed to a sleeping
would use roads rather than
Yet it is obvious that these
things taxpayers want in the
own. If they are provided,
make use of them.

The Forest Service calcul
fewer than one million peop
the wilderness areas in a yea
one-half of 1 per cent of this
population. For this tiny



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Browning's cohorts have som
lion acres of wilderness to
and are incredibly pressing
double that area set aside f
exclusive pleasure.

He is shocked that more a
Americans are visiting thes
lured by improved access a
creature comforts. And what
with that? Certain developme
careful controls is desirable
even more people can see th
ness. There is no good reaso
should be restricted to people
Browning who have nothing
do but wander in the woods.

VENLO WO
Bethe

PETER BROWNING REPLIES:

Mr. Wolfsohn's ire and ig
have enabled him to be wro
counts. Conservationists hav
tention of setting aside areas
exclusive pleasure. On the c
they wish to have the wilder
served so that it may be used
one, and will not become th
preserve of only those who ca
the high cost of staying at
Hiking in the woods is one of
expensive activities availab
need only buy some sensibl
But Wolfsohn's regimen
motel-chair lift will run up
thirty dollars a day—not th
thing within the means of
dwellers." Wolfsohn's statisti
plify the declension: "There
there are big lies, and then t
statistics." Using his logic, l
his statistics, one would arri
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is too much wilderness be
doesn't have the same po
density as the national averag
up the meaning of wilderne
Wolfsohn. The truth is that
too little wilderness, and a
dicted in my article, it is abo
rationed. On March 1, Secr
the Interior Morton announ
visitors to the wilderness a
three national parks (Great
Mountains, Rocky Mounta
Kings Canyon-Sequoia) will
ited this summer. Why?
those areas are already overus
resultant degradation of the
ment. There are presently th
major ski areas in California
chair lifts—and more are bu
year. Mr. Wolfsohn favors n
velopment, as he thinks "thes
things taxpayers want..." Re

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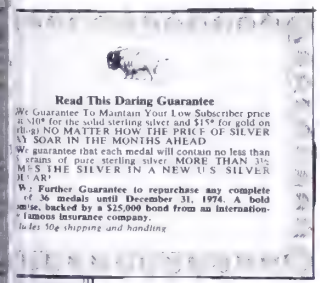
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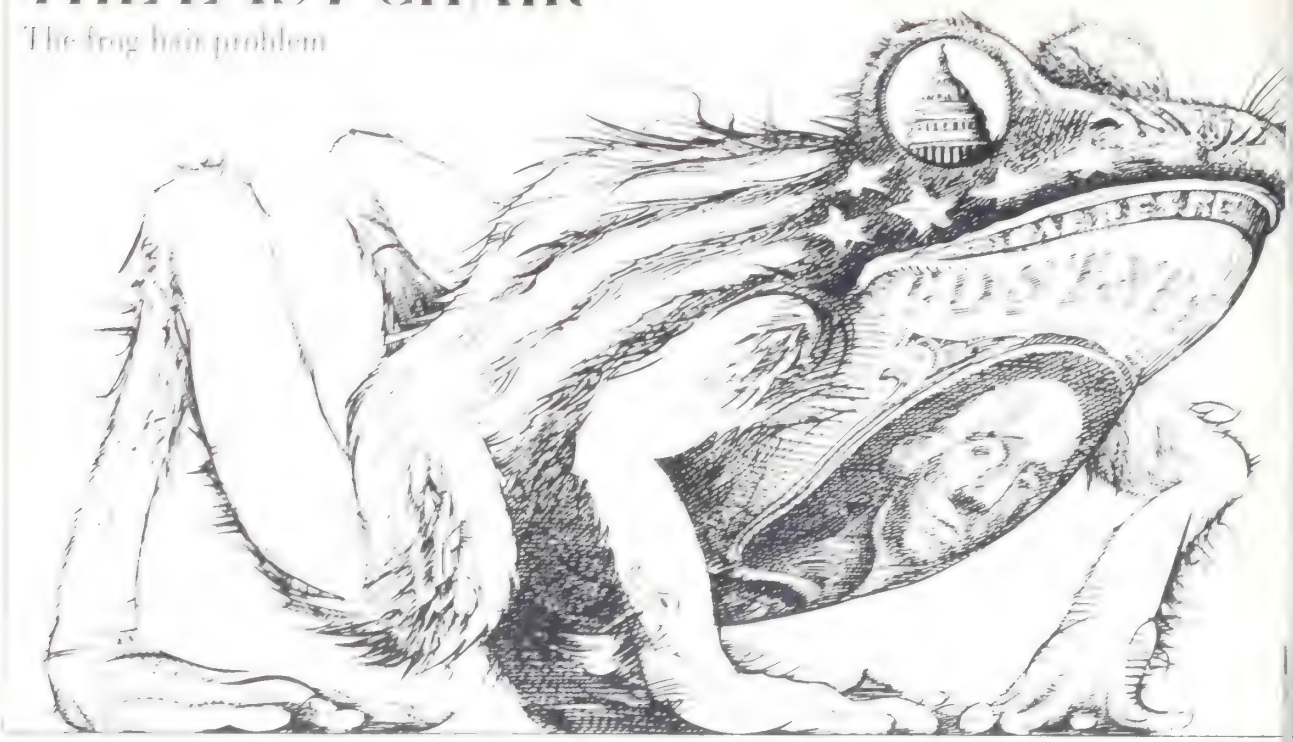
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THE EASY CHAIR

The frog hair problem



THE SUMMER I GRADUATED from law school, I was involved in the unsuccessful Oklahoma campaign of Roy J. Turner to unseat the incumbent United States Senator, Robert S. Kerr.

Both Kerr and Turner were oil millionaires. As the impending clash between these colossi of roads (asphalt) grew more apparent and ineluctable, observers rightly foresaw the greenbacking, if not the greening, of Oklahoma in the campaign days ahead.

The sharp ones came out in covies, as they would in any state. Some wanted to be county or town campaign managers for whomever candidate would pay the most. An unprincipled preacher offered to bargain away supposed influence with his unsuspecting congregation. An Avon saleswoman was willing to consider—for a price—adding a pitch for a candidate to her usual sales promotion to regular-route customers. And there were the ubiquitous importunings of hundreds of poll haulers and hangerson. They wanted everything from $25,000 to carry a county to a half pint of whiskey to make the day. From fifty dollars for "gas and expenses" to get to the district church conference, to a thousand dollars to pay back taxes to keep a weekly newspaper publishing.

While most were turned away, a common saying of the time was: "The Kerr-Turner race is better than a cotton crop for Oklahoma and twice as easy to pick."

One young man in the Turner headquarters had as his principal duty running to the Federal Reserve Bank every day as soon as it opened to bring back a thousand or so dollars in cash to be doled out to those who came in declaring that victory in their counties required a little money "to put on a barbecue" or "to hire some women to pick up old folks on Election Day." The great old political wizard who managed the Turner campaign, H. W. "Coach" McNeil, would call the young man into his office each morning and hand him a draft to be cashed at the bank. "My boy," he would say every time with solemn and ritualistic regularity, "we're a little short on frog hair." And just as regularly as the scarce "frog hair" came back from the bank in the form of crisp new bills, it was regularly dispensed by the Coach before the sun went down.

That was 1954: a lot of oil has gone under the bridge since then. Ironically, Turner, as rich as he was, had to pull out of the race for lack of money. Robert Kerr went back to the Senate.

I RAN, SUCCESSFULLY, myself for the United States Senate from Oklahoma ten years later. By that time big money was in television, rather than individual payments. But overall campaign costs had also increased.

I was able to win without the individual payments of the earlier political era because of a skillfully applied use of free news and paid television. I even won in Muskogee, the home of my principal Democratic opponent, the late Senator J. Howard Edmondson, without having spent a *personal* dime—a fact that damned and destroyed already-ailing paid press.

In getting elected to the Senate in 1964, I raised money in three ways: bluff and personal loans; bluff and big first contributions; and bluff and a lot of small contributions.

Most of the money eventually came from a lot of small contributions. I am told now by friends and foes involved that the entire campaign, consisting of an unusually tough Democratic primary and runoff with former governor Raymond Gary, former governor and incumbent Senator Edmondson, as well as an

Fred Harris, senior Senator from Oklahoma, announced his candidacy for President in 1971. On November 7 he withdrew from the race for lack of funds.

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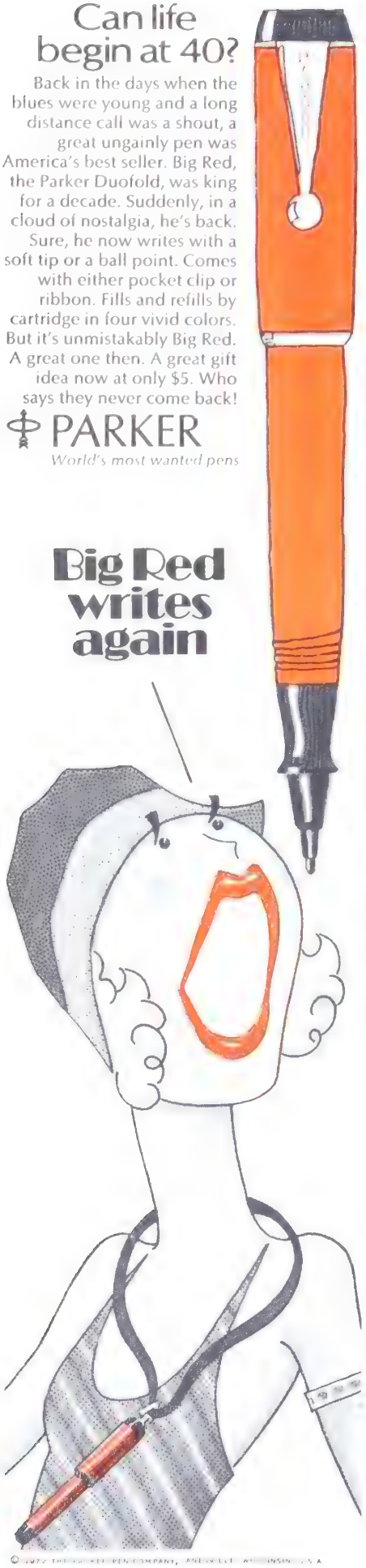
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ous general-election contest with the famous Oklahoma football coach Charles B. "Bud" Wilkinson—probably cost around $750,000.

It seems incredible that I could have spent that much. I remember only the deadlines, the daily crises. "WKY-TV is going to release the television spots they have allotted to you at four o'clock this afternoon unless you can come up with $4,500." "The billboard people have to have $3,200 in the morning or they're going to sell the space to Wilkinson." "We can't get our new bumper stickers from the printers unless we can come up with $2,000 by noon." It was a daily and sometimes hourly—scramble.

I borrowed the beginning money on my personal note at the Security Bank and Trust Company of Lawton, Oklahoma. Three thousand dollars, later increased to six thousand. And we bluffed a lot. The press and the pros will not take you seriously unless you have the money. It doesn't matter what you're saying or what kind of candidate you are. If you don't have the money, they figure you're not going anywhere. So why bother? My friends and supporters put out the word that the financial situation was better than we had ever expected. The press wrote me up as a serious contender. And the pros read the press.

Next came the big first money. When it's time to spend money—to buy advertising, to hire staff, to open an office—you either have it or you don't.

A lot of old-time Oklahoma farmers still won't plant potatoes, say, unless the signs—astrological signs and the phase of the moon—are right. In campaigns, not many people will give you money or write in a newspaper that you have a chance unless the signs are right. That means unless you seem to have the money.

I spent a great deal of personal time soliciting big contributors. Some were people who liked me and what I said and hoped I'd win. Most were people who disliked Raymond Gary or Howard Edmondson or Bud Wilkinson and thought I presented the best chance of beating the one they most disliked. A few were afraid I might win and decided to put a little on me for insurance.

We parlayed these contributions into a winning campaign. We puffed them up and trumpeted them about. We waved our checks around and dropped every name that would make a thud. And press people an began to write and say, "You this young Harris may surpris of people." That's all you nee not necessary that the opinion ers write or say that you wi winner. It *is* necessary that th you *can* be a winner.

We were able to raise initial money to come to the at of those who should have be natural constituents of what advocating. And, most import had special coffee-schools fo dreds of those who voluntee convince them that they, them could be opinion molders if the willing to speak out without ridicule for supporting me, give them the skills to do so. tising we saw as a means of ic ing and reinforcing supporters

I won the 1964 Senate race ing able to identify and enl vigorous support of thousands unteers. Then, the last—and money, as well as work, cam them. But the crucial financia was the successful solicitatio few first big contributors. takes a few, but it was here I fe in my short-lived Presidentia paign in 1971.

The question is: how do y vest frog hair without getting

Between July, when I deci run for President, and Nov when I announced I was hav close down because I was bro $40,000 in the hole, I spent $20

About a third of that amou raised in relatively small co tions (around $100 each) f great many friends in Okl About a third of it came from and supporters in Los A Miami, and elsewhere in the c whom I had come to know whe chairman of the Democratic N Committee. The most crucia initial—third came from the p contributions and solicitations bert A. Allen, Jr., a brilliant New York investment banke had gotten involved in politics the 1968 Presidential campaig marily because of his interest ing the war in Vietnam.

Most people cannot conce how costly campaigns are. 1970 Senate campaigns, eleven fifteen major candidates in the biggest states were, themselve lionaires. The four who were n lionaires lost.

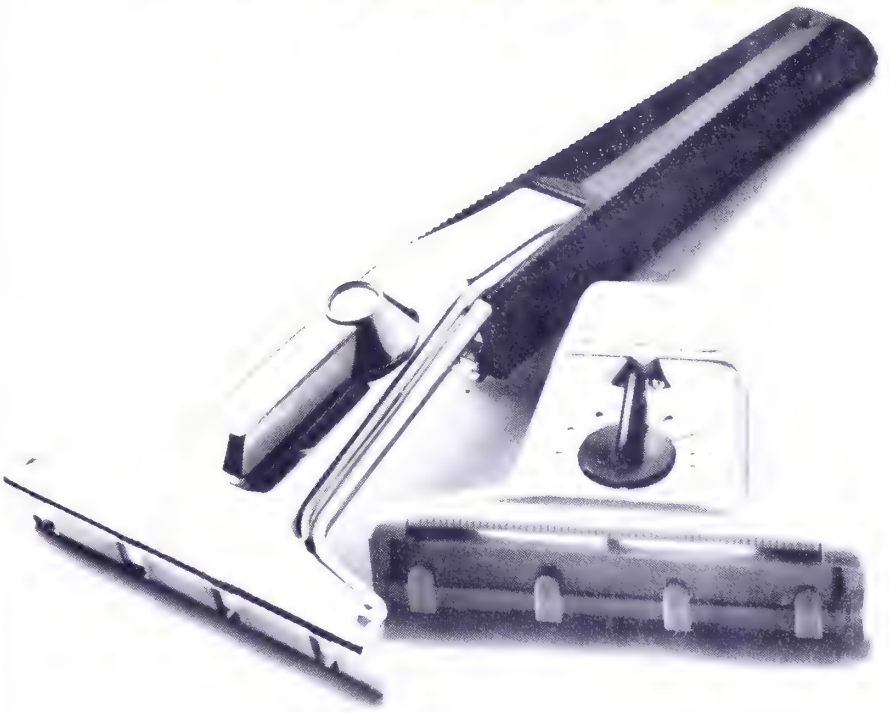
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Rockefeller spent $10 mil-
ng reelected governor of
, and John Lindsay spent $3
his campaign for reelection
of New York City.
residential campaigns of
orted expenditures of $44.2

OR PRESIDENT because I be-
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what I planned to do if I
ed President. "You lost so-
n you mentioned you were
investment credit."
n who had given me a siz-
ning contribution and had
more quit me after I said
h that my daughter won-

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dered why a government th... trace Angela Davis to a mot... couldn't stop the heroin tra... wanted to. "When he accused ... of being racist, that did it for ... was reported to have said.

Another of my principal ... (neither of these was Allen) ... increasingly alienated by ... about breaking up the shared mo... olies that dominate 35 per ... American industry and artific... prices at least 20 per cent te... "Couldn't he just stick to t... traffic and safe subjects like ... he asked my campaign mana...

Worst of all was any talk a... capital-gains provisions of ... laws that are particularly lucr... Wall Street brokers. Libera... get much money from the oil i... and it's therefore not too dif... talk of doing something abou... depletion allowance. But libe... a lot of money from Wall ... Joseph Duffey, former pres... Americans for Democratic ... who ran for United States ... from Connecticut in 1970, ... some of his best contributor... point of freezing their pock... when he included the capi... tax in his list of tax reforms ...

PRIMOGENITURE IS THE PL... which the king's eldest ... ceeds to his father's throne ... sometimes been defended ... ground that while you get a lo... kings that way, you save a ... trouble. Americans, at least ... ciple, would never agree to t... of system for determining w... exercise political power.

Nor would we agree in pri... the "one dollar, one vote" ... system that the oil-rich rea... H. L. Hunt once advocated i... promoting novel he wrote.

Yet consider that the Mello ... in 1968 gave nearly a quar... million dollars to the nationa... lican party, that Nelson Roc... and one sister gave over $1 ... and that the Pew family gav... $200,000. One thing these ... have in common is that their i... fortunes have large dependen... interests. This, taken togeth... the fact that members of the ... Petroleum Council gave the ... campaign more than $200 ... 1968, may not have been u... to President Nixon's later vet...

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own task force's recommendation that the protective oil import quota system be scrapped in favor of a less protective tariff system. One man, one vote? The overcharged customers in fuel-hungry New England would probably not say so.

Insurance executive W. Clement Stone of Chicago, who gave the Nixon campaign $500,000 in 1968 and who contributed around $1 million to various GOP candidates in 1970, when asked about the size of these contributions and those he expects to make in 1972, responded, "If a family has wealth in the neighborhood of $100 million, what's a million in gifts?"

Maybe not much to Mr. Stone. But it's quite a bit to a man who has only one vote. And it's no easier to take when he sees he pays more than his share of taxes—while a lot of rich men like Mr. Stone do not—and yet he can't afford essential things like medical care.

It is not just a matter of whether one agrees or disagrees with the political philosophy of the big contributors. Consider Stewart Rawlings Mott, a thirty-four-year-old bachelor who lives in Manhattan and cultivates an extensive penthouse vegetable and flower garden. He recently said, "I go to sleep at night worrying about the right way to plant radishes."

No threat to democracy in that, you say. But Mr. Mott is a political philanthropist whose second hobby, next to gardening, is giving money to politicians who agree with his views in favor of peace and population control, or who will change their views to suit him. During a ten-week period in 1968, he publicly pledged $50,000 each to the Presidential campaigns of Nelson Rockefeller and Eugene McCarthy. He wound up making political contributions, mostly to McCarthy, totaling $365,000 that year.

My father, a small farmer in southwest Oklahoma, is a better gardener than Mr. Mott. He doesn't go to bed worrying so much about the best way to plant things as he does about whether they'll be worth anything after they come up. Presidential candidates do not, as a rule, line up to ask my father his views on national and international affairs. That may be one reason that so many small farmers like him are being pushed off the land by the rich and corporate farmers who receive huge tax and farm payments subsidies.

Mr. Mott is also a good example of why it is so difficult to get liberal politicians to advocate changes that would do more than just *tinker* with fundamental wrongs or simply *add* a little more to existing New Deal-type programs. Mr. Mott probably believes in the free enterprise system of General Motors, which has more revenue than all but nine countries and which should be broken up into at least five companies under present antitrust laws. For the basis of Mr. Mott's inherited political largess is stock in the General Motors Corporation. His father, Charles Stewart Mott, ninety-six, is the senior director of GM and, together with his wife and children and personal foundation, owns four million shares in GM worth something over $300 million.

President Harry S Truman came to Oklahoma City during his uphill 1948 reelection campaign. After a personal appearance and a national radio speech, he was told by railroad officials that they would not move his campaign train unless he came up with a sizable cash payment. He was President, and, despite the humiliation, he scraped it together with a lot of urgent late-night telephone calls.

I COULDN'T GET *my* train moving again in 1971—just when the populist constituency was beginning to be stirred. But somehow, with the help of those who share my populist belief in the need to turn this country around before it's too late and return it to the people, I intend to keep raising the issues.

One of the prime issues is the fundamental threat to the democratic process posed by the exorbitant costs of campaigning and reliance on the rich to pay them.

The press could be more helpful. *Washington Post* columnist David Broder wrote on November 16, 1971, after I announced out of the Presidential campaign: "Harris quit because he was flat broke, and the prospects for raising money to back a 'populist' candidate who proposed to talk in blunt terms about the maldistribution of wealth and income and taxes in America were nil."

He wrote that if I had been able to stay in the race, win or not, I might have forced the other Democratic candidates—and even President Nixon—to respond to these issues.

Then Broder suggested the contrast between my fate and that of Senator Henry Jackson of Washington, who he wrote, ". . . has no more p support for the presidency than did Fred Harris. . . . Wha son does have is a record that him very popular with a certa people . . . who happen to have to spend on politics. Whatev pens to Jackson's candidac Democratic nominee will hav spond to those [Jackson's] iss not Harris's issues because Ja not Harris, is the kind of ca who can raise the money to run paign."

The irony is that the *Wash Post*, itself, contributed to that As Tom Bethell has writte harshly, in the *Boston Phoeni* a considerable degree, I thi campaign of Senator Fred R. of Oklahoma for the Dem nomination failed because th decided not to cover it. Most Washington press corps follow and Harris found it impossibl taken seriously—a fatal liabilit you're trying to give people to contribute money to you paign."

Bethell then quoted a letter received, responding to his c of the *Post*, from Executive Benjamin Bradlee in which stated, "We left Harris out b in the opinion of our experts, h was anything but a non-starte

IT'S A CIRCLE. The press take you seriously becau haven't got the money. You d the money because the press take you seriously.

What's a poor candidate to

He can raise hell and ho others get as alarmed about th lems and the implications for racy as he is.

He can do what he can to g laws. Federal subsidization of centives for small contributi candidates and parties. Rigid forceable limits on campaign e tures, particularly for bro media, and size of contributi minimum amount of televisio at greatly reduced cost for eac nominee for President, Congre and Senator.

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LETTER FROM MIT

Science after the fall



VISITING THE Massachusetts Institute of Technology after an absence of six years is like visiting an old friend who has lost his religion. If the people I have been talking with here in Cambridge are any indication, American scientists and technologists are in a chastened and uncertain mood. They may still believe that science is essential to man's salvation but they are no longer so sure science alone is enough. This uncertainty has been voiced by, among others, MIT's new president, Jerome B. Wiesner. Wiesner, a fifty-six-year-old electrical engineer of distinguished professional attainments, concluded his inaugural address last October with a poem of his own composition, in which he seemed to be saying that much of what gives meaning to life transcends science, and is inaccessible to it. That is not exactly a new thought, but it is not what one expects to hear, even in prose, from the head of an institution that has symbolized the awesome power—some would say arrogance—of American science and technology since World War II.

There are, of course, good reasons for this change in mood. The awe in which scientists, notably physical scientists, were held during the twenty years that followed Hiroshima has given way, in part, to boredom, suspicion, and impatience. Americans—or to be more precise, their representatives in Washington—are no longer willing to support scientific workers with their former generosity, and even at a university as rich and renowned as MIT, people have been hurt. To be sure, MIT is still getting about as much research money from Washington—$164 million this year—as it has in the past. But this money, which MIT counts on to pay part of its faculty salaries, no longer stretches as far as it used to, and the Institute has had to shrink its faculty from 975 members in 1969 to 887 at the beginning of this academic year. In the process, it has let go a number of young assistant professors whom it would have liked to keep. And some of these, confronting the fact that most other universities are even harder up than MIT, have not yet found decent jobs.

Many graduate students, too, are having a hard time. Most of them still get financial help in the form of teaching or research assistantships, or government fellowships. But the number of students with such fellowships has declined from 700 in 1968 to fewer than 300. And while MIT has ac up part of the difference out i own pocket, students here are hu lir for an education in a way tha ha almost gone out of style, for scie ist at least, in the booming 1960s.

"More students are paying ne own way or going to the loan fu was told by Irwin Sizer, dean t graduate school. "There are cer in more students trying to find o si jobs, or working as waiters i t dining halls. I think you also e postponement of marriage a children."

What depresses many stu nt however, is not so much their pr e circumstances as their prospect A though people leaving MIT Vi Ph.D.s are still finding jobs, ma these jobs are dead ends. Of th l students who were awarded d to ates by MIT last September, ro h a third—a much higher propo io than in any past year—have h settle for positions as postdocto searchers in laboratories conn t with MIT or other univer These jobs are seldom good for than a year, and they pay as lit $7,000, compared with the $1

Spencer Klaw is the author of The New mins: Scientific Life in America.

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1971 Consumer Price Index Up 37%

1961

1971 Phone Rates Up 8% (C.P.I.)

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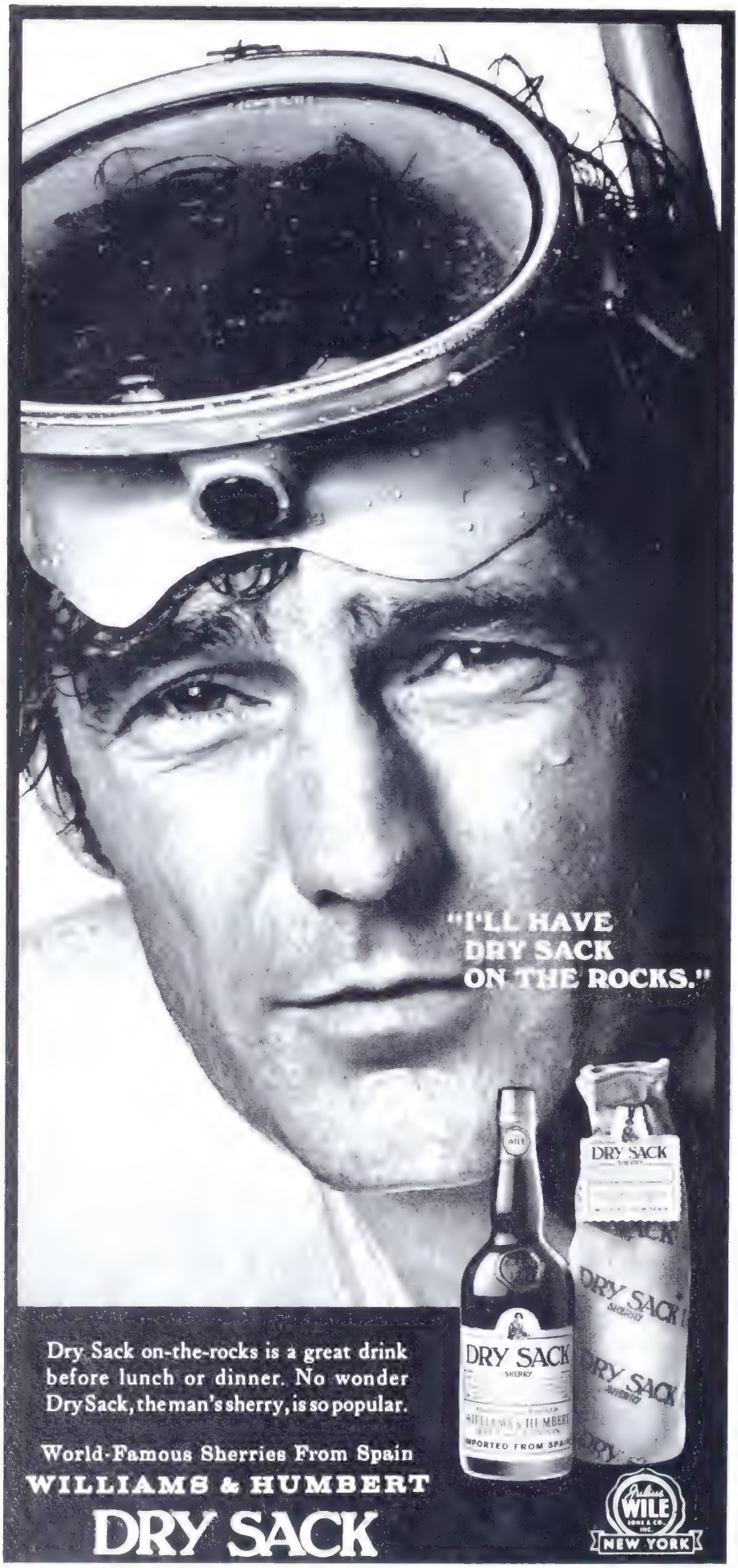
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reason to expect something
this can be a nasty shock.

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physics department, which h
very much at the center of thi
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search through one of the b
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MIT's world-famous Resear
oratory of Electronics—that
up here during and after Wo
II. As a result, nobody in the
department seems to know
how much money MIT physi
getting (or not getting) for
these days. But I was told by
Weisskopf, the head of the
ment, that, taking inflation
count, government support
ical research here has been
about 30 per cent over the p
years. One effect has been
assistant professors whose
ments came up for renewal la
and who would, in palmier da
been rehired for three-year
were told they would have t
Two of these men, Weissko
have not yet found anything
porary jobs. The job market f
icists is so bad, in fact, that
first time since the Depressio
icists with doctorates from M
thinking of quitting the fie
gether.

How all this will affect the
of American physics is hard t
Some people here take a tou
arguing that really gifted your
icists are still getting good jo
that the rest are unlikely to
anything of much importance
circumstances. This is more
the position taken by Weissk
Austrian by birth, Weisskopf
own Ph.D. at Göttingen in 193
job opportunities for physicis
about the same as for poets. "
told my father I wanted to be
icist," he recalled, "he said, 'W
earth for? You'll never
penny.'" After the war, We
said, the pendulum swung too
other way, and many youn
ple went into physics simply
they could be sure of a good j
he conceded that students now
ing up their doctoral work at
like MIT have good reason
angry. "Here is a generation





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t's the banner America's rural systems carry.

instance, in Alabama, rural elec-ers brought together builders and ernment and community officials to s to solve in their state one of rural 's most pressing problems—housing and moderate income families.

t of these meetings, plus fact-finding d surveys of needs, came plans . . . ion. Today, hundreds of new homes are , with many more scheduled.

over the country it's happening . . . the of America's rural electric systems getting s underway for rural housing, water and ystems and other basic community facilities.

al Americans know how to get blueprints off boards; three decades ago they did what many could not be done; they brought into reality con- meeting rural America's need for electric power. y're applying their experience and skill on a broader help meet America's need for thriving rural commu- . for people.

nsumer-owned rural electric systems *are* people . . . ople, working hard to make the seventies a decade of irth . . . to create better patterns for a better future for all.

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ple who have studied physics under the stimulus of Sputnik," he said. "As kids in school they were told this was a great national emergency, that we needed scientists. So they worked hard—it's not easy to become a physicist—and now they have maybe a wife and a child, and they are out on the street and naturally they feel cheated."

IF PEOPLE HERE have been jolted by Washington's diminished enthusiasm for academic research, they have been much more heavily buffeted by the Vietnam war. Up to a few years ago, giving confidential advice to politicians and military men was a way of life here. Wiesner himself, who left MIT temporarily in 1961 to serve as President Kennedy's chief scientific adviser, for many years before that had been spending almost as much time in Washington as in Cambridge. And there are still people at MIT—including some who think the Vietnam war is stupid and immoral—who regularly advise government officials, even on secret military matters. But I gathered from a talk with one such adviser, who asked that he not be mentioned by name, that they are not all completely happy about their situation. "A lot of good people here work in one way or another for the Defense Department," he said. "They really are good people, and yet a lot of them are kidding themselves. After the Vietnam war, it's very hard to maintain the hope that the work you do will be put to good use. I myself would have difficulty working on tactical weapons that might be used in Vietnam." Unlike some other consultants, this adviser said, he doesn't find defense problems intellectually stimulating. "But being in on how many missiles they have, and how many we have, and all that—that was always exciting." He smiled wanly and added, "For a lot of people it still is exciting."

But many people here who used to be in the advising business, including some of the most prominent ones, like Wiesner, now go to Washington mainly to look for research funds, or to testify against government programs like the ABM. One man who has completed this metamorphosis, a physicist named Henry Way Kendall, told me that he became a government consultant in the late 1950s because he thought the United States was building and deploying far too many [illegible] clear weapons, and he wanted to [illegible] something about it. "But as time went on," he said, "it became clear that [illegible] technical solution that would mitigate the ferocity of the conflict we [illegible] to be headed for would be accepta[illegible] to the people who were running things. And so eventually I got out." A handsome, articulate man who appears to lead his life at a decent [illegible] Kendall was a founder, three years ago, of a Cambridge group called the Union of Concerned Scientists, which operates rather like one of Ralph Nader's study groups. Recently, for instance, Kendall and two other members of the group wrote a report accusing the Atomic Energy Commission of allowing nuclear power plants to be built without adequate safeguards against serious accidents. Kendall and his associates are also taking legal steps to prevent the construction of a nuclear plant at Plymouth, Massachusetts, until the AEC establishes what they regard as adequate safety standards.

THERE HAS BEEN A LOT of [illegible] argument here, though it has died down in the past year or so, about MIT's involvement in military research. That involvement has been equaled in extent by any other educational institution except perhaps the University of California. Radar was developed here in the early 1940s, and MIT engineers and scientists (Wiesner among them) designed the elaborate electronic warning system that was put into place in the 1950s to protect the United States against Russian bombers. More recently, guidance systems for the Polaris and Poseidon missiles were developed at MIT.

Secret military research here is confined to the Lincoln and Draper Laboratories, which were set up some years ago specifically to work for the Department of Defense, and which now employ a total of 3,200 people. In 1969 there was demand from students, and from some faculty members, including the well-known linguistics scholar Noam Chomsky, that all military work at the two laboratories be stopped. This demand was eventually turned down, partly on the ground that, even though the laboratories already were doing a great deal of nonmilitary research, to terminate all military contracts [illegible]

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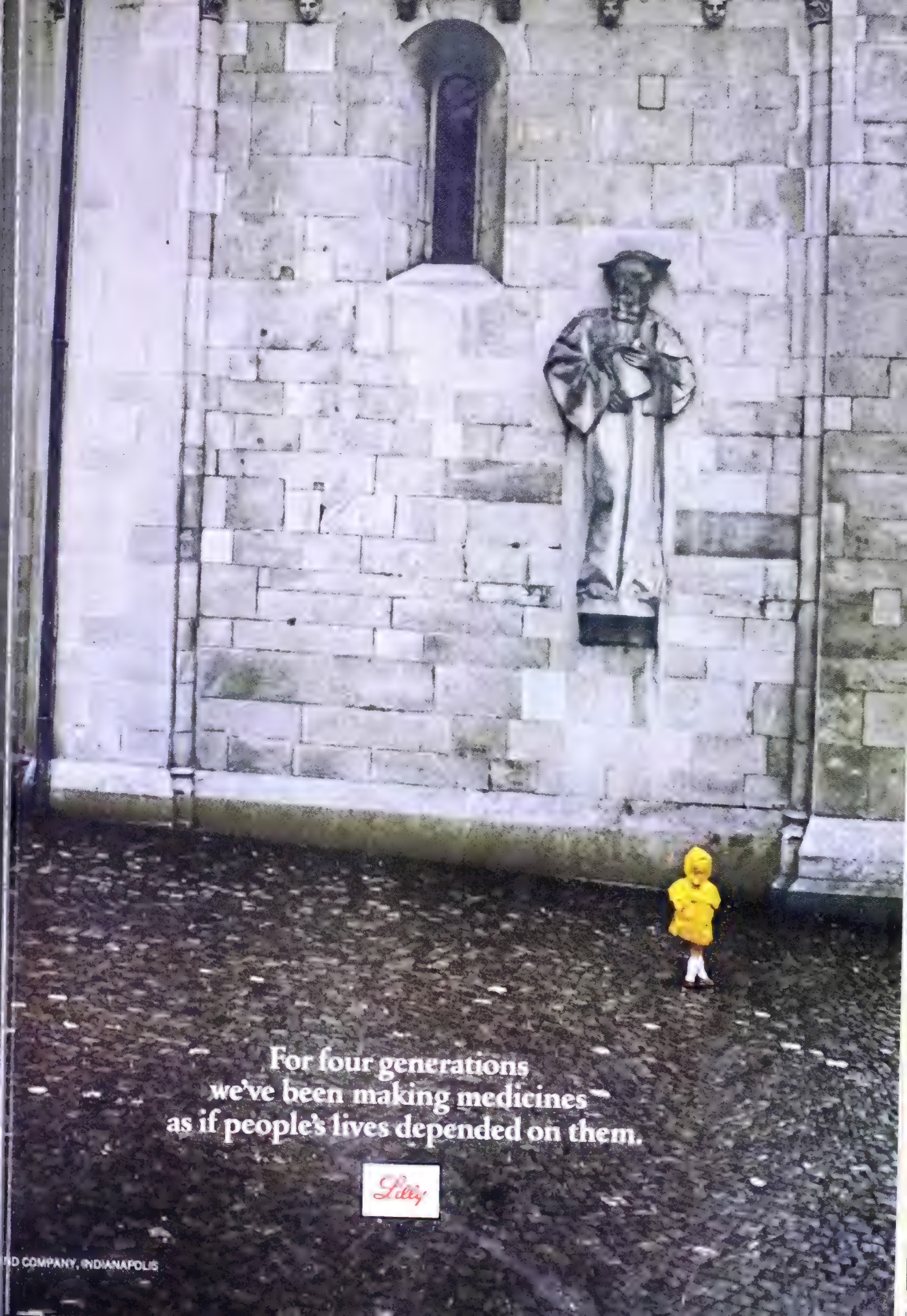


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irowing a great many people vork. Wiesner, among others, o argued that MIT cannot brush aside its obligations to ernment. He has said that even he has been opposed for years hington's arms policies, "I lieve I should use my position nstitution to subvert a policy rnment. . . . That's where my y takes me."

compromise, the Institute has to sell or otherwise divest it- the Draper Laboratory. It is mally a part of MIT, but its , Charles Stark Draper, an s professor of aeronautical en- ig who is perhaps the world's authority on guidance sys- or missiles and spaceships, ery much out of things at MIT ays. The walls of his office, s located in an old shoe-polish on the edge of the campus, ered with plaques and certifi- stifying to his contributions e and military technology— a time when MIT and Wash- aw eye to eye, and everyone who the bad guys were. A ired man of seventy, wear- less bifocals and a shapeless t, Draper told me that at the of the campaign to stop all work at the laboratory he like Joan of Arc facing her ors. "Of course I've worked ary things, and I'd do it again similar circumstances," he ight now, I don't want to see sians get *too* far ahead of us. n't trust human nature that ater, at lunch, he spoke of y. "At least he's rational," he 've had lunch with him at ber's. He likes to eat well." s secretary, who had joined fiercely, "That's what gives strength to do all that talk- Wiesner and other old com- arms, for whom Draper and oratory have come to be a f embarrassment rather than Draper tactfully said nothing.

E DRAPER, many MIT faculty nbers who used to work on problems of interest to the orces now work on other mat- lked, for instance, with Louis who is head of MIT's De- t of Electrical Engineering. A an with graying hair, and a iton in his lapel, Smullin told

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me that at one time he had been head of the Weapons Division at the Lincoln Laboratory but had quit many years ago because he didn't want to work on anti-ballistic missiles. "This wasn't a moral decision," he said. "I just thought the ABM was an insoluble problem, and I said the hell with it." Although Smullin himself then turned his attention to a non-military problem—the generation of power by thermonuclear reaction he said that many other people in his department had continued, through most of the 1960s, to do research that was supported by the Defense Department. "We began our shift away from military research rather late," he said. "This is a good, successful department, and our sponsors have kept on supporting us even in this period of cutbacks. When you're doing well, it's hard to shift ground. But it's been some years since anybody in the department has worked on direct military problems."

Now, Smullin said, many electrical engineers have gone into biomedical engineering, which is booming at MIT, and are working on new sensory devices for people who are deaf or blind, and on new diagnostic instruments. Others are working on such things as better ways to monitor air pollution, more efficient ways to organize blood banks, a device that will sort trash automatically, and a magnetically suspended high-speed train.

Other people here besides electrical engineers are also busy trying to beat swords into plowshares (or trash sorters). Students and faculty members at MIT's Fluid Mechanics Laboratory, for example, who used to spend much of their time on studies bearing on missile technology, are now doing things like developing techniques for containing oil spills, and for economically turning salt water into fresh. But shifts like this are not always easy. One difficulty is that finding ways to improve transportation or urban housing, or to stop the pollution of coastal waters, is likely to require the collaboration of economists, political scientists, city planners, and perhaps several varieties of engineers. This is hard to arrange when, at MIT as at other universities, faculty promotions depend on the work people do in their own particular specialties. As Carroll L. Wilson, a professor of management here, pointed out at a recent symposium on research at MIT, a young faculty member who gets too inv in interdisciplinary projects— strays from high visibility t senior faculty of a department likely to find himself out of a Wilson admitted that some effor being made to correct this situ But, he added sternly, they ' been too small, too timid, an every case, too dependent upo leadership and continuing inter a single faculty member."

Another difficulty was broug by Wiesner in a talk I had wit not long after his inauguratio soft-spoken, attractive man, who pression is alternately humorou brooding, Wiesner had been ta about the breakup of the former nership between MIT and Was ton. So far as advising is conce he said, he has no wish to retu the old confidential relation which he has concluded was too cozy. "I've come to believe government should be much open," he said. "There was, a too much secrecy about giving a If the adviser knows he is goi be held publicly responsible, think twice before giving advice

But people at MIT, he went say, cannot do the things they w do without help from the governm "And if you want to do some about poverty, about the cities very hard to get money. There been a lot of motivation fro government to get into these a but very little motion." Further Wiesner said, even when mone comes available, working out terms on which it is to be had is to be a lot harder than in the old "The old problems, like develo radar systems, had to do with th from outside our particular soci he said. "There was a national sensus. Now the enemy is ourse and the solutions to the new prob which arise from conflicts withi society, to some extent have t *political* solutions." The difficult said, will be getting the govern to subsidize people who may com with—and must be free to publi solutions to social problems tha unacceptable to the particular ad istration in power.

WIESNER IS WELL LIKED by faculty here—better tha some of the Institute's more cons tive alumni—and most faculty

ave sounded out seem happy
he way things are going at
alked with one man, however,
associate professor of micro-
named Ethan Signer, who was
nd depressed. Signer, a radi-
olitics, said there had been a
en he had thought that genu-
dical change was possible at
iis was in the spring of 1969,
otest against MIT's involve-
secret military research was
ight. But while a good many
nembers were willing to con-
university on this as issue,
aid, that was far as they would
y refused to address the main
," he said. "That is, how
MIT relate to a society that is
very small group of people,
their own interests? The fac-
totally copped out on this."
r, who spent several weeks
ng visiting scientific institu-
North Vietnam and China,
s unhappy about his own life
"I spend time on outside
activities," he said. "I'd pre-
end them on politics at MIT,
ing's going on." Signer said
ds to move out of basic re-
nd into applied research in
ral genetics, with the aim of
ways to improve crop yields.
sically this is a finger-in-the-
ation," he said. "The main
people go hungry are polit-
echnological. I'm only trying
it possible to live with my-
ave no illusion it's going to
anything. You can't solve
problems with technological
."

's last point makes a good
sense even if one does not
s political views. Although
clearly changing, the nature
hange, as Wiesner, too, sug-
s only to a limited degree
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search here. Professors may
se what they know, and what
find out, for the benefit of
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ffairs, the important ques-
To what end? and To whose
As Signer rightly argues,
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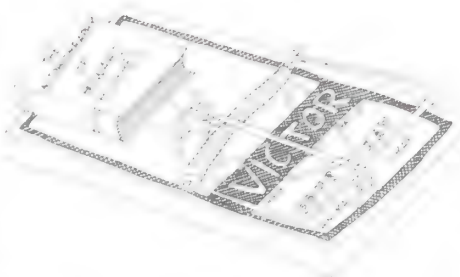
COUNTERFEIT NEWS

Howard Hughes, Nikita Khrushchev, and the perils of secret journalism

AND SO CLIFFORD IRVING, a name hardly known a year ago, has now established himself as one of the great confidence tricksters of the century. In the nature of the case, such success is failure—or is it?

As the glorious brass of the Howard Hughes hoax began to glimmer through the steam that swirls in the corridors of the Time-Life Building these days, somebody of unusual detachment compared Irving's Hughes to Han Van Meegeren's Vermeers. The comparison bit deeper than intended, a broadax that sank the sapling and then the logger's foot. The money? Meegeren sold his eight fake Vermeers, one to Hermann Goering, for millions; Irving got McGraw-Hill, *Life*, Dell, and Book-of-the-Month to commit something like $2 million (estimates vary) of which about $750,000 was actually paid over. Our fashionable confusion about definitions is titillated: does a picture, when proved a fake, remain art? Is a forged biography literature?

In the dark interior of every con game is the ambiguous tender relation between swindler and victim, where the victim so desperately wants to keep on believing, while the swindler must ever struggle against the mutinous impulse to be honest, particularly since honesty would so gratify the dwarfed creative ego that wants its talent and daring recognized at last. Meegeren forged his first Vermeer to prove himself more than a mediocre painter; after the war, self-exposure became a necessity when he painted a ninth fake in a Dutch courtroom to prove himself innocent of collaborating with the enemy by selling the one that went to Goering. Can a con be aid and comfort? Does a pirated manuscript remain a commercial enterprise? Should creative fakery be discouraged at all—for is there not about such an *objet non retrouvé* the same curious aspect John Kenneth Galbraith once perceived in the undiscovered embezzlement, namely "a net increase in psychic wealth"?



That must have been true for the Belgian museum expert who still insisted, years after Meegeren's confession, that two of the disputed Vermeers were genuine. And weeks after Irving was exposed, there was a wistful touch of the same reluctance to grow psychically poorer, in the way Harold McGraw, while saying that his company was fully insured against losses through fraud, still acknowledged a lingering hope that something of the manuscript was salvageable. Vermeer being dead suggests only that hell may not, after all, be other people but counterfeits of oneself. Hughes, though, was widely thought to be alive, so what Irving could have dreamed he would gain remains a mystery, despite *Time*'s devoting half a rueful cover story to his childhood. In the nature of the case, such spectacular failure is success.

McGraw-Hill's lust to believe was as pathetic as the little old lady's who sells all her AT&T to invest in the Ponce de Leon Water Resources Development Corp. The motives around *Life* were more complex. Time Inc. is evidently establishing a new category of news, to be called secret journalism. Of course, once Hughes staged his conference phone call to six reporters in Los Angeles, secret journalism began to shed cloaks and veils and ostrich plumes; *Time* and *Life* managed to stay a day or so ahead of the *New York Times* in chronicling their own inside story. The fevered mood of the weeks and months before, though, has hardly been conveyed.

Bucinator -oris, m. [L] *One who sounds the trumpet to summon popular assemblies.*

Secret journalism evident s presses taste. Irving's Hugh pastiche so thick it had lump sc of it apparently lifted right ou of Time Inc. morgue. Yet *Life*'s an ing editor, Ralph Graves, cou w after the fact that "It was ma el stuff. . . . Even the boring par w persuasive." The seeming app ib be swindled could gulp down in insistence that Hughes, though e authorized the autobiograph yet so publicity-shy he could ot approached independently. Th ing suddenly claimed Hughes wc switch publishers if his fee we boosted to $650,000; far from an off the fish, that twitch set the bo and proved Irving a master of ne thentic psychology of the ho "Señor de Leon is not really re wants to sell, he's feeling ur every day."

Secret journalism certain presses ordinary caution. "Th a news organization with the re u of *Life* should fall for it surpris n the *New York Times* quoted th dent of Random House as w again after the fact. "They h have checked it out." W n December 7, *Life* and McGraw-Hi last announced their publishir c it was news to almost ever n Time Inc., news to the one m qualified to check it out—Fra Culloch, chief of *Time*'s Ne bureau, a brilliant hard-news w gator, a friend of Hughes, e journalist known to have inte him. McCulloch himself ha drawn back at the brink of si contract to write a book Hughes. On December 14, Mc received an invitation that ha become famous: would he phone call from Howard What journalist wouldn't? Mc checked upstairs, in the h inged, wood-paneled hush thirty-fourth floor, "the z hangar." By the time he was his office, the call was through. A man who sound

Palazzo Della Immondizia



English translation: Palace of Garbage

Ecological translation: 250,000,000 steel cans recovered a year

n Francisco garbage collectors call it the zo Della Immondizia. Ecologists call it a solid transfer and separation station. In any terms, ne answer to the country's growing problem at to do with household refuse.

than 150 collection trucks an hour dump their in it. The garbage is then transferred to larger and taken to a sanitary landfill site in Mountiew, 32 miles away. (San Francisco, surred on three sides by water, years ago ran out ces to put its garbage.) In four years, Mountew will have a 500-acre recreation area, with course, marinas, tennis courts, picnic areas.

ly, the Palazzo Della Immondizia will have in tion a magnetic separator. It will salvage an ated 250 million steel cans a year, which will be sold to the copper industry to extract copper from low-grade ore.

Everyone benefits. San Francisco householders simply throw their used steel cans in their garbage pails. The salvaged cans generate revenue. San Francisco has a place to put its refuse. Mountain View will soon have a new recreation area. Old steel helps produce more new copper.

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Hughes asked McCulloch to keep it off the record—and off tape—survived what test questions his old acquaintance could devise, denounced the manuscript, and asked McCulloch to get it killed.

For three weeks McCulloch had the most flamboyant story of the decade and was forbidden to pursue it, forbidden even to talk to Hughes again when invited to take another phone call. *Life*'s contract, he was told, gave McGraw-Hill control over the manuscript, and McGraw-Hill reportedly wanted no investigation. Another contract was possibly at stake, he was reminded, the deal by which McGraw-Hill was buying Time Inc.'s television and radio stations for $69 million. As other participants described it, the panic upstairs made you believe the Hindenburg itself was moored there. And leaking hydrogen. "If the Hughes autobiography is a fake," somebody suggested, "we'll have to close down *Life* in a month." Why? "Credibility gap."

Somebody has regained his senses since, but at the time the cause of the fear was all too real. When a great publication is financially sick, as *Life* has been, and may be dying, as some in the advertising agencies believe, editors may be tempted past the fine and risky line between commendable journalistic enterprise and desperate overreaching. Staff cutbacks, bold new layouts, attempts to restructure the audience: the media world had watched all that happen to others, especially the *Saturday Evening Post*, and they were already seeing *Life* try similar things. But many believe that what finally killed the *Post* was editorial misjudgment, reaching for sensationalism, only to garner lawsuits and kill audience trust—as in the Wally Butts football scandal. Ralph Graves and Time Inc. president James Shepley must have been examining each other's tongues every morning for signs of the Butts syndrome.

The clear fact that there was no way out but straight through brought Time Inc. back to the ways of open journalism. McCulloch's pulling together of the evidence from a couple of continents and their outlying islands began with a phone call that established there were men in Washington who were quite sure Hughes had not left his Bahamas hotel when Irving said he had. McCulloch's patient, endless hours with Irving himself replaced the archetype of con man and dupe with the equally ambiguous pairing of suspect and friendly interrogator. The result, if not all the details, is history: thanks largely to McCulloch, there was not disaster but comedy, publicity, newsstand sales.

THE COMEDY HAS DIVERTED most people, even in the corporation, from remembering that Time Inc. had tried secret journalism before. The ultimate factor that set *Life* up for the Hughes affair had to be the Khrushchev memoirs, hardly more than a year earlier, and surprisingly parallel.

That one had its comic elements too. The materials from which "Khrushchev Remembers" was constructed were brought to Graves, for the most part, by two people: the chief of the Time-Life News Service, Murray Gart, himself once a political reporter of great strength and craft; and Gart's then man in Moscow, Jerrold Schecter. Both must be described as extremely ambitious. Khrushchev even when alive had less power than Hughes to expose a deal, so the facts are not widely known; but Schecter and Gart were certainly in touch with Victor Louis, a Soviet journalist universally believed to be a KGB agent, who among other jobs had earlier been responsible for attempts to smear Svetlana Alleluyeva in the Western press after her defection. One week in summer 1970 Gart, Schecter, and Louis all were staying at the Hotel d'Angleterre in Copenhagen. They were delightfully amateurish. A staff member of *Time*'s London bureau, coincidentally in Denmark on vacation, came across two of them huddled behind a newspaper in the hotel bar. The bureau chief in Paris phoned Gart in New York, to be told his boss was in London and no, no, he'll be in touch with *you*; twenty minutes later, when Gart called him back, the weather in London was beautiful, which was odd because the Paris switchboard had just announced "your call from Copenhagen." It got so obvious that something was happening that a Danish newspaper ran a bland story about the three visitors. Gart and Schecter also arranged that the translation be done by Strobe Talbott, a young, intense, rather naïve Rhodes scholar and budding academic Sovietologist. The Khrushchev material that reached Talbott for translating, editing, and arranging was already transcribed from tapes.

At about that point, the co[medy] stops. Secret journalism [costs] money: the Khrushchev deal is s[aid to] have made millions, paying for [itself] many times over in subsidiary [rights] before a word was printed. S[ecret] journalism makes intracorp[orate] reputations. Otherwise secret jo[urnal]ism makes a pronounced net *de[fi]cit* in psychic wealth. Whether tr[ue] or not, it is widely believed inside [Time] Inc., as outside, that not onl[y the] KGB but the CIA had a hand i[n the] authorship of the Khrushchev [mem]oirs, with material not only de[leted] but added in the West. Perhap[s and] much: would an indistinguishab[le] per cent be not much? Even [the] suspicion, combined with the k[nown] and flagrant inaccuracies of the [book] —demonstrated by George K[ennan] and by Svetlana, among oth[ers] makes clear that no fact wha[tever] can be established or even confi[rmed] from "Khrushchev Remembers."

If secret journalism makes [for] less history, that may seem an ab[stract] evil; but it also makes victims. [If] a project of that sort of intell[ectual] standing, what happens to the [aca]demic career of an innocent lik[e Tal]bott? Or to his journalistic c[ase] since he hopes to be sent to M[oscow] as a correspondent: would the S[oviet] let him in, and what would the [atti]of him then? He himself is appa[rently] not worried. Asked about Tal[bott's] case, a leading Sovietologis[t] claimed, "Oh, they have *dest[royed]* him!" If that is too extreme, it [may] not be simply because Talbott [is a] man of honor and great ability [but] because so many other Sovietol[ogists] have been so deep in secret jo[urnal]ism themselves.

Finally, of course, what does [secret] journalism produce as journa[lism]? Isn't it the ethic and essence of [jour]nalism not to cover up but to [find] up, expose, reveal, and publici[ze]? mood, a moral climate, seems to [have] been changing: it is no longer [easy] for those who observe *Life* and [Time] to be sure what they would do [with] something like the Pentagon P[apers] or the Anderson papers, or the [Peers] Inquiry report on the Army cov[er-up] of the My Lai massacres that Sey[mour] Hersh broke in *The New Y[orker]*. That's not comedy; that's a na[tional] tragedy.

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Anthony Wolff

THE PRICE OF POWER

A lesson in poisonous addition



ELECTRICITY IS paradoxical stuff: an invisible mover, power without substance. It responds silently to the flick of a switch; it is seemingly clean and cool, plentiful and cheap. But behind all the switches, at its source, electricity is none of these.

Electric power is expensive. It is the most capital-intensive of all industries, requiring a four-dollar investment to generate one dollar in sales. The nation's 212 major privately owned power companies represent one-eighth of all capital investment in the United States. Electric power is dirty: generating it produces wastes that poison the nation's air and degrade its water. And it is scarce. Blackouts, brownouts, and other symptoms suggest the virtual impossibility of appeasing an appetite that feeds on growth and grows on feeding.

More and bigger power plants are part of the solution to the power crisis—and part of the problem in the environmental crisis. The opposing factors in this conflict are the subject of a 500-page study released this month by the nonprofit Council on Economic Priorities, an independent, New York-based research organization. The Council's previous studies of the impact of corporate behavior on American society—including reports on the paper industry and defense contractors—have been recognized for objectivity and accuracy.

For its year-long electric power study, the Council focused on fifteen investor-owned power companies across the country, including the six largest. Together, the fifteen represent 30 per cent of the total pri- owned generating capacity in th At the heart of the study is a de il analysis of each of the comp i plants producing more than 100 awatts—131 power plants in a measuring the actual environm protection efforts of each plant a i the highest feasible standards c p lution control, the Council was to assess the performance, goo bad, of each plant and com Highlights of the Council's follow.

AIR POLLUTION is the major to the environment from el power production. Most of the

Anthony Wolff is a former environmen tor of American Heritage *magazine.*

ts from the burning of coal, used to generate half of all ric power.

rning of coal, oil, and natu- produce electric power ac- r approximately 20 per cent llion tons per year) of the es, or soot; 20 per cent (4 ons) of the nitrogen oxides; er cent (17 million tons) of oxides polluting the air we These are three of the five ious air pollutants certified S. Environmental Protection and all three have been con- indicted as threats to human d longevity. In addition, sul- s attack vegetation, and com- n water vapor into sulfuric orrode a wide range of ma- rom nylon to limestone. dioxide is best known as gredient of photochemical

ch of these pollutants, some f control is within the state- . The technology for reduc- emissions by more than 98 as been available for at least . The same goes for as much cent of nitrogen oxides from combustion. Sulfur-dioxide is still experimental, but le low-sulfur fuels are usu- able.

o, the CEP study casts seri- ts on the industry's antipollu- ts. Only forty-five of the 125 l (oil, coal, and gas) plants udy—including just 14 per al burners—measured up to te state-of-the-art standards. rs ranged from relatively o absolutely "dirty." While panies averaged better than t one of the fifteen compa- p to the state-of-the-art air at all locations. Examples: American Electric Power , the biggest investor-owned ower producer in the coun- e second biggest polluter in . burns coal—over 25 mil- per year—in all seventeen jor plants. Not one of them, two started up since 1970, state-of-the-art particulate

worst single polluter among ts in the study is Harllee n Putnam County, Georgia, st plant (1,746 megawatts) t Southern Company. At full plant exhales up to 58,000 f soot every hour. With the second largest generating capacity of any company in the study, Southern is the biggest polluter.

- On the other hand, the cleanest large companies in the study—Southern California Edison and Pacific Gas and Electric—operate mostly in California, which has the nation's strictest air-pollution regulations. Two plants partially owned by SoCal-Ed outside the state's jurisdiction, part of the infamous Four Corners project in the Southwestern desert, do not observe the same standards.
- Two other notably clean companies—Houston Lighting and Power, and Oklahoma Gas and Electric—take advantage of local natural gas, which produces virtually no soot or sulfur dioxide. But neither company has made a real effort to control invisible nitrogen oxides.
- Many companies that have achieved a substantial reduction of emissions by converting from coal to cleaner oil have forgone other pollution controls. In New York City, for instance, two-thirds of Consolidated Edison's oil-burning capacity has no emission controls at all and adds up to two tons of soot per hour to the urban air.

THERMAL POLLUTION results from the diversion of large quantities of water through power plants to absorb waste heat and carry it back to the waterway, where it raises the ambient temperature. The well-documented ill effects of even small temperature changes on aquatic life in experimental situations argue strongly for caution. In general, however, the industry has pointed to the lack of data from actual field experience to justify continued unrestricted dumping of waste heat.

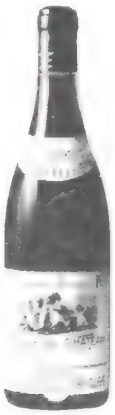
A single 1,000-megawatt fossil-fuel plant operating at today's maximum thermal efficiency wastes at least 60 per cent of its heat. This heat could raise the temperature of 30 million gallons of water per hour—the total low flow of many sizable rivers—by 15°F. Nuclear plants have a maximum thermal efficiency of only 33 per cent, and require 50 per cent more cooling water per unit of electricity.

Overall, the electric power industry currently uses 10 per cent of the nation's total fresh water runoff for cooling, and accounts for 80 per cent of the heat added to the nation's waterways by all industry.



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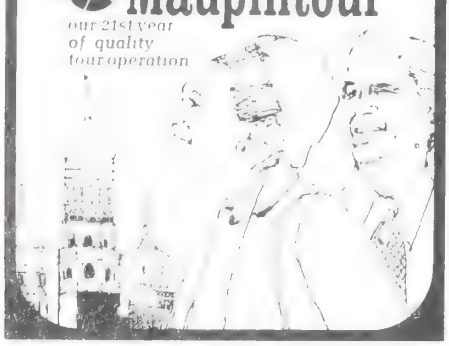
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A variety of cooling systems are available to return the heated water to its source at ambient temperature, or recirculate it in a closed system. Oklahoma Gas and Electric has used nonpolluting closed-circuit cooling since 1924. Nevertheless, of the 131 plants in the Council's study, only twenty-five had complete, year-round control of thermal waste. Two more had part-time control.

NUCLEAR POLLUTION—the escape of radioactivity to the environment from the primary cooling system of a nuclear reactor—is not yet a major threat. A few years ago, nuclear power was touted as an imminent alternative to fossil-fuel combustion. But the advent of nuclear power on any large scale has been stalled by public protest, cost factors, and technological delays. Of the 131 plants in the Council's study, which included several large companies dedicated to nuclear power, only six were nuclear. As of the end of 1971, only about 2 per cent of U.S. electric power was generated in nuclear plants—but this figure is expected to exceed 50 per cent by 1990.

Permissible levels of "routine" radioactive emissions from nuclear power plants, set by the Atomic Energy Commission, have long been challenged by scientists and others. Meanwhile, technical advances have made it possible to reduce radioactive emissions to virtually zero, and in July 1971 the AEC proposed to tighten its standards to less than 1 per cent of the existing ones. This proposal is still in the hearing stage. Meantime, of the four nuclear plants in the study for which radioactive emission data were available, not one can meet the proposed AEC standard.

THE COST of environmental virtue—of making power production as clean as possible—varies from plant to plant and from company to company, according to size, present state of grace, and other factors. Examples:

- Oklahoma Gas and Electric, a small gas-burning company and already the cleanest in the study for its size, could buy state-of-the-art control for $3.8- to $5.1 million.
- Houston Lighting and Power would have to spend from $44- to $78 million—mostly for thermal controls —to reach state-of-the-art in plants.
- The Southern Company' teen coal-burning plants woul cleanup bill of from $216- t million—considerably more t $82 million already committe company for the period of 197

The total fifteen-company ment is estimated to be $1.2- billion. Overwhelming thou might seem in absolute ter Council calculates that *the co consumer for state-of-the-art of all air and thermal pollutio add at most 10 per cent to electric bills.* This compares ably with the $80 the Public Service estimates is the annu age cost imposed on a family by air pollution from electric production.

TO ASSESS the industry's ment to cleaning up its o lution, the Council offers a index—a comparison betwee for research and development budget for advertising.

In 1970, the 212 privately electric power companies sp million on all research and d ment, only a part of which i the design of better emission and cleaner generating tech The overall R&D figure repres proximately 0.23 per cent o revenues, "a remarkably sm centage by most industry stan according to the President's C Science and Technology.

At the same time, the in spent almost twice as much million—directly on adverti stimulate acceptance and use tric power. In addition, some $306.3 million spent on sales be charged to promotion. To this pattern is changing. A Electric Power, for example, all consumer advertising in Four other companies in the have done the same, or switc energy-conservation campaig of the five abstaining com three plan to return to norma tising practices as soon as p Says Baltimore Gas and El chairman of the board and pr C. E. Utermohle, Jr.: "We feel tising is a fundamental part business and intend to resu soon as reserves are built up."

PRETATIONS.

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Paul Van Hoeydonck, 1971



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The work, titled 'Memorial to Fallen Spacemen', is a salute to the men who have given their lives in the pursuit of space and the solving of its secrets. I made their faces anonymous as they stand for all of us.

I like to use flowers in my works. In this case, what could have been more appropriate than to express my grief and respect by using flowers. They are like symbols of our mysterious yearning to make nature participate in our emotions. By loving flowers, we become one with nature. This is why I opened the spacemen's chests to show roses growing inside their bodies."

Paul Van Hoeydonck

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ietsch

UFFLE BRAIN

g, in the head of a salamander, a theory of human memory

Y WAS A SALAMANDER. Or at least he had body of a salamander. But his cranium the brains of a frog. I'd spent an entire t the fringe of his clear-water world, ask- he was, with the neural juice of a totally animal racing around inside, turning tuning him in to his environment at a nd beyond a normal salamander's spec- he answers, borne by his actions, flat- y scientific detachment, I confess.

y was only one in a long and varied series transplants, experimental tests of the bhic theory, a theory about the language ain, a scientific treatment of nothing less emory itself—the watering hole on the bjective plain where thoughts and dreams, nd fears, pride and guilt, love and hate ink to live, or else dry up, to vanish, like st.

before, in Philadelphia, when I was first how to do operations like those on I was an instructor in a gross-anatomy ng lab. Class met in the afternoon. In- n my grip on what was then a newly l subject, I went in early each morning to section of my own. With class in session, e roiled with the hurly-burly of people, d busy. But in the morning, when I ar- was silent, a room of death in the most e sense of the word. Ugly gray light n through frosted windows and, without uminated the rows of rag-swaddled, tarp- l cadavers. It wasn't frightening; it was he loneliest place I'd ever seen. Its tables e biers of the world's unwanted, unre- ed, unclaimed—as people. And they'd rgotten long before their corpses were up and flopped naked on the diener's ne prep table. Nameless now, serial-num- netal-ring tag tied around big toe, dirt der cracked nail or maybe half-peeled- d or pink nail polish. Valuable, in death, as things. Valueless before, as people. They were the unloved dead. For to be loved is to be remembered. They were the unhated dead, for the same abstract reasons. The unremembered dead, the truly dead. For memory is our claim to identity, and when it stops, we are no more.

At the end, when we were finished, my department held funeral services for the bodies. I went. But I went with a generalized grief that I carried back whole because my memory found no place to assign any part of it.

Still, in time, I did forget the details. But Punky revived my memories of those mornings back in Philadelphia. That's probably why I gave him a name. For the *Existenz* of Punky and his pals didn't stop with salamanders and frogs. It included my own species.

Cutting away the mind

I WILL BE TALKING HERE about the neural hologram, but I really should speak of brain information—a *hholologic* principle, not only memory of past experiences. For the theory seeks to explain all the brain's stored programs, whether learned or wired in during embryonic life. It covers the mental yardgoods we unwrap to tailor "go: no-go" in reflexes. It supplies the cash for complex, reasoned associations. It works when the brain issues instructions to tune the A-string on a viola, or to make the baby cry because the milk is sour.

But holographic theory deals with the mode of neural messages, not specific molecules, mechanisms, or cells, as such. Like a multiplication table or counting system, it commits grand polygamy with place and time and circumstance. It treats the *how* rather than the *who*—like gravity acting on the apple, instead of the meat, the freckles, or the worm.

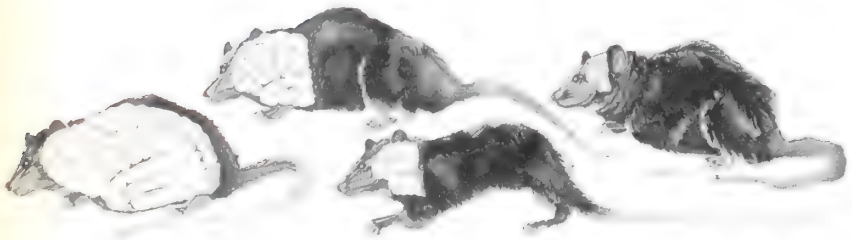
The holographic theory had its crude origins

Paul Pietsch is an associate professor at Indiana University.

Paul Pietsch

SHUFFLE BRAIN

in the 1920s when psychologist Karl Lashley began a lifelong search through the brain for the vaults containing memory. By then, students of behavior had been readied for angry debate by a paradox that had begun to emerge on the surgical tables of the nineteenth century. Clearly, the mental world had its biological base in the brain. Yet war, disease, and the stroke of the scalpel had robbed human brains of substance without necessarily expunging the mind. Lashley carried the problem to the laboratory and pursued it with precision tools, mazes, rats, controls, statistics.



Lashley also brought along the knife. With it, he found he could dull memory in proportion to the amount of cerebrum he cut out. But if he left a rat with any cerebrum at all, the animal could still remember. Not only did he fail to amputate memory, but one area of the cortex would serve it as well as another. He came to two controversial conclusions: intensity of recall depends on the mass of brain, but memory must be divvied up equally. "Mass action" and "equipotentiality" became his theme.

"Equibull!" a neuroanatomist friend of mine once declared. For the knives and battery poles of others had struck and dug into what seemed to be the specific loci of sight, scent, sound. Moreover, no clear and obvious physical precedent existed for equipotentiality. "I'm a scientist," my friend used to say, "not a goddamn Ouija board operator!"

But in 1948 physicist Dennis Gabor, trying to improve the electron microscope, accidentally stumbled over the optical hologram, a discovery that earned him the Nobel Prize in 1971. Lensless, 3-D photography was born. Within twenty years, the same principles had been extended to the brain.

Holograms take getting used to—like the idea that light can be both waves and particles, or that a curve gets you more quickly from star A to star B than Euclid's straight line. It's like getting accustomed to the notion that energy and mass are different ways of saying the same thing, or that time might shrink and expand. For holograms package information in a form disguised from our common sense, invisible behind the nominalistic curtains of our culture. But with patience, and a little open-mindedness, the intuition soon begins to drink up the principles—like relativity after Einstein or the shape of the earth after Columbus.

Familiar modes of information, even as complicated codes, reduce to bit parts, held, s according to the *summum bonum* of hom nomics and gross anatomy: "A place for thing, and everything in its place!" Not hologram (*holo* means whole). In it, the *shtick* of information, tamped down into a r cule transcendental code, repeats itself, throughout whatever the system happens Trim a hologram down to a tiny chip a message still survives, whole, waiting o be decoded. One piece will work as well other. But the fewer the parts used in dec the less intense the regenerated image. In words, holograms work in precisely the way that the memories in Lashley's rats mass action and equipotentiality.

GABOR'S DISCOVERY WAS FOR YEARS a sci curiosity, unknown outside a small of physicists. It remained so until the adv laser technology. Holograms in physical depend on coherent, orderly waves. To d thing other than just look at hologram waves must be fairly powerful. Laser bean only have this property but they can be very coherent.

Holography itself has bloomed into a new nology. There are even such people as ho phers nowadays. They construct physical grams for a living, and they are paid well so because the hologram may be the meth sending and storing information in the futu

To construct a physical hologram, a ho pher uses two sets of waves. He shines o through an object. He angles the other t the object but to collide with the waves tha passed through. He then collects the res the collision on film or a cathode ray tub record, the hologram, represents the re between the distorted and undistorted wav

In appearance, physical holograms res Platonic *ideas* of a shivering tiger or zebra signature of an artist suffering the shake bad whiskey hangover. But the holographe regenerate an image of the original obje retracing his construction procedures.

A hologram captures not a thingy thi captures rules—a harmonic syllogism, a logic. And it is the stored record of He skid marks produced when points and co points bang into each other, physical or nu cal, concrete or abstract. Mathematics in re Indeed, they take getting used to. But the of holograms glows through during dec back to the original image, when they no behave like Lashley's rats but reveal feature feature of human brain function.

Holographers can construct, say, acou holograms and call back the original, no sound, but with light or waves in some form. Thus, built into holographic gramn

tomatic mechanism to shift gears, in- from one modality to another—how, for e, you can listen to someone and *write* ou *hear* him say as fast as you can work scles in your hand.

rapid, whole-scene shifts, involving for- data, would be out of the question with ventional message that must be translated it. In a hologram, it's all part and parcel principle. And the same thing shows up in adding and modifying holograms. aphers can construct multicolored, com- holograms, in steps, by adjusting wave- thus mimicking how we might anneal and past into a totality. Or they can de- veral holograms of the same thing into a lored original. In the process they can ange colors. When the brain does these on its munificent scale, we talk in terms act reasoning or imagination. And in this y the human brain outshines the largest computers. For computers digest bits. brain's motifs are informational wholes n meld and blend without the go-between ger-counting bureaucrat.

flexible rules of holography even allow, tically, for a subconscious, a bad word in particular profession. But consider an hologram. In decoding, it's possible to wavelength invisible to the naked eye, ufficient energy to burn a monogram per- ly onto the retina of an unwary onlooker. the subconscious, you don't have to see nds to ache from them.

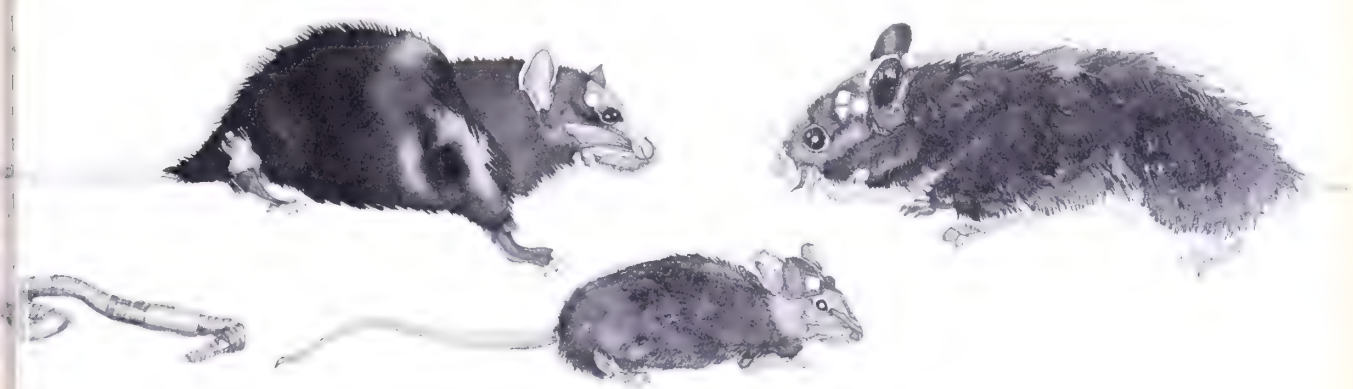
graphic theory would also explain the al transfer of memory—how information e brain of one worm, rat, mouse, or ham- ght be extracted into a test tube and in- into another animal, there to mediate n the absence of the recipient's previous nce. Such reports from a dozen labora- over the past few years have excited the nd reading public. But in conventional ic circles, I've heard them called such as "oozings from the stressed seams of l pots." Yet a hologram can write itself ything, including a molecule. At the very same time, the theory in no way at all restricts the brain's programs to molecules, as such. There's no rule against using, say, molecules, voltages on cells, or groups of neurons to carry the information. The program might even be carried at many different levels simultaneously.

Just who deserves credit as the first to apply holographic principles to the brain I'm going to allow historians of science to fight out. Lashley, of course, saw them at work in his rats and had both the genius and the courage to describe what nature showed. Certain of Pavlov's conclusions look hololological. Gabor's powerful mind must have snared the notion the moment he tripped on the optical effect. Years later, in fact, he published a mathematical scheme of reminiscing. Philip Westlake, a brilliant UCLA cyberneticist, has shown that equations of physical holograms match what the brain does with information. Karl Pribram and an army of colleagues at Stanford's medical school have invested a decade and a thousand monkeys, using the theory to work out details of how living brains remember.

"Holographic theory would explain the chemical transfer of memory—how information from the brain of one worm, rat, mouse, or hamster might be extracted into a test tube and injected into another animal."

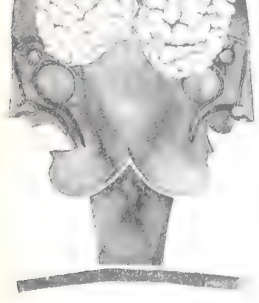
PREDICTABLY, HOLOGRAPHIC TALK provokes hot controversy. I recall not long ago delivering a lecture on the subject, when out of the audience jumped a neuropharmacologist, trembling with rage, demanding to know: "How can you account for something like Broca's area?" He was referring to a part of the cerebrum known for 100 years to be vulnerable to stroke accompanied by the loss of speech. I cleared my throat to answer. But before I had the chance, a young psychophysicist, sprawled in a front-row seat, whipped his shoulder-length mane around and fired back, "You can't draw beer out of a barrel without a bung!"

It was a perceptive reply. For in holographic theory, functional centers such as Broca's area represent processing stations rather than storage depots. Rage, fear, hunger centers, the visual cortex at the back of the brain, or auditory areas at the sides—these would act not to house specialized information but to pump it in or to call out programs in the form, say, of snarl, smile,



utterance, equation, kiss, or thought. And sharp lines of distinction between innate and acquired information fade as far as storage itself is concerned.

Still, the theory does not completely rule out uneven distribution of memory, particularly in the complex brains of higher animals. Indeed, it is not hard to make a case for different storage within the two hemispheres of the human cerebrum. Michael Gazzaniga recently published an intriguing book on what has been known for almost twenty years as "split-brain" research. Begun in the early 1950s by Meyers and Sperry at Cal Tech, the technique involves cutting the corpus callosum, a broad thick strap of nerve fibers between the hemispheres. Success in the lab with cats and monkeys prompted neurosurgeons to split the corpus callosum in the human brain. They did so to alleviate violent, prolonged, drug-resistant grand mal epileptic seizures, and they had remarkable success, medically. But the patients emerged from surgery with two permanently disconnected personalities. With more such operations, the left cerebral hemisphere emerged as the dominant, verbal, arithmetic side, while the right brain held recollections of form and texture. The tendencies appear to hold whether patients were left- or right-handed. Early in 1971, music was found among the repertoire of the right hemisphere. Yet the outcome of split-brain surgery has never been absolute, nor the individual patient's subsequent behavior totally predictable. Both hemispheres can generate music in some people, and the right may have a vocabulary. In addition, a totally illiterate right hemisphere can learn to read and write in less than six months—as though it had a tremendous head start. On top of this, Gazzaniga's observations convince him that the consignment of memories to one side of the brain emerges with maturity. Children seem to employ both hemispheres. Thus it would seem that the brain can reshape its contents and make decisions about what will go where. But it is also quite possible that split-brain research identifies not unequal storage but unequal access. Like the reflected image of a written message, meaning would stay the same but translation would entail different steps. The cerebral hemispheres, after all, do mirror rather than carbon-copy each other.



At any rate, the brains of human beings and our close relatives seem to be many brains, orchestrated by virtue of connections like the corpus callosum. Moreover, our multisystem cranial contents seem to be in flux, physiologically. Different lights can flash off and on, moment to moment. Some of the switches lie under our direct control: others are no more within our deliberate, intellectual reach than the impulses driving a hungry shark or an amorous jackrabbit.

Holographic theory does not deny conclusions of split-brain research. But it insists that, ever the system used for storage, the infor shall be layered in whole and repeated th out. It denies that memory depends on m up and isolated bits filed in specific pigeor Just what happens to be going on inside a when it's loading up with a particular hol may determine which areas may and ma act as targets—or how vivid the reconst scene becomes during some later translatic conscious form.

Theories and experi

IT'S ONE THING, THOUGH, to use a the draw complex sets of data or weird tions of observations into a larger body of l edge. It's quite another to subject a the logically valid, epistemologically sound l tory experiments. Personally, I think it's mate to employ a theory without really bot with formal tests and even to nurture be its truth based on its usefulness. For th supply powerful intellectual tools. Thos don't work very well become ornaments if t beautiful, junk otherwise.

However, the theory that holographic p ples could account for neural-information s was testable. Before getting into those te need to talk some about theory and experi For they belong to very different realms.

Theories are perfectible and can be ubiquitous within confines set down by th ventor. When they try to say something physical things, they reach for the harmon simplicity in nature, for a side of it t veterate experimentalist believes he can co hend by observation. To some biologist example, the Cell is a fiction. Only cells ex best, the theorist regards experience as a on the road to truth, as Einstein did. At wor theorist might tell you that God contrive perience to pollute man's view of the truth. ever the experimenter concludes, the th seeks an ever-larger synthesis. For the pa late, nominalistic character of an exper means that it cannot extend far enoug spread out wide enough to cover the expans theory. Thus explanation demands theory.

Even so, because experiments take pla experience, they keep the experimenter aliv side of nature that theory misses—its varie individuals. Theory would turn nature i peneplain, smooth, unenriched, simpler a theory reaches higher and higher abstra until even a speck of dust would become thing to cherish. Experience returns hair, smiles, surprises. Experience is where dove horses snort, and robins lay little blue egg spend most of our time, mentally, where e ments go on. And if there is some harmo

weaving through the universe, we still
right to want to connect the abstract world
world we call real.

is this done? By poking around in theo-
constructs for testable predictions: if such
h a theory is "true," then such and such
come will happen. This is how experi-
come in; they are ways of setting a trap
predictable elements of a theory—the
f it that make the rules credible to the hu-
ind.

PURPOSE IN WORKING with Punky and his
als was to make or break my faith in the
aphic theory of neural storage. And I was a
, at the outset.

n I began this work the only prima facie
nental evidence to link the general theory
ng holographic principles to brains had
rom ablation studies—subtracting from
substance. Subtraction is an incomplete
o see the incompleteness is to see how the
nders relate to the theory. Thus, let's
a little time doing a few imaginary
nents.

gine several hundred Xerox copies of this
graphic page, but reproduced on trans-
plastic sheets. Now stack the sheets so
ch letter, word, and line forms a perfect
with its replicates below. Now subtract
—two, three, or any number, for that mat-
ly keeping the stack straight. What hap-
Loss or unevenness in density, perhaps,
long as we keep the *equivalence* of one
ve preserve the message. The reasons are
s. First, we're working with a system con-
a redundant message. Secondly, when we
ted some parts, we merely allowed what
neath to shine through. But we certainly
ave a holographic system. This is how I
the results of ablation studies.

try another series of experiments with
nsparencies. Let's throw the pile up in
arrange some of the sheets in a new order,
e of the sheets into pieces and reglue the
andomly—reshuffle, in other words. Now
ld distort the message and know it very
. Why? *Meaning* in a conventional mes-
or pattern) depends on relationships
parts and subparts—sets and subsets.
we scrambled relationships, when we
up the system's anatomy, we wrenched
riers of meaning. We might also have
is by adding a transparency with a differ-
ssage. But when we merely took away
rom our redundant system, we created
sets and voided rather than distorted
ships.

suppose the linotype operator had set a
m? Then our reshuffling experiments
have produced far different results. We would not have introduced changes in the meaning of the message. For in a hologram meaning lies *within*—not among—any sets we might produce by simple physical means. And in reshuffling we would be shifting whole messages around, exchanging their positions without really getting at components. Trying to dissect out a hologram's subunits is like trying to slice a point, or stretch that infinitesimally small domain by an amount no larger than itself. No, a knife won't reach inside the heart of a hologram. Of course, in practice we might trim a system to such small proportions that the image upon decoding would be too dim to register. Or in a physical experiment we could destroy or distort the medium and make it technically impossible to decode. That's why we opted for imagination—to bypass engineering details.

But look at the implications of our imaginary experiments. Look at the predictions. If we really want to test holography against redundancy, we ought to shuffle the brain. If it houses conventional messages, we would find out very quickly. But if programs exist in the brain according to holographic principles, scramble though we may, we won't distort their meanings. And that is where salamanders come in.

"As the theory predicted, scrambling the brain's anatomy did not scramble its programs. Meaning was contained within the parts, not spread out among their relationships."

Brain transplant

A PEACEFUL, QUIET WORLD, the salamander's —unless you happen to be a dainty little daphnia or a cockeyed mosquito larva whiplashing to the surface for a gulp of air. Or even worse, the crimson thread of a tubifex worm. For it is the destiny of the salamander to detect, pursue, and devour all moving morsels of meat small enough to fit inside his mouth. He eats only what moves. And he adjusts his attack to fit the motion of his fated quarry. When he sees the tubifex worm, or picks it up on sonar with his lateral line organs, he lets you know with a turn of his head. Position fixed, half-swimming, half-walking, he glides slowly, deliberately, along the bottom of his dish, careful not to create turbulence that, in the wilds, would send the worm burrowing deep into the safety of the mud. Reaching his victim, he coasts around it, moving his head back and forth, up and down, to catch swelling and shrinking shadows and vibrations and permit his tiny brain to compute the tensor calculus of the worm's ever-changing size.

The size of a four-year-old's little finger, salamanders sustain injury and recuperate like few other creatures on earth. Consider, for example, what I call the Rip Van Winkle paradigm. Remove a salamander's brain. The behaviorally inert body continues to live, indefinitely. Transplant the brain to the animal's broad, jelly-filled tail fin for storage. After a month or two, slide the brain out of the fin and return it to the empty



cranium. In a couple of weeks, after the replant takes, the animal behaves as if the operation had never occurred. He's awake again, a free-living, prowling organism, like his normal brothers and sisters.

That same tail fin will accommodate hunks of brain pooled ad hoc from several different salamanders. The pieces quickly send out thousands of microscopic nerve fibers that weave a confluent network. Does such a mass of brain tissue work? Communicate impulses? Splice a length of spinal cord on each end of the mass as a conduit to the skin. Then, on one side, graft an eye, pressing the cut optic nerve against the piece of spinal cord. On the other side transplant a leg, making sure that it touches the conduit. Wait a couple of weeks to allow the optic nerve to invade the spinal cord on the one side and the cord on the other to sprout fibers into the leg to reinnervate its muscles. Now aim a spotlight at the tail and focus on the grafted eye. If you can hit the light switch at the correct tempo, you can make the transplanted leg stomp a tarantella.

Yet if my experiments were to be a fair test of the holographic theory, I'd have to insure two things. First, the experimental salamander would have to be capable of sensing a tubifex worm. Secondly, he'd have to be able to command his body and jaw muscles into action. I was sure this could be done with salamanders by preserving the medulla, the transitional region between spinal cord and the rest of the brain. In the medulla lie input stations for touch from the head, the salamander's efficient sonar system, and the sense of balance from a carpenter's level-like internal ear. Also, impulses that bring jaw muscles snapping to life are issued directly from the medulla. It does for head muscles what the spinal cord does for, say, the biceps or muscles in the thigh. And in salamanders the medulla serves as a relay station for information to and from spinal cord and brain. Higher animals have such stations too. But evolution added long tracts that function like neural expressways.

There are actually five main parts of the common to all vertebrates, including man cerebral hemispheres that predominate w our own heads are small lobes on the tip e a salamander's brain. But during embryoni our own cerebral hemispheres pass throu salamander stage.

The next region back, known as the dienc lon, is where the optic nerves enter the b Distorting this region would and did create ness in certain experiments. A so-called m cephalon or mid-brain connects diencephal medulla. These were the parts I would shu

Amputating brain in front of the me turned off the salamander's conscious beh and, of course, feeding along with it. But stayed out in front of the medulla, I'd be le sufficient input and output intact for wha programs surgery might deliver up.

This is not surgery in the nurse-mask-su and-blood sense. It goes on under a stereos microscope. Very little bleeding. No stit Just press the sticky, cut tissues together permit armies of mobilized cells to swarm and obscure the injured boundary line. Th only room in the field of operation for a s pair of human hands. The animals sleep p fully in anesthetic dissolved in the water. Tr lightly against cream-colored marble clay, nified, they look like the prehistoric gia their ancestry. A strong heart thrusts batt of red blood corpuscles through a vascular of transparent tissues. No bones to saw. U fluid your instruments coax like a sabl brush.

In more than 700 operations, I rotate versed, added, subtracted, and scrambled parts. I shuffled. I reshuffled. I sliced, length deviated, shortened, apposed, transposed, posed, and flipped. I spliced front to back lengths of spinal cord, of medulla, with pieces of brain turned inside out. But no short of dispatching the brain to the slop b —nothing expunged feeding!





The Olds Ninety-Eight.
An exceptional new bumper helps protect a truly exceptional car.

It gives a little.

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The new front bumper is typical of the important touches you'll find on the Ninety-Eight.

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The roadworthiness, of course, is superb. The mere size and weight of the car is one reason; it has a 127-inch wheelbase, weighs over 4400 pounds. Oldsmobile attention to detail is another: Supershocks help absorb bumps; a refined steering geometry helps reduce sway; a front-seat cushioned with six inches of solid foam permits hours of riding with exceptional comfort.

Standard equipment on the Ninety-Eight reads like a list of extra-cost items on many other cars. Turbo Hydra-matic transmission. Power steering. Power front disc brakes. Power ventilation. A responsive 455-cubic-inch Rocket V-8 engine that runs efficiently on regular, no-lead or low-lead gasolines.

And while you may not see side-guard door beams, the dual-master-cylinder-brake system, or the cargo-guard that separates trunk and passengers, you can be sure that these and all the other GM safety features are standard, too.

The Olds Ninety-Eight. From new front bumper to roomy trunk, it's exceptional.

It's what every beautiful luxury car has always tried to be.

OLDSMOBILE NINETY-EIGHT. QUITE A SUBSTANTIAL CAR.

Paul Pietsch

SHUFFLE BRAIN



Some operations created permanent blindness, forcing animals to rely on their sonar systems to tell them what was going on outside. But the optic nerves of salamanders can regenerate. Still, for normal vision to return, regenerating optic nerves need a suitable target, as Roger Sperry showed many years ago. I was able to arrange for this, surgically. And when I did, eyesight recovered completely in about two weeks even when the brains came from a totally different species of salamander and contained extra parts. As far as feeding was concerned, nature continued to smile on holography. Not one single thing about the behavior of this group of animals suggested the drastic surgery they had undergone.

The experiments had subjected the holographic theory to a severe test. As the theory predicted, scrambling the brain's anatomy did not scramble its programs. Meaning was contained within the parts, not spread out among their relationships. If I wanted to change behavior, I had to supply not a new anatomy but new information.

Suppose, though, that parts of a salamander brain in front of the medulla really have no direct relationship to what a salamander does with a worm? Suppose feeding stations exist in the medulla or spinal cord (or left leg), awaiting only consciousness to ignite them? If this were true, the attack response on worms—the principal criterion in the study—would be irrelevant, and shuffle brain experiments would say very little about the holographic theory. A purist might have taken care of this issue at the outset.

"New experiments required," I scribbled in my notes. "Must have following features. Host: salamander minus brain anterior to medulla. Donor: try a vegetarian, maybe young Rana pipiens tadpole. But, first, make damn sure donor brain won't actively shut off salamander's attack on worms."

My working hunch was that the very young leopard frog tadpole would make a near-perfect donor. His taste for flies comes much later on in development. While he's little, he'll mimp mouth algae from the flanks of a tubifex and harm nothing but a little vermigrade pride. Then, too, from experiments I'd carried out years before, I knew frog tissues wouldn't manifestly offend salamander rejection mechanisms, not to the extent that they would be destroyed. Thus, if grafted brains didn't perish in transit across the operating dish, they would become permanent fixtures in their new heads.

Whether a tadpole brain would or would not actively shut off worm-recognition programs in salamanders I had to settle experimentally before calling Punky into the game. Here, I transplanted tadpole brain parts but left varying amounts of host salamander brain in place. These animals ate normally, thus showing that tadpole brain, per se, would not overrule existing at programs. As I had guessed, it was like ad a zero to a string of integers as far as fee was concerned.

NOW THE SCENE WAS READY FOR PUNKY, first of his kind through the run. He w surrender his own cranial contents in front o medulla to the entire brain of a frog. If his brain restored consciousness but gave him a pole's attitude about worms, he'd vindicate shuffle brain experiments.

For controls, I carried out identical operat but used other salamanders as donors. Als assure myself that frog tissue itself would affect appetite, I inserted diced tadpole in fins and body cavities of still other salaman This procedure had no effect on feeding. M over, I had a hunch that Punky would re blind. So I removed eyes from other salaman to get fresh data on feeding via sonar.

Punky awoke on the seventeenth day. quickly, he became one of the liveliest, curious-acting animals in the lab. He did re blind but his sonar more than compensate fresh worm dropped into his bowl soon bro him over. He'd nose around the worm for se minutes. He lacked the tadpole's sucker m And I couldn't decide whether he wanted a or what. But he spent a lot of time with worms. In the beginning, he had me wat him, wondering in a pool of clammy sweat if uncork and devour the holographic theory single chomp. Yet, during three months, w fresh worm in his bowl at all times, in than 1,800 direct encounters, Punky never so much as a single angry pass at a tubifex. did any of his kind in the months that follo The herbivorous brain had changed the wo role in the paradigm. They were to play with not to ravage.

I kept Punky's group nourished by force- ing them fresh fillets of salamander once a w This meant the same thing had to be done each and every control animal too. While extra food did not blunt control appetites, added work left me looking groggily to pickling time when I could preserve the s men on microscopic slides.

I routinely examine microscopic slides final ritual. But Punky's slides weren't rou And on the very first section I brought into s focus, the truth formed a fully closed circ the barrel of my microscope. His tadpole b indeed, had survived. It stood still in tern development, but it was a nice, healthy or And from its hind end emerged a neural c The cable penetrated Punky's medulla, the plunge new holographic ideas into his mander readout, and into the deepest co my own beliefs.

l A. Jedlicka

IE CAR OF THE FUTURE

d to the old Detroit romance

YEARS DETROIT'S VISION of the future was bodied by the dream cars lazily revolving e thick carpets of auto-show turntables. sleek, low-slung creations of advanced were a fount of automotive romance: lling machines intended to recall the open- notoring pleasures of the pre-World War II n Speedster or Hispano-Suiza V-12. Such y, though, could not be maintained in- ely; those "futuristic" cars were more evo- s of the past than realistic alternatives for ture.

r the past decade, the public has issued a ding verdict on automotive travel: safety llution controls outrank glamor and per- nce. During the 1970s, Detroit will have to ntrate on meeting the safety and emission rds established in a still-growing body of l regulations. The result will be some radi- anges in automobile design, changes that fect not only what people drive but how rive and why.

autos will escape the regulations, even n there may well be various classes of cars 80 for downtown, city-suburban, and high- riving. The highway car probably will not owed in the cities because its massiveness create no end of congestion. Conversely, classes of cars will be prohibited from in- e highways because they will not have h shock-absorbing materials to protect oc- ts in a collision. People are about to enter ge new motoring world.

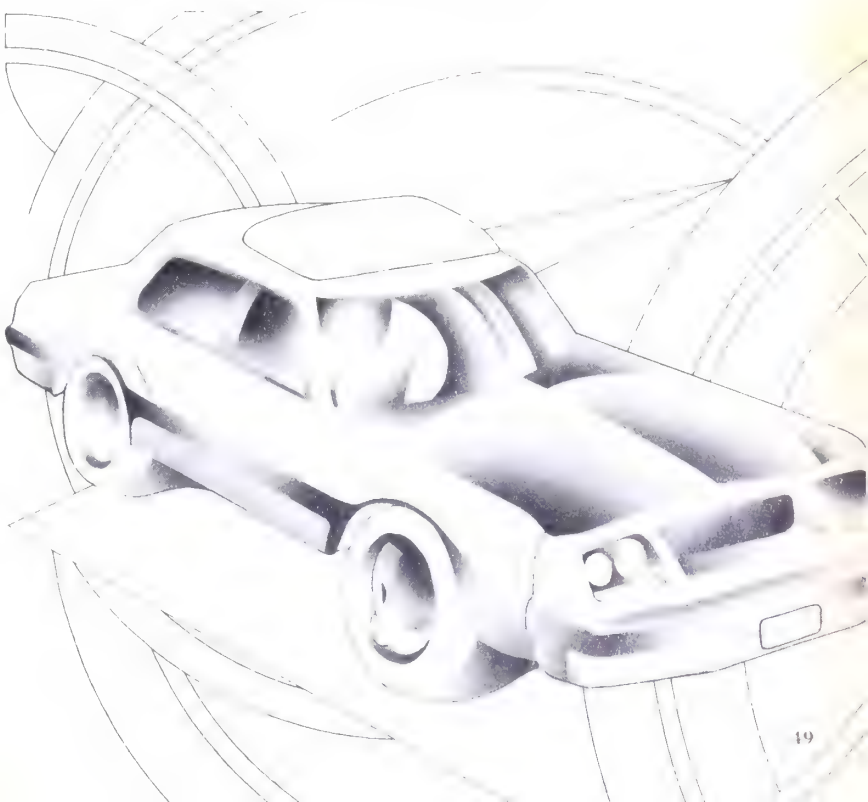
cost of these developments is clear. For afer cars generally mean more expensive In addition, the cars themselves will be and less appealing. With functionalism the d, motoring pleasure will take a far back or car buffs and drivers who value a one- relationship with their machines, the fu- oks bleak.

projecting what the 1980 car will look t is essential to begin with the experi- l safety vehicles—called ESVs—now being built for the government by General Motors, Ford, AMF Inc., and Fairchild Industries. By traditional standards, they are monstrosities, but they are highly functional when it comes to surviving a high-speed crash or rollover.

ESVs are designed to meet extreme specifications. They are expected to withstand a fifty-mile-per-hour barrier crash (equivalent to a 100-mile-per-hour car-to-car collision), a seventy-mile-per-hour rollover, and a thirty-mile-per-hour side impact without occupant injury. While at first glance they may appear to be just far-out experiments, the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration's top priority goal is crash survivability; already it has called for 1976 autos so designed that occupants, without wearing seat belts or shoulder harnesses, can sustain a forty-mile-per-hour barrier impact unharmed.

General Motors' ESV imparts the most solid feel of what the 1980 cars will be like. While

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Daniel A. Jedlicka

THE CAR OF THE FUTURE

Ford's ESV, based on a production Galaxie model, is yet untried, GM's vehicle has survived the fifty-mile-per-hour barrier crash with the passenger compartment quite intact. And it *looks* like a car; the Fairchild and AMF autos are so ungainly they resemble a lunatic space artist's conception of an other-worldly vehicle. Auto men, a traditionally chauvinistic lot, scoff at them, arguing that they are unrealistic because they are built by aircraft-industry types, not by Detroit. Yet some of their features, like the Fairchild car's front bumper that automatically extends one foot as the auto gains speed (to provide more "crush" distance), may well be incorporated on production cars.

GM's ESV is about the size of an Oldsmobile Toronado production car. A four-door sedan, it has massive bumpers that can withstand ten-mile-per-hour front-rear barrier impacts with no body damage; fixed side glass to prevent people from flying out of the car in an accident; and no windshield pillars, so occupants will not hit them in a crash. The heavy frame is engineered to provide a "programmed" crush. Inside are seats with no fore-aft movement—so they do not slide during an accident—and movable pedals to compensate for differences in driver size.

The most striking aspect of the General Motors ESV is the enormous amount of interior padding. A GM man congratulated me because, he said, I was the first writer to sit in the car. It was an unpleasant experience; the amount of padding rapidly caused claustrophobia.

The car's instrument panel is extremely simplified so the driver will not be distracted. If something malfunctions, a sign lights up, advising, "Stop With Care—Turn Off Engine." Then the driver looks at an instrument console between the front seats where other signs blink on, pinpointing the trouble: "Brake Fluid Low" or "Hydraulic System Failure."

With its huge bumpers, large wheels to carry its massive body and frame, and its long front-rear overhang intended to absorb crashes, General Motors' ESV reminded me of a medium tank. Whether large or small, all cars will eventually be subject to federal impact requirements, though the city-suburban car will require less padding than a highway car. Still, these "mini-tanks" must provide protection for crashes at, say, forty miles per hour. Occupants, sitting in a small, padded interior, will not want to travel long distances in them, even if they are allowed on highways.

The stylists and engineers agree that it is unlikely six people will even fit into the 1980 highway car unless it assumes a station wagon configuration (only five people can squeeze into GM's ESV). A family of six given to motoring on vacations will have to buy a "super-tank" car—another step beyond the regular highway car. Each occupant will be nestled in an individual chairlike seat with high sides to give him protection against a side impact.

The experimental cars, of course, are s test beds for new safety concepts, and squ them down assembly lines would be impo GM's car is hand built and uses expensive u ventional auto body materials like alum But while GM's ESV will never be mas duced, so many of its features will be in rated in the 1980 cars that a casual obs looking back, will be hard pressed to te difference. Already its features are creepin production models. I took a sneak look 1973 Oldsmobile Cutlass, and it has the wide, forward-slanting center posts betwe front and rear windows—designed for ro protection—as the ESV.

Electronic doo

A QUESTION OF NO SMALL CONCERN is much the 1980 cars will cost. (As a pc reference, safety and emission control iten estimated to raise the price of a 1976 c $1,000.) Unless suppliers can come up wit lightweight materials, the 1980 cars will be mously expensive. Detroit loosely operat the dollar-a-pound cost basis. If GM's ESV contain about 1,000 pounds of aluminu would weigh more than 8,000 pounds, in of 4,700. That figures out to more than $ the price of a Cadillac or Lincoln—and the is not intended as a luxury car. Even smal in 1980 are likely to cost about the same large automobile today. This would leave people in the position of being unable to to drive on highways if the smaller, cheape suburban car is banned from them. Many may be unable to buy the city-suburban car. though such a vehicle would be the logical of foreign auto makers.

It is conceivable that there may not ev any foreign autos left to buy in America end of the decade. They also will have to federal laws. Other countries are pushin safety and emission controls, but the cons in Detroit is that no country will imitat strong American regulations. So why s foreign auto makers—exporters of cars thr out the world on a broad scale—build tan autos that have limited or no appeal in countries?

Detroit itself is profoundly concerned the repair costs of 1980 American autos. government demands that cars be cheap repair, but if front and rear ends are deliber designed to collapse during an accident, i cost more, not less, to repair an autom Detroit is banking on lightweight plastic terials to curb weight, and thus cost—but pl are more expensive to repair than metal.

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THE CAR OF THE FUTURE

is needed desperately from suppliers are developments such as fenders that snap back to their original shape after being hit.

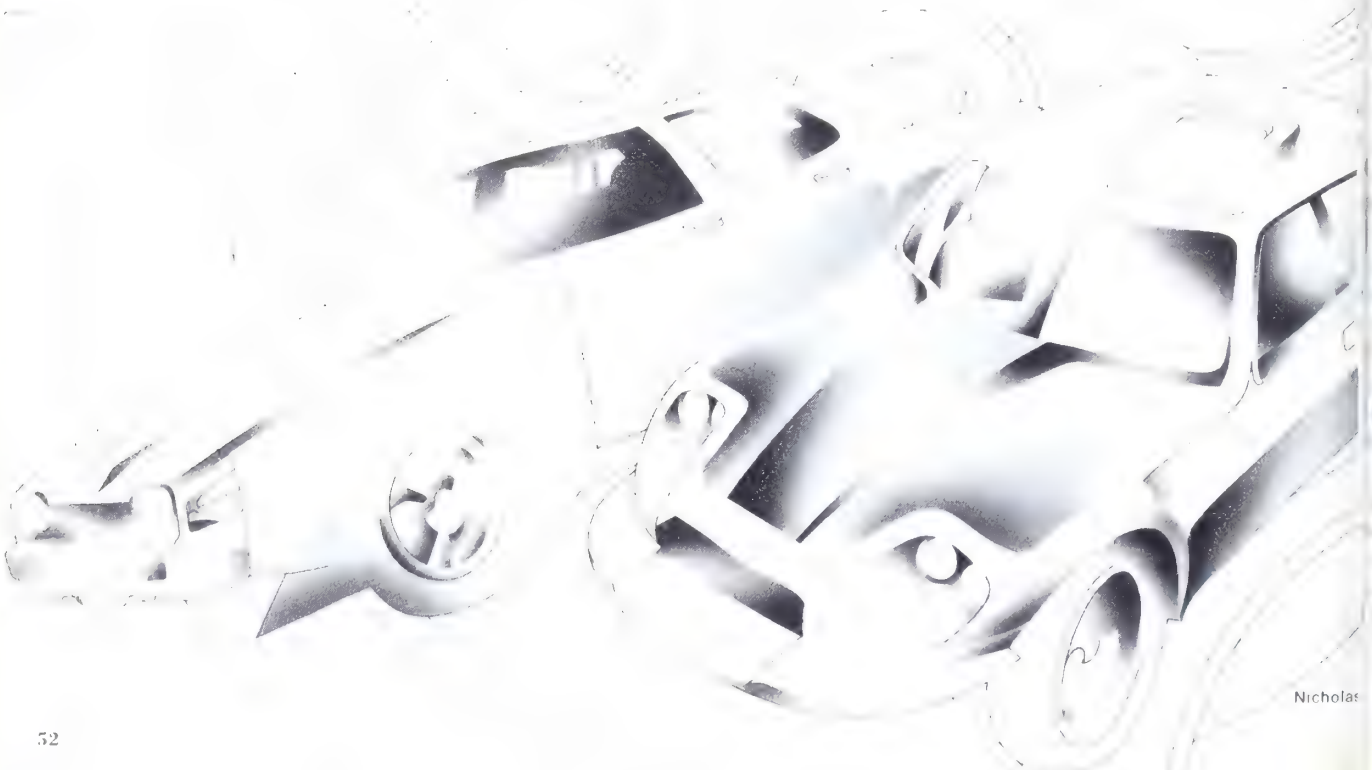
The post-World War II revolution in electronics technology will very likely—at long last have its own influence on 1980 cars. GM is now experimenting with an electronic control system called Alpha I that will regulate an auto's stability and control, relieving the driver of chores such as turning on the lights and applying the brakes. Trevor O. Jones, technical director of GM's Electronic Control Systems Group, which is working on Alpha I, says it would be difficult to put the system into a car today; temperature extremes, dirt, and vibration would affect Alpha I's electronics. But Jones is a cautious man, and Edward N. Cole, GM's president, is highly enthusiastic about the system.

By the mid-1970s, some GM cars may get onboard computers that will monitor oil pressure, engine temperature, tire pressure, and electrical-system operation. Already GM is putting "Phystesters" —designed to prevent drunken driving— on 200 cars being given to company executives for field testing. The Phystester looks like a first step to the computers and works this way: a driver turns on the ignition, and a random number with five digits is displayed for several seconds on a small screen. Then the number disappears, and he has a short time to punch into a keyboard the number he saw displayed. The car will not start if he "fails" the test.

SUCH ELECTRONIC GADGETRY hardly consoles Detroit stylists, most of them car buffs who place great value on a car's performance and appearance. For them, the years ahead seem gloomy, with identical standards removi of the possibility for exciting design. El Engel, Chrysler's vice-president and dir styling, predicts that motorists will g first taste of blanket uniformity as early a when autos must have bumpers capable d standing five-mile-per-hour front and r pacts with no body damage. "Where do leave us?" he asks. "Bumpers must ta impact, must be at the same height, an do you have left to work with? Front e cars may look a little different in 19 there'll be nothing like the diversity 1960s."

The optimistic exception among stylist Mitchell, GM styling chief. I asked him the Chevrolet Corvette, one of his favori which has long served as a test platform vanced GM automotive engineering conc this rakish sports car doomed? It is h imagine putting a large safety bumper a its sleek nose without its lines being dra affected. Mitchell grinned, shook his hea began sketching rapidly. "Look here," h drawing a Corvette-style front end. "S still have the sporty sloping hood and p nose, but the nose is made from an e absorbing material. It is attached to co hydraulic shock absorbers, and it slides the hood and front fenders when hit." Wh the energy-absorbing material to come Mitchell could only shrug. While he fee government regulations are opening up a new world," as he puts it, of styling opp ties, he depends on the kind of supplier throughs that are now regarded as impossible, like the snap-back fender ma

Still, Mitchell is not dismayed. He en



Nicholas

amic 1980 cars with windows perfectly
h the sides of a car, allowing more in-
om for padding and permitting place-
glove compartments in the doors. He
ut turn signals in the roof, wraparound
dlights, and speedometer readings pro-
n the windshield's interior so a driver
ave to lower his eyes to check on his
I've had this setup on one of my Cor-
years, and it works fine, even in glaring
"

The new engine

UALLY MITCHELL BEGAN TALKING about
biggest dream: building a car around
gn-designed Wankel engine, which has
e-half the weight and nearly 50 per
er moving parts than the conventional
combustion engine. It is also tiny in
on, yet delivers comparable horsepower
s of a triangular-shaped rotor spinning
combustion chamber and driven by air-
ure burning in one part of the chamber.
hrashing up and down, rods, a camshaft,
nd most of the other items in a modern
e are unnecessary.
in California recently, driving a Cadil-
ado, and suddenly this little car whizzed
aking almost no noise," Mitchell says.
with it a bit, and then stopped and
th the driver. Boy, look at all the room
designing a car with that engine."
r was a Wankel-powered Mazda, made
Kogyo, a Japanese auto maker. The
so popular it has had a long waiting
erica since its introduction on the West
1970. Ford has been negotiating to
rt-ownership of Toyo Kogyo, obviously
Wankel in mind, and General Motors
ng $50 million for rights to the Wankel

Wankel is Detroit's engine of the future,
own. Unlike other alternative power-
as, it can be constructed with the tools
building conventional engines. Not only
far fewer parts but the possibilities of
omated manufacturing are good—and
ers increasingly are trying to automate
g they can to trim escalating labor costs.
his, and perhaps more important, the
an save auto makers from the wrath of
who will buy the 1976 cars.
on control systems scheduled for the
s will make them extremely difficult to
warm up, and they will cut heavily into
nce and fuel economy. Even 1972 car
compared with 1970 engines, are more
me and give less performance and gas
But a variety of pollution controls can
d on a Wankel, and it will still out-perform a conventional engine—besides showing less temperament and giving better gas mileage. GM, by 1980, is expected to have millions of Wankel-powered cars on the road.

As GM goes, so goes the industry. GM now has hundreds of engineers working on the Wankel, which first will be put, perhaps by 1974, in its smaller cars like the Chevrolet Vega. To make a Wankel more powerful, only more rotors need to be added. The experimental Mercedes-Benz C-111 sports car, which has a Wankel with several rotors, easily reaches 160 miles per hour.

The only other unconventional auto engine likely by 1980 is the turbine. It may be used in the highway "tank" cars, if auto makers decide against multirotor Wankels or V-8s to power the machines. Much excitement surrounded the turbine-powered cars Chrysler let motorists drive in the mid-1960s. Charles Heinen, "dean" of Detroit's auto emission control corps, says they performed admirably with little maintenance required. But Chrysler never mass-produced turbine cars because the engine generates such high temperatures that it requires internal components made from expensive materials. That is still a problem; Ford and GM are making turbines now, but for trucks and industrial applications only.

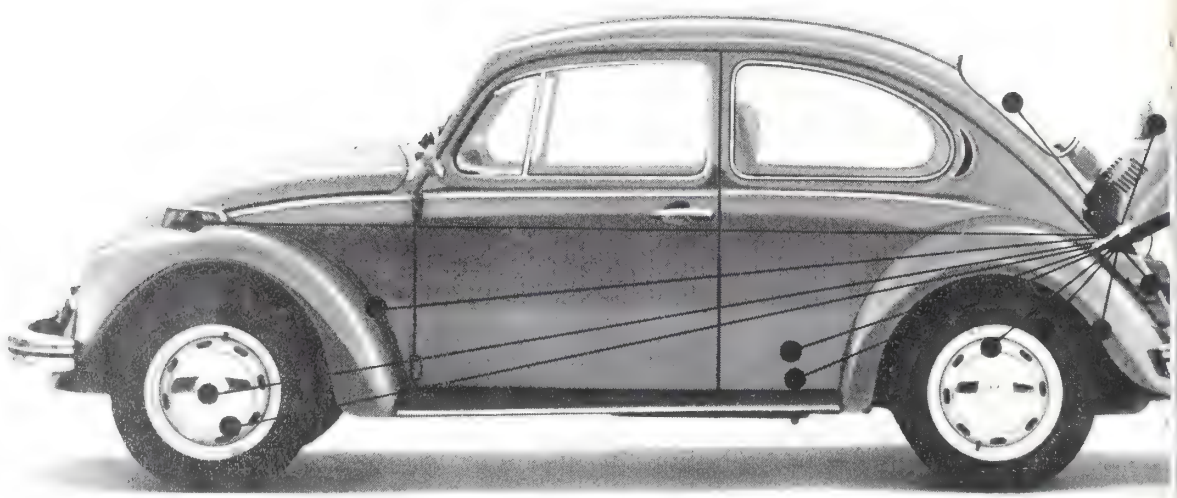
THAT, FOR BETTER AND WORSE, is the probable shape of Detroit's future. The biggest unknown, of course, is how the public will react to the 1980 automobile; while it is clear—in Congress at least—that public sentiment strongly favors safety and pollution control, it is uncertain whether the costs of such a decision are widely appreciated.

For those who take pleasure in driving, who enjoy the sensory impressions transmitted by a lively, responsive vehicle, there is little to look forward to. Today there is still a sense of connection to the automobile's early days, when all cars were adventuresome, fun-to-drive machines. That feeling will be gone by 1980. As with air travel, driving in 1980 will be about as stimulating as drinking warm milk. For those who prefer distinctiveness in automobiles, the 1980 cars will also present a gray vista, with homogenization the rule and individual character in cars a highly expensive option—if it exists at all.

Indeed, it seems that the automobile in 1980 will be regarded strictly as a piece of Point A-to-Point B transportation, a functional tool whose shape will be determined by any number of broad social and economic considerations. Which raises the question whether "car"—with all it connotes from our experience with automobiles—is even the proper word to describe these machines. It may be that 1980 will mark the beginning of the age of the transit capsule. □

"There may be various classes of cars by 1980 for downtown, city-suburban, and highway driving."

A car so advanced, it ca
tell you just about everything that's right or wrong with it.



markable new invention in every 1972 Volkswagen.

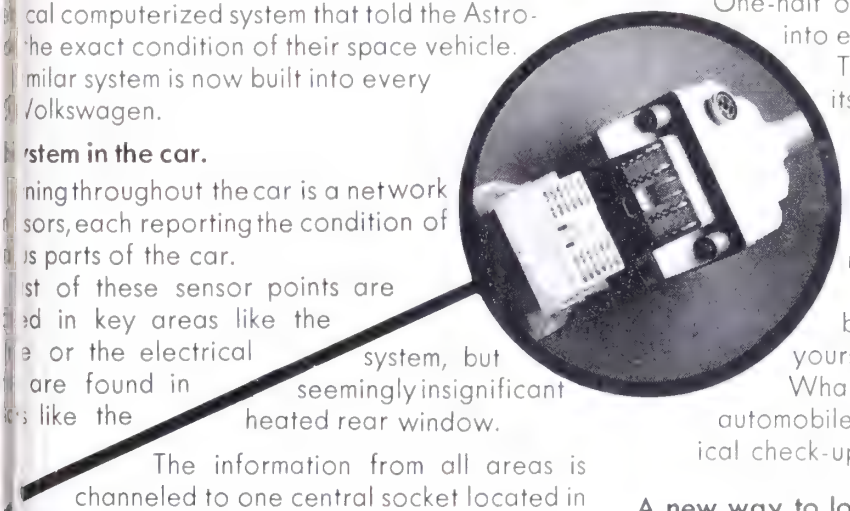
've all been through it.
agony of an automotive check-up.
sit nervously thumbing through old maga-
praying that somehow you can get out of
for less than $50.
n, the moment of truth:
ervice Manager telling you that one of his
echanics thinks you need a new generator.
se days will be over soon if you own a 1972
vagen.
instead of a mechanic telling you what he
is wrong with your car, now your car can tell
r sure.
nd amazing?

wired like a space capsule.

en Man went to the Moon, the success of
nission depended a great deal on a highly
cal computerized system that told the Astro-
he exact condition of their space vehicle.
milar system is now built into every
/olkswagen.

stem in the car.

ning throughout the car is a network
sors, each reporting the condition of
s parts of the car.
st of these sensor points are
d in key areas like the
e or the electrical system, but
are found in seemingly insignificant
like the heated rear window.



The information from all areas is channeled to one central socket located in the rear engine compartment.
socket is about the size of a pack of cigarettes.
mention the size only because of what happens
And that's what this amazing socket can do.

tal service checks.

n you'll be able to take any 1972 Volkswagen
an authorized VW dealership for the most
ced automotive check-up in the world today.
that time, your car will actually be plugged
computer.
in half the time it takes to perform a con-
nal check-up, 60 vital service checks will be
and recorded.

Checks wheel alignment in 10 seconds.

In 10 seconds, you'll know if your front wheels are properly aligned.

In a minute, you'll know the condition of the compression of all engine cylinders.

Without a mechanic so much as taking a peek, you'll know whether or not your battery needs water.

Ignition, cylinder compression, dwell angle, generator, electrical system—

All checked out without human error.

In effect, your car will be telling you how it feels directly.

And once again, this information is emanating from that one tiny socket built into the back of every 1972 Volkswagen.

Results printed out in plain English.

One-half of the system is already here. Built into every new Volkswagen.

The other half, the computer, is on its way.

Imagine.

A computer five feet away from your car is printing out in plain English just about everything that's right or wrong with that car.

When all 60 service checks have been made, the print-out sheet is yours to keep.

What better proof to show that your automobile has finally had a thorough physical check-up?

A new way to look at a VW.

It started with economy, back in 1949, when it wasn't fashionable for an automobile to be economical.

But since when has a VW been fashionable?

Since never.

Obviously, the Volkswagen Beetle hasn't made it on looks alone.

But then, that's always been the plan.

While everyone else has been worrying about how their cars looked, we've been worrying about how ours acted.

And now, after all that time, we've even advanced it to a stage where it can speak.

Peter Schuck and Harrison Wellford

DEMOCRACY AND THE GOOD LIFE IN A COMPANY TOWN

The case of St. Mary's, Georgia

Dr. Carl Drury is a thirty-two-year-old general practitioner in St. Mary's, a paper-mill town of 5,200 in Camden County, Georgia. He drives a Lincoln Continental, belongs to the AMA, and plays a sizzling game of golf on Georgia's country-club circuit. His practice covers three counties of marsh and moss-draped woodland in Georgia's southeast corner, between the Okefenokee Swamp and the sea. He grew up in nearby Vidalia, married his high-school sweetheart, fathered five children, and in every detail seems the apotheosis of the small-town American on his way up.

In the spring of 1970, Dr. Drury went to a political meeting in Camden County and found himself greeted with a standing ovation. In a rural Georgia county where the professional class can be counted on the fingers of one hand, it was natural for the local doctor to be drafted into politics. What was unnatural was that Drury, in running for office in Camden County, would also be running for his life. And for a long time no one, from Jacksonville to Washington, seemed to give a damn.

DRURY'S STORY IS THE STORY of that flourishing anachronism in American democracy, the company town. The young doctor moved his family to Georgia's paper belt in 1967. As a doctor he shared one maverick trait with the bootleggers, retired Catholic priests, fishermen, and pensioners in the community—he earned his living independent of the paper mills that dominate the economy and politics of coastal Georgia.

Union Camp in Savannah, Interstate Paper in Riceboro, Brunswick Paper in Brunswick, Gilman Paper in St. Mary's, Rayonier in Fernandina Beach. As you drive south on the Piney Coast Highway from Savannah to Jacksonville, the mills rise up from the marshes one by one, evoking martial images—a medieval landscape of turrets dwarfing the quiet villages below.

A century ago the region was famous for duels between feuding gentry whose cotton and rice plantations supported a stable, traditional so a structure. Later, in the Twenties and Thirties paper mills swept across southeastern Geo like Sherman's army, destroying the last vest of that society and giving birth to a new or White farmers and sharecroppers (and a blacks), anxious to escape a collapsing agra economy, left the soil by the thousands to the new industrial army in the mills. By W War II, cotton had yielded to loblolly pine as area's staple cash crop, paper mills had placed the plantations, and the farm worker become a mill worker. These dramatic and ring transformations left few institutions changed, and local politics was not spared. W a county's political and economic power had shared by a small rural elite, it now tended to toward a single terminus—the local paper In St. Mary's, this flow swelled to torrential mensions.

At a distance, St. Mary's seems a most likely stage for melodrama. It appears peace prosperous, self-sufficient, evoking an unmis able sense of place. According to signs beside dead-end road into town, it is the second ol settlement in America. Local historians say Spanish explorers prowling through Florid search of the Fountain of Youth lingered h Even the mill's pollution, which blackens town's rivers and fouls its air with smoke stench, has not succeeded in utterly despoil the beauty of the natural setting. Quiet str pass beneath arches of majestic live oaks bear with strands of Spanish moss. Magnolias slash pine shade even the poorest homes. only the sinuous Cumberland Sound separ St. Mary's from Cumberland Island, a for Carnegie retreat and one of America's few maining undeveloped estuarine areas.

By the standards of most small Georgia tow St. Mary's is prosperous; unemployment is

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er capita income relatively high. Mill hands n neat, commodious ranch houses, watch TV sets, and spend lazy weekend afternoons g from their motorboats. Because of St. 's small size and isolation, its citizens know nteract with each other with an immediacy irectness impossible in a more cosmopolitan g. Its children are delivered by three local rs, are baptized in a handful of churches, ttend the same schools. Adults shop at the stores, seek credit at the two banks in and (with the exception of one person) all er Democratic.

t the ties that bind may also strangle, and ommonality dwarfs all others in St. Mary's: 1,800 residents, practically all of the town's winners, are employed by the Gilman Paper pany. The Gilman family's relation with St. 's began over thirty years ago. Charles an, whose father had built the original fam- ill in Vermont, watched the pilgrimage of mills toward the pines and cheap labor of outh and decided to follow suit. In 1941 he d the St. Mary's mill. When the family sold ermont facility in 1967, only the St. Mary's emained. The two Gilman brothers, Howard harles, Jr., now live in New York, absentee rs of a wholly Southern operation. Day-to- ontrol rests in the hands of the mill's resi- manager, George W. Brumley. Brumley to St. Mary's as a young chemist shortly after the mill opened, and quickly scrambled to the top. He runs the company—and the company, most St. Marians attest, runs the town

"The worker who does move to St. Mary's is drawn into an intricate web of economic and financial relationships, the strands of which all lead back to the mill."

When Carl Drury entered politics, he had no intention of playing David to the mill's Goliath. Drury decided to run in the Democratic primary (still tantamount to election in coastal Georgia) for the office of state representative from the 66th District, which includes Camden, Brantley, and Charlton counties. His opponent was his next-door neighbor, Robert Harrison, a forty-seven-year-old attorney who had held the seat virtually unopposed since 1965. Harrison was the central figure in a political machine that, with the support of the Gilman Paper Company and a few large landowners, had ruled Camden County for more than two decades.

At first Drury's chances seemed bleak. The Gilman mill had been known to use its economic muscle to back its candidates. Political loyalty was a sine qua non of advancement at the mill. Blacks in St. Mary's accounted for 40 per cent of the electorate and traditionally voted as a bloc for the mill's candidate. ("On election night in St. Mary's nigra section," said one political veteran, "twenty dollar bills are as common as leaves under an oak tree.") Against these odds, Drury ran a populist campaign, charging the mill and other large landowners with evading taxes; he denounced the air and water pollution caused by the mill, and identified himself with the working man. By picturing Harrison as a tool of "special interests," Drury made public issues of the complaints about conflicts of interest and mill dominance that had



Rasmussen

Schuck, Wellford

COMPANY TOWN

been whispered about for years. Harrison, placed on the defensive, stressed his seniority and counterattacked with charges that Drury wanted to be a "dictator."

Drury's biggest boost came from a fortuitous convergence of events. Outside St. Mary's there was countywide bitterness over the mill's interference in a school bond referendum. As a result the consolidated high school had been moved to St. Mary's, forcing many children to be bused over 120 miles each day. There were also labor troubles at the mill that galvanized many workers into silent opposition to Harrison, the mill's candidate. By capitalizing on these events, and on Harrison's growing personal unpopularity, Drury narrowly won the election, losing in St. Mary's but piling up votes in that part of the legislative district beyond the mill's reach.

Drury's victory shocked St. Mary's. A man had tweaked the nose of the giant and gotten away with it. And the man lived in St. Mary's.

THE ECONOMIC DEPENDENCE of the people of Camden County, and particularly St. Mary's, on the Gilman Paper Company is awesome. Not only does the company directly employ almost all of the city's working population, it indirectly supports, through the effects of its payroll and purchases, much of the population of Camden County as well. (The only other large industry in the county is Thiokol, which employs only 300 workers.) The county's traditional industries—agriculture, saw mills, fishing and shrimping—offer few alternatives. Farming and the t
industry provide few jobs for skilled labo
mill long ago turned the St. Mary's Ri
natural haven for shrimp, into a black,
brew of oils and acids. Many of the s
boats now go as far as the Gulf of Mex
make their catch, and the St. Mary's wharf
tually desolate. L. C. Ballenger, one of th
shrimpers in St. Mary's, gazes at the mill
the miasmic river that used to provide his
hood. "They're destroying my business,
but surely. It's only a matter of time." To
his point, he throws a crab caught elsewher
the water. It scurries to the shore and dies.

Many people in St. Mary's and neighb
towns are convinced that the mill, in order t
serve its monopoly over the labor force a
politics of the area, actively discourages ne
ployers from locating in the town. No ne
dustry has come to St. Mary's for many
Yet the town boasts a municipal airpor
would be the envy of many larger towns. N
Kings Bay Terminal is the site of a ma
Army-built deepwater port complete with a
lit concrete pier, rail terminal, and wareh
as well as almost 8,000 acres of undeve
land. The St. Mary's Chamber of Comme
completely inactive. Although it is the l
town in the area, St. Mary's has no hotel or
and there is no tourist trade.

The mill traditionally required all its w



in St. Mary's. While the last union con-
von exemption from this requirement, mill
ives sometimes informally pressure super-
and other salaried employees to move to
ry's if they want to move up in the com-
ierarchy.

worker who does move to St. Mary's is
into an intricate web of economic and
al relationships, the strands of which all
ck to the mill. He has probably bought his
from the major real estate company in St.
, controlled by the Brumley family. He has
ly mortgaged his house and car to St.
State Bank, also controlled by Brumley,
rchased life and homeowner insurance
lem Hall, the cashier at this bank. The
ge funds probably came from First Fed-
vings and Loan Association in Brunswick,
h Brumley is a director and for which
Harrison is local attorney. The worker's
y is probably Harrison or his partner, the
o lawyers in town. The zoning, taxes, and
s in his neighborhood are controlled by
council beholden in countless ways to
y and his lieutenants. Robert Harrison
Mary's mayor Richard Daley.

Mary's is the indentured servant of the
mill. Drury, more as a symbol than as a
wer, threatened this relationship.

**y's postelection euphoria evaporated a
ks after his victory, when he received a
all from Dr. Barker. "Blackie" Barker
octor for the Gilman paper mill and a
nber of the St. Mary's political machine.
with a florid face, Barker had always
twardly cordial to Drury. Almost apolo-
y, he confided that he had learned that
ts had been prepared charging Drury
rape of one of Drury's patients, sixteen-
l Suzanne Bloodworth. She was the
r of Henry Bloodworth, a Gilman mill
and an active supporter of Robert
n. The girl charged that Drury had
er in her hospital room while she was
ating from a tonsillectomy. Rape is a
offense in Georgia. "Carl," Barker said,
ow it's a lie and I know it's a lie. You're
ter doctor than I'll ever be, and I hate
ou get hurt so early in your career."
said that he was calling as a friend and
believed he could get George Brumley
rison to persuade Henry Bloodworth
the charges if Drury would leave the
d refuse to take his seat in the legis-**

**was stunned. During the campaign,
had circulated that the young doctor
formed illegal abortions and took an
on interest in his female patients.
ad dismissed these stories as cheap
olitics that would be forgotten after
Day. Now, it appeared, his optimism
premature; his opponents were pre-
go further. Drury told Barker that he
ave to think his proposal over, and
. He then summoned his Brunswick
Blynn Taylor, and arranged a second
call from Barker, ostensibly to firm up the offer. With Taylor listening in on the extension, Drury got Barker's assurance that "the others" had agreed to the terms of the offer.**

A rape charge, however baseless, is a terrifying specter in politics, especially for a doctor with many female patients. As one St. Marian remarked, "You know how women are. They tend to believe that where there's smoke there's fire." Nevertheless, Drury decided to hold his ground and call his opponent's bluff. A few days later, three teenage girls and a young housewife swore out affidavits charging the doctor with rape and aggravated sexual assault. In swift succession, a movement was initiated to deny Drury his seat in the state legislature, the state medical board suspended his medical license, and a grand jury was convened to hear the criminal charges.

"I LOVE THE LAW," Robert Harrison confided as we settled down to talk in his immaculate, paneled office. Pillar of the county bar, state legislator for three terms, leading candidate for a local judgeship, Harrison cuts an impressive figure. His appearance, indeed his whole manner, belies the image of a man suspected of involvement in sordid affairs. He is polite, even courtly, to his visitors. Of medium height, with a trim figure for a man nearing his fiftieth year, Harrison is articulate, urbane, and outwardly confident. His smile is quick but controlled and, together with his eyes, which do not smile at all, seems out of step with his hearty politician's manner.

"Carl Drury called me power hungry because I represent so many groups down here, but that just isn't so. I am proud of local government. You can hardly find a lawyer willing to represent small governmental bodies nowadays, but I *like* to do it." For many years, Harrison has been the man to see in Camden County, or, for that matter, southeast Georgia. As local attorney for the mill, he has instant access to the biggest hirer, firer, and buyer in the area. He is also attorney for the City of St. Mary's, the local hospital, the tax board, the larger of the two banks, the telephone company, the housing authority, and the urban renewal authority, as well as most of the other organizations, businesses, and people in St. Mary's. He is attorney for the neighboring city of Kingsland and the county of Charlton. Until recently fired, he was also attorney for Camden County and his native city of Folkston (a major population center in the legislative district). Finally, Harrison was, until Carl Drury's recent victory, the state legislator from the 66th District.

Almost no tax is levied, ordinance passed, mortgage foreclosed, estate planned, or divorce arranged in Camden County without Robert Harrison's having had a hand in it. His many roles as private, corporate, and governmental attorney have made him, in effect, the trustee of the county's secrets, the arbiter of its private life.

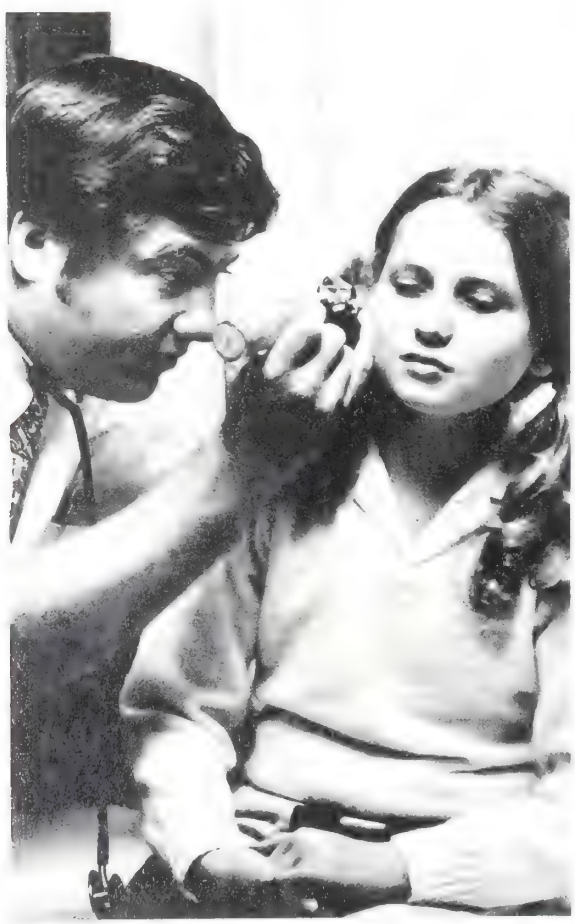
"An estimated five million Americans live in company towns where checks and balances vital to democracy have been overwhelmed by the economic power of one corporate employer."

He has also been chairman of the grievance committee of the local bar. Harrison, therefore, knows where the bodies are buried—and, if he wishes, how best to dig them up.

Since the mill is Harrison's client, as well as the largest taxpayer and owner of the most valuable property in the county, many of his actions as city and county attorney, or as state legislator, would seem to raise questions of conflict of interest and allegiance. Robert Harrison does not agonize over such issues. "That is simply not a problem," he says. "Everybody knows the positions I hold."

Harrison's record suggests that he is clear in his own mind where his first allegiance lies.* In his years in the legislature, he sponsored a number of bills that advanced the interests of George Brumley and the Gilman Paper Company. One bill gave the mill special tax concessions in St. Mary's; another required the town to turn over some city streets to the company.

*One of Harrison's most ambitious acts of service to these interests occurred in early 1969 when he introduced Georgia Resolution #688 designed to allow a local land company to develop nearby Cumberland Island. The bill failed when it became known that Charles Fraser, the multimillionaire developer of Hilton Head, and head of the land company, was one of Harrison's clients. Brumley's son was vice-president of Fraser's development company.



Dr. Carl Drury with a patient.

As city attorney, Harrison has neve
lenged a 1961 property tax agreement
the City of St. Mary's and the mill, an ag
that impoverishes the city and may
illegal. Why has he not sued to invalid
agreement and recover back taxes from t
pany? "The agreement might well be
vulnerable," the lawyer says. "But it on
few more years to run anyway." In f
agreement includes no termination date.

Harrison bears no great affection
young doctor who lives next door. He d
Drury as bent upon total domination and
of local government. Many in St. Mary's
that Harrison orchestrated the attempts
Drury a rapist. Harrison insists that his
ment was limited strictly to his role as a
ney for some of the principals. "I knew
what Drury did to those girls for a full y
fore he was charged, but I kept out of it.
then, did he not go to the police rather tha
so dangerous a man to continue practicin
cine on female patients? "I can't answe
he replies, and turns to another subject
son categorically denies having had anyt
do with the affidavits.

**With Drury fighting for his life, young
Lee Onofrey, who had claimed to have wi
sexual intercourse between Drury a
Bloodworth girl, dramatically recanted
affidavit sworn on February 1, 1971, a
sented to the grand jury several days late
Onofrey stated that she had based her
against Drury on what the Bloodworth g
told her had happened, not on what s
seen. The affidavit continued:**

**Q. Under what circumstances did you
this affidavit [referring to her ea
affidavit in which she claimed to
seen Dr. Drury have intercourse
the Bloodworth girl in Drury's ho**

**A. I went to Mr. Harrison's office. He
me that if I didn't go that I would
subpoenaed to go.**

**Q. Did you actually see everything
happened that you stated in you
fidavit, did you actually see these th
happen?**

A. No, I didn't.

Q. Who wrote out the affidavit for you

A. Mr. Harrison.

**Q. Did you sign the affidavit because
believed it would help your friend
by signing the affidavit you would
be subpoenaed?**

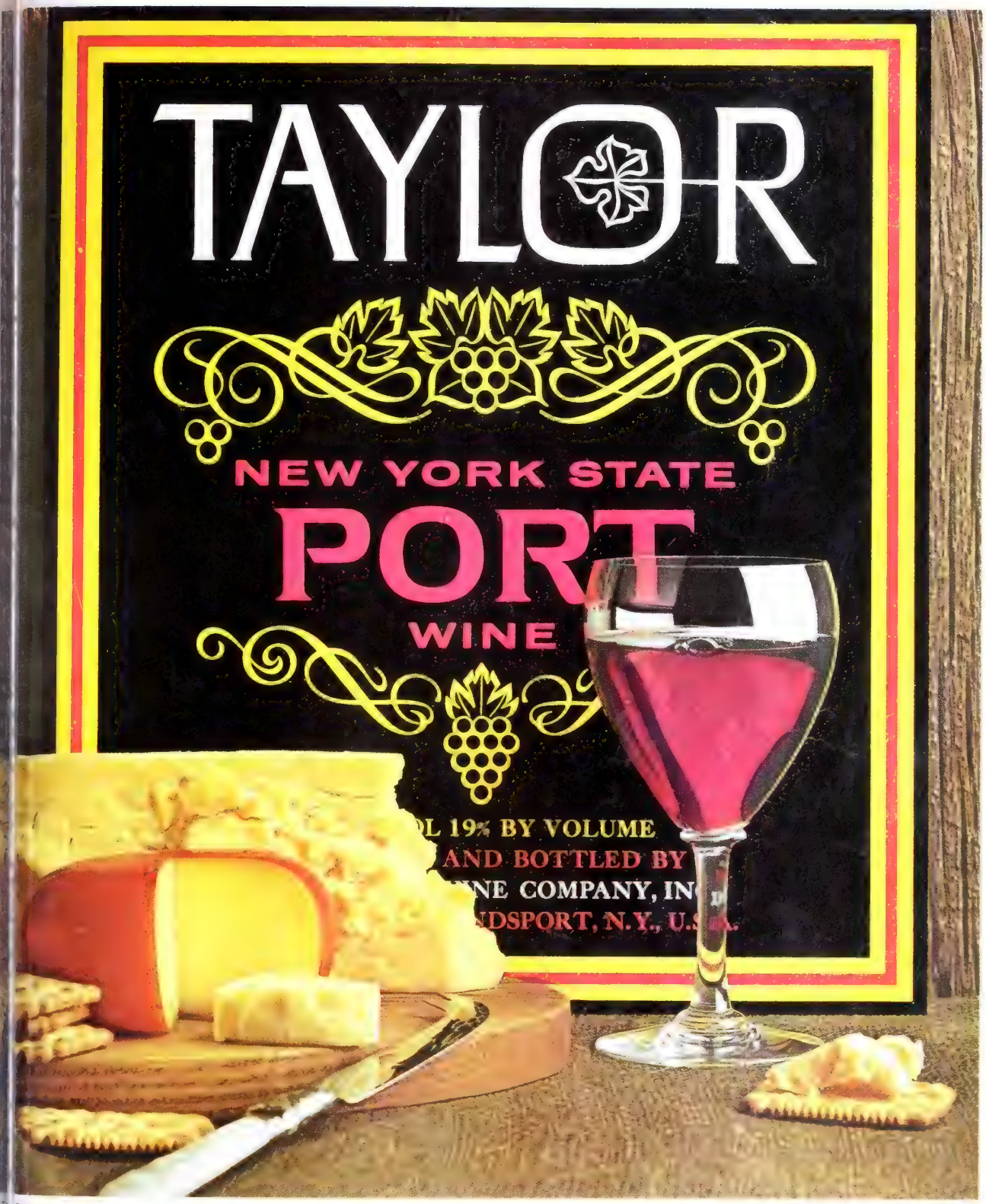
A. Yes.

**Q. At any point while you were in Mr. H
rison's office did you tell him that
didn't see any of these things?**

**A. Yes, I told him that I didn't see
thing and he said that it was all ri
that it was the truth so he would p
down there.**

**Q. And he did include this in the affid
even after you told him you didn't
it?**

A. He said it was done in my presence



R WINE COMPANY, INC., HAMMONDSPORT, N.Y.

Why not end the meal on a memorable note?
With ruby-red, full-bodied Taylor Port from the Lake Country.
Everybody's favorite. It's great anytime. Afternoon . . .
ports . . . after-five. And our Tawny Port is a perfect Port, too.
It's just a little lighter and drier to the taste. Pick up a Port, today.
Choose the one that's Taylor-made for you.

Taste the difference Taylor makes

that was what the affidavit said so he put it down.

Q. But you didn't actually see it happen?

A. No. I didn't.

Another girl, Vanessa Carter, who had sworn that she had witnessed Drury rape the Bloodworth girl in an adjacent hospital bed, told her father that she had lied, according to Juvenile Court records. "It's all politics, Daddy," she said.

On February 6, 1971, the grand jury rejected the charges against Dr. Drury. Subsequently the state medical board, after hearing wildly contradictory testimony from the girls at a hearing in Atlanta, restored Drury's medical license. Drury took his seat in the state legislature without further challenge.

A difference of degree

IN ITS SUBJUGATION TO THE MILL, St. Mary's differs from hundreds of other company towns only in degree. An estimated five million Americans live in company towns where checks and balances vital to democracy have been overwhelmed by the economic power of one corporate employer.

The fate of Drury, who in an economic sense is perhaps the least vulnerable man in the community, has immobilized with fear anyone else who might be inclined to challenge the mill's power. St. Marians do not need to be told the price of opposition. The comment of one mill worker is typical: "I have a wife, three children, and a mortgage. I am not going to jeopardize them just to give the mill a kick in the ass. The mill knows it and I know it."

When opposition does occur, however, the mill acts without delay or scruple. Take the case of Bob Smith, assistant personnel manager at the mill. Smith worked under Jim Talley, who in turn reported to "Pete" Peterson, director of industrial relations. Smith's chief complaint was that each election year he had to set aside his other work in order to lick stamps, disburse funds, and do other campaign work. "The Gilman political machine," Smith states, "was headquartered right in Jim Talley's office. He was in charge of Gilman's 'special projects.'" According to Smith, Talley directed the campaigns of Harrison and Daley from that office and would call on Smith at all hours to run political errands. "It was part of my job, that's all," Smith recalls.

In the summer of 1970, when Drury's campaign against Harrison was gaining momentum, Smith was called in to meet with Talley and Peterson. "They told me to go down to the bag plant, spend all the time and money I needed, and find out who was going to vote for Drury. All of the men who were Drury supporters would be terminated." He was told that they already knew about Buddy Dietz and Brian Lynn (both subsequently fired). "I didn't want to get involved. Those men down at the bag plant we[re] friends, and I didn't want to sneak around [and] on them. When I told that to Peterson, h[e] 'Either you get that damned list or that' [s] Smith still refused to go along. That even[ing] wrote to Atlanta in search of another job. [He] St. Mary's for good in October 1970. "St. [Mary's] was my home. My best friends still live the[re]. I it would have been suicide to stay after tha[t]

After the Harrison-Drury campaign of 1[970] few employees at the mill and at mill-dom[inated] businesses like the St. Mary's Bank were p[ro]torily fired for being "on the wrong side." [Other] pro-Drury businessmen who sold to the mi[ll] told they would receive no more mill patro[nage]. Insurance was mysteriously canceled, cred[it] denly dried up, and purchase orders were [redi]marily redirected. A Chevrolet dealer in [the] Kingsland lost $52,000 of mill business ove[r] when his support of Drury became known.

Some of the victims were not even poli[tically] active but were simply suspected of cons[orting] with the Drury group.

Brian Lynn, ex-shift supervisor at the G[ilman] bag plant, sits alone in his small, tidy l[iving] trying for the thousandth time to make [sense] of what has happened. He springs to the [front] door to greet us. "I'm mighty glad you [came]. I don't know what to do." Twelve years [at] the mill, lots of seniority, steadily promo[ted], never any trouble with anyone, then abr[upt]ly fired. "I knew I'd never make executive, but thought I was doing fine." He is vintage Hannovite: bulldog face, rawboned, disciplined, solid. A team player. "The only time in [my] years I ever stepped out of line was when [some] of the men were goofing off, slowing down production. I reported them and they raised a [stink]. Nothing happened. That couldn't be it, that [was] a long time ago." Well, exactly how *did* th[is] it? Lynn starts from the beginning, goes [on] endless detail, not knowing what we con[sider] relevant. It is a narrative committed to me[mory] over many sleepless nights, consisting of [fragments] ments that he hopes will jell, if only by d[int] trial and error, into some meaningful pa[ttern]. And then that Friday afternoon. He is deep [in] his story now, embroidering it with a sen[se] approaching climax. The not unusual call [from] front office. Lynn finds a replacement, w[alks] up, and heads for the executive area. He [stops] banter with his men on the way out. He th[inks] for a moment of his wife in the Jackson[ville] hospital. Then the good-natured flirting [with] the receptionist as he goes in. Plopping [down] in the easy chair in good old Jim Jordan's [office] casual greetings, a standard jibe at Jim's [non-] office job. But Jim, of all things, looks stra[nge]: embarrassed, even annoyed. He wastes no [time]. "Brian, we are overstaffed in the gummed [room] unit, and you have been elected to be t[er]nated." Jordan hurries on. "I know you [must] have a thousand questions but I don't have [any] of the answers. Go pick up your check, [clean] everything out of your locker, and never [put] foot in the plant again."

There is a long silence. Lynn sits passi[vely] looking at his feet, occasionally glancing [abs]tractedly at the color TV. Finally, he lift[s]

a gaze that both implores our help and izes our inability to help. "Why me?" sks of no one in particular. "I don't mess itics, I don't drink, I ain't no whore ." What about the rumors circulated by ecutives that Lynn was participating in l meetings out at the airport? "Hell, I riend there, Ray Sheppard, who lives in er at the airport. I visit him sometimes talk about what's going on and things. mes, other people are there, sometimes e seen Carl Drury there, once in a while, at's wrong with that? Hell, I didn't even r Drury. I promised his father I'd try to im out of politics. But the mill don't know d why should I tell them? Their business ing paper." Lynn asks us to call a co- at the bag plant who was told by Jordan e firing was political. We call and identify es. Long silence. Finally, a quavering "Well, I don't know what I can say. I'd not. I'm sorry." Lynn doesn't seem sur- His friends from the mill have been ig him and are uneasy in his presence. about his plans. "People in this town etter than to hire me now. I got one offer, on't want to spend the rest of my life as in a hardware store." We get up to leave. know, that mill was my life. I'd get up, work the night shift, come home, go out nd fix up my garden, watch TV and go I liked it and I never asked nothing of . That's all over now, isn't it?"

Why does it happen?

NE DENIES that Gilman rescued St. Mary's om economic disaster in 1941. One retired and resident observed: "Hell, I knew St. before Gilman went down there. Then were poor as snakes, living off shrimp and ou know, they used to say about folks in ry's that they ate so much seafood their hs went up and down with the tide." And a orker remarks, "If Gilman's closed down, vn would be wiped out overnight. The mill this and makes damned sure everybody ows it." And lest they forget, mill manager y proudly offers a reminder: "It can be stated that not less than 75 per cent of the ny of Camden County is directly depen- Gilman Paper Company."

real question, of course, is not whether has brought a measure of affluence to St. , but why its citizens, unlike most other ans, should be compelled to purchase this e at the cost of cherished political and reedoms. Why, in short, does the mill not its activities to making paper?

esmen for the mill have several answers, t of which is to deny any mill involvement politics. Brumley and Harrison insist that in St. Mary's has all the spontaneity of a gland town meeting.

rst glance, St. Mary's does appear to be a old of blue-collar democracy. The reins ernment are held by common people. Mayor Richard Daley is an electrician at the mill, and the president of a union local. Each of the six members of the city council is an employee and some are hourly laborers. The three city tax assessors are employees, as are most of the school board members. But this is a city in which the working man reigns, but does not govern.

Mayor Daley frequently misses work at the mill to attend to his duties at city hall. He apparently performs this public service at considerable personal sacrifice, because the mayor's post pays nothing and he is not supposed to be paid by the mill during his absences. By all accounts, Daley runs the city council and the police as if they were operating divisions of the Gilman Paper Company. Acting as the local magistrate, he sometimes holds court in secret behind closed doors, and on at least one occasion he positioned policemen at the door to deny entry to the interested party in a zoning dispute. According to two former policemen, Daley has occasionally trumped up charges against the guilty when it served his political interests. Politics in St. Mary's, therefore, provided no counterweight to the mill's economic power until Drury came along. The mill essentially decided who would run for office and what the issues would be. Again the question: why the demand for total control?

First, there are some definite economic privi-

"The *Camden County Tribune*, the only newspaper in town, is little more than a company newsletter."



leges, such as the tax agreement between the mill and the city, which the mill wants to protect. Gilman is reputed to be the largest family-owned paper company in the world. Now that the mill is nearing completion of a $60 million expansion, the value of the company's assets in St. Mary's clearly is far in excess of $33.4 million, the figure that the company, under its tax agreement with the city, claimed as its total asset value in its 1971 tax return. The city tax equalizers, all mill employees, accept these returns year after year without question. As one observes, "What good would it do to challenge it? We would only lose our jobs and nothing would change anyway."

(The effect of this agreement on life in St. Mary's is devastating. As Dr. Drury puts it: "St. Mary's is the only city I know of with 5,200 people, full employment, a $200 million-plus industry, and an ideal industrial development site that also has no sewers, few sidewalks, one police car, and incredible quantities of air and water pollution.")

But the mill's motivation, particularly that of manager George Brumley, probably has deeper philosophical and psychological roots. There is a traditional view among Southern mill owners,



captured by W. J. Cash in his *Mind of the S* that it's no one else's damn business hov run their towns. In the view of one Gilman tive, the mill may still act as it pleases. "T re no fence around the town. People can le e they don't like it. They can get in their air- nd tioned cars and drive right on out." W na Westberry, a millwright in the Gilman plan di agrees: "We work hard. The mill is not ow here out of charity. They're not giving u m thing we haven't earned. I don't like to s p little man pushed around. Why should he a to leave his hometown just so he can spe h mind and be his own man?"

GEORGE BRUMLEY HAS little sympathy fo uc resentment, for the Gilman Paper Con ar has been very, very good to him. In fact, G rg Brumley is St. Mary's biggest success sto s native Southerner from Gainesville, Floric l nevertheless possessed in full measure the b n less drive, ambition, and cold efficiency ss ciated with what W. J. Cash has calle th "yankee cult of the Great Executive." Cash t this cult from the southern migration of a e tee-owned New England mills in the 1920 u '30s, contrasting it, perhaps too romanti li with the paternalism and civic pride of the h n grown, self-financed Southern mill owner the second generation of mill towns, acco to Cash, the old strictures of paternalistic u had dwindled, but those of paternalistic priv e remained stronger than ever: "The new ba n to a man, held tightly to the conviction of e right to tell the worker what to do—as, fo i stance, how to vote in an election—though o they often told him through understra e rather than directly. And some of the more y bitten among them were beginning to reso overt use of that power to coerce which had e the baron's all along, and to emphasize thei a vice by firing whoever was discovered to flouted it."

Brumley epitomizes the second-gener mill manager.* Icily formal and aloof, w penchant for elegant brocade shirts and ex c dra pronouncements, he is not the sort of to whom workers go with their problems. In many of the mill hands have *never* seen Bru in the flesh. Operating quietly behind the sc Brumley has fully exploited the seigneurial rogatives of company-town elites. Besides b a good executive, he has been a very suc

*Cash failed to perceive a third generation of executives in company towns—the highly trained saries of diversified corporate giants. These te cians, aspiring to leave the mill town for corp headquarters, deliberately avoid local politics, cerning themselves only with efficient mill oper and the preservation of an impeccable national porate image. The Rayonier mill near the Fl border is an example.

d speculator, buying land at bargain prices the interchanges of Camden County's new ate highway. An established member of ia's new industrial gentry, he owns land in illionaires' enclave on Little Cumberland , goes to developer Charles Fraser's week- urties on Hilton Head, and hunts quail with an Talmadge. When the Gilman private jet at St. Mary's airport, Brumley is usually to meet the plane and drive the brothers the Florida line to White Oak plantation, latial Gilman estate. The brothers appar- now only as much about the town as Brum- oses to tell them.

E STORY OF ST. MARY'S simply limned the esses of her most powerful inhabitants, it hardly be a story worth telling. In the final is, the significance of St. Mary's lies in the e of the traditional safeguards of a free —an independent press, free elections, rvailing interest groups, and vigorous and ial law enforcement—that a democratic must rely upon to curb and control those ble excesses.

The news media do not bring much fresh air to St. Mary's. The TV stations in Jacksonville, the nearest large city, have little interest in small-town news. The *Camden County Tribune*, the only newspaper in town, is owned by Kenneth Harrison, Robert's brother. It is little more than a company newsletter. When Dr. Drury ran against Robert Harrison for the state legislature, Kenneth Harrison refused to carry a political advertisement by Drury and did not even carry a news story that Drury had qualified to be a candidate. When asked about these editorial policies, Kenneth Harrison conceded that Drury's statements were neither libelous, obscene, nor otherwise actionable, but insisted that he considered them false and thus not printable. Hardly a vigorous defense of a free press, to be sure, but then Kenneth Harrison, according to his brother, "does not thrive on controversy."

Outside investigators have thus far been largely impotent in gaining the St. Mary's situation a public audience. When a young reporter for WJXT-TV in Jacksonville conducted interviews in preparation for a special report on St. Mary's (never aired), he was told by the fire chief to get on the "one road out of town," and

"There is a traditional view among Southern mill owners that it's no else's damn business how they run their towns."



Mayor Daley led a delegation to the station to protest, filing a petition with the FCC alleging misrepresentations by the reporter. Similarly, a reporter for the *Savannah Morning News* did a four-part series on taxation and politics in St. Mary's. Both his newspaper and Atlanta newspapers refused to run it. When the same reporter wrote an article for the *News* describing the Bloodworth trial, Robert Harrison telephoned the editor and demanded that the reporter be fired.

The five union locals in the Gilman plant theoretically offer a base for countervailing power. In fact, their independence is largely a facade. The International Association of Machinists does offer its members a measure of protection from arbitrary or punitive action by the mill, but by all accounts the leadership of the other locals has been either intimidated or co-opted by management. The most notorious of these is the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers local, whose president is Mayor Daley.

"Larry" Daley evokes a curious mixture of fear, respect, contempt, and derision from his fellow workers. As mayor and confidant of Brumley and Harrison, he is in a position to dispense valued favors to his men. "During the strike last year," said one, "Larry got a lot of the boys jobs in Jacksonville and around. He won a lot of points for that." (Although the IBEW refused to go on strike, its men were idled amid the walkout by two locals and the lockout by the company.) "But the boys don't like covering his ass at the mill all the time. Larry don't never do no work. He just walks around politicking. Hell, he comes to work as an electrician at the mill wearing tailored khakis with the crease sewn in. He never wears a hard hat 'cause it'd mess up his hair. He tells everybody his suits cost over $300. Last year, we got fed up. We had an election coming up, and a majority of the boys decided to vote him out. Well, Daley must have got word, 'cause on election night, thirty or so of the electricians were made to work overtime. Daley held the meeting anyway with a quorum of seven buddies. The seven voted him in for another term, and they were elected to union positions. We found out about it the next morning."

The writ of law does not run to St. Mary's. Governor Jimmy Carter has conveyed his sympathy to Drury but has thus far failed to intervene. The local district attorney, Glenn Thomas, Jr., is a long-time friend of Robert Harrison and is under consideration for a state judgeship. When Drury was first accused of rape, Thomas had invited the Georgia Bureau of Investigation into St. Mary's to investigate the doctor. The GBI investigators found nothing. Since Drury's exoneration, Thomas has refused to investigate the bringing of false charges against Drury. Nor has he sought grand jury indictments against Harrison or any of the others suspected of involvement in the Drury affair. (The grand jury th… out the charges against Drury was con… such indictments on its own when its leg… date expired. Thomas did not reconv… grand jury.) The United States Attorney … area, Jackson Smith, has been unfailing… pathetic to Drury's plight. Yet he reje… appeal by St. Mary's residents for a fed… vestigation, despite evidence of numerou… tions of federal criminal statutes, includi… making it a crime to interfere with a … voting rights and to conspire to "injure, … threaten, or intimidate any citizen in the … ercise or enjoyment" of his civil rights … cause of his having so exercised the same.

One evening last May, Dr. Drury was … with a blunt instrument in the hospital p… lot as he was leaving after his rounds. … Bloodworth was immediately charged a… indicted for assault with intent to … Drury. At the trial in November, the pros… was Glenn Thomas, Jr. Just before th… began, Thomas told a reporter, "I'm tr… play this right down the middle." He then … to induce Drury to withdraw the charges … Bloodworth, but Drury refused.

At the trial in Camden County Su… Court, Drury testified that Bloodwort… beaten him, had pursued him to the h… doorway where some nurses had come … help, and had then fled after shouting, "I… we'll finish you off later." Three nurses t… as eyewitnesses to Bloodworth's assau… pursuit of Drury, his parting words, and … injuries. The arresting police officer als… fied that Bloodworth, upon being appreh… at the mill, made a telephone call an… "Robert, they've come for me."

In defense, Henry Bloodworth testifie… he had indeed been in the parking lot, … had not touched Drury but that Drury … saulted him. Under an unusual procedur… liar to Georgia and a few other jurisdi… Bloodworth could not be cross-examine… only important defense witness was … Register, a mill employee, who testifie… Drury had told him that his injuries wer… sult of Drury having fallen down. On cr… amination, Register admitted having me… Bloodworth and Bloodworth's defense … in Douglas, Georgia, before the trial. "W… was present at that meeting?" pros… Thomas asked. "Robert Harrison," R… replied. Thomas did not pursue this … questioning.

The twelve jurors—nine of whom … work for Gilman or are close relatives … man workers—took only minutes to br… their verdict: Bloodworth was acquitted. … the foreman announced the verdict, m… the courtroom, including the judge, were … shocked. In St. Mary's, however, the pr… inant reaction was despair and resign… "You can't beat the mill," one reside… marked, shaking his head. "The mill is abo… law." Drury's thoughts after the trial were … personal. "It sure looks like it's open seas… Carl Drury now. What's the use of fighting … if the game is rigged?"



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The trouble with democracy is that sometimes it looks like a circus

TELEVISING THE CONVENTIONS

by Martin Mayer



THE FIRST REALLY IMPORTANT event covered live on television was the pair of political conventions of 1948. The Democratic Convention was especially significant, presenting as it did the convulsions of a doomed party cursed with the need to nominate an incumbent President who could not win. (Who was Harry Truman, anyway?) The left wing was breaking away to a new Progressive party and Henry Wallace's Presidential candidacy, and the deep thinkers of 1948 felt it absolutely essential to prevent a Southern breakaway that would strip the party of its right wing. Truman and Hubert Humphrey, then mayor of Minneapolis, did not agree, and Humphrey forced through the convention a civil-rights plank on which the Southern Democrats felt they could not possibly stand. With the television cameras watching, they departed the hall, depositing their delegates badges on a table by the door. The television cameras trained on the aisle and the table registered their departure and the mounting pile of badges.

William S. White, among others, has argued that this episode, presented by television in American living rooms, won the election for Truman: "At Philadelphia, TV—with all its matchless capacity for flat, surface disclosure and never mind its disabilities as to interpretative disclosure—had unforgettably shown one climactic moment . . . The Negroes in the Eastern part of the country had seen that picture of marching and angry men . . . Mr. Truman had, indeed, 'stuck out his neck' for them and this they knew in a deeper sense than any number of printed words could have conveyed . . . It is possible to make a case that the medium of TV literally saved his candidacy."

The story will do service as a paradigm. The episode of the badges on the table had been staged for the cameras, and once the demonstration was accomplished, most of the delegates returned to the table, picked up their tags, and resumed their seats. And its influence simply cannot have been what White recalled. There were fewer than half a million sets in the country in summer 1948, and convention coverage was in the northeast quadrant only. Painfully few Negroes even there had access to television. And Truman did not carry the important states in which the convention had been telecast (New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Maryland all went for Dewey). But all these negatives are not necessarily important. What the Renaissance Italians believed about ancient Greece was more important to the modern world than the truth about ancient Greece: and what politicians and academics believed about the political impact of television may have been more important than the impact itself. In 1972 their belief may find confirmation of a kind unimaginable twenty-four years ago.

IN ANY EVENT, the conventions are still the biggest, the most costly, and maybe the most important effort television makes. The coverage of the 1972 conventions will cost the three networks roughly $22 million, of which little more than $7 million will come back in payments from advertisers. In 1968, when about the same amount of money was spent but more could be bought for it, there were 1,700 people working on network payrolls to produce the four evenings of programs.

Martin Mayer's reportorial study, About Television, *will be published by Harper & Row in May.*

The equipment employed [illegible] with the trucks used for sp[illegible]ti events, and many of the tec[illegible]ic people are those a visitor will f[illegible]d the ballparks in the fall. Indeed, c[illegible]c ering a convention has some [illegible]t feeling of covering a football [illegible]n with a number of cameras pointed at this or that, and the c[illegible]p of one at a time selected for tra[illegible]n sion. Robert Wussler, who hea[illegible]s t CBS Special Events unit, a mar[illegible] thinning brown hair above a [illegible]u face, white shirt striped with r flowers, pink-checked suit, [illegible]e stylish, wouldn't know about fo[illegible]b games: to him, a convention is [illegible]a cally just another special events [illegible]o "I produce space, conven[illegible]s primaries, election nights, assa[illegible]u tions," he says. "There are great [illegible]r larities: they're all live things, [illegible]v multiple program sources, a ne[illegible] share the quarterback with a[illegible] chor man, and an order from the [illegible] department to get so-and-so [illegible] minutes of commercial on the [illegible] every hour."

Technically, the conventic[illegible] staged not only for television b[illegible] television. For each convention [illegible] of the three networks runs "the p[illegible] a basic coverage of what goes [illegible] the hall, especially on the poo[illegible] The choice is made by lot: for [illegible] ABC drew number one for the [illegible] ocratic Convention. The pool de[illegible] and builds the convention podium [illegible] a platform about thirty feet in fro[illegible] the podium where television, film [illegible] still cameras will be mounted. [illegible] pool determines the total powe[illegible] quirements the local electrical [illegible] pany will have to supply to the [illegible] vention hall; it designs and in[illegible] lighting for the podium and (su[illegible] to argument) for the rest of the [illegible] it lays out and installs a new pu[illegible] address system for the building

kes that serve the podium and legations, and the control unit ill enable the party leadership ide which mikes should and not be live at each moment dy without a live mike can pos- make himself heard at a con- n). The control unit is in fact d by a network engineer, who his orders from the party chair- In 1972, for the first time, the ather than party officials will the votes on all roll calls.

ddition to two cameras on the m pointed at the podium, the or the Democratic Convention camera on the podium pointed the delegates and audience, o at the sides of the hall, in the and level with the rostrum, to what goes on beside the seats nighty. The pool director treats ut from these five cameras as levision coverage of the con- n, choosing one at a time and ng in a sound track of what is ly said at the hall. This pool ill be the central element in verage by the three networks, e, after all, the most important at the convention are the things that happen on the n and in the miked statements the delegations. At the least, etwork will continuously tape ed from the pool even when asting something else.

the networks have a lot of ing else. George Murray, who es conventions for NBC (sub- some direction from NBC president Reuven Frank, who s in the control booth as he did ust a news producer), says that even in the austerity year of all for sixteen NBC cameras in und each convention hall, with producers in three separate rooms to handle all the . Murray and Frank are the ers in "air control," making al choice of what gets broad- ut they see only what has been on as plausible by the pro- for "hall control" (coming e cameras in the building) and le control" (coming from cam- utside the building, the hotel eadquarters of the candidates, etc.). There is also a glassed-in VIP booth behind air control, where NBC and RCA *grandi ufficiali* can entertain the great men of politics, business, and labor with a backstage look at convention coverage.

UNLIKE THE FOOTBALL GAME, where directors can delimit in advance the possible activity their cameras must cover, the convention can be managed only if a stream of information flows to the producers to tell them where the cameras should be pointed or carried. Correspondents wander around the floor and in the halls, a button in the ear keeping them up to date by giving them the sound track of the television transmission currently going over the air from their network.

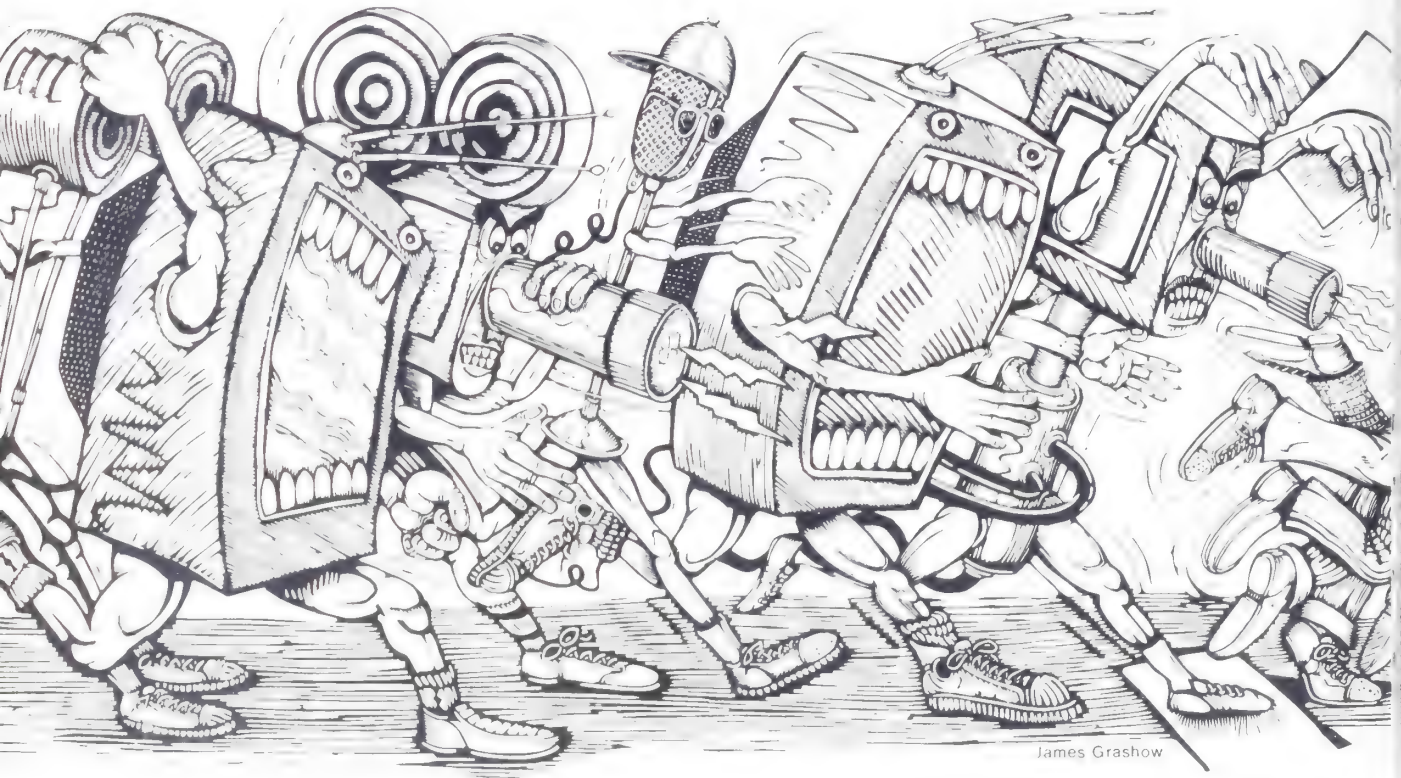
The correspondent also carries a mike he can use to communicate with the control room: "I have Kennedy's valet up here in the balcony . . . I'm with the Wisconsin delegation and they're raising hell . . . I have Mayor Daley out here by the south gate . . ." He speaks to the producer responsible for him—in hall control or outside control—who turns around and asks Murray or Frank, "Do we want . . . ?" If something more important is currently being broadcast, the correspondent and his cameraman may be told to do a piece for storage in one of the ten tape machines NBC has at the convention—the story may be used later. But the bias is always toward the live ("When we're live everything tingles," says Gordon Manning of CBS), and Murray is more likely to ask the correspondent to keep Mayor Daley there for five minutes, if he can . . .

The heart of the operation at NBC and CBS is a booth each builds high over the floor (steelwork and wood lathe and acoustic tiling: $75,000 to $100,000). Here the anchor man or men try to look both at the convention floor and at the monitor screen that tells them what's going out to the public. There are two cameras in the booth, permitting interviews to originate there. One of the switches in audio control permits the anchor man to receive through the button in *his* ear whatever of importance a floor correspondent may have to say, and the anchor man can speak through an intercom to anybody downstairs. His mike is not always live to the public; he has to push a switch and "request air" whenever he wants to say anything for broadcast. Normally, the request is obeyed automatically by the audio man, but sometimes audio control may query air control; "and sometimes," says Murray, "you may not want two minutes of Huntley, so you'll say no. Then you call him and say, 'Chet, you can't talk now,' and then ask, 'What did you want to say?' "

Meanwhile, cameramen and correspondents are staked out in the hotels near the headquarters of the more significant candidates, picking up interviews with denizens and visitors; and these, too, feed into "outside control." The maelstrom of images in the control booths is made more complicated by the fact that there is normally some action on the podium, which is what the party would like the networks to be carrying. (In 1972 both parties plan lots of films, to regale delegates and the folks back home.) "I try to hold the full nominating speech for every candidate," Frank says, "but then you get the five seconding speeches with the full Warner Brothers cast—one black, one Jew, one city, one farm, one woman and I'll cut away to other things. I remember Eisenhower himself bitched about that in '56—they'd gone to great trouble to get a real live black, except that you didn't say 'black' in those days, and we never showed him . . ."

"People ask me," Wussler says, "how can I format anything as complicated as a convention, how can I plan ahead? But I never plan more than five or six minutes in advance. They pay me for my judgment, and for my reaction time."

THINGS WORK IN A VERY different way at ABC. Lacking the station clearances the senior networks routinely receive, ABC was never able to sell convention coverage at anything like the same price per minute, and



lost more money while offering a lesser service. In 1968, the network dropped the traditional "gavel-to-gavel" coverage of the conventions, and went to a schedule that kept ordinary summer programming on the air until 9:30 P.M. Eastern time, to be followed by an hour and a half of summary-of-the-day-so-far and live coverage of the action at the moment. Elmer Lower, who covered conventions for both the other networks before becoming president of ABC News, says that the worst problem is just looking at all the film that gets shot and processed. "In 1968," he says sadly, "we had some real good stuff nobody got around to seeing until after the convention was over."

Making a ninety-minute show out of a night's convention events requires a collection of unanticipated choices. In 1968, for example, ABC cut the Republican keynote speech down to fourteen minutes, because it occurred before the network went on the air and that seemed all it was worth; but the network gave the Democrats all twenty-eight minutes of *their* keynote speech, because it occurred when ABC was live from Chicago. Both parties were unhappy: the Republicans because the importance of their keynote speech was downgraded, the Democrats because they felt they had been made to look windy next to the Republicans.

ABC in 1968 found it impossible to do everything the producers considered necessary before the 11:00 P.M. deadline, when the affiliates wanted their air back for their profitable local news programs; on the average, the network didn't sign off until 11:45. And the heavily "formatted" ABC show, including the "fascist v. fag" nastiness between Gore Vidal and William F. Buckley, Jr., made the conventions into a rather different circus from the one the parties were staging. But the audience of the three networks in the 9:30-11:00 period in 1968 seems to have been larger than it was in 1964, and ABC takes credit for drawing a bigger crowd to the conventions through the better lead-in of early-evening entertainment.

"You can make only a fair case for complete coverage of these ...ventions on a hard-news basis." ...Bill Leonard of CBS. "That three ...works and a Public Broadcasting ...vice should spend a whole wee... produce that limited informa... about the processes of a democra... well, it's a little much." What c... out to the public in 1968 from ...cago, however, was a lot much, ... the Democrats have been deeply ... cerned about the information o... processes of a democracy that m... come out of Miami Beach this y...

In January, the Arrangem... Committee planning the 1972 D... ocratic National Convention t... tively voted to forbid access t... convention floor by television n... men armed with hand-held "cr... peepy" cameras, with floodlight... even with microphones: there ... to be no coverage of anything o... floor not controlled by the chai... of the convention. On February ... while Nixon was meeting in P... with Chairman Mao, senior e... tives of the three networks m... Washington with Chairman O'B...

ybody smiled at everybody else, there was something less than a munity of purpose.

That had happened was that some ials of the Democratic party had ed at the McGovern Committee r O'Hara Committee) "reforms" he delegation-selection process, hrough the haze of academic slo-mongering in which the reforms been written but through the clear finders of television cameras—they had been horrified by the strophe they saw ahead. As one ocratic leader put it, "We lost in because the American people he Chicago police clubbing dem-rators outside the hall; so in 1972 e going to show the American le our own sergeants-at-arms oing our own delegates in the s."

ne McGovern Committee pro-ed from the plausible political-ce argument that the way to take of the 1968 demonstrators was to ot them, giving all sections of the lation a proportionate voice in election of a nominee. In fact, argument is more plausible than incing; without defending the run convention, there is a strong to be made for the proposition a Presidential nominee should be n primarily by people who have ed with and really know the can-es, not by people to whom they erely names, faces, and positions ues. But whether the argument is g or right, it can be sustained in a pretelevision posture, taking strich attitude toward the men-fact that the prime purpose of odern convention is to show the c a political party ready for the nsibilities of government. In-, the Democrats will display to ountry a zoo of creatures from ridge and Madison and the West of New York, experts in "han-the media," ranting and cussing e floor whenever anyone turns a sion camera in their direction.

E NETWORK PRODUCERS are con-ious of the dangers. NBC's has suggested unscrewing from ameras the red bulbs that indicate the producer is taking the picture from that camera, to lessen the chance that media freaks will know where to posture.

Though both NBC and CBS News expect to be live nearly all the time and will not go to a "tape delay" procedure to guarantee control over what goes on the air, the producers feel they can react fast enough to avoid scandal. "If all the 30 per cent of the delegates who must be under thirty by the rules of the McGovern Committee start doing something disruptive," Wussler says, "that's news, and I'm going to cover it. But if there are only, say, fifty delegates being disruptive, that's theater and I won't show it." Fifty delegates and one stink bomb are news, though; and nuts inevitably make better television than men merely going about their business. The pressure on the news instincts of producers seeking color is going to be irresistible.

The dangers should be seen in concrete rather than general illustration. One Gay Liberationist in semi-drag, wearing a Democratic delegates badge and waving a sign reading MUSKIE IS A MOTHERFUCKER, might convince even a black welfare mother that the country needs four more years of Republican rule. Delegate challenges, always a source of aggressive misbehavior, have been made overwhelmingly likely by the proliferation of complicated credentialing rules. Students are a special concern, because the issue of amnesty has been raised. The October 7, 1971, issue of the Columbia *Spectator* ran a feature article on student voting, beginning with the words, " 'Yeah, I'm gonna vote, 'cause I think Nixon sucks,' stated Peter Wise '74 . . ." Such a young man might easily be a delegate.

But the right to be on the scene is a gut issue for the networks: "Once they let guys with pencils in there," says Bill Leonard of CBS, "they have to let us in there too." Bitter television newsmen and producers could do as much harm with what they found off the floor as dissident delegates could do on camera on the floor. In the end, the Democrats yielded most but not all the disputed ground: the Arrangements Committee granted each network the right to have one hand-held camera and four correspondents with microphones on the floor of the convention—but forbade the use of any lights other than those of the hall itself. As the podium will be able to control the lighting of the hall (which must be dimmed, for example, when films are shown), the chairman of the convention will in fact have the power to black out pictures he feels must not be broadcast. Any such use of the dimmer knobs would be, of course, a desperation gesture and thus a political event of great importance, potentially a disaster in itself: hell knows few furies like a viewer scorned. But at least it does assure the Democrats ultimate control of the pictures from their convention floor.

Republican readers may feel that, having made their bed, the Democrats should not complain if television shows them suffering nightmares in it. But the Democrats have historically and not unreasonably claimed to be the party of the working people of America; to show the party as a kind of boardinghouse for kooks, which is a likely result of standard television coverage in July, would be a grievous disservice to democracy as well as to Democrats.

The networks have a stake in planning their coverage intelligently, which requires the abandonment of reflex references to the First Amendment. It is no good to say, as everyone at the news divisions does, that media being "handled" are just "messengers bearing bad news"; they are more like detectives uncovering false evidence that has been planted on the person of an innocent man. If, as now seems likely, television offers the country a contrast between the police defending the Republican Convention against a small horde of Yippies at San Diego and the Democrats finding themselves defenseless against a minority of their own delegates in Miami Beach, the media will stand seriously accused of intolerable interference with the democratic process. We had better think on these questions before rather than after events have raised them in an unanswerable form. □

Anatole Shub

FROM RUSSIA WITH CHUTZPAH

Origins of a new Exodus

—JERUSA

I ARRIVE AT 10:00 P.M.—the evening's barely starting. The apartment is small and crowded, but there's hot tea for all, and patient Russian ladies to empty ashtrays and offer cookies. The shelves are stacked with Soviet classics, as well as Russian books published only in the West. A tabletop is strewn with *samizdat* manuscripts—protest petitions, memoirs of forced-labor camps, open letters to the Supreme Soviet. A tape recorder plays satiric "underground" Moscow ballads. Visitors come and go, bringing news, plans, complaints. After midnight, the discussion turns grave; we talk of Russia, its terrible history, its problematic future . . .

The scene could well be Moscow. It is, in fact, Jerusalem. It might also be Tel Aviv, Haifa, or smaller towns where the newest Israelis gather: the more than 20,000 Soviet Jews who have succeeded in leaving Russia the past year.

They have come with a kaleidoscopic variety of personal experiences, from electronics factories on the Baltic to forced-labor camps at Kolyma near the Pacific. Yet as I mingled among scores of these men and women in Israel, I soon came upon familiar faces—the faces of "dissident" sympathizers I had seen as a Moscow correspondent (1967-69) as we stood vigil outside the courthouses where Soviet democrats were being tried.

There, in Moscow, it was not easy to talk to Western newsmen; courage enough was required just to stand there. Here in Mediterranean Israel, not only do "Soviet people" feel free to talk about Russia—even to a foreigner with a tape recorder in a hotel room—they speak urgently, eagerly. Among them, they seem to have been almost anywhere in the vastness of the Soviet Union. One day in Jerusalem, I hear about the secret Trotsky archive in the Odessa library. Next day in Tel Aviv, it's penal colonies by the Arctic Sea. Maoist riots in Tajikistan. Baptists in the Ukraine. KGB chief Yuri Andropov's private collection of abstract art. The insiders' contemptuous nickname for Politburo dark horse Alexander Shelepin ("*Zhelezni Shurik*," roughly translatable as "Iron Allie"). There is nothing remotely resembling a "typical" case. If some of their stories sound like variations on *Fiddler on the Roof*, others are glosses on *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*.

How in the world did so many, and such diverse, individuals ever join together to beg—as they did in the summer of 1969—a mili resourceful mass movement to emigrate Russia? The hundreds then soon swelled to s of thousands, so that all the world now kn the story of their exodus, from the protest tions in Moscow to the jumbo jets landing emigrants in Tel Aviv. But what about the g sis of the movement? Where had its leaders c from—and why had they led, and others llowed, precisely when they did? Why had Jewish movement become a movement just t in 1969—not earlier, or later, or never?

Future milit

IF YOU'LL NOTICE," a physicist from Vil remarked, "most of us are roughly the s generation, between thirty and forty-five. enough to remember, young enough to dare.' was talking about the leaders, the activists o movement—most of whom, indeed, were enough to remember Stalin's last cruel years. young enough to have mustered new courag the less frightful conditions of the post-Stalin

Yefim Spivakovsky, a peppery little man forty-five, with a black goatee and emphatic ner, grew up in Kremenchug on the Dnieper, in a few small rooms of the other expropriated mansion originally built for merchant grandfather. Evacuated from Ukraine with other Jewish children during W War II, he was later barred from law school quota system for Jews.

Enrolling then as an economics studen Kharkov University, Spivakovsky was twe one when, in September 1948, Ilya Ehrenbur a famous *Pravda* article advised his fellow So Jews to turn their backs on the newly foun state of Israel. The article (for which Ehrenb later apologized in his memoirs) signaled beginning of an increasingly vicious campa against Israel, "Zionism," and "cosmopoli ism." Young Spivakovsky wrote Ehrenbur letter disagreeing sharply.

Soon after posting the letter, Spivakov found himself being shadowed by the secret lice, who hoped he would lead them to "acc plices." He was arrested in November 1950 dispatched "administratively" (without a tri

Anatole Shub was in the Washington Post's *Moscow bureau for two years. He was expelled by the KGB in 1969 on the charge of "anti-Soviet writings." A prize-collection of his work is entitled* The New Russian Tragedy.

ed labor in Siberia. Later, at the time of doctors' plot," Spivakovsky, who had the son of one of the doctors, was inter- d at the secret-police headquarters at the nka prison in Moscow. ("I walked up own those famous steps that Solzhenitsyn oes in *The First Circle*. I'll never forget ") After Stalin's death, Spivakovsky was ack to the labor camps at Kolyma.

re, in the Far East, Spivakovsky became y with Vitaly Svechinsky, a tall, rugged, -jawed Muscovite, who is still his friend el. Svechinsky, as laconic and reflective as ovsky is volatile, is the son of a KGB offi- e remains proud of his father's exploits as a rintelligence agent behind German lines the war. But he prefers not to talk about is father did before then or afterward.

ard the end of 1948, when Svechinsky was en, he and two Moscow schoolmates began about escaping to Israel across the Soviet- h frontier. They were betrayed, however, ecret-police informer, arrested one by one course of 1950, and sentenced to long at forced labor.

AKOVSKY AND SVECHINSKY seem to have en cast by heredity and Stalinist persecu- r the roles of future militants—point men e movement to be. Indeed, their names appear on several of the more daring protest letters of 1969 and 1970. But Stalin's last years gouged scars in less rebellious, more adaptable spirits than theirs. There were (and are) many such people in the sophisticated circles of Moscow and Leningrad, people for whom the youthful nightmares of the late Forties only registered in the gray light of the late Sixties.

One of them is Sasha Gitelson, a slim, curly-haired intellectual instantly recognizable as a Leningrader—not merely through his soft, easy "Petersburg" Russian, but through the natural diffidence, sensitivity, and taste with which the aristocratic city on the Neva marks its finer sons.

Gitelson remembers Stalin's last years as "absolutely Kafkaesque." In 1948, when he was sixteen, he and a few school chums tried to form a "study circle" to read works like Mayakovsky's poetry and Ludwig Feuerbach's *Essence of Christianity*. The circle met only once before each of the boys was called to the secret police. "They told us to come to their so-called neighborhood branch," Gitelson recalls. "It was a perfectly ordinary apartment in an ordinary building. You just walked up the stairs, rang the bell, and then suddenly you were met by men with holsters."

The police were trying to recruit the boys as informers, alternating threats ("You have an Anti-Soviet Organization, we know everything, confess!") with suave blandishments ("Come on, Sasha, we'll make a great Chekist [secret

"For the democratic intellectuals, the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia was the supreme shock."



policeman] out of you!"). Gitelson was summoned a dozen times over the next two years, usually by postcard or telephone; once they came in uniform for him at school. They stopped bothering him after he entered Leningrad University, but he was forever amazed at how many faces in the streets he recognized from his sessions at the KGB office.

Movement and trials

KHRUSHCHEV'S 20TH COMMUNIST PARTY Congress in 1956 put an end to indiscriminate mass terror, and wide-ranging amnesties virtually emptied the camps of the political prisoners of Stalin's time. But the legacy of fear remained potent, and the late Fifties were fallow years for the dissidents coming out of the camps.

Vitaly Svechinsky, the KGB officer's son who had thought of escaping across the Turkish border, was released from labor camp in Kolyma in 1955 and returned home to Moscow to study architecture. But in five years there, he couldn't get accustomed to "normal" life in the Soviet capital. "There was no movement at all," he recalls, "neither in a democratic direction, nor in a Zionist direction. Just nothing." (As of 1960, only 9,000 Soviet Jews had applied to emigrate to Israel, most of them elderly people with relatives there.) In 1960, Svechinsky chose to go back to Kolyma as an architect; he thought he would feel more at home among the many ex-prisoners who had settled there.

His friend, Yefim Spivakovsky, the little economist who had disagreed with Ilya Ehrenburg in Stalin's day, was released from Kolyma in 1956 (by which time Ehrenburg was a leading "liberal"). Spivakovsky returned to Kharkov, but the difficulties of finding decent work and housing kept him "nonpolitical" for five years. It was only in 1961 that Spivakovsky began resuming contact with Zionist-minded friends in other cities, whom he had met either in the camps (like Svechinsky) or during the wartime evacuation.

In Leningrad Sasha Gitelson, who had become a playwright, felt relatively satisfied with life "even though people were coming from the camps, people were going to the camps, and all sorts of stupid things were being said and done." Somehow, he thought, conditions were gradually improving, although he remembers being "sickened" when Khrushchev attacked the liberal intellectuals in the winter of 1962-63. "Even so, as long as I had the idea that things might get better, I could go on. By the end of the Sixties, of course, there had been *such* a reaction—in every sphere—that it all seemed senseless."

But prior to the reaction, in Khrushchev's last years, there was real ferment: Yevtushenko's "Babi Yar" and Solzhenitsyn's *Ivan Denisovich*, foreign tourists coming, and foreign broadcasts no longer being jammed. These years brought the incredible proliferation of *samizdat* or "self-published" underground literature (including, in 1963, a Russian translation of Leon Uris's *Exodus*). The last Khrushchev years witnessed the struggles in Kiev for the recognition of Babi Yar, and by Jews elsewhere for recognition of other sites of Nazi genocide, notably Rubuli outside Riga, and Ponary near Vilnius.

Toward the end of 1965, a year after Khrushchev's fall, Vitaly Svechinsky, out in Kolyma, "began getting the feeling that something was be starting to move." The rugged architect was to meet many Siberian scientists, and found that "the young generation was beginning to think for itself and even daring to speak up openly—which didn't happen in our time."

But for intellectuals in the major cities, Jewish as well as Jewish, a chill new wind was blowing in February 1966, with the Moscow trial of the writers Andrei Sinyavsky (who was not Jewish) and Yuli Daniel (who is). The intellectuals' protests over this and subsequent trials gave birth to the so-called "Democratic Movement." Many Jews were active in that movement.

but more importantly, without the democratic pioneering, the later "Zionist" emigration movement might never have taken the forms it did.

In some ways (although it has neither program nor an organization), the Democratic Movement most resembled the early struggles of the Reverend Martin Luther King. The Russian democrats believed in first setting a personal example, by overcoming their own fear of the KGB and showing others that protest was possible. Their strategy was "legalist": they based their protests on the Soviet Constitution, on the letter of existing Soviet law or of international charters like the U.N. Human Rights Declaration. And they sought, rather than shunned, publicity.

The democrats perfected the art of *samizdat* publication, ranging from brief protest petitions to the amazingly comprehensive *Chronicle of Current Events*, a bimonthly underground newsletter reporting arrests, trials, KGB searches and the like from all corners of the U.S.S.R. Democrats in Moscow channeled such news to Western correspondents, who reported it abroad; foreign radio stations in turn broadcast the news to Russia at large—thereby enabling the democrats to reach millions of their fellow citizens.

A visit from the

PERSONAL EXAMPLE, GROUP PROTEST, "legalist" strategy, "instant replay" through Western press and radio—all these features of the Democratic Movement were to be emulated by the "Zionist" activists after 1969. However, it took two great shocks—the Mideast war

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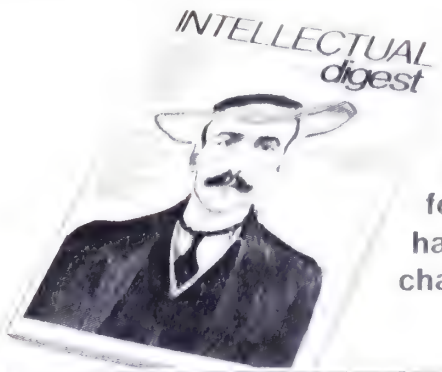
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Anatole Shub

FROM RUSSIA WITH CHUTZPAH

June 1967 and the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia in August 1968—to galvanize the Jewish movement.

Out in Kolyma, Vitaly Svechinsky followed the Six Day War on Voice of America broadcasts coming in from Okinawa. He found great sympathy for Israel, and satisfaction at the Arab-Soviet defeat, among his non-Jewish colleagues. Precisely because the Soviet public was so cool to the Arabs, however, the official anti-"Zionist" campaign became ever more strident, with Brezhnev setting the tone by equating Zionism with Nazism. Predictably, Jews who had never been Zionists began turning toward Israel. At the end of 1967, Svechinsky decided that the days of waiting were over—the time had come for him to return from Kolyma to Moscow. There he helped organize a group of some two hundred Jews willing to struggle for the right to leave Russia.

In Kiev after the Six Day War, the underground *ulpan*, or Hebrew-school, movement started up. According to one man I interviewed, it began when an elderly scholar (a former political prisoner) taught the language to three young men, using a pre-1917 Hebrew Bible as his only text. Each of the three then went out to teach others, often in groups of ten. Within a year, *ulpans* were sprouting up all over the country.

In Kharkov in mid-February 1968, Yefim Spivakovsky, who was working as an economist in an instrument factory, was suddenl moned to the plant's iron-doored "Spec partment" (or factory KGB branch). A K had already come to the plant to pick up i engineer, accused of "subversive" ac Spivakovsky, who had photos of Moshe as well as various *samizdat* manuscripts apartment, had been denounced to the K a state-farm director with whom he had at a seaside resort. The swoop was part tionwide crackdown on dissenters, in the controversial trials of democrats that wi Moscow and Leningrad.

The KGB interrogated Spivakovsky fo days at its downtown Kharkov headq permitting him to go home each night. end, Spivakovsky struck a kind of de promised to give up his "anti-Soviet"—a broadly oppositionist—activities, but fir fused to renounce his "Zionist" hopes of to Israel. The KGB interrogator accept distinction and closed the discussion wit Spivakovsky now believes was a hint of to come. "We are studying your positio KGB man said. "We will keep your de mind."

Here, in February 1968, was a sign t Soviet policy on emigration to Israel mig be open to review. (A previous trickle of " reunions" had been halted after the M war.) It was also one of many indications t



Wide World

were more concerned about the Democra-
vement than about Zionism. Indeed, some
n the Kremlin's later opening of the doors
vish emigration as partly an effort to let
steam out of the Democratic Movement.
ist officials in their time had encouraged
m for similar reasons.)

THE DEMOCRATIC INTELLECTUALS, the
viet invasion of Czechoslovakia was the
ne shock. "The events in Czechoslovakia
he last straw," recalls Sasha Gitelson, the
grad playwright. "We all lived through
events with our blood."
elson happened to be in Moscow on the
ng after the invasion and paid a visit to
I. Pimenov, the Russian mathematician
ad organized one of the first democratic
in 1956. He remembers that Pimenov
ly wept at the news from Prague; Gitelson
lf, although he still had business in Moscow,
verwhelmed by the desire to get home to
grad as soon as possible.
the train that night, Gitelson quietly lis-
to passengers discussing the invasion. Most
m approved it, although a few were silent.
on came to the conclusion that "there was
g further to expect from this country,"
e democratic intellectuals were "splendid,
ted individuals who were trying" to
e Russia, but that "there was no people
k them." A few weeks later, Gitelson began
ng for the first time about possible emigra-
Israel.
vas a month after the invasion that Yefim
kovsky came up from Kharkov to Moscow,
rought his former labor-camp comrade
Svechinsky important news. He had heard
ewish applications to emigrate were sud-
being accepted in various Baltic cities and
hinev, Bessarabia. Svechinsky could not
e it, so the two went together to the Moscow
of Visas and Registrations (OVIR), the
department that handles such matters.
Svechinsky's surprise, the Moscow OVIR
nced that, yes, it too would accept applica-
(in duplicate, accompanied by six photos,
ssion from parents, and a *karakteristika*,
racter reference, from the place of work).
insky was so overjoyed that he ran out in
eet and began jumping up and down, yell-
"We're going!" so fervently that Spiva-
y thought his friend would have a heart

fact, neither man was permitted to leave
rael for another two and a half years.
policy on emigration became extremely
—varying sharply from case to case, place
ce, and month to month. Jew's efforts to
the criteria by which their fate was being
d met with official double-talk, or worse.

The contradictions of Soviet policy became scandalously apparent in the case of Boris Kochubievsky, a thirty-year-old Kiev radio engineer. The local OVIR promised his exit visa would be ready on November 28, 1968. Instead, that morning the KGB searched his apartment, announcing that he was under criminal investigation for "anti-Soviet" remarks he had made two months earlier at Babi Yar. Arrested the following week, he was held for six months without trial before being sentenced to three years' forced labor. (Within weeks of finishing his term, he was permitted to leave for Israel last winter.)

Kochubievsky's story is significant: handsome, eloquent, fiery, he comes from a family of revolutionary heroes and martyrs going back a century to the disciples of the anarchist Bakunin. Kochubievsky was tried in the same Kiev courtroom in which the anti-Semitic "ritual murder" trial of Mendel Beilis was staged in 1911, and at which—as Kochubievsky reminded his preprogrammed judges—Beilis was acquitted by a jury of Ukrainian peasants, to the cheers of every decent Russian from Tolstoy on down.

But the importance of the Kochubievsky case is more than symbolic. For it was with him—from his arrest in December 1968 to the trial in May 1969—that the experiences of the Democratic Movement were applied for the first time to support a Jew seeking emigration. Kochubievsky himself started it off with a bold open letter to Brezhnev. The democrats' *Chronicle of Current Events* reported his case in devastating detail, including the crude anti-Semitic manner in which the authorities tried to pressure Kochubievsky's non-Jewish wife to divorce him. At the trial, his family and friends used petitions and protests to establish the rigged nature of the proceedings, as the democrats had done at the Moscow trials. Afterward, an ample transcript of the trial reached the *Chronicle*—the Western press—foreign radio stations—Russia.

"A dangerous precedent: 'troublemaking' had paid off. New activists quickly came to the fore—professors, scientists, film directors."

NOW, IN THE SUMMER of 1969, the Jewish movement at last began to get under way. Until then, Jews had been playing more or less by the Soviet rules, applying for exit visas individually, making little effort to publicize their collective cause. But their restraint had brought limited dividends: in March 1969 emigration was virtually halted altogether (for nearly two years). The Kochubievsky trial followed, an ugly frame-up any way you read the transcript. At last now, the Jews turned to group action in the style of the Democratic Movement and on an international scale, with collective open letters and mass petitions to the United Nations, the Human Rights Commission, and other bodies. Now, too, the Israeli Government, which had been taking a hush-hush attitude, began championing the movement overtly.

Anatole Shub

FROM RUSSIA WITH CHUTZPAH

Encouraged by Israeli support, hardened by the grim Soviet winter of 1969-70 (with the worst food shortages in a decade), the Jews multiplied their protest petitions and open letters. Stung, the Soviets intensified anti-Zionist propaganda and called on the KGB. On the night of June 14-15, 1970, scores of Jewish activists were arrested in a half-dozen cities. The arrests led to the notorious Leningrad hijacking trial that December, and other trials in 1971—making the Jews even more desperate. "It was now or never, do or die," says Vitaly Svechinsky. The protesters soon found their numbers greater than anyone had imagined, and their outside support formidable: not only from abroad but from the Democratic Movement. Indeed, two of the defendants at the first Leningrad trial were non-Jewish: Yuri Fedorov (twenty-seven, Russian) and Alexei Murzhenko (twenty-eight, Ukrainian), both former political prisoners, condemned anew to fifteen and fourteen years' hard labor respectively.

When the Leningrad court sentenced two other defendants to death, the international outcry forced the Kremlin to commute the sentences. Academician Andrei Sakharov, the liberal Moscow nuclear physicist, was among the first to protest. Later, his unofficial Human Rights Committee issued a broader manifesto urging the Kremlin to "stop violating the right to leave the country."

Barely a thousand Jews had emigrated d[u]r[i]n[g] 1970. But early in 1971, as the Jews staged [m]ore bolder demonstrations, sit-ins, and hunger st[rikes], the Kremlin started giving way, allowing tro[uble]-makers like Vitaly Svechinsky and Yefim Sli[vo]-kovsky to leave the country. A dang[erous] precedent: "troublemaking" had paid off. [New] activists quickly came to the fore—profe[ssors], scientists, film directors. New protests and [dem]-onstrations greeted the trials last summer. [The] Kremlin gave further ground . . .

Jews applying to emigrate risked immedi[ate] loss of their jobs. Permission to leave still [fre]-took months to obtain and was by no means cer[tain]. Families were split: a brother in prison, [a] sister in Jerusalem. Emigration cost each departing adult some 1,500 rubles ($1,666 at the official exchange rate) in visa, transport, and [other] fees. Yet, by last autumn, a strange and frenzied race was on: officials at OVIR were rushing [to] clear the decks of applications, to show that there was no further demand for emigration. But more thousands of Jews were applying the more it seemed safe to do so. Last summer, there were only 35,000 applications; by the New Year there were more than 80,000.

How many of the 2,150,000 Soviet Jews will eventually reach Israel is a question nobody can answer. Perhaps only one in ten. But even half as many will represent a triumph of raw nerve. The only word for it is chutzpah.



Courtesy

LIVES OF THE SOVIET JEWS who have
ched Israel have not been without prob-
There has been the predictable "culture
of sudden transition from the Russian
ge to Hebrew, from authoritarian "order"
lom, scarcity to affluence, state paternal-
individual initiative; and from a society
oned to think in universal terms to one
en seems provincial. "We have been up-
but we are not yet rerooted," says Pro-
Mikhail Zand, a distinguished Oriental-
e scholar from Moscow.

lis, who have been watching the "ab-
ı" of other immigrants for over twenty-
rs, tend to be blasé about the process. "In
year," the saying goes, "all immigrants
n about absorption troubles. The second
ey begin complaining about taxes. By the
ar, they're complaining about new immi-

ictably, the Israeli efforts to settle the
ivals quickly in good jobs and housing
oused resentments—notably among the
al" Jews from North Africa and the Arab
ıo often have had to wait years for what
Russians" now obtain in months. Israeli
seem to think that keeping everyone
s mainly a question of money. (It costs
35,000, they say, to absorb each immi-
mily.)

ıg the Soviet immigrants themselves, the
iblicized difficulties involved Orthodox
ws from the mountains of Georgia. Orig-
from small, tightly knit religious commu-
hey resisted Israeli attempts to disperse
melting pot" style, among several towns
ages. The Georgians used sitdown strikes
nonstrations to make their point. (As
an one immigrant has remarked in other
ances, "If we didn't keep quiet *there*,
rtainly not going to keep quiet here.")
ugh Soviet propaganda early this year
that 1,500 former Soviet Jews had al-
ritten complaining of Israeli conditions,
"hundreds" had even asked to return to
S.R., this seems clearly an exaggeration;
ndful of names was mentioned in either
on. Most Soviet Jews I met seemed quite
to be in Israel, and those who weren't
going to the U.S. rather than returning
a. Several cut short discussion of their
ın problems with such remarks as: "Any
et discouraged here, all I have to do is
ninute about what I've escaped from."

T JEWS, HOWEVER, feel a deep political
cern, a concern that stems from the very
their movement to emigrate. They have
ia, but Russia has not left them, the ac-
d intellectuals least of all. Having fought
ficult struggle side by side with others
resisting Soviet state power, they are appalled now by the official Israeli reserve toward the internal struggles that continue to unfold in the U.S.S.R.

Soviet Jews feel a moral debt to non-Jewish Soviet democrats who helped them at great personal risk—men like Fedorov and Murzhenko, the non-Jewish defendants at the first Leningrad trial. But Israeli authorities firmly discourage any attempts by Soviet Jews to take up the cause of their Russian friends. Funds for a Russian-language magazine were cut off, for example, because it had printed *samizdat* documents about the Democratic Movement.

The Israelis distinguish between "Zionist" and "anti-Soviet" activity for reasons of diplomacy: the Soviet authorities themselves are making the distinction, permitting "Zionists" to emigrate while sending "anti-Soviet" democrats to prisons, labor camps, and insane asylums. The Israelis go along with the distinction even when the persecuted "anti-Soviets" are Jewish. The Soviet Jews in Israel consider this shameful.

In the last analysis, differing perceptions of the Soviet Union are involved. For Israeli officials, the U.S.S.R. is primarily a great power, whose armed forces are perched on the Suez Canal and whose assent is necessary for a Mideast settlement. In this view, the inner stability of the Soviet system must be taken for granted, and normal relations with Moscow remain a desirable goal that should not be prejudiced by "Cold War" activities.

For the Soviet Jews, however, Russia is the land of their own struggle, which they know from the inside. Their own experiences, they say, testify not only to the Soviet regime's malevolence but to its ultimate vulnerability. The Russia that fighters like Spivakovsky and Kochubievsky describe is a society in malignant decomposition—a "cancer ward" kept going by inertia, cynicism, and the residues of fear; sapped by rising anti-Russian nationalisms; sinking slowly into economic impotence; straitjacketed by a political system its present leaders dare not change. ("I almost feel sorry for them," three different Soviet Jews told me on separate occasions, discussing the leadership's various dilemmas. Kochubievsky noted that "everything they touch turns against them—watch, even the Arabs will turn on them.")

Their own movement, Soviet Jews argue, has shown that the regime will retreat when it is challenged with sufficient skill and determination. The Jews' example is bound, they say, to encourage other, perhaps stronger, resistance movements—aimed not so much at emigration (where could 46 million Ukrainians go?) as at direct confrontation with Soviet power. New surprises await Russia. "This is only the beginning," say the more ardent Soviet Jews. Only time will tell whether they are right. □

"Many worry over whether Israel's pocket-size economy can accommodate all the highly skilled, university-trained specialists they hope will come from Russia."

Richard Goldstein

BYE BYE, MISS AMERICAN PIE

Coming of age in Connecticut

IT OCCURS TO ME on certain desultory occasions that I understand nothing about America. Almost as if I were a European, I know the nation by its souvenirs: its billboards and gas stations, its calendars and dungarees. The real America is otherly: powerful and wild. I still regard it as a wilderness, a forest of wires and mouths. The people seem feral, prone to murder and sterility, the tight lips and starched hair of killers without remorse.



Michael Gold

In retaliation, I cling to my enclave: M tan, the Sad Left, a civil servant's version f t literary life. An austere doorman stands ua in my perceptual lobby, admitting visitor b zing me upstairs with his West Side dire ive That doorman is my first line of defen.. keeps me secure in the knowledge that I n anywhere and write anything with my fr k wit intact, safe from any intrusion of the Wa beyond.

And yet I feel I must confront the Un ta able. I have always felt it was far more nt to my Real History than whatever my e la could provide. So I have tried, periodica y, expand my body across the greater cor s America. To absorb and inspire it, in r meanor and my slang. I talk like a truc w thirty license plates—and with good reas . mastering tongues, I hope to master plac a thereby reap some measure of the agile b dance that is the promise of this land.

And so: I have hitched through Cali rn seen whales in the Pacific while eating a ee burger and listening to a stringy version f t "Ode to Joy." I have been to Washingto t gas floating like Chagall clouds over the C it I have camped in Maine with a bright re pa strapped across my shoulders, fighting do n feeling that I should be lugging a pushc t stead. I have done all this, not just for pl s or diversion, but with a specific goal in in comprehension, or, barring that, entente.

What have I not done? I have never d e stewardess, gone to a roller derby, eaten p li on the Panhandle, been to church outsid N York (where all cathedrals have Jewish n se Worse: I have never balled a Wasp, and n main immune to the satori that comes to a and Jews upon the solution of that sexual o I am no American if I have never been se t and abandoned by a lily of the valley. That e to be another Unattainable, almost as meta n cal as reverse circumcision. Lilies of the l do not turn me on. I am intimidated by beauty, which seems certified and severe. . v to defile them, not love them.

LY IT IS HOPELESS to hunger after some-
ng I do not desire, but only covet. And
that very reason, it seems inevitable that
o on soliciting magic Christians, of either
I have deeds of incompletion to perform.
er and in yearning for those feral souls
em beyond my grasp, I have written
sonnets to the American Golem. I have
and balled American style: straight up
y for a strike. I collect roadside incunab-
mps and ashtrays bearing hallmarks of
l History, in mock heroic mottoes or en-
s. There is contempt in that collection,
o longing, as if the closest I can come to
g America is through its *Kitsch*. Which is
e I read into the writing of angry black
tuals, the tone of Eldridge Cleaver watch-
whiteboys shake their butts. A loathing
g love and awe. I will draw this rule of
about soulful people, perhaps presump-
: funk is a product of desperation, and I
ever known a funky person who would
de his rhythm and his wit for one long
f love with Miss American Pie.

he thing that goes the furthest
oward making life worthwhile
hat costs the least and does the most
just a pleasant SMILE . . .
's full of worth and goodness too
ith manly kindness blent
's worth a million dollars
nd it doesn't cost a cent.
—seen in a batik and candle
shoppe in Mystic, Conn.

smiling. I'm beaming. My cheeks ache
ll this gladness. I'm sitting with my wife
counter of a Howard Johnson's in Con-
it. She is wearing a long print dress, one
se remnants of Pan-Slavic unity. Also a
kin coat and a knit hat, the kind that grow
ndelions on the subway. I am wearing a
polo shirt under a fireman's coat, and
rees onto which my wife has sewn patches
ery fabric so that the rear end has lambs
cking horses where the denim should be.
are sitting there at 8:00 A.M. and the wait-
mes over, prim and misbegotten in her
te whites. She is smiling past my eyes as
kes our order of pistachio malteds and
ate cake. Two truck drivers talking about
ancer pause long enough to look us over,
ouths creasing slightly. An old lady looks
oks around, looks across the counter.
es her nose like a cat sniffing sex, and re-
o her food. Never is heard a discouraging
Not even *sotto voce*, like in New York.
breakfast comes and I dig in, spewing
s across the counter. Frosting down the
pe. The waitress comes over with a handi-
I want her attention. I covet her contempt.
ike scrawling four-letter words across the
counter with the chocolate that remains on my plate.

In New York, the waitress might have muttered, "Boy, do you look silly," or, if favorably disposed, "A man shouldn't dress like Donald Duck." At any rate, I would have found something tacit in her face. In Connecticut it is terribly easy to ascribe to the subtlest change in glance or inflection all the condemnation that would be heaped upon your renegade head in New York. Outside the city, people do not disparage a man to his face, if they are polite. And if they are impolite, I am moved to fantasize, they may shoot you down.

The spiritual geography

SUCH THOUGHTS I ENTERTAIN at regular intervals these days, having sublet my apartment, deserting the doorman of my perceptions and my most cherished souvenirs. I have moved to Connecticut. Sweet Connecticut. You notice first the air. The smell of wood and water, and, even in town, persistent hints of pasture and tide. Meadows slope and tumble. The coast is agile. Japanese inlets landscaped with a single pine. Zen sunsets, rich in harmony or quiet with a whisper of vermilion. I have actually been frightened by a sunset when, on one of my first fall afternoons alone on the shore, the sky turned urgent orange and would not stop.

Where I live now, I can walk a mile in any direction and hit water or woods. There are fewer people in my village than there were on my block. Folks are far between. Far between my neighbors and my style. I do not understand these people. I see them in the supermarket. I see them on the road. Some are nice to me, and feed me soup and wine. Some pick me up hitching, and I can tell they live in houses where the columns are not overlaid with graffiti. I do not understand these people, even those I am coming to love. And the rest, the people who are random to me: I understand them even less. The younger ones seem sullen in a lean and crowish way. The older ones seem soft and sunken in their gabardines. In the city, I am used to desperation manifested in grotesquerie. The shriekers, the twitchers, the junkies, and the drunks. Up here it is silent and opaque. The desperate ones grow pudgy. They chuckle and sway like raccoons.

I am told it is poverty: starches in the diet seep into the civil servant's eyes. And surely there is no more fitting measure of a suburbanite's class than his expression or his gait. In cities (one might insist with a certain pride) the poor are likely to reach out for your wallet or your throat. But in the countryside, what outlet have the poor for their adversities? Fishing. Eating. Hard work. TV.

And the open road. We pour into the green

"There are fewer people in my village than there were on my block. Folks are far between. Far between my neighbors and my style."

Richard Goldstein teaches creative writing and journalism at the City College of New York. He has written The Poetry of Rock *and* Goldstein's Greatest Hits: A Book Mostly About Rock 'n' Roll.

Richard Goldstein

BYE BYE, MISS AMERICAN PIE

Olds, whenever it agrees to start, and head on out. There are cow decals on the hood and a wooden bear on the dash. Towels and twigs and blankets in the back. We pick up WABC and WADO from New York, and I like to cruise past people's driveways blaring Latin rhythms, shouting, "Hey we movin' in on you."

I drive at times like a Prussian heading for the front, and at other times like a deft mosquito careening for the kill; when surrounded, like a trapped rabbit, and when left to my own devices, like a heron, long and lingering in flight. At certain moments, I feel I am about to discover the true American feeling, which is no stationary gust of passion but a mobile ecstasy, akin to falling free. My Peter Fonda fantasy: Captain America, thin lips and lucky loins, sitting beside a running brook of a lady through whom my muscles flow. And sex is like swimming, like gliding, like driving down the open stretches of Interstate 95 at 1:00 A.M.

But driving is seldom as transcendent as the fantasy it affords: like everything about my New Life, it is fraught with the anxiety of having one's points of reference disappear. Nothing is as it should be, or as it was in the city: all the peripheral details that give an experience meaning and depth are altered beyond comfort. In New York, driving is like shopping: you weave and hustle for the right of way. No one follows any rules, and you drive along in a constant act of bargaining, not only with traffic but with pedestrians and police. I can cope with that form of emotional barter: and loosed upon a Manhattan avenue, I curse and cavil like a cabbie. In Connecticut, I feel oblivious. Other drivers do not notice me. I am a baffle or a set of lights, an object to be passed or tailed as temperaments allow.

Room to be

I FIND I AM DISORIENTED BY SPACE. New York has taught me the solace of walls. I feel more comfortable in a subway than in a field, more willing to concentrate on something with momentum than on a landscape that will not flicker or revolve. I do not absorb scenery; rather, it turns me meditative and remote. Walking through the woods, I fall into that self-enclosing contemplation which one erects to prevent boredom on the subway, where there is no possible development in the setting or in the other passengers.

In people, too, I demand a cinematic pace, the absence of which I am likely to take for disinterest or contempt. That I have come to admire social tension, and even require it in my friends, makes it that much more difficult to feel at ease in Connecticut, where the pace is not only slower but less evident, and the stress in people's lives is mirrored not in their witticisms but in their eyes. And what is my response to this perceived indifference? Anger, withdrawal, determination to impose my way. The Jewish way: you scrape low so you can jolt ahead. It becomes terribly essential to regard the world as a [illegible] on your back, pressing you down, challenging you up. In my eyes these people seem free in a way I could never imagine as a child, when my range of travel (via the subway) seemed unlimited, but my privacy was severely proscribed. It has always seemed to me the subtlest conundrum in class in America that money means space. True wealth is not measured in cars or appliances or good silver or the Great Trip West. Anyone can aspire to these tangibles. Wealth means space to move and room to be, and I have always felt that the rich live lives of utter privacy, unpressed from all the roads of social intercourse, flying free.

SWIMMING IN LONG ISLAND SOUND, I am impressed as never before by the salinity of its ebb and flow. "Oh, it's terribly polluted," says the lady whose beach I am using. She is raking the seaweed in search of inorganic refuse. "All the city waste," her husband whispers, with the Connecticut wrinkle, that twitch I have come to associate with any mention of New York. I want to tell them that I grew up swimming in Long Island Sound, at the other end, where the water turned brown and then ochre in August, and in the spring one found last year's condoms afloat like jellyfish. But I knew they would only pity my misfortune, and console me with the fact that I am welcome to enjoy their beach. They are considerate, even affectionate hosts of drinks. They let me ride in their catamaran, my first time on the "open sea" in anything more intimate than a ferry. They let me charge at their bathroom and crib Cokes from their refrigerator. In their kitchen, I notice a motto etched in Whole Earth Gothic: "Smile! God Loves You."

And I do. I smile and people smile in return, and the gesture functions as a civilian [illegible]. But there is some persistent rage behind the palate. Some vague chagrin in the corners of the cheeks. No, I do not want to smile at you. Sometimes times I want to punch you out. Sometimes I want you to hold me close and tell me I belong. Sometimes times I want to kiss your ass and have you accept the compliment. But I do not want to smile when I perceive you as some mythic beast from the full moon, who threatens to overwhelm me with his fierce indifference. American werewolf with open collar, your starched hairline, your [illegible] corpse eyes. Eager to wipe me out in some [illegible] less pogrom, which will be cultural but not less martial for its sublimated wrath.

But there is no justification for such hostility. These are "much loved" people (George Jackson's words for his white attorney). They

harm except by the implications of our tive roles. They are not my masters; I am slave. We lead concomitant lives, which the potential for understanding and even nd yet I cannot transcend my rage or stifle ed for transcendence that my rage evokes. shot is: I feel a deep and useless longing se people. For their love, which proceeds prosperity, a genuinely expansive rather everely clinging joy. Jeffersonian love, if ll. Love with dignity and poise. Love that like mahogany. Love that smells like Yale. h loved people, I am rude and soiled, bur- by anger and fierce with ambition, lumpy soupbone, and deeply anxious. Like God- iewing Tokyo, or Kong at bay in New Mighty Kong of the jungle holding Fay a prisoner of his yearning for civility and want no rape or violation. I want your ition, Miss Wray. I want you to care. Since never go home, captured and exhibited as ler of the Democratic West. You can help iss American Pie, with your Chris-Craft rs and your Mustang breath. You can me the technique.

Solitariness

CHRISTMAS EVE AND RAINING. The wind has cked the screen door off its hinges. The k has emptied overnight, so the oven no works and we must do our cooking in an c skillet. The cats are shitting in the fire- and the floors are streaked with their paw- in ash.

inarily, any of these occurrences would be nt to trigger an incompetency-funk, but t has a special quality that intensifies my Tonight is Christmas Eve. Down the street the voices of carolers singing, "Hark, the l Angels Sing," even in this untimely mon- I understand, of course, that on Christmas ople go caroling through the streets, and done so myself in New York, collecting for SNCC in the days when white people at sort of thing. But there was something sonal about that ritual. You rang no one's ll; who would dare invite you in?

here it seems that carolers expect to be d with a show of fellowship and a cup of . And tonight, with my wife trying to cook ey in a skillet meant for eggs, such people urching down my street with a trumpet and ourine. I am distressed by the thought that ht be ignored—as I was on Halloween, our jack-o'-lantern collapsed into an im- shed sneer. But I cannot invite them in, e then they would know how terrible it o be living in this empire of all-weather a man of little faith, and wrong at that. So he hall lights out and slip a Bob Dylan rec- ord on the stereo, and distract myself with his updated version of "A Hard Rain's A-Gonna Fall," while the carolers pass me by.

What a solace it is to experience Christmas in New York, where things are open, if expensive, and the anonymity works to prevent that encroaching feeling of the fall from Grace. On Christmas Eve in New York there are alternatives: go see the Modern Jazz Quartet with people who do not wish to be reminded of civilization and its discontents. Go see the family and take shelter behind the electric menorahs that sit in every other window like buoys marking a channel in the Christian sea. Go hear a lecture on the varieties of religious experience, and feel consoled. Have a vulgar feast, get stoned, and fall asleep in the living room listening to old time rock 'n' roll. Go to Midnight Mass at Saint Patrick's with your most caustic Catholic friends, and share their mockery. Jew the fruitman down for his last Christmas tree and spend the evening decorating it with bottle caps and shells. Or go to bed early with your lady and try to love each other hard enough and often enough to make up for the emptiness you feel tonight.

"It has always seemed to me the subtlest constant of class in America that money means space. Wealth means space to move and room to be."



Michael Gold

Richard Goldstein

BYE BYE, MISS AMERICAN PIE

But in Connecticut there is no communal solace for one's alien propensities, especially not on Christmas Eve. Nearly all movies are closed, as are restaurants and hotels. The ads say, "We close tonight so our employees can be with their families," an admirable gesture but unnecessary since there is nowhere else to go. This is an utterly domestic event, an occasion for relatives to gather and dispense that secret culture I suspect these people share. For the lonely and the renegade, there is no escape except through television or lovemaking, or through solitary pursuits.

Too deflated for love I put on my coat to take a walk around town. I feel empty and raw inside. I want to go home. Back to my gutter and my walls. Back to my people, with their faces like faded linoleum, but alive in all the ways I am alive. Never have I felt so unbaptized. Tonight I know what it means to be an alien in the country of one's birth. I have felt that lack of belonging for some time now, first as a vague distress, and then as a self-proclaimed neurosis: the Empties. A product of my own imperfect soul, but also a product of my race.

The measure of dignity

YET I MAKE NO MOVE TO LEAVE this town. Entropy has nothing to do with it. Neither does the determination to make the best of a bad lease. More than anything, what keeps me is the secret pleasure of nights like this when, alone and untethered, I can bare my soul as recklessly as an evening walk allows. This is hard to explain. When people leave you alone in Connecticut, they leave you alone. They do not twist and press you. They let you be. At first, this detachment seems sterile and remote, but one grows secretly grateful for it, since it makes no demands on one's disposition. I pass through people's lives; they smile at me over power mowers and large bowls of Portuguese soup, and if they will not take me into their hearts, neither will they smother me with ersatz charity. We do not know you, says the checkout lady's smile. Perhaps we do not want to know you. But we will chat while the register churns, exchanging recipes for acorn squash, admiring the delivery boy's haircut without disparaging yours. And you will come to appreciate our courtesy, since there is dignity in it, and respect.

I am learning to see that measure of dignity in the greetings extended me by neighbors, greetings that offer nothing more than a presence of the moment, accompanied by good wishes and a wave. I am learning the casual trust of unlocked doors and bicycles left lingering on the street. I am learning not to wear my collateral in my hair and on my sleeve. People rise slowly in this climate. It will take me years to discover the tender center beneath the crust—if I care to make that discovery; and that is perhaps fe measure of my commitment to this place.

All this I am learning slowly and reluc Sometimes (when days are filled with furies and friends refuse to make the t from New York) I lose myself in a butter of pity and contempt, and then I feel vaca useless, and nothing seems sufficient her other times, when things are going well a sun is shining down our block in that sp yellow I had never seen until I left New Yo feel irrationally at home. At such times, persuasion slips away, and I feel soli unique. And then it occurs to me that I a ing in a fragile arrangement of natural a man harmony, in this village on the Block Sound, where it is so deeply quiet that y hear the gulls yawn.

Last week, on a visit home, I climbed a the subway at 5:15 P.M. and found myse seous. Was a time I could knock off fifty of Dostoevsky on the rush-hour IRT, bu I'm hugging the strap, casting about ma a seat. Was a time I could enjoy the sky even those barren stretches in the Bronx, b I feel a creeping chill whenever I drive pa of tenements, old brown beasts of burde agining the beasts within. My people—m ents and brother, old friends and girls I u mess with—all frozen in place.

LAST NIGHT AT 1:00 A.M. I took my ten out and pumped it down an empty roa stars shone over me and trees shimmied light; the smell of someone's chimney, a raccoon. I put the bike down in the grass a next to it, me and my bike in the sweet silv lay there and it occurred to me that nothi occurring to me, nothing melancholy o found, and I felt instead . . . sufficient.

I knew the feeling wouldn't last. In h knew I would feel emptied out again, friends to hear their voices, scouring the for an excuse to make a trip into New Yor just then, I felt a twinge of sufficiency. As t I were imperfect but would do. Needful a easy, but can balance. Will die. Will dig live here as long as they have me; the " varying from the people in this village random faces on the Interstate, the warring ponents of my own evolving soul.

I will live here as long as they have me. search no more for lands of milk and my and expect no friend or lover to fill my En up. And from this land as well, this bicycl these trees, I will ask no cure, no cure at al instead a certain fullness of the moment, s in being as it is, it can fill me with its own re

So bye bye, Miss American Pie. I tak myths in situations, and my situation n green and growing up.



The Oregon Coast has been waiting for you for millions of years.

about time you came to see it?
about time you came and
with someone you love along
ding beach and ran barefoot
h the salty surf?
it about time for you to hide
a rustic beach cabin or while
few days drinking in the sweet
f a million dollar resort?
it about time you took your
golfing and swimming and
ombing and deep-sea fishing
twater taffy chewing? Isn't
t time you relaxed in our
f excitement?
's the question. And you know
ie answer is. The answer is yes.





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State Highway Division
Salem, Oregon 97310

Please send me the vacation information checked:

- ☐ Full-color vacation booklet
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NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

OREGON has it



INTERSTICES

a story
by Gail Godwin

SOMEONE LEFT THE FREEZER DOOR ajar and the Princes' hoard is melting. Frost weeps down the orange-juice cans to the wrapped cuts of meat below, then drools through the crack in the door and streams across the basement floor. It passes beneath Lucy Prince's washing machine, her dryer, the rockers of Mark's cast-off hobbyhorse, then veers at a depression in the floor. It snakes beneath a table on which are stacked dozens of Lucy's canvases, paintings from the years after Paris, before the hospital. Now it passes through an open door into the TV room, where Esther and Sidney make love, shortly after having been introduced. They knock the eiderdown off Sidney's bed. When they fish it up, Esther says, "How did this thing get wet?" And Sidney says, "It must be the storm." "The heirs to half a million," says Esther, "and they have a leaky basement." Sidney laughs. He hugs her to him. In this moment of sharing their poverty, they are closer than in their lovemaking. "Nothing to worry about," Sidney says. "It's a genuine eiderdown."

OUTSIDE A RAINSTORM TEARS the yellow leaves from their limbs and flings them against houses, piles them up on lawns. The windows of the Princes' house shake with wind. The storm begins suddenly, just as the party is breaking up. Taylor Prince and wild Marsha, both drunk, put on matching rubber n[e]k toshes (one belongs to Lucy) and walk t[h]rough the rain to Marsha's house.

ESTHER THINKS OF SEASONS. She ca[n]'t go back to sleep since Sidney half-kill[ed] her that second time, so she lies with her ba[ck] against the sleeping man, and tries to na[il] autumnal metaphors to fit her life. Her p[er]sonality, she decides, has always had the sor[t] of colors of autumn. Even as a child, she was [n]ever spring or summer. As for winter, she sees [h]erself descending again and again toward st[o]ne and snow, but never touching bottom. My [m]ost successful poems, she thinks, arrest the [a]ction at the stillpoint of this eternal sinking and [h]ang him enchanted but never bruised by the f[a]ll.

The TV room is pitch dark, but Esth[er] can imagine where everything is. As a friend [of] the Princes', Esther has been down here many [t]imes before. Once she and Lucy had been dow[n] here together, exchanging woman talk while [Lucy] ironed her sons' clothes. Esther had been [sit]ting on this very hide-a-bed. She had been thi[nk]ing Lucy looks like an angel since she chopp[ed] her gold hair short as a boy's and left the [g]olden tresses on the dining-room table for Tay[lor] to find when he came back from class. Esth[er] had been thinking: was Taylor really serious [w]hen he said his wife was going mad? Esthe[r] h[ad]

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nking these things when Lucy put down
n iron and said: "I can't stand my first-
wonder if all mothers feel that way. I
an I hate him. I mean there's too much
, just containing his existence. Today
vas giving him his bath, I suddenly had
to push him under. I got as far as press-
down by the shoulders. Then I noticed
, how it actually floated . . ."
ater, Esther had been down here watch-
with Taylor. Lucy was in the hospital
Esther had come over to watch a docu-
on the Royal Family at Home. During
rcial, Taylor said: "Do you want to see
y looks when she's having her shock
t?" And he gripped the arms of his
d went rigid, like the electrocution
films; his head snapped back and his
went slack. "How horrible, Taylor."
id. Later she wrote a poem about it.
y turns toward her in his sleep. He
into her hair. She was surprised at the
im, for such a small and wiry man. He
with his lovemaking. "Do you have
against Southerners?" Taylor had
ther over the phone. "I think you'll like
We taught at the same prep school. He's
uy to know, but in many ways you two
h the same." So Esther went to the
of washing her hair, even though she
ed it the day before.
at ways are the two of them much the

breathes into her hair. Esther imagines
arried to him. She knows he has just
another degree. She knows that Taylor
im to drive Lucy back from her con-
e in Boca Raton. She knows he is
ee with the soft voice of Virginia. He is
not as smart as she is. Esther pic-
self the poetess-wife of a headmaster,
ribed by tweeds and autumn leaves
down through eternal falls and tea
courteous voices that skim the abysses
Each night he would subdue her anew
powerful, insensitive weapon. There
poems she could no longer write. She
d yet longs for a life with this man. In
perverse flash, she sees the good in
atments.

THE EIDERDOWN: there are two of
m in this house. Lucy brought them
k from Europe. She had not finished
ying art and being a handsome girl on
n Paris. She had not even had a French
when Taylor flew over at Thanksgiving
cked her up and flew back to his uni-
PLEASE SEND MONEY GET RID OF RE-
F YOUR VISIT LOVE L., she cabled.
ED RESULTS WILL YOU MARRY ME, he cabled back. She got on the train and went to Hamburg. College friends of hers and Taylor's were in the diplomatic service there—they would lend her the money. But Taylor cabled them first and told them everything. So Lucy arrived in Hamburg to her host's transmittal of Taylor's promise of happiness if only she would let things be. The host took her to his home and his wife went to work. Lucy loved Taylor, didn't she? Lucy did. But she didn't want to draw the line just yet and put an end to possibilities. Where, persisted the wife, would Lucy ever find another person so intelligent, so exuberant, and, let's face it, so rich? Probably nowhere, said Lucy, but nevertheless she would like to have a look around first and see what other qualities there were. The wife went sober, mystical: some things, she warned, arrive in their own mysterious hour, on their own terms and not yours, to be seized or relinquished forever. Lucy listened and drank gallons and imagined the thing in her womb moving. The wife played on this: perhaps Lucy was further along than she realized. It would endanger her health, her youth; besides, how could she bear not to see how he would turn out, with the two of them being so gifted, so beautiful? Lucy knew exactly how far along she was and she knew the child would probably be beautiful. At the end of the week she wired Taylor: LAUNDRESS ARRIVING NEW YEAR WITH CHILD CONGRATULATIONS. Taylor splurged on a ninety-six-minute call. What fun they would have next year! In June he'd have his degree and a teaching job at his old prep school. She would love the place; there was skiing. "Listen, baby, buy two of the biggest eiderdowns you can find. They're fabulous to sleep under. We'll have one for us and one for him."

Five winters later, Esther and Sidney sleep under one. Upstairs in the children's room, little Davie sleeps under the other. Mark, who cut short his mother's career in art and freedom, is allergic to goose feathers.

"Orange, raspberry, and lime sherbets down on the cuts of meat. Taylor is the one who eats sherbet in this house."

ESTHER, WHO IS SHE? He thinks of mysterious, costly oils and those grave and suffering women whose names give fragrance to the Old Testament, a queen who saves her people from slaughter. His nose buried in her hair, he is only pretending to sleep, wondering about the waywardness of his body that can ravish suffering Jewesses and goodtime girls but goes limp at the sight of the woman he wants. Sitting beside him at the festive table, candlelit with Lucy's homecoming, Esther touched him repeatedly in the course of conversation. She was aware of him, playing to him, he knew that, even if Taylor had not taken him aside and said Sidney, she wants you. "She wants you, old man. She said you were inscrutable." While Lucy was doing the crepes suzette—even better, Taylor said,



Carol Isclin

than before her shock treatments—and the guests milled around in swirls of marijuana and rock, Taylor took Sidney aside and said, "You could make that scene if you wanted, man. She wants you if she says you're inscrutable." Sidney smiled inscrutably and said nothing. Taylor hooked his arm about Sidney's neck joyfully. "You are, you are!" he said. "I've known you five years, but do I know you? Does anyone?" "What is there to know?" Sidney grinned and went back to sit beside the Jewess he was going to seduce. He sits modeling the candlelight on the planes of his face, knowing he is watched. And he thinks of his father, who never finished grammar school. He calls up images of his boyhood, hidden now behind scholarship and inscrutability. Esther flutters her hands, and he sees how the nails are ragged. He feels himself grow big as a giant inside his pants.

THE SHERBETS ARE MELTING NOW. Orange, raspberry, and lime slush drips down on the cuts of meat. Taylor is the one who eats sherbet in this household. He likes the brittle sparkle against the backs of his front teeth. He likes to say, "It's eating snow year-round." He buys gallons of it at a time, now that Lucy cannot shop. Taylor loves to shop. Taylor and the boys do the shopping. They make a game of it. Taylor will say to Mark, "Let's see how many things we can buy with a bird on the front today," and off they'll go, Davie shrieking glee, to pile the cart with turkey stuffing, wild rice, birdseed, room freshener, anything with a bird on the front. Once, horseplaying at economy, they bought one of everything on sale. "This is fun!" screams Mark. Then, cagily assessing his father, adds: "Why didn't Mommy like doing this?" "She felt all the labels were getting back at her," explains Taylor, picking up a box of Arm & Hammer soda and running after the squealing child, gnashing his teeth, pretending to be a label in pursuit of Lucy.

TWO FLOORS ABOVE THE TV ROOM where Esther and Sidney pretend to sleep, Lucy pushes up through light sedation to meet the wild storm. In the next room her children sleep. Taylor is not back from walking Marsha home. Lucy thinks of herself locked away in the remotest chamber of the tallest tower of the most unreachable castle on the highest peak. The storm tears through the trees and accosts the castle. But nothing can get in here, nothing and no one. A million hardships lie in wait for the foolish climber: the treacherous rocks, the howling storm, the rain like blades in his eyes, the steep, hopeless, unrewarding distance.

In the dark, Lucy hugs her knees. Often, before the breakdown, she would dream of days in some foreign city. Her dreams weld on one another. She knew the streets o this she sat in its private gardens, she lor would never leave. Then she would wak sob

Now she thinks of the city. She thin s o poor ruined Sidney. But she no longe so all seems remote. She is an angel. Sh is and clean. Whatever is, radiates thr gh colors her. She can be gold with the sun nd with the storm. She can live in a house th people and yet live as one alone. She ca ma the shopping now. She understands t But Taylor prefers she need him. It s l touches her, changes her. She is free.

Driving back from Boca Raton, she a t S stayed every night in the same motel om had to suggest it. It would save money she him. He lay awake watching her fron nis bed. He kept the lamp on so he could w tch She did not take her sleeping pill beca i so good to doze and wake, hoping eac ti catch him gone to sleep, to find herself an doned. Under the light his ordinary b wn was gold, like hers. She climbed into hi bed told him it truly did not matter. She sai tha had seen his love for her under the lamp gh they could be angels together, mingling head to foot.

TAYLOR IS DRUNK. Rubber mackinto es ping, he and wild Marsha leaf w rainswept street. Illuminations! Comin a- hard, visions: headlights through rain Marsha clutches Taylor's arm and p ro beside him through the graveyard. She ell how the big stones scare her, why car- p be buried under little markers? Taylo e be a child. The truth is, she runs a very u ful dancing school. She is a shrewd bus woman; there can be very little child le in At night, she puts away the tap shoes n metronome and goes to parties when he vited, or lets the fathers of her students in and entertains them in her private u above the school. She has cultivated a sing-song. She pours the fathers drinks n tens to them tell what is graceless in th r and sometimes she falls into bed wi They call her a good listener and encou g to be a child. Taylor's boy Mark goes o sha's school. During the months when I c sick in the hospital, and later in Boc F Marsha had been a good listener. On th side of the graveyard, they will turn in o sha's street and she will expect him to He is willing. But at the moment he's d b by thoughts of Esther and Sidney in l h ment together. How many times have th y it? Sidney is good with women, they' discussed it. Relentless, inscrutable h Taylor is pretty sure he can get Esthe

out it. Maybe not at first. She will be loyal
ent for a couple of weeks, but then, Tay-
ows Esther. She'll break down and feed
ole thing into her creative meat grinder
at comes out she'll ask him to read.
ll you come in for a drink?" says Marsha.
strange you look. All that rain on your

am in tiers," Taylor replies. "There's
h for everyone. A huge birthday cake,
me." He's back there in that basement,
sther and Sidney. Oh how he wishes they
all be like children holding hands in a
telling and sharing everything, sleeping
ugging one another. He has so much, so
to give.
l come in," says Taylor. Oh the rain pour-
wn my cheeks could be tears, he thinks.
od boy," sings Marsha.

THE MEAT IS BEGINNING TO GO. Already
one, in this order, are: sherbets, frozen
juices, Lucy's raspberries and straw-
s put up from last summer before she
nder, all the frozen vegetables in their
ard boxes, unbaked bread in foil, and
's stock of pizzas. Now a shank of lamb
s itself from the bandage of freezer paper,
ole side of a cow in her separate white
ges, the chicken breasts, the side of
. . .

NG IN THE DARK, her back to Sidney, Esther
views the critical words and actions.
a had wanted Sidney too. There had been
nent of rivalry between the two women
dessert when Marsha said, "Sidney, will
ut some Triple Sec in my coffee?" So
had pulled all emergency stops, left the
nysteriously and wandered into Taylor's
where she lay down in the dark on the
nd covered herself with the skin of some
l. She willed him to come to her and there
s. "I thought you'd given up on me," he
a voice that indicated nothing of the
His lean face came down hard on hers and
sed her till her jaws ached. "Come down-
to the TV room," he said. "That's where
."

E SLEEPING? SIDNEY WONDERS. He has not
rd Taylor come back from walking Mar-
me. The storm is subsiding. Daylight will
it always does. He could slip out now,
pretending to be going to the bathroom
's, and go to Lucy instead. Pressed against
ttocks of the Jewess, he feels it might be
le to rise and carry it, quick, like a candle
y's room.

OH NO, THINKS ESTHER, feeling the sex in him wake. She moves carefully away but his hand arrests her. He makes space for himself somehow. He covers her face with "Angel . . . angel . . . angel," he mutters, like man in love.

THE STORM IS OVER. Taylor drops his party clothes to the floor and climbs beneath the covers of the bed next to Lucy's. A table separates them, piled high with magazines, journals, and whatever paperback on communication or schizophrenia or experimental literature Taylor is reading. Once he told Lucy when she asked about his future that he would not be ashamed to be a student forever.

"Baby, you asleep?" he whispers across the space. Lucy does not answer. Neither does she pretend to breathe as one asleep. After a while, she hears him breathing deeply, so she gets up, wraps her robe around her, and goes barefoot downstairs to clean up the party.

WHEN, ESTHER WONDERS, will it be polite to get up? He is holding her so intricately, can she move without waking him? She hears Lucy at the sink, the clatter of dishes, soft bare feet with their Florida tan padding back and forth above her head. Esther wants some coffee, but she does not want to begin the day. Once she gets up, it will be never to lie beside this man again. Although she has not loved him, the itinerancy of their night makes her sad. "I'll be back," she murmurs, in case he is able to hear, and gets up, searches the floor for her clothes. Her blouse has been touched by the puddle of water beside the bed. She is so sore she can hardly put on her stockings. As she tiptoes toward the stairs to the kitchen, she has an urge to rush back, throw herself across his body, kiss him goodbye. She hears him saying, "That was a test. If you hadn't come back you would never have known. I love you, Esther."

THE TWO WOMEN SIT across the kitchen table from each other, drinking coffee, leafing through different magazines. Davie makes patterns of wet breakfast food on his tray. Lucy says in her bell-clear voice, "I didn't know people still got leprosy." Esther looks across and reads upside down: YOUR GIFTS CAN HELP SRI LAI FIGHT LEPROSY. "Yes, it's depressing, isn't it?" she feels obliged to say. Lucy does not answer. What does she think of me, spending the night in the basement with their houseguest, wonders Esther. Lucy shows nothing. Those shocks have lowered her IQ, thinks Esther. She turns the page of her magazine and her stomach lurches, for there is a poem by a rival of hers. The poem

"She used to act funny sometimes, pushed him that time beneath the water."



is called "Afterwards." It is about the resuming of boundaries after lovemaking.

"Would you like to stay for lunch and go with us to take Sidney to the airport? He leaves at two," says Lucy tonelessly. Her eyes are so clear, so blue.

"Oh God, no," cries Esther. Then: "I didn't mean it the way it sounded. It's just that I want to get home and do some work."

They hear Sidney's steps ascending from the basement. Esther lowers her head into her magazine. Lucy pads to the stove to heat the coffee.

Sidney enters. He says, "Hey, Lucy, someone left your freezer open and everything is ruined." Esther looks up. Why does he look so smug, she thinks.

GOD, SHE'S MADE HIM SORE. He puts on his socks, his pants, his T-shirt, and the vee-necked cinnamon sweater that Lucy bought him. Then he sees the stream trickling across the cement floor. It leads him into the adjoining room. He switches on the light, sees her washing machine, dryer, a stack of old paintings. He turns one over, dusty. Oh my poor Lucy, let's get out of here. The stream stops at the corner of the freezer, the door ajar. Sidney looks inside and studies the mess. It was in progress, he thinks, while he and Esther opened their bodies. He is filled with a sudden energy and goes upstairs to tell the others.

THEY ALL THREE TROOP DOWN to survey the disaster. Sidney has not yet looked at Esther. Dressed again in last night's clothes, he has reassumed the slouchy appeal that promised so much. Esther wishes the night were not over.

"You'll just have to have another party," says Sidney, touching Lucy lightly on her brown wrist. "Can't refreeze this stuff, you know. Have a party tonight to celebrate my departure." His laugh is strained. He doesn't want to leave, thinks Esther.

"Do you want us to help you get rid of this stuff?"

Lucy stands contemplating the ruin in the freezer. It does not seem to upset her. The eyes are blue and toneless, her skin clear. She shuts the freezer. "It will be all right," she says. "I will throw it all out later."

TAYLOR SOAPS HIMSELF AND SINGS. He has left the shower curtain open so he can look out the window at the beautiful falling leaves. Why does Sidney have to leave today? "Stay another month, old man," he'd said. "Why go home and waste three months in Virginia?" "I've stayed too long," said Sidney, smiling inscrutably. "Well, you haven't, you know," persisted Taylor. "Why don't you go to Europe? That' I'd do if I didn't have my classes." Sidne "I'd rather sit on the porch of my father's ou and reread Virgil."

Taylor admires Sidney so much, is a li love with Sidney.

They should all go out to lunch. Tayl w invite Esther, and then they will all go t airport. Mark and Davie will love that. H w explain the planes to them again. What to ea He selects a lime-green oxford-cloth shirt l green corduroy trousers, the alligator bel u brought him from Boca Raton, and . . . th r and royal-blue paisley ascot. Tonight afte su per (he will help Lucy put the dishes t machine first, she tires so easily) he will ke six-pack and drop by Esther's, ask her ho s enjoyed the party, what her impressions o Si ney were. He might offer her his nigh wi Marsha in return for her night with Sidn . he comes spiraling downstairs, the morni fi Taylor.

SIDNEY DRIVES ESTHER HOME in Taylor c The storm has blown the leaves fro t trees. Esther asks Sidney what time his la departs. Two, he says. "But there's a long la ov in New York. I won't get home until e h "Eight," repeats Esther. Then she adds, "ho in-betweens are hell." They are silent. Sid drives fast. Esther asks, "Are you one of no Southerners who hates black people?" Sid answers, "Are you one of those Northerne w thinks Southerners hate black people?" h both laugh. "There's my place," says Es h "That's my cat looking through the curt n "Oh, a *cat*," says Sidney, and Esther doesn' li the assumptions in his voice. He stops th c keeps the motor running. She turns her fa e him, a quick goodbye prepared on it. He ri suddenly, hooks her to him with his righ a and mashes his mouth and teeth into her. S does not want it, but responds out of polite e Then he breaks away and says, "Well, go luck." "Yes, same to you," she says. He ha h it all his way. She gets out of the car. "Go bye," she says. "Hope to see you again," he a his courtesy topping hers. She waves and goes the leaf-strewn walk. By the time she reach l door, he has turned the car and is off. I'll goes inside. Her cat comes and rubs up a in her. She goes to the kitchen and opens a t sardines and shakes some hard food int t bowl. She changes his water. The cat lowers hi self on his haunches and begins to brea Esther is seized by an attack of diarrhea S hurries to the bathroom and sinks down lowered to her knees, hands clasped. She h herself up to her body. He was not even a go lover, she thinks. She will write a poem the whole thing. The thought disgusts her.



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Gail Godwin

INTERSTICES

SIDNEY IS PACKED. They are going out to lunch, then to the airport. It is almost over. He think of Esther saying, "Those in-betweens are hell." As he passes the Princes' hall telephone, a thought presents itself to him and he leafs clandestinely through the book. Taylor catches him. "Are you looking up Esther? Go in my study. Her address and phone number are on the first page of my memorandum book. You don't want to wade through all the Kleins."

Sidney obeys. All the Kleins. He sits down at Taylor's wide desk in the study. He picks up the red leather memorandum book. Taylor Orton Prince, in gold letters. TOP. SAL. Sidney Arthur Lee. For the next three months, he will sit on his father's front porch in Roanoke because he has no money to go anywhere else. Each day he will read a bit of the *Aeneid* and mix himself a bourbon and water. He will begin again in a new place in January as Mr. Lee who reads Latin and Greek and is ever so inscrutable. New boys will come down with crushes on him, and the masters' wives will try to fix him up. He remembers Lucy's offer to be angels together. Lucy, my dear, get yourself ready. We're driving away together again, just as we came, your gold curls caught in your little kerchief. We will take the children too.

Sidney gets up from Taylor's desk, forgetting Esther's address. Lucy is standing just outside the door. She burns him with her blank blue stare. "We are ready to go when you are," Lucy says. Sidney takes the stairs two at a time to fetch his bag. His heart is a stone. If only she had smiled.

TAYLOR IS PLEASED WITH EVENTS in general. He will drop by Esther's place tonight, and maybe stop by and see Marsha too. A drink at Marsha's just to show he's no hit-and-runner, then over to Esther's, popping an allergy pill on the way. Settle into her comfortable sofa and say, "Hey, guess who was beside himself to take down your address?"

"Can we stay and watch the planes, Mommy?" Mark asks from the back seat. The car radio is on, and a warm, lively melody fills the car. It has turned out to be a beautiful clear day.

"If you want to, honey," says Lucy, who sits beside Taylor, Davie curled into her lap. How serene she is, facing front! What a beatific smile! All those clouds gone now. Taylor thinks she is even prettier than before. What, he wonders, could she be thinking, to make such a smile?

MARK SITS SOLDIER-STRAIGHT beside that man Sidney who is the reason they are going to the airport. He is very happy since his mother has come back to him. He clenches and unclenches his sticky hands, savoring his secret. It is between him and his mother. She tells it to him every day, like a story. He must never tell the others, not his Daddy or Davie. It would hurt them, she said. The secret is: she loves him more than anything in the whole, whole world. So much that it made her sick. So much that she had to pretend not to, because it would make the others feel bad. That is why she used to act funny sometimes, pushed him that time into the water. But he knows better. She loves him, she said, more than life itself, which he does not understand exactly, but he feels the force of it. The day she came home from Boca Raton, she took him by the shoulders and her eyes were very blue. "You saved me from myself, Mark, when you did," she said. "I must try and look at it like that from now on." He tries to meet her when he came, imagines himself her knight in one of his storybooks, riding up to their house on a big black horse. I have come, Mommy. But how can there be two of him, one to save her from the other? Mark squints into the sun and thinks. Then forgets the problem in his happiness. She has said they can watch the planes and Sidney the man is going away so they can have their TV back again because he will be down there in the bed.

CAN WE STAY and watch the planes, Mommy? She knows Sidney is in the back seat, Davie on one side, Sidney's suitcase on the other. He is sorry to leave. He is frightened of what is going to. Taylor came smiling into the kitchen just before they all left, and Taylor said 'Sidney. We'll have to wait a minute. He's in there getting Esther's address." Well, people did what they wanted and usually hated it after. She is still glad to be done with all that. A smile brushes the corners of her mouth and wings its way up to plans the dinner party she will give with the rotten meat. Let it freeze again. Then in a couple of days, she will lose herself in a flurry of roasting and baking and boiling. A gala feast just for the family. The ruby cut glass and the Royal Worcester she'd made him give in exchange agreeing to be his laundress. She sees them gathered at that sumptuous last supper, Davie, napkin tucked beneath his chin, Mark, happy Taylor. She herself will pass the toast. Lifting the red wine glass so that candlelight splinters it, she will say, "Let us drink these mammals into our bodies and, by the drinking, shed their tendencies." Taylor will enjoy that lover of mystery, and say how inscrutable she's become since the hospital. She herself will lift the first forkful to the baby's mouth.

After a couple of days, a week? some neighbor will notice all those newspapers and magazines and milk cartons, and he will break and confront the table from which angels have fed.

"If you want to, honey," Lucy says.

One of today's most beautiful magazines happens to be one of the most important.

For example:



The Pursuit of Absurdity

To the glorification of [illegible] architect, [illegible] roof fell in. To the glorification of [illegible] and industrialists plugged into the same heart monitor?

Commentary by Rene Dubos, March issue.



ditornia:
ncy and Opportunity

[illegible] gotten [illegible] and [illegible] ow to keep the [illegible] ness, wildlife [illegible]

ctive by Paul Brooks. Photog
y Willis Peterson. March issue.



[illegible] and other acerbic [illegible] Gahan Wilson's America
September '77 issue

Great Reptiles, Great Enigmas

[illegible] and [illegible]

Perspective on survival by Archie Carr
March issue





The Invasion of the Awful ORVs.

Motorcycles, snowmobiles, dune buggies and the [illegible] and permutations. The effects of "good clean fun" on the good Earth.

Eco-social commentary by Jack Hope, January issue.



[illegible] nature into your home. With [illegible]

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COMMENTARY

It seems likely that President Nixon will campaign for re-election next November on his record as a statesman who can deal convincingly with foreign affairs. Presumably the campaign rhetoric will make much of the journey to China and the gradual withdrawal from Vietnam.

Given this political assumption, Harper's *asked a number of foreign editors to comment on the Nixon record as it is seen from abroad. Claude Julien, the editor of* Le Monde *in Paris and, George Gale, editor of* The Observer *in London, responded as follows:*

After his defeat in the Presidential election of 1952, Adlai Stevenson toured a number of world capitals, among them Paris. He was the guest of honor at many receptions here, and he was struck by the sympathy and admiration in which he was held, rightly or wrongly, by the French. I remember his telling me at the time what a pity it was that French citizens were unable to vote in American elections, for if they could, he added with a smile, he would surely have beaten General Eisenhower.

In that spirit, it is interesting to ask whether the French would vote for Richard Nixon next November. They gladly credit him with winding down the war in Vietnam, but at the same time there is a general belief that he hadn't much choice in the matter: the war was simply too unpopular, all the more so in that it seemed unresolvable. Furthermore, de-escalation isn't the same thing as peace.

Nevertheless, one has to congratulate Mr. Nixon for his realism, not only in Vietnam but with respect to China and the international monetary crises as well. Nobody supposes, of course, that what we witnessed earlier this spring was the sudden conversion of an idealistic vision of the world into a more realistic one. Mr. Nixon, in the course of a long career, has never claimed to be an idealist. And, after all, China was already a great power when Mr. Nixon was a Congressman, when he was a Senator, and when he was Vice-President.

What, then, is the political virtue of a "realism" that appears so late in the day? If Peking had long ago been admitted to the U.N., wouldn't the history of China and all of Southeast Asia have been very different? A distant observer can only remark that the President, probably under the influence of Henry Kissinger, seems to be confusing "realism" with a rather limited notion of *Realpolitik* that is leading the world back to the darkest days of great-power politics and to that sometimes subtle but always dangerous game of balance of powers. For if it is "realism" for Washington to recognize the existence of Peking, it is something else to do so without consultation with Tokyo. Here in France, as elsewhere, many people have long been troubled by a bipolar state of affairs in which Moscow or Washington could unilaterally decide the fate of all humanity. The game is changed in a tripolar world, but Mr. Nixon the rules of the game are the same: he feels no obligation to consult his "allies," European or otherwise, even when they are certain to play as important a role as Japan will play in Asia.

Yet it is these same "allies" who were asked by Mr. Nixon last August to "bear a fair share of the burden of defending freedom in the world." But for Mr. Nixon burden-sharing doesn't seem to imply a share in the decision-making, even though certain decisions could day lead the U.S. *and* her "allies" into actually using the armaments they share the burden of paying for.

In justifying his appeal for greater European financial support, Mr. Nixon has invoked the imbalance in America's foreign trade accounts. This imbalance, however, has existed for a very long time. And for most of the time the imbalance has been in favor of the United States. Neither is it "realistic" to say, as Mr. Nixon did last August, that American products are uncompetitive in world markets "because of unfair tariffs." This was his justification for the 10 per cent surcharge on imports to the United States, a move that bothered France very little since we export so little, but that, as a violation of the accepted rules of trade, no one here can condone. It is a American prices are not competitive in world markets because American wages and standards of living are higher than anywhere else in the world. The average annual income in the U.S. is $3,680; it is $1,753 in West Germany, $1,738 in France, $1,171 in Japan.

A true realism would be to acknowledge that the most important drama in the world today, one that presents the gravest threat to peace, is the growing disparity between the rich countries and the poor ($350 average annual income in Brazil, $73 in India). But is the election-year realism of a candidate compatible with the political vision of a statesman? And so, why should a foreigner vote for Mr. Nixon? On the other hand, who is to guarantee that his Democratic adversary will be farsighted enough to offer us not more subtle balancing of the great powers but a promise to reduce the gross imbalance between the rich nations and the poor? On a world scale, not just that of a campaign, this would be the only true realism.

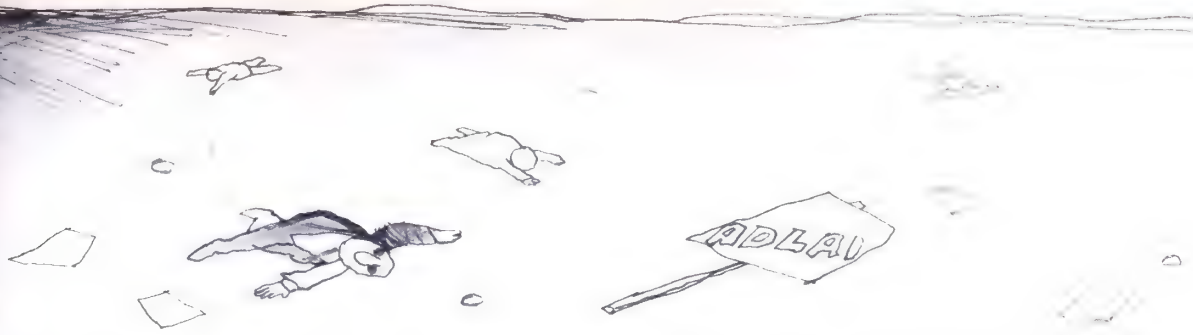
—Claude Julien



He feels no obligation to consult his allies



ailed presidential candidates, by and large, that the British most admire



resident Nixon deserve reelection? The answer
t amount to an unenthusiastic "Yes." The
clear: Vietnam. His determined withdrawal from
e Indochinese imbroglio not only takes prece-
r all his other Presidential omissions and com-
but also fixes him, permanently I would think, in
group of Presidents whose stature improves the
ly and deliberately it is reflected upon. He is not,
eyes, an attractive man—he *looks* unreliable, as
who need to shave twice a day; and when he
er rhetorical effect he sounds as shifty as he
crack is remembered here, that he is not the sort
u would want to buy a secondhand car from.
mained a twice-defeated Presidential candidate
be recalled, and that only rarely, as an example
cal spastic to which the American party system
s gives birth, a reproach to democracy in that he
vice a candidate and a vindication of democracy
was twice defeated. His victory in 1968 was,
greeted with no great warmth here.
n President Johnson's retirement was by no
popular. He had seemed increasingly too frail,
ly and intellectually, to sustain his burden; and
tion with Vietnam, although the disastrous
pursued was that begun by Eisenhower and
by Kennedy, together with his Texan coarse-
nanner, produced the image of an Ugly
. Nixon's succession looked, thus, to be the
nt of one Ugly American by another. I write
ablished opinion: the man in British back
turally enough, does not spend much time con-
mself with the occupant of the White House. The
of the day is not, in Britain, regarded as
glamorous, and the brief Camelotian interlude of
ackie, looking retrospectively more to have
han to have been truly golden, and concluding
ation and the Onassis marriage, was very much
ion that in its various ends proved the rule.
ess, at the time when Johnson succeeded, through
n's bullets, to the beautiful-seeming Camelot
proceeded to turn it into a dungheap with him-
ig on top, then to British eyes (particularly those
ever been there) Washington had reverted to
he type was coarse. It is failed Presidential
s, by and large, that the British most admire:
enson, Eugene McCarthy, Bobby Kennedy had
ut not Teddy: these were men who, in their
ays, were more urbane than their victors;
indeed, in the English conceit, more English. Since Roosevelt, American Presidents have seemed more foreign, or more ignorant, or both, than the British would have preferred. Not one of them could have been imagined as a successful British statesman, with the possible exception of Truman. Thus, in reporting that established opinion in Britain has tended to take a low view of Nixon, I am also reporting that this has been the view taken of his postwar predecessors as well.

But if Nixon looks too much like a man on the make, or a waiter in a pizza bar, and if, in British politics, he certainly could never have done better than become Lord Mayor of Liverpool in a thin year, I nevertheless think that his record in office may well place him high in the rating of American Presidents. I have mentioned his Vietnam policy: it is on this that he will stand, as it was on this that Kennedy and Johnson must fall. His readiness to reduce the American commitment abroad is well received here; so, too, is his ability to look facts in the face: the China trip was welcomed. There is less predisposition than there would have been some years ago to criticize him for his efforts to shift the Supreme Court from its radical, creative, normative political activities on behalf of minorities and, in so doing, put both law and order at risk. The movement of opinion here is toward the traditional view that the job of judges should be juridical rather than legislative and political. Our difficulty is to understand Nixon's difficulty in finding a couple of conservative lawyers fit to become Associate Justices. And, although there was some *Schadenfreude* at the plight of the dollar last summer, and some irritation at the vigor of Nixon's subsequent efforts to protect the American economy, nevertheless here was a man looking at things as they really were, and not through ideologically colored spectacles. In short, here was an American President striving and wrestling with the agonizing reappraisals of his country's policies, forced upon him by the politically spendthrift administrations of his altogether excessively committed predecessors. He is very much a man whose stature has grown to fit his office: and although he will never look or sound heroic, it is by no means inconceivable that, should he be reelected for a second term and should the promise of the first term be justified, the dimensions of his achievements will be seen to be heroic.

Personally I therefore have no hesitations in my hope that he should be reelected. At the worst, he is likely to be the best of a bad lot. At the best, he could become the greatest of the postwar Presidents.

—George Gale

Earl Shorris

BOOKS



Anita Segal

The well-spoken passions of William H. Gass

TWO OLD WOMEN HURRY down the street, crones, gesturing with arthritic hooks, huddling in linted coats to guard the temperature of their blood. A third old woman passes them. A meeting of blunted eyes occurs, three white raisins are rearranged into smiles. Cackle, crackle, dear; God bless, goodbye. One woman of the pair speaks of the third, telling a story, illustrating a point: love or social welfare, the dangers of the latitude in winter or the killing qualities of the summer air. The story has a beginning, a middle, an end. It reflects life, seeks out truth, convinces by example. A fine fiction is being made, secondhand life to the speaker, thirdhand life, to the listener, something as tangible as the felt carapace of an old woman in winter and as useful as the lead editorial in this morning's *Times*. Mary McCarthy approves. Kurt Vonnegut gives it a good grade according to his "Stowe Quotient," and there is an excellent chance that it will be made into a film.

The stormy psyche of Beethoven makes his music great and moving, sounding out his life: who will listen equally enraptured to a partita by a man who banged out scores of kids? Plisetskaya imitating a swan is plastic-armed magic, but when she becomes a position, lets herself into a mere form, where is she going?

Aging questions, arguments already made, but not proved in fiction until the work of William Gass.

If Gass is new, where has he come from? Antecedents, please; the place, the very pier from which he embarked. It is not enough to say his work is pleasing, beautiful; or even that the consciousness of the reader will be affected, increased by the experience of the work. There are conventions, bands must play, credentials must be worn: history follows history only God may start from nothingness.

As Edmund Wilson knew when he introduced his readers to *Axel's Castle*. He began by referring to Whitehead's tracing of Classicism and the influence of Descartes and Newton to the revolt against those influences that became Romanticism. Then Wilson went on to Darwin and Naturalism, Bergson and Symbolism, the relativity of Einstein and the work of Proust, and finally to Joyce and Freud. The next step is to Gass and Wittgenstein. In one of the essays in *Fiction and the Figures of Life*, Gass describes his attendance at a seminar with Wittgenstein and calls it ". . . the most important intellectual experience of my life . . ." It could not be otherwise, for no writer of fiction prior to Gass has shown the same preoccupation with language and the need to show what cannot be said. Ideas founded in Wittgenstein have led him to understanding fiction as an art made of words, an architecture with concepts for its building material. Gass is no old woman stealing from life to make secondhand prose; he makes fictions of words. The fiction is language itself: the reader's experience is firsthand and the more affecting for it. The Heart of the Heart of the Country is not in Indiana; it is there in the words on the p[a]ge does not tell us what it is [a]bout he makes the place and the [c]ar of words—we are there.

There is no *purpose* to [t]his Gass is not telling us anyth[i]ng making something. More an[d] another history: poets, l[ike] with Poe, who said, "He [w]as theory-mad beyond redemp[tio]n . . . [attempts] to reconcile t[he] ate oils and waters of Po[e]'s Truth." Baudelaire, Mallar[mé] Valéry, poet and theorist, w[ho] poetry ". . . to no useful end ing ". . . the reality of a di[ff]erent only the words and the form."

In his introduction to Va[lé]ry *of Poetry*, T. S. Eliot paus[es] admiration to say, "There [is] ever, one direction in which theory and practice take hi[m], seems to me not without its [in]terest." Then Eliot proceeded to u[se] Valéry's *dangerous* idea wi[th] matical clarity: "Poetry : [M]usic Dancing : Walking (or Run[ning]

To Valéry prose was a[lso] some measure didactic: it h[as] and when the aims were [ac]complished, the prose was abolish[ed] effect," he said, "swallow[ed] cause, the end absorbs the [m]eans When the walker arrives at [his] tination the walk is lost, a[nd] Unlike the movements of th[e] Eliot wrongly accused Valér[y] ing to consider "seriousness" ence" in his theoretical w[or]k looking perhaps that Valéry the poem "is a machine for p[ro]ducing the poetic state of mind," Poe, who said, "A poem is Poetic faculty, but the *mea*

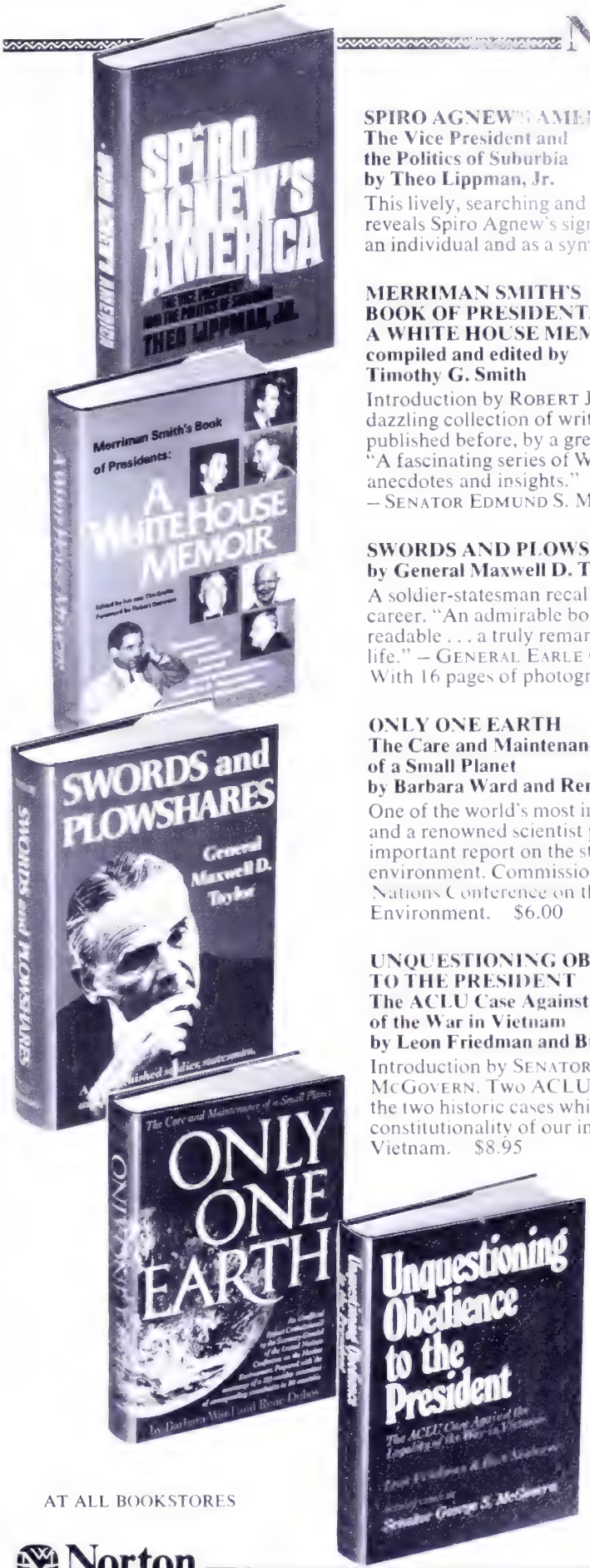
Earl Shorris is the author of two novels: Ofay *and* The Boots of the Virgin.

t in mankind." The termi-
has changed in the critical
f Richard Gilman and of Gass
—they speak of consciousness
ut the idea is unchanged, the
ess Eliot could not find re-

MISUNDERSTANDING also re-
ns. The editor of the *New*
mes Book Review calls Gass's
ttenuated" (a word we gen-
ink of now in connection with
and viruses) and "post-
ist" (a term used for paint-
ow strange that new and bold
should be termed thin and
d! Perhaps the problem is in
ing? Mr. Gass's novel, *Omen-*
Luck, cannot be read on the
train from Old Greenwich,
its humor be quoted over
n evening will not do, or even
he work makes demands upon
life. It is not a digest of life
csimile of life. Gass is not
g experience," sending us on
r morality; he is not docu-
anything. The work is there.
work is beautiful. The exper-
it is a significant and exciting
rom which we cannot emerge
ed.
deal, is that what we get for
rs? Better to do macramé or
wers in a book, watch clouds
aughter of children. A vase
still and beautiful, birds are
riding the currents over the
summer. A potter of cockeyed
sn't suffer an ordeal of words.
t lady speaks eloquently, her
ke the top of a gathered bag
wind, telling us of ordeals,
us. Must we pay six dollars
eek of our hearts to walk on
our tongues to the knife?
others complain that the times
ked," said Kierkegaard. "I
that they are paltry: for they
out passion. The thoughts of
frail like lace, and they
es are feeble like girl lace-

ust rest from thoughts of the
bomb, death by flesh gone
ambitions of underlings, the
superiors, the hungers of
, the cries of wives: we are
e old woman tells tragedies
painful to us than losing a
penny-ante poker; the cost,
tainment are the same: the
nbend, the crotch is lightly

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sweated as in early sleep. Must we have this new fiction? Imitations are lived with comfortably, they keep their decent distance; why must Mr. Gass put us in the room with torments?

Entertainment should be as quick as the changes of scene in a hit movie; why should we suffer this man who gives us prose to be read at the speed of speech, asking for attention that died with the oral tradition? The choice of what we read is dangerously close to the choice of how we live: the old women are always waiting, ready to lull us with the purring of crones, those distant and comfortable sounds, that paltry life.

Omensetter's Luck is an imperfect novel. It is needlessly fuddled with a plot drawn out of some prior conception of the novel, and it slogs into being with a prologue that might have worked better as an epilogue, if it works at all. The comparison of Gilean, Ohio (in which the novel is set), and Gilead seems at times to weigh too heavily in the prose, and there is even one line in the novel that might be considered a cliché.

Omensetter's Luck is also, page after page, one of the most exciting, energetic, and beautiful novels we can ever hope to read. It is a rich fever, a parade of secrets, a novel as American as *Huckleberry Finn* and as torturously comic as *Ulysses*. The delirious, tormented song of the Reverend Jethro Furber, come to Gilean at the end of the nineteenth century to preach the path to heaven, is terrifying and comic, for the Reverend is lost in lifeless lechery and sinful words. His opposite, for whom he has hatred, envy, and a strange admiration, is Brackett Omensetter, a "natural" man, a man almost without words, close to the source, as the grunt of the Navaho medicine man is said to be closer to holiness than any word he can utter.

The miracle of the novel is the triumph of the uniqueness of man. Omensetter is admirable, a hero, staunch as a tree, durable as nature herself, lucky as evolution. Furber is a mean man, as weak and wordy as the worst of us, corrupt, hypocritical, jealous, a failure in resonances spiced with Latin phrases and Anglo-Saxon bawdiness. Yet it is Jethro Furber who stings the senseless heart and alters the rutted pulse of the reader, for he is human; language is the salient. Omensetter survives, goes on, and we are glad, but nature is background, the given of the w words we find our own kind. we find the rub of life, the di of human being. Furber lives man can live; he wins us to entering by the mind, the av which only words can speed.

There is a "story," but it is to tell. A man who was savd death by Omensetter's sha ministrations hangs himself i ner that causes the people o to suspect that Omensetter m him. Rev. Furber fosters the murder, accuses Omensetter possessed by the devil. But ter's luck is good enough to out of the little plot and on to town further down the river.

To quote the novel here is age it, for it is not a casual tion, buttons on a string of pl thinnest fingers, Gass weaves of words, each sentence hav history of the sentences befor is a context, we read in a fever fever of Rev. Furber is conta is not in another town, anoth the fever is in the words on t The mad preachments, the li objects, sensations, shame, en suffering enter us, as if . . . as i we dare to say it?) as if life made of language and thus secret common. Or shall we that danger and live comforta the adventure stories of old

THAT QUESTION AND OTHE serious and more clearly are better asked by Gass hi his critical essays, which are c under the title *Fiction and the of Life*. The fictionist, train philosopher, examines the ar tion, its tools, and its relation osophy with thoroughness, s always to the point until the tency of the essays becomes in the collection.

Though the essays are writt unfailing grace, the reader Gass's fiction will find them dant, for the subject of the fi often fiction. In his essay, "T cept in Fiction," Gass is eru analytical about the names of ters. In *Omensetter's Luck* he vincing:

If each man were in his sy somewhere, he could be re that way. And touched. Ov over. Loved? What did it m

ld be chewed and swallowed. , for instance . . . or Matthew. ew true habit's hollow. Omen t if Romeo's name were Bob? . What if Jethro's name were ? a wise adviser, a fluent slippery spier, a loud woe- a God-denier with his soul on o—what if his name were— But you couldn't wear out . He grew with each repeat- mensetter. Simpson. Suppose Simpson. Or Henry Pimber. us Knox. A pig wallow—that abit's hollow. Stitt. Tott. ay. I've your name here, with my spit around it—how u like that? Hatstat. Flack. Hawkins. Cobb. Well there be something in it.

e essays he deals brilliantly latonic vision of language and calling for a fiction in which rs,"freed from existence, can essence, and purely Be." But erence between the stories like all-too-digested dinners e mouths of old women and m that can "shine in essence, ely Be" is *demonstrated* in ction.

not the only writer working hat goal; Barthelme, Borges, Hawkes, and others also give "freed from existence," and y or all of them may at this be correcting the galleys of piece, their published works, heir brilliance, have disap- us. Gass, perhaps inadver- oints out the difference be- eir work and his in the title *Fiction and the Figures of* y lack feeling. Perhaps Mr. phlegmatic fellow who passes trussed in a hammock, but his passionate. We respond to a a Barthelme story by think- t our thoughts; at the end of ory we are twice worked, feel- it our thoughts and thinking r feelings.

says, one suspects, are really s introductions to his work, be-Grillet's essays, but with- nfortunate tone of complaint misunderstood that tickles t when we read Robbe-Grillet. also works occasionally as a . He is more successful at that iness than most writers have t book reviewing is journal- e subject of books and not an on of art—revelations are ected. When the reviewer r revelations the results are sometimes very nearly comic. In a brief piece on the work of I. B. Singer, Gass made his often quoted remark about "and," calling it an "empty conjunction." Poor "and," it is almost always empty, but not always. Here is "and" at work:

> *Down the back streets the asphalt crumbles into gravel. There's Westbrook's, with the geraniums, Horsefall's, Mott's. The sidewalk shatters. Gravel dust rises like breath behind the wagons. And I am in retirement from love.*

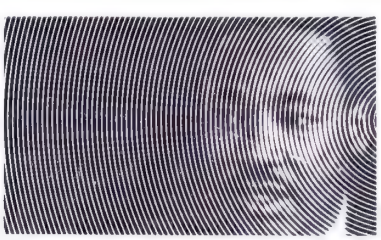
Read the paragraph again, leaving out the conjunction. The narrator is a different man. His eyes are narrower, there is less darkness beneath. The author of that paragraph knew well the sound and the sense of words. How careful he was to leave out the conjunction before the last word in the series of the second sentence, pointing to the use of the conjunction in beginning the last sentence. This "and" is far from empty; it holds all the sadness of the paragraph.

MR. GASS HAS PLAYED A JOKE on himself, become the victim of his own mastery. The paragraph is from the title story of his collection. *In the Heart of the Heart of the Country*, which is perhaps the most successful and beautiful work he has published. An unnamed narrator describes a town in Indiana. He speaks of grass, stores, neighbors, cats, and Christmas. The story is made of things, a surface of ordinary objects, plain people and insignificant acts, yet it is a story of love lost or art failed (the surface holds at least that much), and it makes an almost unbearable sadness as it is read. Line after line of lovely longing shines into the reader. "My will is like the rosy dustlike light in this room: soft, diffuse, and gently comforting," says the narrator of himself. It is as much description as we need; the character is truly made of words, describing himself by his choices.

There are elements in the story that lead one to think of autobiography: B. is "a small town fastened to a field in Indiana." Gass taught philosophy at Purdue. The narrator is a writer who makes sex an analogue of fiction, as Mr. Gass is wont to do. A father in North Dakota figures briefly in the story. Mr. Gass was born in North Dakota. How autobiographical it might be if autobiographical fiction

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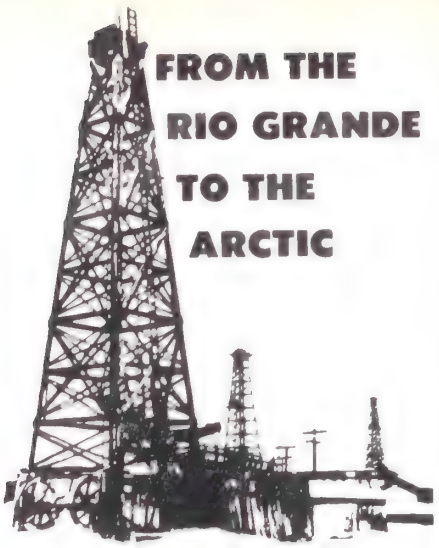
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were possible! What nice material for gossip! But gossip and autobiography are repetitions, deaths on the dry tongues of old women; fiction is new, made of such energy and so elegantly balanced that the changing of a word, the deletion of an ordinarily empty conjunction, reshapes the universe.

In the Heart of the Heart of the Country is the "new" fiction at its best, an unfalteringly feeling and beautiful experience for the reader. *Willie Masters' Lonesome Wife*, the most recent of Gass's books, could have been equally successful. Unfortunately, the man who began his essay, "The Medium of Fiction," by writing, "It seems a country-headed thing to say: that literature is language, that stories and the places and the people in them are merely made of words . . . ." seems to have been visited by a traveling typography salesman. The book is printed on a surface of tricks: various papers, fonts, photographs, and even a brown ring meant to represent the stain left by a sloppy cup of coffee printed on the navel of a naked woman who represents the art of fiction. It is a good graphic for *New York* magazine, but that kind of trashy thinking is inimical to everything else Gass has written.

A tragedy: jewels set in slops, some of them surely buried. The lapse of taste that allowed him to write a book of forty-seven pages without numbers and then advise the reader that the number of pages in the book is equal to his age is demoralizing. Why? How can the author of *Omensetter's Luck*, which Richard Gilman rightly calls "the most important work of fiction by an American in this literary generation," have fallen to drawing brown circles around belly buttons? e.e.cummings' rearranging grasshopper was scrambled type well used, and still it was a trick; can Gass not have known? Does a concept in an 8 point sans serif type differ from the same concept in 18 point Century Schoolbook? There must have been a traveling salesman, a Svengali of the literary borscht belt, for beyond the tricks of *Willie Masters' Lonesome Wife* is an important fiction on the art of fiction.

The lady of the novella is fiction herself, now in middle age, remembering her lovers, seeing the fall of her youth in a mirror, recalling intimacies with sardonic and sad wit. She recognizes mortality, the inevitable passing. But Gass rescues her, as he has rescued the novel, with langu[age] liantly and newly used. Ficti[on] not become those crones [sit] down the street on the way t[o] a new life is promised, an[d] father and first master of the [art] closes what might have been [an] the marvels of fiction with a[n] spoken by the lonesome mus[ter] future lovers.

Then let us have a lan[guage] worthy of our world, a dem[ocra]style where rich and we[ll-bo]nouns can roister with som[e sl]tish verb yet find themselve[s co]tent and uncomplained of. W[e] a diction which contains the [cat] the rare, the technical, the ob[so]le the old, the lent, the nonce, th[e lo]slang and argot of the stre[et], neighborly confinement. Ou[r te]should suit our time: uncom[mon] quiet dashed with common th[ings] It should be as young and [fa]and sweet and dangerous as [a] Experimental and expansive [en]turesome enough to make the [de]ist envy and the physicist ca[sh] —it will give new glasses t[o m]eyes, and put those plots an[d pa]terns down we find our mod[es] in. Metaphor must be its go[ds] gods are metaphors. It shou[ld] be too cowardly of song, bu[t ho]its substance, sing its tunes s[o ha]estly and loud that even ey[es] hear them, and contrive to[ng]tongue that is its own into[xi]cat . . . It's not the languid [pro]prose we've got, we need; b[ut] etry, the human muse, full u[p] and on the charge, impetuou[s a]hot and loud and wild like [Pe]lina going to the stews or [the] damn rockets streaming head[ed] into stars.

A MAN WHO WRITES ABOUT [fic]man's work is not the m[an] anything, nor the explainer, [in]tion cannot be hermetic —[a] made of words is as available [as] pages on which it is printed, [as] versal as a pyramid of sunli[ght] beauty itself. One who write[s a] fictions is at best a doorman, a[n] a cawing priest.

I tip my hat and hold th[e] bidding you Enter, Ladies and [Gen]men, step inside and hear th[e] born again, feel fiction com[e] from the dead, experience re[al]tion firsthand. Enter, enter; pl[ay] of the senses and the soul awai[t] William H. Gass's Garden of E[ar]Delights.

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Alden Whitman

BOOKS



From art to avarice: the sad fate of America's upper-crust brothels

The Happy Hooker, by Xaviera Hollander, with Robin Moore and Yvonne Dunleavy. Dell, $1.50.

Pauline's, by Pauline Tabor. Illustrated by David Stone Martin. Touchstone Publishing Co., $9.95.

Nell Kimball: Her Life as an American Madam, by Nell Kimball. Edited by Stephen Longstreet. Macmillan, $6.95.

A House Is Not a Home, by Polly Adler. Eagle Books, $1.25.

ONCE UPON A TIME, when I was starting out in the world's second oldest profession and was working in Buffalo, I became acquainted with a splendid neo-Victorian house on a side street not far from an imposingly phallic municipal building. It was the most neatly kept structure in an otherwise humdrum neighborhood; and its interior appointments were also neat, if faded, and comfortable. The only incongruity was a white grand piano in the parlor that Miss Betty, the proprietor of the establishment, confided she had placed there as a reminder of her younger days as an odalisque to a railroad man in Cleveland. A statuesque woman of middling years, Miss Betty could be coaxed to talk about her business and to point out that it flourished because of the quality of both her patronage and her staff. Her steady clientele, she said, included the cream of the city's business, industrial, professional, and political society. Her employees were undeniably goodlooking, tempting, and well mannered; and they were rarely put to the inconvenience of being arrested. Miss Betty enjoyed, she told me, the protection of both city hall and the police department—for a fee, of course—because she operated what a state judge once solemnly assured me was "a good, clean, reliable house."

Miss Betty's was a Buffalo institution. More than that, it was an authentic American institution—as indigenous as Rap Brown's cherry pie—for virtually every city of any size or pretension had its Miss Betty's and had had one since at least the middle of the nineteenth century.

The lively commerce in the United States goes back, of course, to Colonial days, but its institutionalization grew out of the Industrial Revolution. The Boston entrepreneurs who established New England's textile mills unwittingly created the brothel as a spinoff, for factory girls quickly discovered that the wages of sin were a good deal higher than those of virtue. Immigration, with its large surplus of males over eligible females, encouraged the spread of what were quaintly called "houses of ill-fame." Brothels for the working man accompanied the growth of industrial capitalism throughout the country, and some of them, especially in the Western mining camps, were celebrated in literature. These cathouses for the commonalty are still with us, although their primal air and gaudiness are gone and their numbers have dwindled markedly owing to the embourgeoisement of the working class since World War II.

Catering primarily to men of wealth and position, the fashionable brothel, as distinguished from the "hoorhouse," became a factor in American social life after the Civil War, although before that there were some whorehouses for the well-to-do and privileged in New York, Washington (Congressmen are notoriously in need of sexual sustenance), and other big cities. The Golden Age, however, began with the Gilded Age, and the glitter of the fashionable brothel persisted, without too much tarnish showing, until World War II. Since then, as the memoirs of Xaviera Hollander demonstrate, dross has taken over, along with a Pentagon type of cost effectiveness; and we are witnessing the end, as they say, of an era whose history is delineated in the books under review.

With the development of the middle class in the 1870s, and the Victorian family respectability that accompanied it, the new man of business who felt the need for marital intercourse to relieve the ennui or the malaise of marriage had three choices open to him. He could keep a mistress; they could have an affair; or they could patronize one of several already established houses either in their home city or nearby. But all three had their disadvantages. A mistress usually involved considerable expense, and was therefore reserved for the very wealthy, like Jim Fisk, whose relationship with Josie Mansfield, in any event, was a terminatory tale inasmuch as Fisk lost his life over it in 1872. An affair, while not so costly as a mistress, could lead to emotional involvement that might break up a marriage. Visits to an ordinary whorehouse involved contact with the common man, often in the segregated district in which such houses were usually situated. The administrations of an uninspiring chambermaid, and, worst of all, the possibility of contracting a venereal disease.

Clearly, a better mousetrap was called for, and with typical American enterprise one was swiftly provided. It was the brothel tailored for the carriage trade. It was a discreetly elegant house with well-appointed furnishings, a well-stocked larder and wine cellar, rooms with comfortable beds, valet service for the laundering of shirts and underwear, medically inspected girls who were pleasing to the eye and whose conversation would not enhanced their sexual talents. The stress was on sex as pleasure, not as experience. Virtually private versions of these palaces existed in all of the principal cities; and some, like the Everleigh Club in Chicago, enjoyed international reputations, not to say

Alden Whitman is a member of the New York Times staff.

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trary to what Miss Kimball
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discovered that "men go to
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of being in a world where
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everything—where the whore is a pretty adoring slave" rather than a mere sex object.

Nonetheless, Miss Kimball went to great pains to provide her guests with luscious ladies and luxurious surroundings. They got good whiskey and fine wine, and, in addition, "the furniture and surroundings of any house I ran was always as good, or usually better than the client had at home. The beds were real mahogany, none of your cheap veneers, and the china wash basins, mirrors and fixtures" were the best on the market. As for the girls, Miss Kimball kept them "up to snuff, insisted on great cleanliness of body, hair (not too many combs) and dress."

(As elegant as were Miss Kimball's parlor houses, they did not quite compare with Minna and Aida Everleigh's justly renowned house in Chicago, which opened in 1900 and lasted for about seventeen years, and which featured solid gold spittoons, a gold piano, and Oriental carpeting—not to mention marble statuary, potted palms, and a four-piece orchestra. Perhaps its only rival for opulence was Josephine Woods' mansion in New York, which sported crystal chandeliers, sofas upholstered in satin and brocade, and a butler. Miss Woods, a more public figure than most madams, was a Saratoga regular, a swell of the swells.)

ONLY A FEW parlor houses survived World War I and these all but disappeared in the 1920s in the big cities, owing to a more relaxed sexual code and the acceptance of divorce among the upper-middle class. The houses survived, however, in the smaller cities until World War II, and one of the most famous of them was Pauline's in Bowling Green, Kentucky. Like Miss Kimball, Miss Tabor prospered because she ran a class house for the well-to-do and because, as her gamy memoirs note, "local officials prefer to have a few people they know and trust operate illegal businesses rather than have the big syndicates move in and take over."

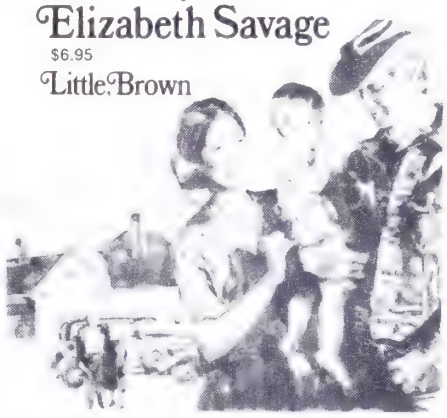
But life at Miss Tabor's was clearly more functional and less splendid than life at Miss Kimball's, reflecting, I think, the more frenetic pace of the business community in the mid-twentieth century. And Miss Tabor herself was more of a businesswoman, counting her dollars and banking her

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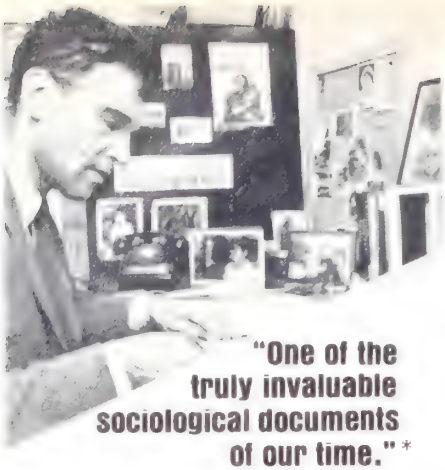
GO PLACIDLY AMID THE NOISE & HASTE, & REMEMBER WHAT PEACE THERE MAY BE IN SILENCE. AS FAR AS POSSIBLE WITHOUT SURRENDER BE ON GOOD TERMS WITH ALL PERSONS. SPEAK YOUR TRUTH QUIETLY & CLEARLY, and listen to others, even the dull & ignorant, they too have their story. ♦ Avoid loud and aggressive persons, they are vexations to the spirit. If you compare yourself with others, you may become vain & bitter; for always there will be greater & lesser persons than yourself. Enjoy your achievements as well as your plans. ♦ Keep interested in your own career, however humble; it is a real possession in the changing fortunes of time. Exercise caution in your business affairs, for the world is full of trickery. But let this not blind you to what virtue there is; many persons strive for high ideals, and everywhere life is full of heroism. ♦ Be yourself. Especially do not feign affection. Neither be cynical about love; for in the face of all aridity & disenchantment it is perennial as the grass. ♦ Take kindly the counsel of the years, gracefully surrendering the things of youth. Nurture strength of spirit to shield you in sudden misfortune. But do not distress yourself with imaginings. Many fears are born of fatigue & loneliness. Beyond a wholesome discipline, be gentle with yourself. ♦ You are a child of the universe, no less than the trees & stars, you have a right to be here. And whether or not it is clear to you, no doubt the universe is unfolding as it should. ♦ Therefore be at peace with God, whatever you conceive Him to be, and whatever your labors & aspirations, in the noisy confusion of life keep peace with your soul. ♦ With all its sham, drudgery & broken dreams, it is still a beautiful world. Be careful. Strive to be happy. ♦ ♦

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income just as if she were running a baked-goods shop. Her house, moreover, was plainly furnished, and there was no cellar of French wines and no cuisine worth mentioning. Her girls, too, had little flair, and they certainly were not selected, as the Everleighs chose theirs, "as carefully as they pick a cadet at West Point" and "trained to dress, make up their faces and do their hair—and maybe forced to read a book." This atmosphere of the counting house is mirrored in Miss Tabor's book, in which gaiety is more forced than real.

IN THE BIG CITIES, the parlor-house tradition was taken over by Polly Adler, who flourished in New York between the wars and who, as she says, "entered the Valhalla of the American executive" by being written about in *Fortune* magazine. Miss Adler's house was a many-roomed apartment, and it was staffed by a series of indubitable beauties. One apartment (she was obliged to move several times) had a Louis Seize living room and "a cosy paneled library" containing a collection of "books written by or about my customers." Apart from the literary men who availed themselves of Miss Adler's premises, her trade was chiefly the businessman in a hurry, the financier who dropped in for a few hours, sporting types, and a gangster or two. Miss Adler was also engaged by an oil millionaire to tutor his sons in sex, not only because he could count on her discretion but also because she ran a medically clean operation.

Miss Adler's was an enormously popular place, so popular in fact that she kept open around the clock for the convenience of her socially prominent patrons. But her emphasis was more on simulated fun than pleasure, and her book, which seems fictionalized in part, is a singularly joyless reading experience. The upper-middle class, as she reflects it, had lost its capacity for sex as pleasure, which it possessed in abundance in Nell Kimball's day. Whereas Miss Kimball's men were robust, Miss Adler's were insubstantial.

WHILE POLLY ADLER leavened her commercialism with Louis Seize decor, Xaviera Hollander was quite satisfied to entertain her men in drably uninspired East Side apartments. And while Miss Adl... pretense of running a rel... ness, Miss Hollander appli... analysis to hers. "Bankers ... my very best customers," ... of her business before it ... rupted by the New York K... mission.

These money men acc... about 10 percent of my ... and when you consider th... of other professional cat... from athletes to aristocrats ... to diplomats, publishers ... cians, lawyers to judges, ... presidents and other busi... and even some clergy—all ... ing my house, this oc... makes up a substantial sha... market.

There is only one other ... sion that outranks ban... dedicated clients, and that ... brokers. I would estimate ... percent of my business is ... market trends.

A corporate report to sto... could not be more bloodle... gets more so when Miss ... analyzes what she calls "... flow," her credit system, an... tle red book in which I reco... erating accounts."

Whereas Miss Kimball, ... bor, and even Miss Adler t... terms of providing a certain ... for sex, Miss Hollander and ... wasted no time with the nice ... imagine that a visit to her e... must have been like dri... McDonald's for a hamburge... vice is fast and efficient, and ... uct is utterly unmemorable.

Madams are not John Cle... one must not expect their ... have more than redeemi... merit. But within these str... liked Nell Kimball's book b... unaffectedness and its ver... Hollander's is the least rewar... cause it seems so delibera... cocted for the quick buck ... impoverished in imagination.

However, this very lack of ... tion must reflect the extrem... habits of today's upper-mid... for the men Miss Hollande... about actually seem to enj... mated, robotized, plasticize... she and her ghost-writers a... believed—and I see no reas... believe them—the brothel ... little more flesh and blood ... IBM computer installatio... back Nell Kimball!

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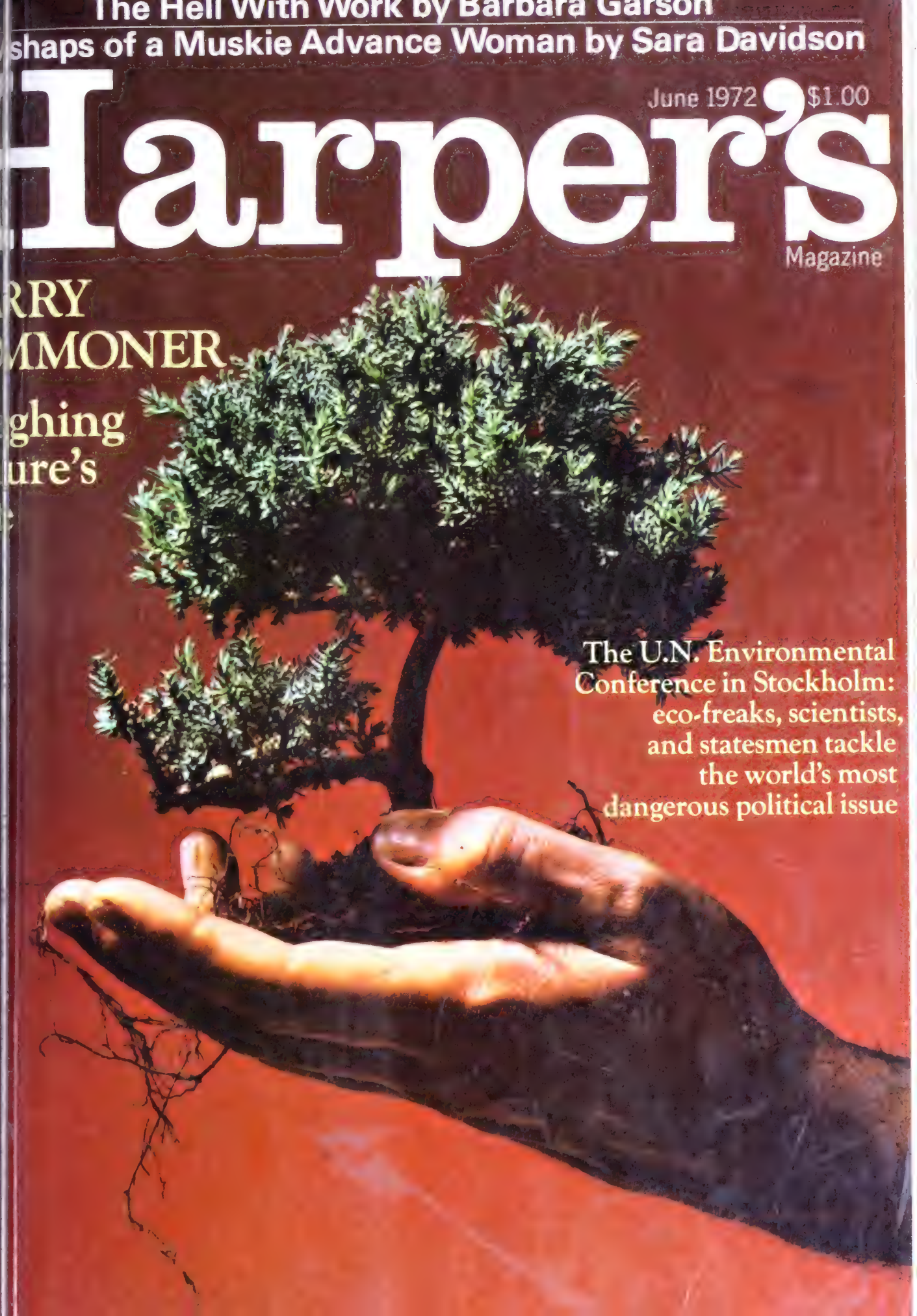
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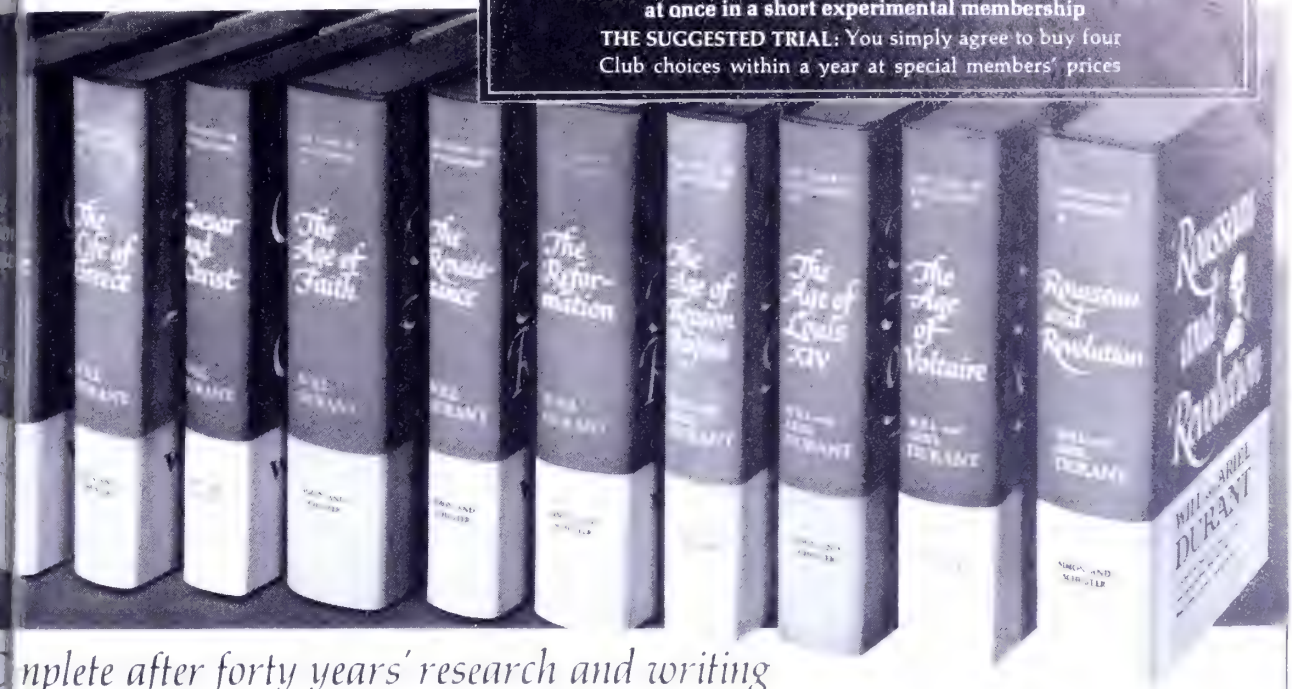

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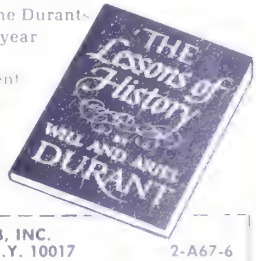
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America's Doctors of Medicine

Harper's Magazine

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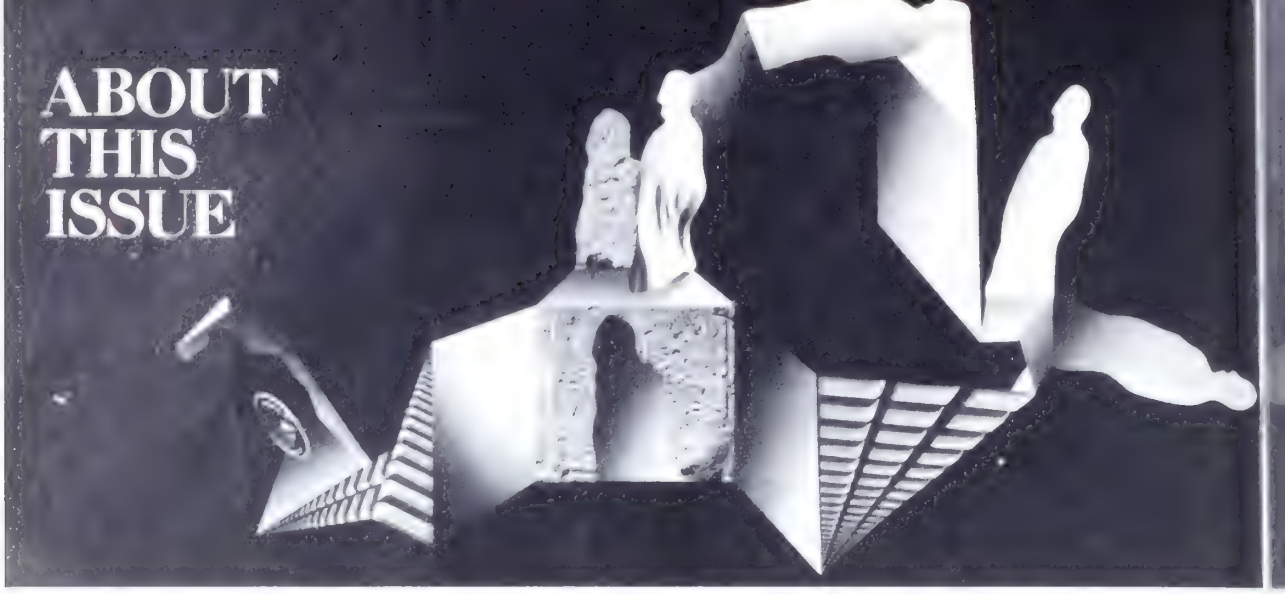
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ABOUT THIS ISSUE



Most of the articles and essays in this month's *Harper's* deal with gigantic systems of one kind or another. They were not chosen for that reason, but the coincidence suggests something about the modern obsession with the monolithic institutions that govern so many aspects of so many people's lives. Hardly anybody understands how the systems function, or who controls them, or to what purpose, or where, exactly, they can be located.

Too often we persist in the illusion that systems of the magnitude of GM or the Pentagon or ITT must remain omniscient and unassailable. Subject to bitter criticism, even to Congressional investigation, but always beyond any hope of transformation. Unless we can remove that illusion, we are doomed to worship that which we do not understand.

The primitive inhabitants of the South Seas believe that the artifacts of industrial civilization somehow contain the magic of the technology that manufactured them. Thus they worship beer cans and broken phonograph records. So also the supposedly informed citizen who publicly decries the Machiavellian statecraft of ITT but privately finds himself in awe of what he imagines a malevolent cabal.

The resulting ambivalence encourages a docile and numbed state of mind in which nothing makes much difference. Various people go forth to bear witness, and they return with the inevitable bad news (the triumph of money, the debasement of learning, the end of the world, etc.). What is curious is the complacence with which they await the certain coming to pass of those events. It is an attitude prevalent in contemporary society, and it proceeds from an inability to identify the origins of catastrophe. Who can blame a system for anything? Who can find out why a decision was taken or a war declared? The stockholders ask the wrong questions; the Pentagon Papers arrive seven years too late. The systems speak with the disembodied voice of a god in a cloud, and no man, in the phrase of the discredited prophet, "knoweth whence the wind cometh or whither it goeth."

Not even the people who ceremoniously administer the machinery (the priestly caste of corporation lawyers, Undersecretaries of State, Air Force generals, and university professors with tenure) quite know how it works. They are as ignorant as the naked rabble gathered at the base of a Babylonian ziggurat. But, being content with their privileges, they find no reason to ask questions.

The articles in the present issue are intended to disturb the priestly silence. Having some knowledge of the systems they discuss (in itself no mean accomplishment), the authors of these articles can raise at least a few of the necessary questions.

Barry Commoner, in the lead essay on page 49, considers the prospect of ecological ruin. He knows, probably better than most people, that at the present rate of consumption the rivers must become stale, the land barren, and the air foul with pestilence. He also knows that desolation must certainly be visited upon us if we continue to make obeisance to the modern divinities euphemistically named, in the fashionable [illegible] language of the day, "geo[illegible] reality" and "economic self-in[illegible] In another culture they mig[illegible] been represented as huge ston[illegible]

The Cornell Bombing Repo[illegible] 55, offers an understanding [illegible] barbarous technology of the [illegible] Force. To ignore the implica[illegible] the report is to accept the [illegible] presence of B52s hovering [illegible] over the landscape of Indochi[illegible] planes will continue to come [illegible] with the impunity of Aztec goc[illegible] lessly exacting their accustom[illegible] ute of human sacrifice.

Other questions asked in ot[illegible] cles have to do with the dehu[illegible] tion of the modern assemb[illegible] ("Luddites in Lordstown," pa[illegible] with the premises of the Amer[illegible] ucational system ("The Lit[illegible] Prison," page 80), and with a [illegible] of jurisprudence that encoura[illegible] greed of giant business corpo[illegible] ("Beyond the ITT Case," pa[illegible]

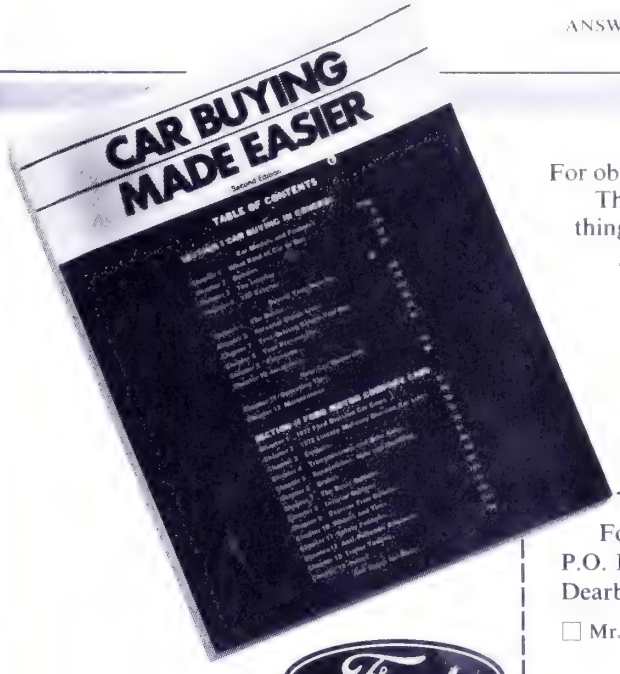
But all the questions, ev[illegible] smallest ones, will go unanswe[illegible] less other people in other pla[illegible] further questions, presuma[illegible] louder voices. If we neglect t[illegible] then we will become conspira[illegible] the playing out of an elabora[illegible] torical irony. Primitive man [illegible] lished the first magical system [illegible] attempt to impose coherent or[illegible] what he perceived as the bli[illegible] terrifying force of nature. Bu[illegible] the systems have themselves [illegible] blind, apparently surpassing [illegible] in their sudden tendencies [illegible] vast and inexplicable devas[illegible] Hoping to propitiate his new[illegible] modern man invents a new [illegible] and calls it statistical analysis.

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LETTERS



The Aircraft Brake Scandal

Kermit Vandivier's article ["The Aircraft Brake Scandal," April] points out why so many have lost faith with the system but, even more importantly, how one man can change the system.

I was personally involved with the hearings run by Senator Proxmire and find it almost impossible to convey the outrage we felt at the attempts B. F. Goodrich made to cover up and our apparent helplessness to do anything. There is an old technique among lawyers that when the facts are on your side, you argue the facts; when the law is on your side, you argue the law; and when neither is on your side, you pound the table. B.F. Goodrich pounded the table.

It got so bad during the hearing that the witness for the Air Force who had already testified and was back in the audience got up and started toward the witness table to tell the Joint Economic Committee that B.F. Goodrich was distorting the facts. He was physically prevented from doing so by an Air Force legislative liaison officer. Fortunately, however, the Air Force did change its rule to prevent a reoccurrence of the B.F. Goodrich situation.

The lesson that I draw from Mr. Vandivier's experience and others that I have seen is that one man can make a difference. As a result of Mr. Vandivier's courage and Senator Proxmire's doggedness, the system was changed. As a result of Ernest Fitzgerald's courage and Senator Proxmire's doggedness, the C5A's $2 billion cost overrun was exposed, and a whole new attitude toward Pentagon spending has developed.

It is unfortunate that all too often someone has to lose his job to do what is right, but it is encouraging that one determined man can make a difference. So long as we elect courageous legislators and so long as individuals still believe in the American ideal, the system will correct itself. But should we lose either, the system will eventually fail.

MARTIN LOBEL
Legislative Assistant to
Senator William Proxmire
Washington, D.C.

KERMIT VANDIVIER REPLIES:

I agree with Mr. Lobel about the courage and doggedness of Senator William Proxmire and with the statement that "one man can make a difference." I assume by "one man," he is referring to me. Believe me, this "one man" could not have made the difference, at least in bringing the aircraft brake scandal to public attention, without the assistance of two very fine and very unusual men, R. George Kuser and Thomas W. Pew, Jr. Mr. Kuser is the publisher of the *Troy Daily News* (circulation 10,000), one of the few newspapers in the nation not afraid to "tell it li
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The Ethics of Add

I agree with Thomas Szasz
Ethics of Addiction," April]
erating drugs from sanctions
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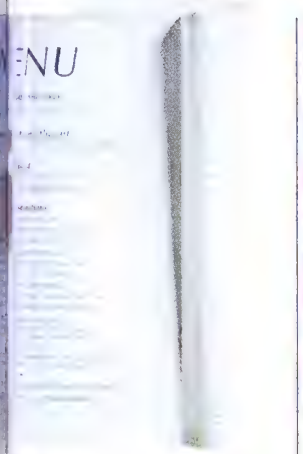


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One of the vineyards in the gently carved hillside around our Mont La Salle Monastery is planted with the distinguished Pinot Saint George grape. This rare vine originated in the Nuits-Saint-Georges district of Burgundy. It is not widely grown in California, but here in the Napa Valley, the climate and soil proved ideal. The crops, though small, have been highly rewarding in quality.



Because the wines made from these grapes showed exceptional promise, we decided to produce a special bottling. I followed their progress carefully through the oaken casks where they were allowed to develop at leisure. Now, after an additional bottle aging, we can offer a limited amount of Pinot Saint George.



I believe you will especially enjoy its bouquet. It truly reflects the fine fragrance of the grape. The color is ruby-red, and its taste is pleasantly dry with a smooth finish. The flavor complements steaks, chops, or cheeses.



The cask number appears on each bottle, as does "Estate-Bottled," indicating that the grapes come solely from our home vineyards. Priced at about $3.00.



The supply of Pinot Saint George is necessarily limited. Should your wine merchant fail to have it, you may write to me.

Brother Timothy F.S.C.

Brother Timothy, F.S.C., Cellarmaster
The Christian Brothers Winery
Napa Valley, California

Worldwide Distributors: Fromm and Sichel, Inc., San Francisco, California

temptation, an addict is making a passional and not a rational legal calculation of risk. By and large, moral laws always do more harm than good. They increase personal guilt and anxiety; they diminish ordinary prudence, like hygiene or getting medical advice; and they of course introduce commercial racketeers and police corruption.

Szasz rightly questions the plain ethics and politics of harassing "crimes without victims." Most often such harassment, like involuntary commitment of the insane, merely means that people have been made anxious and want to sweep unpleasant facts of life under the rug. There is less social tension in the fairly short run if people learn to live with disorder and anxiety.

I am puzzled, however, that Dr. Szasz still persists in relying on laws and criminal penalties to cope with what he considers to be crimes (with victims), e.g., pushing drugs on minors. Certainly the history of our police, courts, and jails has not been any more impressive than any of the other witch-hunting he condemns in preventing crime, protecting the social welfare, or [rehabilitating] criminals. Again it is clear that the jails exist solely to diminish anxiety, to exact sadistic vengeance, and to keep unpleasant facts out of sight. And as with vices, it is evident that laws and jails increase the number of criminals and the severity of the crimes they commit.

Criminal behavior is a terrible reality to contend with, and we cannot realistically expect society not to panic at it. Nevertheless, philosophically, we would do much better *statistically* if we began to learn to do nothing at all about it until we discover *what* to do.

My own bias is that the direction in which we should explore is the old public confession on the public square in organic communities: that is, to try to accept the criminal back into the community, rather than to penalize and exclude him. Needless to say, this would require a very different society. For a utopian description, let me recommend William Morris's *News From Nowhere*.

PAUL GOODMAN
Waimanalo, Hawaii

This is an exaggeration, but I have long regarded Thomas Szasz as the only sane psychiatrist writing for the general public. This man is, more, one of the most int champions of civil liberty be has so keenly detected the guises assumed by the ancie tution of the Holy Inquisitio

There are two reasons wh ticle should have the widest circulation. The first is that o forces are being corrupted, verted from their proper task tecting life and property, b required to serve as armed cle enforcing sumptuary laws "crimes" without complaini tims. It is no business of the ment to interfere in matters bling, sexual morals, and the natural substances arbitrar fined as "drugs" or "narcotic work of our courts is clogged prisons overcrowded because ridiculous inquisition of morals and tastes.

The second is that medical edge and expertise should be a available to the general public art of cooking. There are not a qualified physicians and surg serve our needs, with the rest doctors' offices and hospitals overburdened as the courts of

There are serious risks in ac such a policy, but without risk is no freedom, and the United of America is supposed, abo other things, to represent th ciple of liberty—the dangero splendid task of responsibili your own life.

ALAN
Sausalito.

Harper's Magazine is to b gratulated for publishing T Szasz's piece. In addition to provocative, it is correct on ical as well as on moral groun

Perhaps the most dramatic tration of this is the data relea two divisions of the Departm Justice. The Bureau of Narcotic Dangerous Drugs, in its curre lease, celebrates 1971 as a b year in recording drug seizu heroin and other drugs—up 13 cent between 1970 and 1971. same time, in [the Department ports for crime in the United S comparing 1969, 1970, and one notes an unmistakable tren ward in all crimes that are dr lated or drug induced. The cate of robbery and burglary, for inst are up more than 200 per cent

e; thus offsetting any pos-
ntages of increased caches
otics squad.

er the validity of the
between alcohol and drug
y be, the consequences of
t differential treatment are
and dangerous. Legalized
loes not mean the celebra-
ch use. It means, as Szasz
ging the terms of the dia-
rugs from medical and ther-
rms to political and ethnic
here it should be anyhow,
it ultimately will move to.
ninous option to legalized
rized drug usage is not only
o live with intolerably high
ime (which itself serves to
he right to life, liberty, and
t of happiness that Dr. Szasz
), but an ever-increasing
harassment and limitation
ivil rights. The brief UPI
ppearing in the Saturday,
, 1972, issue of the *New*
es tells the story in blunt
Central State University an-
that it would begin testing
or possible drug use when
ster for the spring quarter
chool said it had started the
ogram because of a wave of
rimes that it said were drug
The next step would be uni-
ting for drug use as a meas-
ployment, rental, and travel.
's option is obviously both
istic and more humane.

IRVING LOUIS HOROWITZ
n, Department of Sociology
Livingston College
Rutgers University
New Brunswick, N.J

asz's article was a welcome
to the numerous articles
gainst addiction. One rea-
addicts remain users is that
hem enjoy the euphoric feel-
iated with heroin, whereas
e is addictive but not pleas-
urther, many will use drugs
a trip figuratively because
ot have the resources to take
rally: it is easier and cheaper
igh" on heroin than to take

ealistically, the current anti-
eaucracy has fostered addi-
ils: potential welfare clients
me addicted to drugs since
is a valid reason for getting
lfare rolls; felons faced with
son sentences will simulate

Safety first.



Gillette Techmatic.
It's tough on your beard.
Not on your face.

addiction in order to be certified as addicts. Then their entrance to New York State's Narcotic Addiction Control Commission will be less than the possible jail term.

If government cannot offer a viable alternative to drug use, it should not use its power to curb it through punitive means.

PIERRE C. HABER, Ass't. Professor
Jersey City State College
Jersey City, N.J.

Addiction cannot be cured because it is not a disease. We can help those (only those) who want to rid themselves of their ingrained habit (addiction) when it begins to disturb them, and we may persuade some that it will. But we should not try to compel the unpersuaded; nor can we succeed. Attempted compulsion damages their dignity further (they become more firmly addicted) and causes them to injure others as they seek to finance a habit that society has made available yet too expensive to support without crime. Laws, not drugs, have created "the problem of addiction."

Only a libertarian society, in which any drug would be available without prescription, could make addictive drugs as freely available to all adults, as Dr. Szasz proposes. We are unlikely to become that libertarian soon. Meanwhile we could make addictive drugs available free to registered addicts, to be consumed in loco, and not to nonaddicts.

The major effects of this (admittedly partial) reform would be:

1) No increase in drug consumption by "old" addicts. They get the stuff now (but have to commit crimes to finance buying it). There would be no decrease either.

2) A decrease in new addictions: addicts would have less motive to "push" drugs on novices so as to earn money to finance their own "fix."

3) A decrease of crime rates (street crime and burglary) of 60 per cent. Addiction does not lead to crime; financing it does. This source of crime (I may have understated its importance) would be dried out.

4) A reduction of expenses—jails, policemen, etc., and of corruption incident to unenforceable laws.

5) Addiction, no longer considered a disease externally and involuntarily inflicted, need not be fostered by placing on welfare rolls those who chose to disable themselves. Society ought not to punish self-destruction or to compel people to refrain from. But it needn't encourage it.

ERNEST VAN DE
New York, N

A Dollar for the M

I feel very proud as I hav
associated with Ruth Moone
Dollar for the Mugger." Apr
many years. As a matter of fa
is my assistant in an endeav
we call Community Services
This is an entirely volunteer
to help the residents of this ar
their multi-problems.

As I finished reading the ar
came to realize that Ruth has
a picture of real life as it is kn
the residents of the Lower Eas
The article could have been
by any of the residents of m
except that even though Ru
been a victim, the article was
with knowledge, compassion,
hate in her heart. It is a reall
piece of journalistic writing en
with her personal knowledge
how best for any person to ac
he becomes a victim.

HUMBERTO A
Democratic District Leader, 6
New York

The article by Mrs. Ruth M
on the problem of crime was
the finest descriptions of the
sphere prevailing in the Lowe
Side, the community in which

I have known Mrs. Moone
fiercely independent woman
one never thinks of as an elder
son because of her active involv
in the community as well as
employment in our office.

One of the points made by
Mooney that really strikes ho
the effective abridgement of th
of Rights guarantee of freed
assembly. The fear of going
one's apartment, especially at
has been a major deterrent
ganized community activity.

This article is a cry for soci
do everything possible to tack
problem of addiction and its
causes. I fear that the climat
scribed by Mrs. Mooney in her
will soon be the climate throu
the land.

SAMUEL HIRSCH, Executive Sec
Joint Industry
New York,



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1715. Cognac begins.

The world is discovering cognac.

At the same time, Jean Martell arrives in Cognac Country.

He is beguiled by the distilling of brandy

By 1728, 27,000 barrels of cognac have been exported.

That was 243 years ago.

Since then, it is difficult to separate the history of cognac from that of House of Martell.

In fact, there has been no other occupation for anyone in the Martell family except that of creating fine cognac.

Which is probably the reason Martell cognacs are the largest-selling in the world.

Martell. Taste history.

34 words on the Noilly Prat martini by W. Somerset Maugham.



"Noilly Prat is a necessary component of a dry martini. Without it you can make a side car, a gimlet, a white lady, or a gin and bitters, but you cannot make a dry martini."

©Points of View", 1958

Don't stir without Noilly Prat

The Easy Chair

"Easy Chair" column in the
ue, John Fischer said he was
o find anyone who "has ever
d [Furman University] as a
tage intellectual beacon," and
e concluded that Greenville,
Carolina, "lacks a first-class
ty." We would call Mr.
s attention to certain alumni
n offer an evaluation of the
of undergraduate education
eived at Furman. Charles H.
, 1964 winner of the Nobel
n physics, earned his first
in science here. In the past
rs Furman has produced two
scholars, Robert Stillwell and
Ligler. . . .

we would like to point out to
her are that more than three-
of the Furman faculty hold
degrees, Furman professors
recent years have produced
of significant books and hun-
f authoritative articles, Fur-
nducts a foreign-study pro-
half a dozen countries, Fur-
nnovative curriculum empha-
dependent study and inter-
nary study, and a constant
of top scientists and lecturers
campus.

inter term this year Furman
sen over Ivy League schools
lot program in urban studies
d by the American City Cor-
n, a subsidiary of the Rouse
ny, the course to be offered at
ned community of Columbia,
nd. . . .

nan has one of the few emis-
ectographic laboratories in the
stern U. S., making Furman's
raduate geology department
he best equipped in the nation.

Furman is in the mainstream
rican higher education is at-
by its unique Master in Busi-
dministration program where
ources of a private institution,
n, and a state-supported insti-
Clemson University, are com-
n a graduate program on the
n campus.

would like Mr. Fischer and
's readers to know that Furman
st-class institution of higher
g and indeed is an intellectual
in the Piedmont Carolinas.

ON W. BLACKWELL, President
Furman University
Greenville, S. C.



When I go into an area and cut down all the trees, some people don't understand why. They want to know why I have to cut *all* the trees, why I have to take something so beautiful and leave something so ugly in its place.

What many people don't know is that I'm clearcutting to *save* the forest—the same way Nature does.

These trees are Douglas fir. Here in western Oregon, their seedlings are only going to grow out in the open, where they can get plenty of sunlight, so if I don't clearcut, Nature will—with winds or disastrous forest fires that burn out thousands of acres. That's been Nature's way for 10,000 years, but I can do the same thing by planned harvesting and regeneration—and the trees I clearcut can be used instead of going up in smoke.

I've logged areas, burned the slash, replanted, and watched beautiful new forests come back, so I *know* what we're doing is right. And I wish more people understood the reasons behind what they saw before they cried "forest raper." Because then I think they'd see the promise of continuing forests for their children and grandchildren in those clearcuts. The way we see it. The way we plan it.

Dave Burwell

Dave Burwell, Forester
Rosboro Lumber Company
Oregon

Are we running out of forests? You'll find the answers in "Forests USA," a full-color, 16-page booklet. For your copy send 25¢ to AFI, 1619 Mass. Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036

Name

Address

City

State Zip

American Forest Institute

Responsible forest management to keep America green.

ALICE'S NEW RESTAURANT

This year's customers demand sadism with the music



Lee Crockberg

ON A WARM NIGHT in San Francisco, Alice Cooper was running his fingers through his hair and watching a Danny Kaye movie on television. Alice is a male rock and roll singer, enjoying for the moment the rewards of sudden and gigantic success. He was drinking a Coors Beer from the bottle as he stared at the tube in the living room of a suite in the Fairmont Hotel. Shep Gordon, manager of the Alice Cooper band, came out of one of the bedrooms, carrying a briefcase. He opened the case and pulled out a newspaper clipping. "Alice," he said, "I have something you're going to love."

The clipping was from the front page of the Charlotte (N.C.) *News*. Alice put his beer bottle down and began to read. The Danny Kaye movie blared on. The newspaper story caused Alice to laugh.

Bob Greene, twenty-four, writes a general column for the Chicago Sun-Times. *His first book, published last year, is* We Didn't Have None of Them Fat Lunky Angels on the Wall of Heartbreak Hotel, and Other Reports from America.

ROCK SHOW
"SICKENED" GIRL
By Brooks McGirt
News Staff Writer

A 16-year-old Charlotte high school girl said she was sickened and disgusted by a rock show in town this weekend.

The student, who asked not to be identified, said she had to leave in the middle of the show after the rock group Alice Cooper performed alleged sadistic acts, which included the chopping up of a doll.

A girl in front of her fainted, she said.

The student said the leader of the group first brought out a big snake which she believed to be a boa constrictor, and "let it crawl all over him—his face and everywhere" during a number.

Then, she said, he brought a plastic baby doll on stage, "felt it" and then undressed it. He tore off one of its arms, she said, took an axe and chopped at it.

The doll was filled with red liquid which ran out as the doll was hacked, she said, and members of the group screamed during the chopping.

He then held the doll up to the audience, she said.

"I left then," the student told the *News*.

"I'm not one to get sick at things," she said. "But I just couldn't take that. It was too realistic for comfort."

The student's mother said her daughter called her from Park Center, where the performance was held, and said the show had "absolutely made her sick."...

"Well," said Shep Gordon, "how do you like it?"

"It's really nice," Alice said. "Did you get that part about 'alleged sadistic acts'? Where do they get that 'alleged' from? I feel like Sirhan Sirhan."

Gordon retrieved the clipping and put it back in his briefcase. "I called that newspaper," he said. them I couldn't thank them I told them I couldn't have w better story myself."

But by this time Alice Coo being drawn back to the t movie. "We'll be leaving for t in about forty-five minutes," said. Alice nodded, his eyes on the screen, taking anot from his beer.

IN THE DRESSING ROOM of t keley Community Theat Alice Cooper band waited to stage. Assorted groupies an ers-on cluttered up the room band prepared to begin what be an extended tour of the States and Canada.

They would be playing to c houses every night—the wo begun to spread about this ba story in the Charlotte newspa been accurate, if incomplete.

At a time when rock and r gained respectability and stat Alice Cooper band sets out to gusting. It operates on the theo if the show is hateful and revol parents, then the kids will go length to see it. The increasin its (more receipts on each suc night) appear to prove the c ness of the theory.

In an age when advertising utives look far freakier tha Beatles did on their first arr the United States, the proble one of standing out among th dreds of rock and roll ban begin with, there was the When people first found ou Alice was a man, they assume the members were homosexu transvestites. The band did n courage this thinking. They d in half-drag and affected a stage manner.

In the dressing room Alic painted evil-looking black shapes around his eyes, and h drawn sharp fangs from the c of his mouth. He wore thig black leather boots and a black leotard. Across his ches name "Alice" was written in se

The other members of the b

7 cars for 7 brothers.

Wyatt paints Mother Nature. To carry his paints and canvases around with him, he needed a car with a large trunk. The Audi has the same amount of trunk space as the Lincoln Continental Mark IV. This amazed Wyatt since the Audi is much shorter than the Lincoln.

Bernard has a problem. Not only doesn't he take care of himself (a button missing here, a cuff link lost there), he doesn't take care of his car either. No wonder he wanted a car that gets the expert service of a Volkswagen. The Audi does because it's part of the VW organization. (Now if we could only get Bernard to take care of himself.)

Since Edgar has a big family (a boy, a girl, a wife, and a mother-in-law who likes to go for rides), he needed a car with lots of room. The Audi has just about the same headroom and legroom as the Rolls-Royce Silver Shadow. (Edgar sees a lot more of his mother-in-law now.)

Rolf is a first-class skier. He gets to where he's going because the Audi, like the Cadillac Eldorado, has front-wheel drive to give him the traction he needs to get through the snow to the snow.

Fishing, camping and taming the rapids are Duke's way of life. He wanted a car that could handle mountain roads and get him up to his cabin comfortably. Because the Audi has independent front suspension like the Aston Martin, Duke gets peace of mind as well as peace of body.

Meet Geoffrey the banker. To impress his associates, he wanted a car with a plush interior. Since the Audi's interior bears such an uncanny resemblance to that of the Mercedes-Benz 280SE, Geoffrey is now a Senior Vice-President.

Nothing pleases Lance more than pleasing women. He knows the fuss they make over racing car drivers. He also knows the Audi has the same type of steering system as the racing Ferrari. (Ursula is now in seventh heaven.)



The $3,900 Audi
It's a lot of cars for the money.

*Suggested price, East Coast P.O.E. for 100LS $3,855. Other Audi models start at $3,085. (West Coast P.O.L. slightly higher.) Local taxes and other dealer delivery charges, if any, additional. Porsche Audi: a division of Volkswagen.

guitarists Mike Bruce, Dennis Dunaway, and Glen Buxton, and drummer Neal Smith—were dressed in bright one-piece uniforms made of simulated foil. Their fingernails were extremely long and covered with dark polish. Their hair was tremendously long, even by rock and roll standards.

Out front, the kids were clamoring. "And now," the announcer screamed, "the most exciting group in the world—the legendary *Alice Cooper*!"

They ran on stage and went through the same routine they perform virtually every working night. The music is solid rock and roll. But with the music alone, this would be just another band trying to make it. It is the show that is making the Alice Cooper band rich.

AS SOON AS THE CROWD sees Alice, they rush toward the stage. By the time he is into the opening song, "Be My Lover," they are just inches from him. As he sings, he unsheathes a long sword and swings it over their heads. They do not flinch as the sharp blade flashes past them: they stare, fascinated. Alice brings a glob of spit from deep in his throat and it sails out into the audience. They are repelled and thrilled at the same time; the band apparently holds to no conventions at all.

Alice goes behind an amplifier and brings out a long, mean-looking boa constrictor. He holds it near the first row of fans. The snake's tongue whips in and out of its mouth. Alice winds it around his neck. He kisses the snake. He lets it stick its head in his mouth. He sticks it between his legs. He dangles it over the audience. They are breathing hard, not knowing what to expect from this man.

The band begins to play a loud, hard song called "Dead Babies." Alice comes to the front of the stage with a cute baby doll. The song is about a baby who ate a bottle of aspirin and died. As he sings the words, he fondles the doll, rubbing it across his body. He slowly undresses it, playing with it as he does so. Then the music quickens, and he tears at the doll's dress, ripping it. He begins to tear the doll apart. He slams it to the floor, turns around, and raises a hatchet above his head. The sounds of a crying baby are heard from a tape recorder somewhere backstage. Again and again and again he chops at the doll; fake blood turns the stage floor red. All the while he is singing. And the little girls in the audience are singing too; their eyes shine as they watch Alice kill the baby doll, and they sing along with him, "Goodbye, little Betty . . . so long, little baby."

After chopping up the doll, Alice places its head on top of a microphone stand. It rests there, obscene and taunting, as he flails a whip out over the audience. Some reach for him; he kicks out at them and spits some more. Then the lights go off.

Smoke fills the stage as the lights come back on. The rest of the band dons hangmen's masks. The music continues. They drag Alice, crying and kicking, to the side of the stage. There is a genuine gallows, massive and ugly. They hit at Alice as they carry him up the stairs to the platform and fasten the noose around his neck. He begs them to stop. They do not. They pull a lever: the floor under Alice opens, and he plunges downward. The noise is overwhelming as the young fans scream and shout with excitement. The lights go down again.

Within minutes Alice and the band are back, singing, "We've Still Got a Long Way To Go." Alice begins tossing rolled up posters into the swarming crowd. He throws one, then another, then another and another and another. The kids begin to fight for the posters. They hit at each other and swing and scratch at the people next to them. Girls faint, but there is no room for them to fall. Everyone in the auditorium is coming toward the stage. The unlucky ones, passed out on their feet, are pummeled from every side. Alice, laughing, continues to throw posters.

When it seems that it can get no worse, Alice brings out his last trick. He brandishes the sword again, but this time there are dollar bills strung on it, from handle to tip.

"Do you like money?" he screams. They roar and push forward once again. "How much do you like money?" he screams, and thrusts the sword at them. They leap at it, the last barriers down. They do not know why they are up here, fighting for the stage. They just know they cannot stop.

Which is how this night at the Berkeley Community Theater ended, as Alice and the band ran offstage and into the dressing room. Th wanted to hurry and be gon limousines would take them to pizza parlor, where Warner Br Records was giving a party, co with a stripper and free drinks.

EVERYONE IS TRYING to co people that kids are inte in ecology, that kids are inte in politics," Alice Cooper "That's bullshit. Kids are inte in the same things that have excited them: sex and vio That's what they want, that's they'll pay to see."

Alice was in another motel in another town, drinking a beer and looking at another vision screen. "You know, w was a kid, I used to go to the m every Saturday afternoon," he "If it was a funny movie or a story, I'd go home with the feeling that I'd been cheated my money. But if the movie s the hell out of me—man, I'd that.

"So I think it's good if the are disgusted or frightened b show. Because inside, it turns on, they love it, they have to They won't go home and shrug shoulders; they'll talk to friends about it, they'll try to it out, they'll wonder if we back and go to sleep in coffins the show. They'll be fascinate

Offstage Alice is a quiet man. He and his band have p show together with a deliberate pose, and the purpose is achieved. But the thinking w done long ago, the dead-babies and everything else. Now it is the people in the anonymous t who have the spontaneity for rage. For the Cooper people, it matter of logistics and mundane ries. How much time do we ha make it to the airport? Did an remember to buy mice to feed t snake? Has the gallows been down and prepared for shipm Has someone filled tonight's doll with fake blood? Are enough posters to inflame the ence with? These are the prob that are important at this stage more complex questions have forgotten by the band long ago they know is that the kids are co to see them, and the money is p up. (They can begin to afford

There's only one country where e dollar is still worth a dollar. And United can show you more it than anyone.



f you're thinking of going eas, wait. Because your rs may be better off at e.
The Pounds you can buy lost a few ounces.
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All of which means the is about the only place you know what your travel dollar can buy.

But what you may not know is there's a chance your dollar can buy you even more on United.

Because we have package tours, including airfare and hotels, that can cost you less than the regular Coach airfare alone.

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It'll be worth it.

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n Travel with Western International Hotels
Air Lines, Inc. 1972

We want ou products to be used a medicine.



"Drugs".

The very word has become loaded with implications and meanings: social, legal, medical, philosophical.

Our area of special knowledge is medicine. And we intend our drugs to be used as medicine. Prescribed by a physician. Taken as directed. Like other medicines.

But it would be short sighted and simplistic to stop there. Obviously we share a severe national problem. Rooted deep in the fabric of our lives.

We don't think the answer lies in shifting responsibility to the social scientists or the lawmakers or the physicians. The answer is for all of us to make a massive professional effort. Cooperatively.



This is ou commitment:

1. To continue to prepare basic drug inform material and teaching aids.
2. To continue supporti legislation designed to combat illegal use of drugs.
3. To actively join the fight to develop a scientific solution to the problem.

So that "dru can simply mean— good medicine

The Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association

Send for our free booklet, *"When It Comes to Rx Medicines There Are A Lot of Questions You Should Ask."* It'll give you a lot of answers. Write to *The Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association, Dept. HA4, 1155 Fifteenth St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005.*

n San Francisco, for two days Fairmont, the hotel bill for the mounted to $1,700.)

these rock groups are talking getting into politics," Alice 'That's so stupid. Politics is . I hate it. Rock and roll is al by its very nature—it's anti- , and that's a political state- n itself. You don't have to go l that."

e says he is repelled by ran- offstage violence: he hates the it of getting into a fistfight. The that young Americans eagerly see brutality occurred to him ident.

e were doing an outdoor show g time ago," he said. "This n wandered onto the stage. I it up; I figured it could fly, ssed it into the air. But chick- ou know, they can't fly, it turns came down and it broke its I didn't know what to do. So I of tossed it into the audience. now what those kids did? They apart, just ripped it to shreds! ids were just like a pack of as. It was amazing to see. It me a lot.

en all these rumors started to l, like that we killed chickens e every night, and drank the Never happened. It just hap- that one time with the chick- id we didn't drink any blood. e couldn't convince people, and gan to figure that's the kind of they wanted to see. When we Atlanta a couple of weeks ago, was a court injunction waiting

ne injunction said that we sup- ly made a practice of smashing s with sledgehammers every and ordered that we not do it anta. Really."

a moment, only the sound of levision game show filled the

wish I'd thought of it first," said. "Kittens . . . Jesus."

A PLANE heading for Holly- wood, a long-haired girl was g near the Alice Cooper band. ad the best body anyone in the had seen in years. Conversation led that she was on her way to ather's funeral. She was to be d up at the airport and driven ly to the cemetery.

sk her to bring her father's body to the Palladium tonight," Alice said to Shep Gordon. "We could bury him on stage."

On the way out of the plane, Mike Bruce, the guitarist, handed the girl a piece of paper. She looked at it and smiled, then waved at him and walked into the terminal.

Cadillacs were waiting to take the band to the headquarters of Warner Brothers Records, where gold albums were to be presented to the group for their LP, "Killer." But when the band arrived, Warner's president Mo Ostin, and executive vice-president Joe Smith were both out to lunch. The band walked into Ostin's private office anyway.

"Look at this," said Dennis Dunaway. "He's got one of those happy face notepads."

"Give it to me," said Neal Smith. "Let's burn it."

An autographed picture of Frank Sinatra hung on the wall. Alice sat directly beneath it. A secretary came in and asked the band to move to Joe Smith's office, which they did. Road manager Dave Libert brought in a boxful of drive-in tacos, and the band spread the food over the carpet as they reclined to eat. Which is what was happening when Smith and Ostin came in.

"They're all over the place," said Joe Smith. He said it out loud, but he was talking to himself. "They're all over my office and they have tacos all over the place."

Ostin and Smith behaved as you might expect them to behave. They are middle-aged men who make their livings off the appeal of singers half their age; they live very comfortably because of it, but there is still something wrong. So they were full of overly friendly good cheer as they greeted the band and made loud jokes. When the band lined up for promotional photographs, holding framed gold albums, Joe Smith and Mo Ostin pushed into the picture. "Let's all put our arms around each other," Smith said. "What are you trying to do, make us look like homosexuals?" said Alice Cooper.

After the picture-taking, the limousines took the band to the Continental Hyatt House on Sunset Strip. The girl from the plane was in the lobby. She had come straight from the funeral, and she was waiting for Mike Bruce. They walked into the elevator together.

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AN HOUR LATER, a midd
couple bustled throug
hotel's revolving doors. They
like any other middle-aged co
vacation in California: maybe
straighter than most. The
looked at the wall behind the
tration desk, where a cler
pinned up a photograph of
Cooper in full makeup and co
"Oh, look at that," the woma
"They've got Vince's picture
Alice Cooper's parents.
called his room on a house
then walked to a couch to wa
he came downstairs. His moth
carrying an envelope that
scribed, "Happy Birthday Vin
"We still call him that," sh
"I don't know. I just can't
Alice. Mothers are funny. I
They were from Phoenix, A
The father is a minister. The
name is not Cooper, and ma
their neighbors do not know
their son is a rock star.
"I understand why they
things they do," the mother
"There are so many groups
you have to attract attention th
way you can. I keep hopin
when they feel they've really m
they'll go back to more norma
of entertainment.
"I love to watch the show.
has explained it all to me. The
dead-babies routine is a warn
parents that they should not
their children. That's why they
Vince after he does it: to sho
he should be punished. I'm just
it's my son who has to take the
"Of course, sometimes it
pretty frightening. The audien
pecially. But we're proud. M
are like that. Sometimes I get s
for him, though. You don't
how many crazy, weird peopl
running around these days."
Alice came off the elevato
hurried to his mother and
"Twenty-four, Vince," his
said. "You're twenty-four year
today."
Alice smiled. "I know, Mom
said, "I'm getting up there."
His father moved close to
"What's that we read about k
down South?" the father asked
"Oh, that Atlanta thing,"
said. "Nothing happened. It wa
a rumor."
"We thought so, Vince,"
mother said. "We know not to b
what we read about you."



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☐ Please send me further information.
☐ If for a group, please specify_____

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

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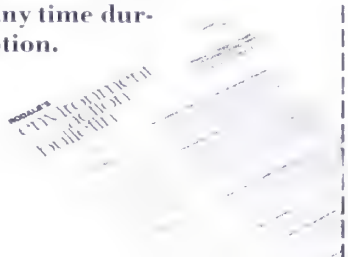
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DON'T BE LEFT OUT!

Later that evening, after a
formance more frenzied than
the band was toweling off i
dressing room when the door o
and Alice's parents entered wi
other middle-aged couple.

Alice called to them: "Mom!
Uncle Lefty! Aunt Sue!" Thin
quiet for a moment. No one se
to know what to say. Finally,
ing of the evening perform
Alice's mother said: "It w
goodie, Vince."

Alice's father shook his
hand. Aunt Sue stayed in a c
looking uncomfortable and unh

Uncle Lefty just gazed a
nephew for a few moments.
makeup was still on, and the "A
sequins shone brightly on the
of the leotard.

"I try, Vince," Uncle Lefty
"I try to understand, Vince, I
do."

THE JET WAS ON ITS WAY to S
mento. On board, the band
playing blackjack, killing time
their contract called for them to
the stage again and titillate
thousands of California childre

Of course, everyone on the
was staring at them. That a
happens. But one little girl was
ing especially intently, like a
watching a snake. She was about
teen, blond and scrubbed and
innocent looking. She knew
these people were; she had list
to the albums and heard the ru
about the shows, although she
never seen an Alice Cooper perf
ance. But she had never though
would see them this close, and
was fascinated. All the horrid th
she had heard, and here she wa
the plane with them, and they see
fairly subdued and almost huma

The stewardess handed the
girl a can of soft drink. She bega
drink from it, at the same time
letting her eyes move from A
Cooper and Mike Bruce.

She brought the can to her m
again, and just as she was swallo
the soda, Mike Bruce leaned ov
her.

"I just read in the paper w
that stuff causes cancer in rats,
said calmly.

The girl choked on the drink
Bruce turned around and A
Cooper dealt him another card.

To Dad,

This little bottle's here to say
you've made me what I am today.

Your stories of bankers, your stories
of kings, your stories of conglomerates,
they taught me things.

So today I'm rich, today I'm wiser.
But as this gift shows, Dad,
I'm not a miser.



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DIPLOMATIC NOTES

The Ten Commandments of the foreign-affairs bureaucracy



by Leslie H. Gelb and Morton H. Halperin

THE AVERAGE READER of the *New York Times* in the 1950s must have asked: why don't we take some of our troops out of Europe? Ike himself said we didn't need them all there. Later, in 1961, after the tragicomic Bay of Pigs invasion, the reader asked: how did President Kennedy ever decide to do such a damn fool thing? Or later about Vietnam: why does President Johnson keep on bombing North Vietnam when the bombing prevents negotiations and doesn't get Hanoi to stop the fighting?

Sometimes the answer to these questions is simple. It can be attributed squarely to the President. He thinks it's right. Or he believes he has no choice. As often as not, though, the answer lies elsewhere—in the special interests and procedures of the bureaucracy and the convictions of the bureaucrats.

If you look at foreign policy as a largely rational process of gathering information, setting the alternatives, defining the national interest, and making decisions, then much of what the President does will not make sense. But if you look at foreign policy as bureaucrats pursuing organizational, personal, and domestic political interests, as well as their own beliefs about what is right, you can explain much of the inexplicable.

In pursuing these interests and beliefs, bureaucrats (and that means everyone from Cabinet officials to political appointees to career civil servants) usually follow their own version of the Ten Commandments:

1. Don't discuss domestic politics on issues involving war and peace.

On May 11, 1948, President Harry Truman held a meeting in the White House to discuss recognition of the new state of Israel. Secretary of State George Marshall and State Undersecretary Robert Lovett spoke first. They were against it. It would unnecessarily alienate forty million Arabs. Truman next asked Clark Clifford, then Special Counsel to the President, to speak. Arguing for the moral element of U.S. policy and the need to contain Communism in the Middle East, Clifford favored recognition. As related by Dan Kurzman in *Genesis 1948*, Marshall exploded: "Mr. President, this is not a matter to be determined on the basis of politics. Unless politics were involved, Mr. Clifford would not even be at this conference. This is a serious matter of foreign policy determination . . ." Clifford remained at the meeting, and after some hesitation, the U.S. recognized Israel.

The moral merits of U.S. support of Israel notwithstanding, no one doubts Jewish influence on Washington's policy toward the Middle East. And yet, years later, in their memoirs, both Truman and Dean Acheson denied at great length that the decision to recognize the state of Israel was in any way affected by U.S. domestic politics.

A powerful myth is at work here. It holds that national security is too important, too sacred, to be tainted by crass domestic political considerations. It is a matter of lives and the safety of the nation. Votes and influence at home should count for nothing. Right? Wrong. National security and domestic reactions are inseparable. What could be clearer than the fact that President Nixon's Vietnam troop reductions are geared more to American public opinion than to the readiness of the Saigon forces to defend themselves? Yet the [illegible] makes it bad form for gover[illegible] officials to talk about domestic [illegible] ties (except to friends and to [illegible] ters off the record) or even to [illegible] about politics later in their me[illegible]

And what is bad form on the [illegible] would be politically disastrous [illegible] were leaked to the outside. In [illegible] the press getting hold of a secre[illegible] ernment document that said: "[illegible] dent Nixon has decided to visit [illegible] to capture the peace issue for th[illegible] elections. He does not intend [illegible] pect anything of substance [illegible] achieved by his trip—except to [illegible] the Russians a little." Few thing[illegible] more serious than the charge of [illegible] ing politics with security.

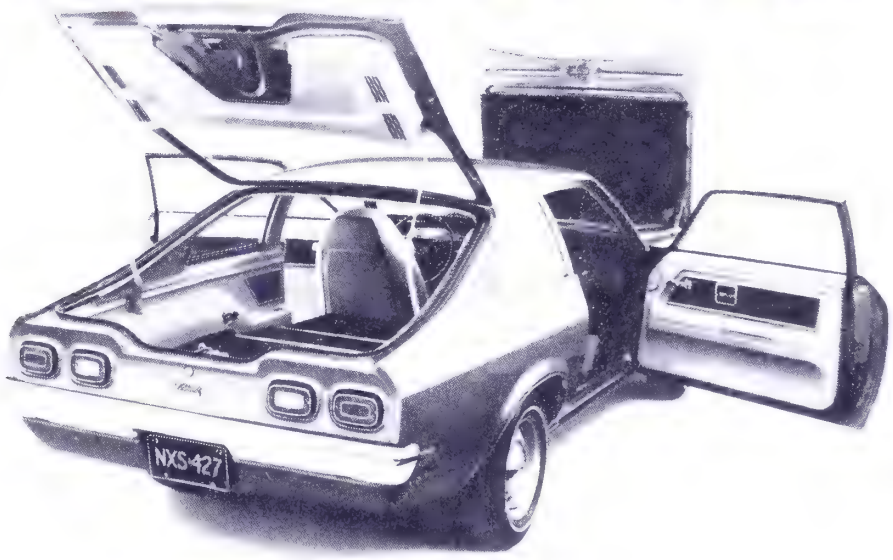
Nevertheless, the President p[illegible] price for the silence imposed b[illegible] myth. One cost is that the Presi[illegible] assumptions about what public [illegible] ion will and will not support are [illegible] questioned. No official, for exa[illegible] ever dared to write a scenari[illegible] President Johnson showing him [illegible] to forestall the right-wing McCa[illegible] ite reaction he feared if the [illegible] pulled out of Vietnam. Another [illegible] is that bureaucrats, in their ignor[illegible] of Presidential views, will use [illegible] own notions of domestic politic[illegible] screen information from the P[illegible] dent or to eliminate options fro[illegible] consideration.

2. Say what will convince, [illegible] what you believe.

In the early months of the Ken[illegible] Administration, CIA officials res[illegible] sible for covert operations fac[illegible] difficult challenge. President Ei[illegible] hower had permitted them to b[illegible] training a group of Cuban refu[illegible] for an American-supported inva[illegible] of Castro's Cuba. In order to c[illegible] out the plan, they then had to win [illegible] proval from a skeptical new Presi[illegible]

The authors are senior fellows of the Brookings Institution and former officials of the national-security bureaucracy.

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:h Impala's.
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whose entourage included some "liberals" likely to oppose it. The CIA director, Allen Dulles, and his assistant, Richard Bissell, both veteran bureaucrats, moved effectively to isolate the opposition. By highlighting the extreme sensitivity of the operation, they persuaded Kennedy to exclude from deliberations most of the experts in State and the CIA itself, and many of the Kennedy men in the White House. They reduced the effectiveness of others by refusing to leave any papers behind to be analyzed; they swept in, presented their case, and swept out, taking everything with them. But there remained the problem of the skeptical President. Kennedy feared that if the operation was a complete failure he would look very bad. Dulles and Bissell assured him that complete failure was impossible. If the invasion force could not establish a beachhead the refugees, well trained in guerrilla warfare, would head for the nearby mountains. The assurances were persuasive, the only difficulty being that they were false. Less than a third of the force had had any guerrilla training; the nearby mountains were separated from the landing beach by an almost impenetrable swamp; and none of the invasion leaders was instructed to head for the hills if the invasion failed (the CIA had promised them American intervention).

Kennedy was told what would persuade him, not the truth or even what the CIA believed to be true. Bureaucrats like Dulles and Bissell are confident that they know what the national security requires. The problem is to convince an uninformed and busy President. To do that you do not carefully explain the reasoning that leads to your position, nor do you reveal any doubts you may have. Rather you seek to figure out what the President's problem is as he sees it and to convince him that what you want to do will solve it.

3. Support the consensus—Option B.

Vietnam policy under President Johnson exemplified the concept of Option B. The papers to the President went something like this: Option A—Use maximum force (bomb Hanoi and Haiphong and invade North Vietnam, Laos, and Cambodia). Recommend rejection on the ground that the Soviets and the Chinese might respond. Option C—Immediate unilateral American withdrawal. Recommend rejection because it will lead to a Communist victory in Vietnam. Option B—Bomb a little more each time and seek negotiations (even though the bombing was preventing negotiations). Turn more of the fighting over to the Saigon forces and send more U.S. troops (even though the American buildup obviated the need for the South Vietnamese to shoulder more of the burden). Press Saigon for reforms and give them all they want for the war effort (even though aid without conditions gave Saigon no incentive to reform). Option B triumphed.

Option B solves a lot of problems for the bureaucrat. Bureaucrats do not like to fight with each other. Option B makes everybody a winner (by letting everyone do the essence of what he wants), preserves the policy consensus, and provides ultimate comfort to the bureaucrat—deference to his expertise and direct responsibility. Very few will be so dissatisfied as to take their case to the public.

Unfortunately, while this process allows the President to keep his house happy, it also robs him of choice. The alternatives he is given are often phony, two ridiculous extremes and a jumbled, inconsistent "middle course." Unless a President knows enough and has the time to peel off the real alternatives from within Option B, he ends up being trapped by the unanimity of advice.

4. Veto other options.

Former Secretary of State Dean Acheson, summoned by President Kennedy to join the Executive Committee of the National Security Council debate on Soviet missiles in Cuba, favored a "surgical strike," a limited air attack designed simply to destroy the missiles before they could become operational. Each time the military was asked to come in with a plan for a surgical strike, they asserted that a limited air strike could not destroy all the missiles—despite their having the capability to do so. Instead, they produced a plan for their favored option—an all-out air assault on Cuba climaxed by a ground invasion. Their plan had something in it for each service—the Air Force and Navy would pound the island by sea and air, the Marines would storm ashore as the Army paratroopers descended—and the military would be left free to act as they chose. The military insisted that a surgical strike was "infe
in part because they assum
Soviet missiles were "mobile
capable of being moved in
hours) rather than "movable
their actual capability of
moved in a few days). Kenne
intrigued by the surgical-stri
tion and met with the comma
the Tactical Air Command. Wh
commander solemnly assur
President face-to-face that the
was "infeasible," Kennedy wit
reluctance abandoned it.

"Infeasibility" is one techni
disqualify an option; demandi
authority is another. Early in
ministration, Kennedy confro
deteriorating situation in La
was reluctant to commit any
can forces, but neither was h
pared to have Laos overrun.
critical White House meeti
asked the military what could b
with various levels of force
Joint Chiefs' answer was clear.
would not recommend any land
American forces and could gua
nothing unless the President w
pared to authorize the use of n
weapons whenever, in their
ment, that use was required. Ke
reluctantly decided not to sen
forces to Laos.

5. Predict dire consequenc

With the Chinese Communis
firing at the tiny island of Qu
three miles from the mainlan
an invasion expected momen
President Eisenhower's princip
visers met to frame a recomm
tion. The problem, as they saw i
to formulate an argument that
persuade the President that the
must defend Quemoy. The ad
resorted to the prediction of dir
sequences, recognizing that o
the alternative could be shown
very adverse to American int
would Eisenhower agree to the u
force. They warned the Pres
that in their unanimous judgme
he permitted Quemoy to be capt
"the consequences in the Far
would be more far-reaching and
strophic than those which foll
when the United States allowe
Chinese mainland to be taken
by the Chinese Communists."

Did Eisenhower reject this pr
tion as absurd? On the contrar
accepted it and defended Quem

The uncertainties of internat
politics are so great that it is dif

rove any prediction. This President in a bind. If he act and things go badly, the d advisers are likely to leak rnings. In fact, much of the within the government is in f worst cases. An advocate es not warn of extreme con- es is often viewed as not supporting his prediction.

ıe timing, not substance.

ugh the advocates of the Bay landing had convinced Presi- ennedy that the invasion of as worth a try, they recog- ıat they were not yet in the hey still had to persuade the nt to act immediately. Presi- e, in the eyes of bureaucrats, ıs for putting off decisions or g their minds. They have decisions to make without for additional ones. In many ll the options look bad and efer to wait. The Bay of Pigs lled for an effective "now or argument, and the CIA rose ccasion. The agency told Ken- ıat the invasion force was at k of its effectiveness; any de- d it would decline in morale pability. More important, it the President that a vast ship- f Soviet arms was on the way a; the Castro forces would soon ıch superior weapons that sub- l American combat involve- would be necessary to bail anti-Castro Cuban invaders. with these arguments, Ken- ave the order to proceed.

versely, when a President to act, bureaucrats can stymie y arguing that "now is not ıe." President Eisenhower re- in his memoirs that he came ffice believing, after having as commander of the allied in Europe, that the United should withdraw most of its there; he left office eight years till believing that the U.S. had o many troops assigned to). Secretary of State John Dulles knew better than to with the military substance of al Eisenhower's position. In- he argued timing. Each time ıower raised the issue, Dulles d to some current NATO diffi- This was, he would argue, a l moment in the life of the alli- n which one or another NATO ry was experiencing a domestic



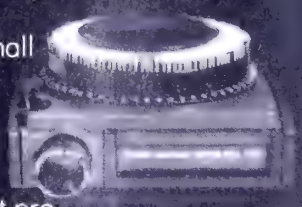
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crisis. For the U.S. to withdraw troops would be to risk political disintegration. The moment for troop withdrawals never arrived. To this day, pressures for some American withdrawals from Europe have been headed off by the same ploy.

7. Leak what you don't like.

We had a glimpse of this phenomenon last January with the publication of the Anderson Papers, in which we read about Henry Kissinger warning his State, Defense, and CIA colleagues: "The President does not believe we are carrying out his wishes. He wants to tilt in favor of Pakistan. He feels everything we do comes out otherwise." And, "The President is under the 'illusion' that he is giving instructions; not that he is merely being kept apprised of affairs as they progress." The President's subordinates disagreed with the President's policy toward the India-Pakistan crisis. They were undermining him by resisting his orders and then by leaking his policy. He knew it and did not like it; but apparently could not do much about it.

Although leaking the texts of many documents, à la Pentagon and Anderson papers, is relatively rare, much classified information regularly makes its way into the press. Presidents are surprised not when something leaks but rather when any hot item remains out of the press for even a few days. Providing information to the press—whether in press conferences, backgrounders, or leaks—is the main route by which officials within the executive branch bring their supporters in the Congress and the interested public into action. Only bureaucrats with potential outside support are tempted to leak. In some cases, it is sufficient to leak the fact that an issue is up for decision; in others, what is leaked is information on the positions of key participants. In many instances sufficient factual material must be leaked to convince Congressmen and others to join the fray.

Presidents don't like leaks by others and complain about them whenever they occur, often asking the FBI to run down the culprit. Such efforts almost always fail.

8. Ignore orders you don't like.

On March 20, 1948, President Harry Truman rose from bed early, as was his custom, and bega sc ning the morning newspape was astonished to read that l bassador to the United Nation W ren Austin, had told the S u Council the previous day that th seems to be general agreeme the plan [for the partition of 'a tine] cannot now be implemen d peaceful means." Truman had r to no such thing. He was firml c mitted to partition and on th vious day had reiterated his s p in a private meeting with a Weizmann, the leader of wor w Zionism. Austin and the Arab ts the State Department did not n about the meeting with Weiz a but they knew that the Pre d wanted partition and believed a could be carried out peacefully A tin and his associates had no u about what the President w they simply felt no obligation what he wanted them to do.

At the end of his term in fi Truman was acutely conscious limited ability of Presidents to n their orders obeyed, and he w r about his successor. "Poor Ik was heard to muse, "he'll sit he a say do this and do that and n i will happen." And so it contin s

During the first week of the C missile crisis, in October 196 adviser warned Kennedy tha t Russians were likely to deman t the United States withdraw it r siles from Turkey in return fo Soviet withdrawal of its missiles Cuba. Kennedy was astoni Months before, he had ordere missiles removed from Turkey could not believe they were still

Most students of the Cuban m crisis have emphasized the degr which Kennedy controlled ever tail of what the American Go ment did. However, a closer loo Graham Allison, in his book o crisis, *Essence of Decision*, has s that the bureaucracy was beha otherwise, choosing to obey orders it liked and ignore or st others. Thus, after a tense argu with the Navy, Kennedy ordere blockade line moved closer to so that the Russians might have time to draw back. Having los argument with the President, Navy simply ignored his order. U knownst to Kennedy, the Navy also at work forcing Soviet marines to surface long before



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nedy authorized any contact with Soviet ships. And despite the President's order to halt all provocative intelligence, an American U-2 plane entered Soviet air-space at the height of the crisis. When Kennedy began to realize that he was not in full control, he asked his Secretary of Defense to see if he could find out just what the Navy was doing. McNamara then made his first visit to the Navy command post in the Pentagon. In a heated exchange, the Chief of Naval Operations suggested that McNamara return to his office and let the Navy run the blockade.

Bureaucrats know that the President and his principal associates do not have the time or the information to monitor compliance with all Presidential orders. Often, the bureaucrats can simply delay or do nothing, and no one will notice. If the President is actively involved, they may find it necessary to obey the letter, but not the spirit, of his orders. As Henry Kissinger observed to a journalist recently, the problem is not to know what to do, but rather to figure out

9. Don't tell likely opponents about a good thing.

The commandments discussed thus far have all dealt with relations

White House. When issues get that far, one of the fundamental rules has already been violated: keep issues away from the President. Bureaucrats prefer to be left alone to do their own thing. They will not voluntarily

President or senior officials unless they conclude that he is likely to rule in their favor in a conflict with an

surplus and long supply arms transfers

One of Secretary McNamara's goals in the Pentagon was to reduce the level of military assistance, particularly to countries that did not need the weapons and could afford to pay for what they needed. A prime

and his office of International Security Affairs engaged in a yearly battle with the State Department and the military over the level of aid to Taiwan. The White House was drawn in because a number of influential Congressmen were strong supporters of aid to Taiwan. One year in the late 1960s a battle raged over whether Taiwan would get $30 million or $40 million in military assistance. During the same year, the military quietly shipped to Taiwan more than $40 million worth of military equipment, which the Pentagon had labeled "excess or long supply." No senior civilian official was aware of the fact that these transfers were taking place, and no junior official aware of what was going on felt obliged to report up. Thus while senior officials argued over irrelevant ceilings on expenditures, Taiwan got more aid than anyone realized.

Observers sometimes assume that the bureaucracy bucks the hard choices to the President. Nothing could be further from the truth. Left alone, the bureaucracy will settle as many issues as it can by leaving each organization free to act as it chooses. When and if the President learns of an issue, bureaucrats will try to in-

10. Don't fight the consensus and don't resign over policy.

If an official strongly disagrees with a consensus or dislikes a key

chance a leak to the press. But frontal assaults on a consensus happen only rarely. In the summer of 1965,

was among the first to confirm this fact with respect to the policy of bombing North Vietnam. Ball thought U.S. bombing of the North was folly

stiffen Hanoi's will. But he did not propose a unilateral cessation. In a TV interview last year, Ball explained himself as follows: "What I was proposing was something which I thought had a fair chance of being persuasive . . . if I had said let's pull out overnight or do something of this kind, I obviously wouldn't have been persuasive at all. They'd have said 'the man's mad.'"

Ball's remarks express at once the futility of resisting agreed policy and the bureaucrat's concern for his personal effectiveness. Ball knew he could not convince anyone if he revealed his true beliefs. He knew he would have been dismissed as "mad" and would not have been in a position to argue another day. So, he tempered his arguments and went along. Like all other bureaucrats, he hoped to preserve his effectiveness.

As it turned out, Ball's more mod-

erate arguments were not pe
either, but he did not resi
Vietnam and did not take hi
the public. No one resigned ov
nam policy. Indeed, there see
no evidence that any civilian
has resigned over any foreig
matter since World War II.

The only officials with a re
resigning are the profession
tary. Generals Ridgeway, Tay
Powers are notable examples
more, they tour the husting
books, and complain out lou
tion and often believe that
people of the country only kn
truth," they would support t
he has little incentive ever to qu

T
who is after all the one wo
Truman understood the proble
background in Army politics
was quite expert and attuned
after the Bay of Pigs fiasco,
officials made the point well.
maneuvering. Even as he step
would say, "I won't let tho
out checking with me. The g
bomb."

The Nixon-Kissinger te
National Security Council de

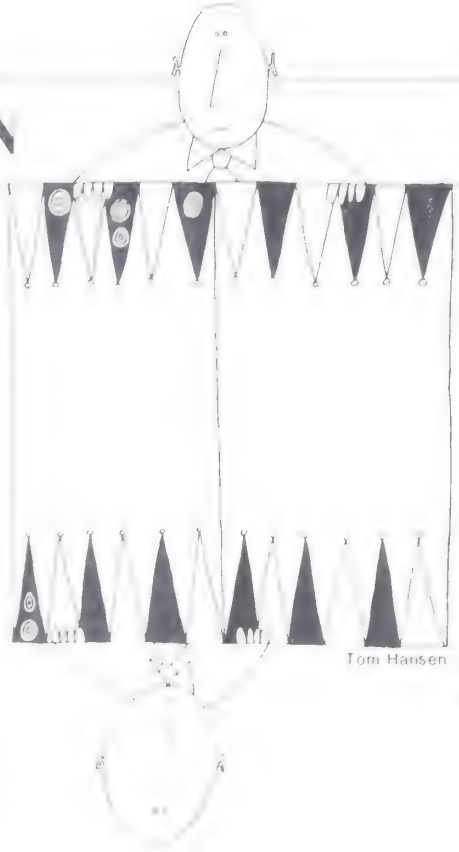
ional interests (meaning the
nts of State and Defense),
ie bureaucracy to suggest real
ives and provide more accu-
formation (meaning, as has
one, to centralize the intelli-
unctions around Kissinger).
e this new system has been an
ement in some respects over
st, it has decisive costs and
ons. It has totally demoralized
ite Department. The Depart-
expertise has been for naught,
exclusion had led to a rash
ntless leaks from disgruntled
Service Officers. With all its
n the bureaucrat, the new sys-
d not prevent part of the
cracy from tilting the "wrong
meaning against the President,
aled in the Anderson papers)
recent India-Pakistan crisis.
problem, then, boils down to
ven the fact that the President
either chain the system or en-
work around it without serious
nd given the judgment that a
nt strong enough to collar the
cracy would be too strong for
od of the nation, is there a
way to make foreign policy?
answer is yes– probably. The
ent, we think, should make a
ined effort to use the system.
ersonal and organizational in-
of the bureaucrat are a reality.
the different viewpoints on
good policy. The President's
heme of operation should be to
bureaucratic differences out
ie open. Pick strong and able
lead State and Defense. Let
se their judgment and be advo-
or their organizations. Encour-
bate and contention rather than
for agreed upon recommenda-
Such tactics may be the only
or the President to ferret out
or conflicting information
leave himself with real choices.
haps, in the end, neither this
ted system nor any system will
ce better decisions. Perhaps
decisions really depend on be-
nd events and guesses. But a
more honest and open treat-
f the bureaucracy might make
re honest and open treatment
American people. Presidents
be less inclined to spend a good
f their time denying differences
iding policy. This would mean
ception and less manipulation.
better reason for trying it? □



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BACKGAMMON

Polite cruelties



I REMEMBER A TIME, not long ago, when I had never heard of the game. Now and again, I look back on that time—in much the way nostalgic parents do, when speaking of life before the war—as riskless, sedate, somehow indefinably benign. But only now and again. In fact, it is hard to recall what life *was* like before backgammon ruled one's leisure time. Did one frequent concerts and circuses then? Attend one's wife or lover? Did one play for sensible stakes and think of other things? Memory fails me. But I recall the very morning backgammon came up my drive in the person of a young man with a beard, carrying what the Penguin Dictionary of English innocently defines as "a hinged board with draughtsmen and dice."

From such inconspicuous beginnings obsessions are born. Since then, I have studied the game with a diligence that sometimes frightens me, and I have heard credible tales of fortunes won and lost, of losers threatening to throw themselves from the fortieth floor unless the game went on. I have seen the players leaving the gaming parlors at 5:00 A.M., humping heavily home or hurrying down side streets toward the neighborhood brothel. And best, perhaps, the night one of the players lost a blonde in a backgammon game. He considered himself a man of sense and talent, a winner, cheated at the eleventh hour by one of Fate's low conjuring tricks. I remember him muttering as the blonde departed on the winner's arm: "Christ, if my last throw had been double-threes . . ."

Traditionally, the game has been a pastime of the rich, once restricted to such clubs as White's in London, the Reading Room in Newport, and the old Whist Club of New York. (Under different names and without the use of the "doubling block," it has been popular in the Middle East for centuries.) And today, despite a growing network of international tournaments, the heavy action remains for the most part in such clubs as the Mayfair and Racquet clubs in New York and the Clermont in London. Not until 1964, when the First International Tournament was set up and sponsored by Prince Alexis Obolensky, did the game begin to attract people other than the odd earl, millionaire, or socialite.

That first tournament drew only thirty players, but earlier this year at the World Championships in Las Vegas, 186 players appeared to compete for nearly $95,000 in prize money. During the past eight years, the fifty-seven-year-old Russian-born Obolensky has staged at least two major tournaments every year—normally in Vegas in the winter and the Caribbean in the spring. He has become the mainspring of the movement, and without him backgammon might easily have gone the way of other once-popular games such as whist and court tennis.

But backgammon survived to become one of the biggest money games in the world. (As a gambling game, it lies considerably behind gin and poker, but its growing popularity is evident in the nearly five million dollars' worth of backgammon ha sold in America alone last ya Next to chess, it is the most s board game there is, though ch can learn it in hours. Backgam however, is deceptively simp usually involves two players. W more than two players, it is u "chouette," that is, one player nating against a field.) Each p depending on the throw of the must move his fifteen men a and off the board before his opp can do the same. As with an game, luck plays its customary Skill is employed by knowing th centages and probabilities, wh play offense or defense. Althou ratio of skill to luck is impossi compute, it is generally a that when the adversaries are e matched (both technically and tionally) the game is all dice. the short term, an average or player can win, but in the long even the "unlucky" expert w ways win. The law of averages infallible as the law of gravity.

A further dimension is intro by the use of the doubling blo large die with numbers ranging 2 to 4 to 8 to 16 to 32 to 64. beginning of any game this die at the side of the board, and it c brought into play by whichever p thinks he has the first advantage example, in a game being play $10 a point (a relatively high for casual apprentices but a low for professionals), if one playe lieves he is ahead at any mome the game, he doubles his opponent 2. Either player may make the double, but having done so, ma again double until redoubled b opponent. If the opponent feels going to lose, he retires, thereb ing one point and $10. If, how he believes he is even, or only sli behind, he may accept the d and, should he find himself ahe a later stage in the game, he double back to 4 (thus increasin worth of the game to $40). playing, then, a sound compr

Jon Bradshaw, a London journalist who has published numerous articles in British and American magazines, became addicted to the game of backgammon several years ago in the back country of Jamaica. Since then, to his considerable cost and sorrow, he has emerged as an authority on the subject.

your own and your opponent's
, and when to give or take a
is essential.

GAMMON's apparent simplic-
, of course, is the game's ini-
action. I know of almost no
o has not learned 60 per cent
noves in a week; I know of no
o did not believe he actually
ood the game the following
ut backgammon is so subtle
s impossible to learn all there
w about it. One acknowledged
who has played for thirty
told me he probably under-
nly 90 per cent of the game.
of the skills involved (most
players believe players better
emselves are lucky), and be-
ost players tend to rationalize
, blaming their misfortunes
luck," it is difficult not only
gnize your own mistakes but
evaluate your own abilities.
me is usually played for high
and self-deception can be very
ve. It is for this reason that
Cooke, one of the game's
layers, refers to backgammon
cruelest game."

some concealed and irreplace-
chanism, cruelty *is* built into
ne. To become proficient at
mmon, for example, one must
th better players, and at their
One great player told me that
t of becoming expert at the
as two years and $20,000 —but
d only then, if one had talent.
ory, though extravagant, has
accurate on more than one oc-
I remember some five years
London a man called Gravita.
s playing in a chouette against
her players, most of them ex-
ravita had been losing stead-
years, but he had always paid
ts. This particular night the
were set at £20 ($48) a point.
the end of the evening Gra-
s somewhat ahead, but the
t hand was going against him.
ubling block had been turned
d forth to 64. Finally, sensing
antage, the eight players re-
Gravita to 128. Gravita hesi-
hen laughed, and said, "Well,
en, I can't afford to pay if I
so I'll take it." (Had he
d, his loss would have been
5.) Everyone smiled, as Gra-
s known for his little jokes. But
e game ended, Gravita found
lost a double game, or about



$102,304. He stood up from the table, smiled, walked out of the room, and to this day, no one has seen Gravita again. As a result, whenever anyone takes a bad double in London, it is known as "the Gravita Take."

Talent is just one of the prerequisites of backgammon, and not the most important one. Tim Holland, who has won more major tournaments than anyone else, claims there are many talented players, but that the best players, the winners (see box), are those who are not influenced by adversity. "You must learn to divorce your feelings from the game," he says. "The good player is one who does not compound his losses with personal feelings. And yet 99 per cent of the people who play double up when they're losing and draw back when they're ahead. Result? Disaster. You must look at losing in backgammon in the same way you would look at a business reversal over which you had no control." Paul Magriel, a twenty-five-year-old professor of mathematics and the best young player in the game, says that "you've got to learn when to give in, which in America is a difficult thing in any game, given the 'never say Uncle, never say die' mystique most children are raised with. But in backgammon, that's of no use."

Nonetheless, most players continue to believe they will win, simply because they want to. With the compulsive gambler, even winning and losing become irrelevant. And backgammon is the compulsive gambler's dream. Dostoevsky, an illuminating example of the compulsive gambler (though not at backgammon), explained his needs in a letter to a friend: "The main point is the game itself. On my oath, it is not greed for money, despite the fact that I need money badly." Intrigued by the novelist's passion for gambling, Freud drew parallels between compulsive gambling and sexual behavior in his paper "Dostoevsky and Parricide." He believed that the gambling passion was a substitute for the compulsion to masturbate and noted significant similarities in the two activities: the importance placed upon the hands; the fact that both were held to be vices; the irresistible na[tion] the two acts, which led their de[votees] to renounce them time and [again] only to derive enormous thril[l] subsequent guilt when their [resolu]tions were broken.

Paul Magriel believes bac[kgam]mon to be the most masochi[stic] games. "It requires more dis[cipline] and control than any other g[ame] know," he says, "because one game's major attractions is the [possi]bility of getting hurt." All bac[kgam]mon players are not comp[ulsive] of course, but the style of the [game] emanates a particularly heady [aura] of *Angstlust*, which attracts the [com]pulsive player. I have seen them [play]ing across the board, as if [they] heard a kind of broken music [in the] dice.

In backgammon, if one passes [over] the major emotional traps, pe[rhaps] the most subtle technical trap [is the] general lack of understanding [of the] percentages and probabilities [in]volved in the game. Most players [look] upon the odds as a kind of m[ysti]matical hocus-pocus and turn [away] as from a strange fog. But the m[ost] matical definition of proba[bility], after all, is certainty, relative [to] conditions. And the best p[layers] know it. Although there is no [other] game in which a player can mak[e a] wrong percentage move and wi[n as a] direct result of it, such success [is] ways short-lived. A knowledge [of] odds remains essential to the g[ame].

An example of this occurred [in the] finals of a recent champio[nship] match. The match was bet[ween] Christopher Stout and Ac[key] Fong,* and victory was to be de[cided] on the final roll in the final g[ame]. Each player had sixteen p[oints] in the seventeen-point match [and] that final game, Stout had two [points] left on his one-point; Fong had [three] men left, one of which was on hi[s own] point (see page 38). It was F[ong's] throw and he needed double-six [to] win the first prize of $6,500. At [one] point, Stout stopped the gam[e in] order to ask a knowledgeable [spec]tator what the odds were ag[ainst] Fong's throwing double-sixes. [The] man informed him that the odds [were] 35-to-1 against. In backgam[mon], particularly in the final matches

*The names are invented. Alth[ough] prideful and much given to boas[ting] backgammon players become wonder[fully] modest when speaking of their ex[perts] to agents of the Internal Revenue Ser[vice].

A double game is one in which a player, in this instance the unfortunate Gravita, fails to take any of his pieces off the board. He then loses twice the number of points showing on the doubling block.

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tournament, whenever one reaches a position where the odds can be calculated exactly, asking for insurance is a customary practice. Stout extracted a $100 bill from his pocket and asked what odds he could get. One spectator said he would give him 30-to-1 against the double-sixes. Stout agreed. Another spectator offered Stout 31-to-1 against for a further outlay of $100. And Stout agreed. Stout, of course, knew he was getting the worst of the odds, but in this case it was worth it as insurance against the possible disaster of double-sixes.

It was Fong's throw, and as the crowd waited, he threw double-sixes to win the match. By losing, Stout collected not only the $2,500 second prize but also a total of $6,100 from the two spectators—or $2,100 more than he would have received had he won the match. As the crowd surged round the table congratulating the players, a woman turned to one of the losing spectators and asked, "Aren't the true odds against double-sixes 35-to-1?" "No," the man said, "not when a Chinaman's rolling."

THOUGH MANY of the percentages in backgammon are calculable, the ratio between skill and luck is obscure and has probably been discussed for as long as the game has been in existence. Because backgammon is not as logical as chess or as scientifically exact as checkers (a game so restrictively formal that if two experts play, the one who moves first always wins), it is often dismissed by the unknowledgeable as just another game of chance, performed by gamblers who might as well be flipping coins. Barclay Cooke is convinced that backgammon is 85 per cent luck and 15 per cent skill. "I know the layman will be astonished at such a ratio," he says, "but let him consider other gambling games. If you play craps against the house, for example, and play them correctly, the odds each time are less than 1 per cent against you. If you play blackjack, the odds are 2 per cent to 3 per cent against you; roulette is about 5.5 per cent against you; in betting on football with a bookmaker, the odds are 5 per cent against you. So you can see that the 15 per cent in backgammon is very high indeed."

Cooke's son Walter, who has won two of the World Championships, disagrees. "I think the argument about the skill-luck factor in backga should stop," he says. "In the an unskilled player, unable t one piece correctly, plays a player, there would be no luck at all. In other words, the player would win every time argument, therefore, is meanin Paul Magriel agrees. "Talking skill and luck is like talking oranges and apples. Unless you your terms—who is playing a whom, at what stakes, over many games—a skill-luck ratio comprehensible."

Backgammon is not a ga which luck should be taken seri though many players will gam it, relying, it would seem, o dodgy advice given by an Or sage, who claimed that "if you a lucky man into the sea, h emerge with a fish in his m Such players forget that alth *they* are gambling, the expert not. Gamesmen rather than b blers, the experts always hav edge because they know infi more about the game. To against them for money is like ing the victim at a public har But for many players these ce ties do not exist. In the parla the game, such players are "pigeons."* The pigeon is a pa larly amenable variety of chump in New York, for example, I seen them pit themselves against betters with the blind resolve o cides. It is always the same. D those long evenings of euphoric in the back rooms of bars and pr drawing rooms, there is a sen promise in the air, a vague pre ment that luck will last, that G just, that dawn will never come.

I REMEMBER, PARTICULARLY, a one night in a rather shabby Side bar. There were four or players at the back table and a g of drunken onlookers hanging ro The bar was crowded and noisy the players seemed unaware of din. So engrossed were they th stranger might have mistaken play for the rites of some low Ma order. There was something al orgiastic in their play, and I re bered that Dostoevsky had reput

*Pigeon: "a simpleton, a dupe," 1590—or the verb from 1675 meanin "deceive grossly," e.g., "having one been pigeoned of a vast property." O



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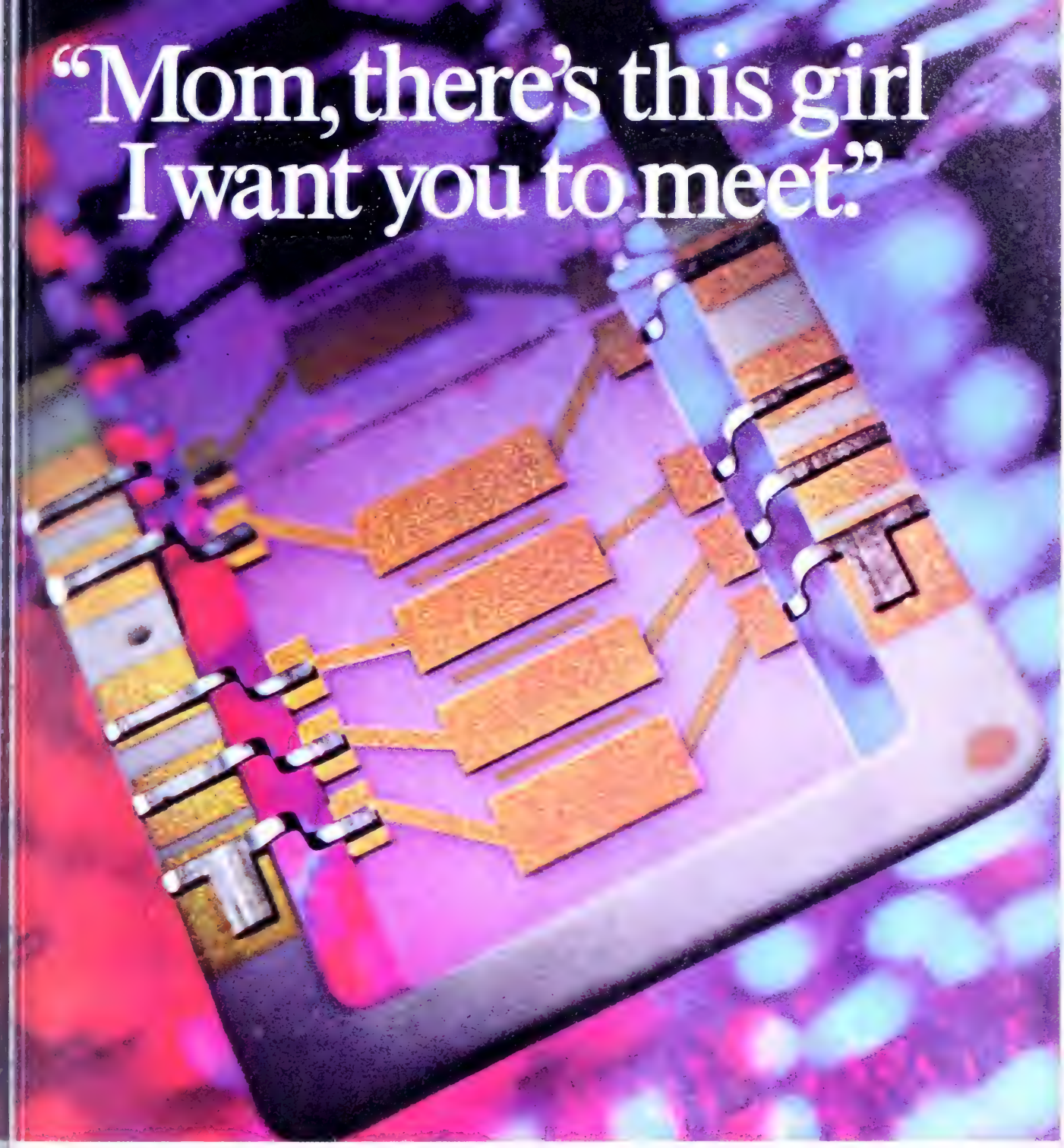
achieved orgasm when he gam
but only when he lost. As the
continued, three of the playe
behind and suggested to the
an elderly man who had con
himself with soda water whi
others had been drinking b
that the stakes be raised. Th
agreed with a cursory nod. T
3:00 A.M., a girlfriend of one
other players leaned over, an
lowing a tense exchange, she
away from the table and out
bar. The player, a young ma
dinner jacket, shrugged and
back to the game.

Just before dawn, the propr
announced they would have to
dignantly, the players dem
three final games, but she wou
be moved. The match was ove
elderly player pushed the scor
across the table. The others stud
as though it contained a riddl
couldn't solve.

Gathering their coats, they
gled one by one into the street
player in the dinner jacket thre
umbrella, end over end, int
night. The elderly man thanked
for their contributions. The
exchanged the drawn farewells
ant boys. The man in the dinner
wandered south and east, r
clumsily through the empty st
he looked like a man attempti
learn the steps of a new dance.

Any ranking of backgamm
players will be argued feveri
ly by the *cognoscenti*, but
following list of the world's t
fifteen players (in order) rep
sents a consensus among
leading players at the Racqu
Clermont, and Mayfair clubs

1. Tim Holland, New York
2. Barclay Cooke, New Yor
3. Walter Cooke, Vale, Colo
4. Paul Magriel, New York
5. Claude Beer, New York
6. Ralph Chafetz, New York
7. Louis de Yong, Miami
8. Joe Dwek, London
9. Gino Scalamandre, New
10. Philip Martyn, London
11. Oswald Jacoby, Dallas
12. Tobias Stone, New York
13. Porter Ijams, New York
14. Jimmy Goldsmith, Londo
15. Arthur Dickman, New Yo



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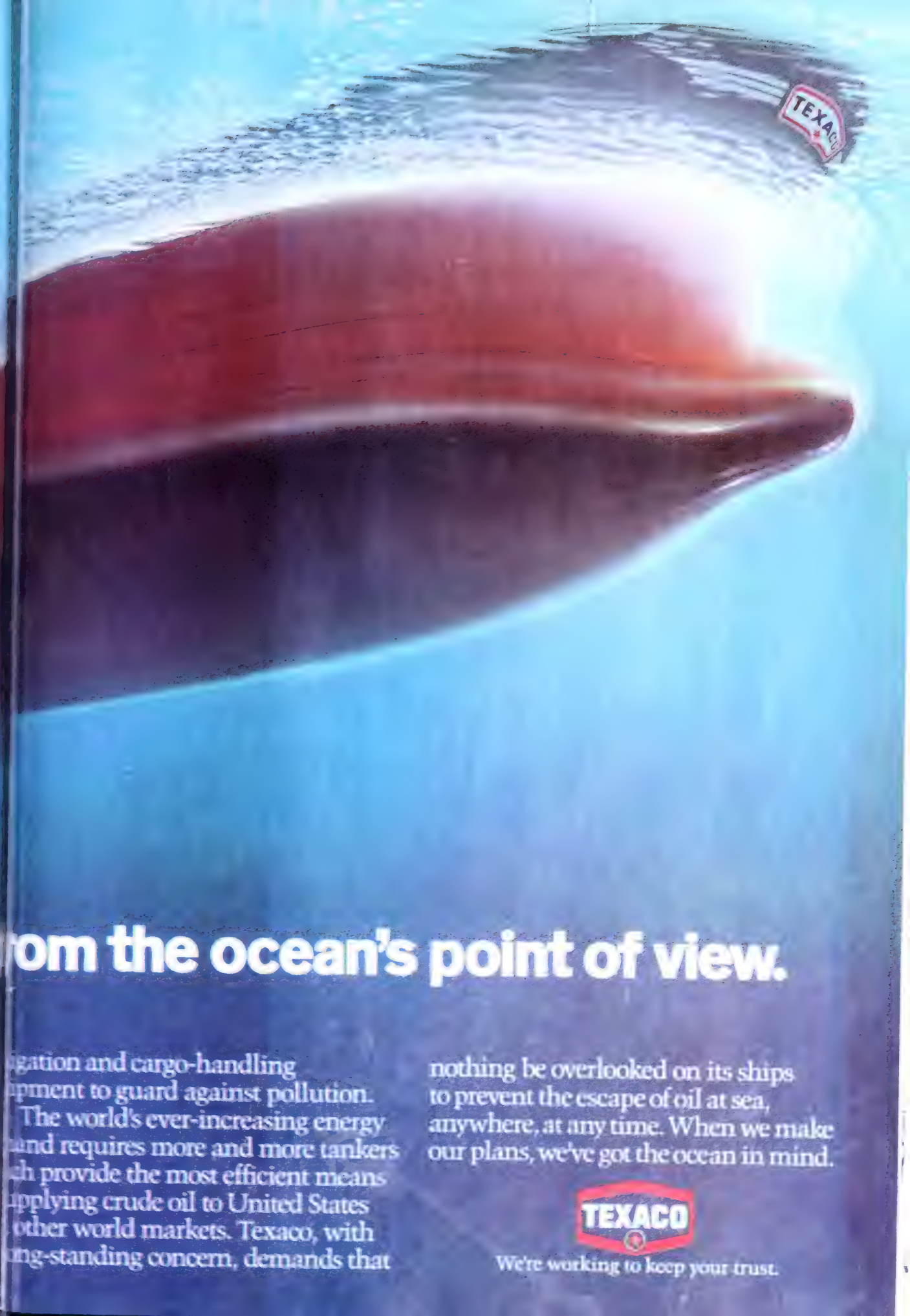


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om the ocean's point of view.

gation and cargo-handling
pment to guard against pollution.
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and requires more and more tankers
h provide the most efficient means
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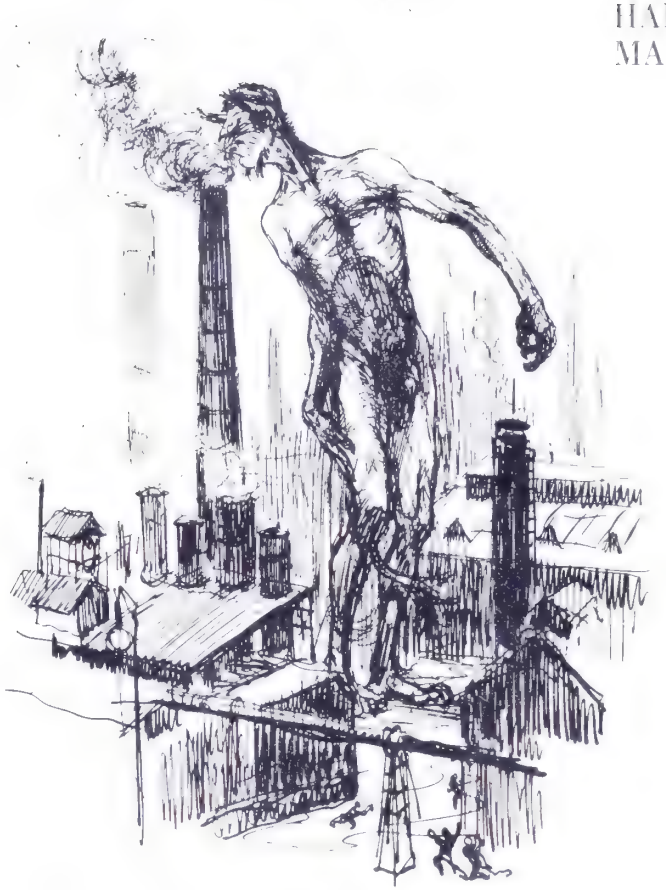
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Commoner

)THERHOOD STOCKHOLM

J.N. Environmental Conference:
gical crusaders are about to
with seekers of social justice

E UNITED NATIONS is simultaneously an in-
rument designed to solve the problems of
orld and itself an extension of these prob-
-an instrument flawed by its own purpose.
Jnited Nations Conference on the Human
onment, to be held in Stockholm in June, is
ort to escape this dilemma. It tests the hope
confronted with a truly common problem
bal survival—otherwise contentious na-
might actually cooperate and win a collec-
ictory. U Thant put it this way:

rhaps it is the collective menaces, arising
m the world's scientific and technological
ides and from their mass consequences,
ich will bind together nations, enhance
ceful cooperation and surmount, in the
e of physical danger, the political obstacles
mankind's unity.

se Unruh, the California politician, once
ssed a related idea in less diplomatic lan-
e: "Ecology has become the political sub-
e for the word 'motherhood.' "
the subject of the Stockholm conference
originally conceived as a kind of global
herhood issue," it soon began to lose that
s. One messy problem was the general East-
split in the United Nations. The USSR and
oslovakia boycotted the last meeting of
Conference Preparatory Committee because
eans had been found to enable East Ger-
to participate; their presence at the conference is not assured. Furthermore, the environment itself turned out to be a politically hotter potato than it seemed at first. Here, for example, are a few of the major issues that have surfaced during the preparation for the conference:

Whites vs. nonwhites According to conventional wisdom (if not hard evidence), the primary reason for the environmental crisis is that the earth's human population is growing too fast for the planet's limited resources. Since environmental concerns are usually voiced by whites, while the most rapidly growing populations are nonwhite, the latter may well regard the outcry as the white man's hangup: that he is—at last—being crowded out of his secure and comfortable niche in the world.

If this response is crude, some of the instigating statements are at least as crude. Consider these blunt observations on the problem by one of our leading environmentalists, Garret Hardin:

> *Every day we [Americans] are a smaller minority. We are increasing at only one per cent a year; the rest of the world increases twice as fast. By the year 2000, one person in twenty-four will be an American; in one hundred years only one in forty-six . . . Those who breed faster will replace the rest . . . In the absence of breeding control a policy of "one mouth one meal" ultimately produces one totally miserable world . . . It is unlikely that civilization and dignity can survive every-*

Barry Commoner is the author of The Closing Circle, *director of the Center for the Biology of Natural Systems at Washington University, and a delegate to participate in the Stockholm conference as an observer.*

Illustrations from The Drawings of Heinrich Kley *(Dover Publications).*

Barry Commoner

MOTHERHOOD IN STOCKHOLM

... where but better yet be a place than in some Lutheran ... sensible, realistic ... the business of a welfare state is threatened by anti-... and ... such institutions.

In fact, his intentions are not clear from the above. He then provides further particulars:

How can we help a poor country to escape overpopulation? Clearly, the most thing we can do is send food. The child who is saved today becomes a breeder tomorrow. We send ... [illegible] ... but it is designed to increase the misery in an overpopulated nation, could we find a more effective way for doing so? Atomic bombs would be kinder. For a few moments the misery would be acute. ... [illegible] ... But the underlying ... problem would be ... for ... to solve ... after the ... [illegible]

Have ... have nots. Another piece of conventional wisdom attributes the environmental crisis to the heavy demands on resources and the environment generated by prosperous, affluent consumption. This leads to a similar conflict between "industrialized" and "developing" nations. Lady Barbara Ward Jackson, who has written the official background report for the Stockholm conference, told a recent Vatican meeting that "[illegible] ... of the world's resources ... have been taken over by the third of the world population that is most developed." She argued that this could not continue indefinitely because "high consumption ... [illegible] ... threatens environmental collapse." She added: "If these results follow from the high standards of only a quarter of humanity, what might not happen to planet Earth if three-quarters sought the same [illegible] income?" In response the poor countries can point out, with some justice, that it is the ... [illegible] ... success of the wealthy countries to cry out against increased consumption just when their poorer neighbors are hoping, at last, to scramble a little way out of the abyss of poverty.

Harmful help. A third claim about the origins of environmental pollution—that it is the *inevitable* concomitant of an industrialized society—deepens the developing nations' concern about the impact of the Stockholm conference. After all, industrialization has been their main hope for improved living standards. Since they depend on aid from the industrialized countries for most of the needed technology, they fear that, on environmental grounds, they may be deprived of such aid "for their own good."

THESE ARE NOT merely abstract issues. The U.S. State Department has begun to stress population control in its discussion of foreign aid. For example, a recent State Department briefing document for President Nixon asserts that "the United States and other nations providing aid are disappointed because rapid population growth consumes and nullifies two-thirds of our aid." Stiffened U.S. regulations on allowable amounts of pollutants, such as [illegible] in food, have already led to serious rejections of Argentine beef and other imports from developing countries, worsening their already precarious trade position. Meanwhile, at least one developing country, Brazil, has openly invited the polluting industries to avoid expensive environmental controls at home by escaping to Brazil's still unpolluted jungles and shorelines.

The pre-conference discussions have concentrated on the technical aspects of environmental problems: monitoring and control of pollutants, planning and management of natural resources and urban settlements, education and organizational needs. They have skirted the more complex area in which these problems

---

[illegible] ... were one of the issues that concerned Maurice Strong, the Canadian industrialist who is Secretary General of the Stockholm conference. Mr. Strong is widely credited with having [illegible] the conference by development issues, an effort that reached its climax at a meeting of experts convened at Founex, near Geneva, in June 1971. According to reports, reflected [illegible] documentation, the basic conclusion developed at [illegible]:

The solution to the environmental problems ... must be sought in the process of development itself: development is a cure for most of these problems, rather than their cause.

In the best diplomatic tradition, the next paragraph becomes rather more timid:

There is ... ample evidence to suggest that [illegible] patterns of growth could bring in their wake not the solution but the aggravation of ... social and environmental problems.

Which leads, two paragraphs later, to the acknowledgement that the conflict between environmental quality and development

... raises a number of difficult conceptual and practical issues ... The problem is basically one of development in which environmental objectives go hand in hand with economic, social and cultural goals ... identifying and acting upon the complementarities rather than the conflicts between multiple objectives.

Thus, what seemed to be a solution turns out to be a problem; but this is "solved" in the final section of the document by the following recommendation:

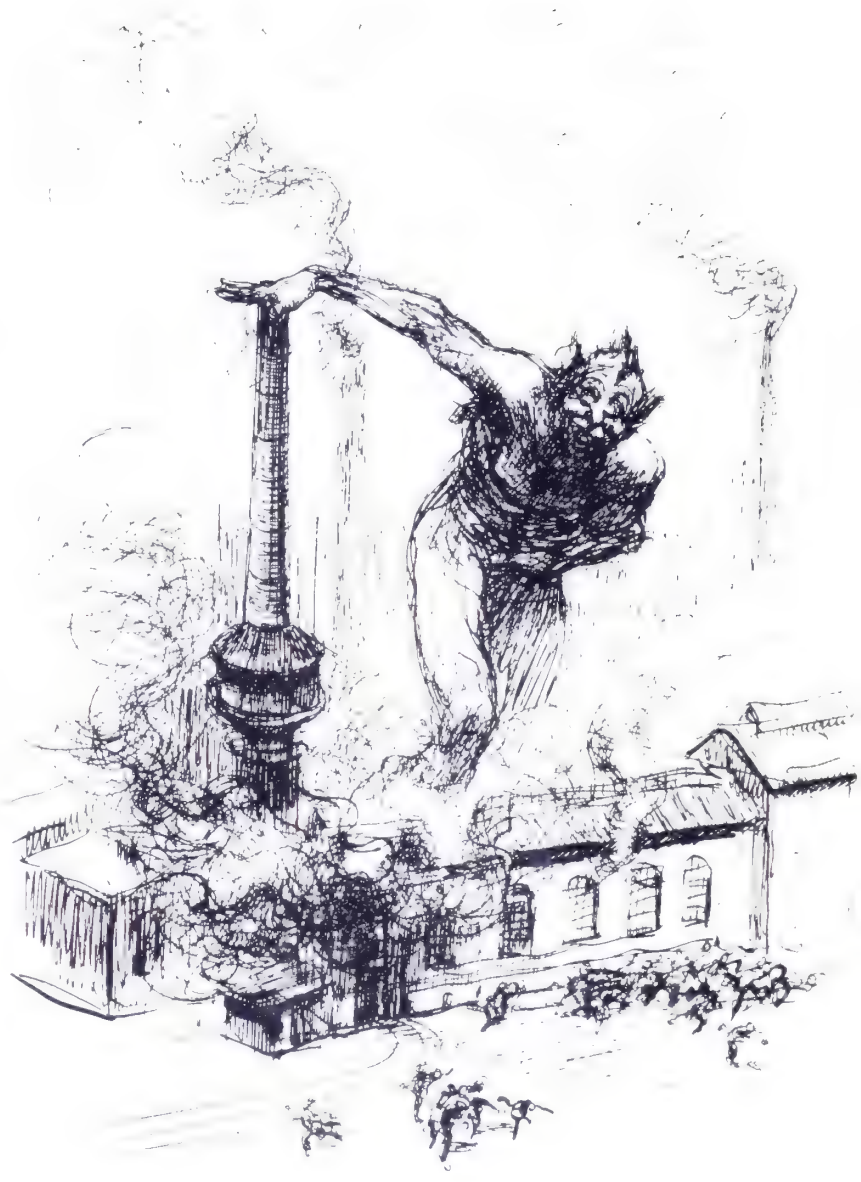
The capacity of the natural environment to recycle, absorb and dissipate waste without suffering ... intolerable damage must now be regarded as an economic resource. Since the less industrialized countries have by and large put lighter burdens on their environment resources than the industrialized countries and may therefore be able to afford less stringent environmental standards, this could give them a competitive advantage in the establishment of certain new industries ...

Nevertheless, in the pre-conference documents the relation between environment and development stands out, among the issues to be considered by the Stockholm conference, as the one most closely in contact with the hard realities of economics and politics. We can thank the developing nations for that.

ith the realities of economic and political
s.

example, in ten pages on pollution con-
he conference documentation makes no
n of the one issue that, certainly in the
is becoming the major obstacle to the
l of industrial pollution—its effects on
and employment. Nor is there any men-
the U.S. action that has placed the most
ul constraints on further pollution the
requirement that government agencies
e an "Environmental Impact Statement"
elineates the environmental effects of pro-
programs. It is this requirement that has
l to public discussion the previously un-
bered development of projects like the
pipeline and the nuclear breeder reactor.
s slowed them considerably.

ilarly, the pre-conference documentation
rgy problems urges nations to limit the
of their demand for power, ignoring the
act that a good deal of this growth is due
replacement of human labor by electric
in modern industry –a process that is
responsible for the much-sought-for in-
in industrial productivity As a result, any
to reduce industrial power consumption
p against a tug-of-war among the overall
of production, labor productivity (value
by industry per manhour), and environ-
l pollution from power generation. Since
generation is never free of some environ
l impact –if only from heat emissions
is no way to reduce pollution without cut-
nto industrial production, labor produc-
or both. The economic consequences of
utbacks would, of course, be very severe.
we learn more about the intricate connec-
between the environment and the economic
, it becomes increasingly evident that en-
nental improvement is a zero-sum game:
environment wins, someone loses.



The politics of rubber tires

W DEEPLY ENVIRONMENTAL ISSUES are
mbedded in basic economic conflicts is
ularly clear when they involve developing
s. Take rubber production. Before World
II rubber came from a single, natural
—the rubber tree. The rubber tree can
sh as part of a natural ecological system
tropics. Its leaves absorb energy from the
which is then transferred, in an intricate
of biochemical steps, to a complex mole
n the tree sap that, upon being tapped,
latex and, eventually, the rubber of com-
. Thus, the energy required to assemble
bber molecule is derived from a renewable
rce—the sun that rises every day—and is
erred by natural, cool, nonpolluting pro-
cesses within the plant, which as a side benefit also produce oxygen. Ecologically, this is an ideal way to obtain the needed good, rubber.

In contrast, *synthetic* rubber is made from petroleum or natural gas by a series of elaborate chemical reactions, involving temperatures ranging up to 1,000 F. Ecologically, this is a very costly process: it consumes a nonrenewable source, and the heat needed to achieve the high process temperatures pollutes the environment with waste-combustion products.

Obviously, it makes no ecological sense to displace natural with synthetic rubber. Yet it happened—not because of the pressure of rising population or consumption but for military reasons. None of the belligerents in World War II produced natural rubber domestically, and overseas shipment became a serious military liability. Both the U.S. and Germany hastened to produce synthetic rubber.

After World War II no thought was given to closing down the U.S. synthetic-rubber industry: the military wanted never to be caught again

in the position of relying on imports of natural rubber. During the Korean war, synthetic production was sharply stimulated, doubling between 1950 and 1955. In a Cold War panic, huge stockpiles of synthetic and natural rubber, as well as other strategic materials, were accumulated. By 1970, U.S. synthetic-rubber production was nearly equal to world production of natural rubber.

The synthetic-rubber industry is part of a vast, interconnected complex of new petroleum-based industries—the petrochemicals, which include synthetic fibers, plastics, detergents, insecticides, and herbicides. Add automobiles, oil tankers, and pipelines to this list and you have a good fraction of the pollution problems of industrialized countries—all emanating from petroleum.

Interactions among the various parts of the petrochemical complex intensify their separate environmental effects. The automobile is the chief driving force. By sharply increasing the auto engine's size and power, Detroit has raised engine temperatures and hence the output of nitrogen oxides from auto exhaust—the crucial ingredient in smog. Moreover, to suppress engine knock at high cylinder pressures, lead was added to the gasoline—another source of air pollution. And as smog increased, chemical oxidants pervaded urban air, attacking rubber tires, reducing their life, and increasing the demand for rubber—which was rising anyway because the heavier, high-powered cars needed larger tires. So while it is true that we use more rubber per capita than before, it is worth remembering that much of it is consumed, uselessly, to sustain the destructive evolution of Detroit's monsters.

Clearly, the U.S. has paid a price for switching from natural to synthetic rubber. And we are not alone. Through an intricate chain of political, economic, and ecological events, the development of U.S. synthetic rubber has created severe environmental problems in Malaysia and other natural-rubber-producing countries.

Between 1945 and 1950, natural rubber made a strong comeback and dominated the world market, although selling at a price as much as four times higher than that of synthetic rubber. Demand for natural rubber was high partly because of U.S. stockpiling. When in 1960 the stockpile was sold off—indeed, dumped as surplus—natural-rubber sales were hard hit. Because of increasing price competition from synthetic rubber, the price of natural rubber fell from forty-three cents per pound in 1960 to twenty-three cents per pound in 1970. As a result, in Malaysia, despite a 31 per cent increase in natural rubber between 1960 and 1968, the total market value of the crop decreased 33 per cent.

With prices plummeting, efforts were made to salvage the economic viability of Mal rubber holdings. To increase the labor p tivity of the larger plantations, chemical cides, more efficient strains, and new techniques were introduced, causing exte unemployment. In addition, diversified r and oil-palm cultivation was promoted. pared to rubber trees, oil-palm monocult much more vulnerable to pest infestatio the early 1960s nervous growers respond some minor insect pest attacks on oil palms massive spraying of DDT and other syn insecticides. This triggered an ecological lash: the insecticides killed off the insect tors that had previously kept pest populati check; no longer under this natural contro pests multiplied explosively, producing hu festations that nearly stripped the palm p tions bare.

Thus Malaysia, already burdened by the nomic effects of competition from one chemical product—synthetic rubber—bec in addition, a classic victim of the ecologica slaught of another one—DDT.

OBVIOUSLY, A RETURN to ecological s would call for the abandonment of the synthetic-rubber industry and the increas natural-rubber production in Malaysia and habitats of the rubber tree sufficient to world demand. The usual objection is tha *total* demand could not be met in that way right now world production includes about million long tons of natural rubber and five lion long tons of synthetic. Thus, a rough trip of natural production would take over the market. And this seems quite possible Malaysia, half the total crop comes from l efficient plantations that produce about pounds per acre; the remainder is produce small growers, at a yield of about 340 po per acre. If those growers reached maxi efficiency, the total crop would be increase about 50 per cent. Moreover, new genetic ru tree varieties that have just begun to enter duction can produce as much as 3,000 po per acre. It seems likely that natural ru could supply world demand—if only econ and political interests did not stand in the w

Among the chief political consideration military security. Ecologically, a return to ural rubber would benefit both the U.S. developing countries. But the switch is im sible as long as military considerations go the producton of "strategic" materials. M over, if for the sake of ecological reform Ma sia and other rubber-producing countries given a world monopoly, they might well pr to avoid a repetition of colonial economic pendence by selling not rubber but t Imagine the reaction in the Pentagon, no

on corporate boardrooms, if U.S. Army had to rely on tires made in Malaysia.

e, then, are some of the economic and al consequences of an ecologically sane to natural rubber—essential abolition of nthetic-rubber industry in the U.S. and industrialized countries; a resultant de- in demand for basic petrochemicals; the f at least some manufacturing industries on rubber, such as tires, to natural-rubber- cing countries; the dependence of U.S. other military establishments on foreign r. No wonder ecology has been called "the rsive science."

at such cases tell us is that environmental dation is not simply the outcome of some al expansive process, growth of population, demand for goods, but of certain very ic changes in the ways goods are produced, are themselves governed by powerful eco- and political considerations It is true, of e, that the total world production of rubber creased sharply (about seven-fold between and 1970) partly because there are more e on the earth to use the rubber, and partly se far more rubber is produced per capita before. But it is also true that much of this r consumption contributes nothing to n welfare. And in any case, it could have met by production of natural rubber alone, avoiding the huge additional environmental run up by the synthetic-rubber industry in trialized countries and by ecological dis- on in the developing countries.

Painting the little bird

E FOREGOING ARE some small examples of ertain very large global facts: that the 's thin skin, which is the sole support of n society, comprises a huge network of lependencies (the ecosphere) among the elous varieties of living things, between of them and their physical and chemical undings, and between man and all the rest. since all human life and every productive ity depend on the ecosphere, any human n that destroys it is suicidal; and therefore all human productive activities, and the omic principles that govern them, must these ecological imperatives. That the solu- of the environmental crisis is not to be l in new kinds of automobile mufflers or in constraints on waste emissions but in the al reorganization of national economies international commerce along lines that ecological sense.

is is some measure of the urgent need for nited Nations Conference, and of the pro- l issues it must confront. How well the con- ce will meet this need is in considerable doubt, for most of the basic issues will have a difficult time breaking into the conference agenda. Few of them have thus far penetrated through the maze of preparatory meetings, background papers, and corridor conferences into the conference documentation.

Perhaps the most obvious evidence that the Stockholm conference, as it is now planned, has turned its back on many real, but enormously difficult, problems brought to light by the environmental crisis, is the case of the missing issue. The gravest threat to the human environment is a well-known, universally feared phenomenon. It is enormously dangerous; it could in a few brief days reduce the wealthiest, most elaborately organized societies into barbaric remnants It is not a disease, a manifestation of weather, nor any other act of God: the catastrophe is under total human control and completely avoidable. Preventing it would not only cost nothing but would save the world hundreds of billions of dollars. It is an exclusively international problem and therefore peculiarly suited to action by the United Nations: any statesman who solved it would be assured a glorious page in human history. Yet in 600 pages of conference documentation, distilled from many thousands of pages that summarize twenty-seven months of deliberations, this gravest, most fearsome threat to the human environment—nuclear war—is not named even once.

"The gravest threat to the human environment is a well-known, universally feared phenomenon."

All this brings to mind a long-remembered *New Yorker* cartoon. The scene is a museum: seated before a huge, violent, contorted painting of mass rape is a demure, aging spinster who is copying it; but her own canvas is covered by the image of a bird we now notice fluttering in one corner of the original. If the global crisis that threatens human self-destruction is the violent scene in the original painting, it would not be fair to equate the U.N. Conference to the spinster and her bird; not quite. But if we modify the image to have the little bird not merely copied, but measured in elaborate detail, commented upon from the special viewpoint of dozens of different nations, its fate deliberated upon and disposed of in several hundred numbered paragraphs of spongy prose, and add a few timid, sidelong glances at the scene of rape, then the parallel may be apt.

How did the Stockholm conference get onto this narrow track? In its initial activities the Preparatory Committee did show strong signs of getting at the basic issues, recognizing in an early report that "problems of the human environment were increasingly of a socio-economic nature." The emphasis was on *comprehensive* analysis and action. However, by the end of the second session of the Preparatory Committee held in Geneva in February 1971, things had changed; now action was to be based on "feasibility" and concern shifted from the basic social

Barry Commoner

MOTHERHOOD IN STOCKHOLM

and economic *causes* of the environmental crisis to technical details such as the cost of pollution controls and tax incentives. The conference's basic background report, "Only One Earth," originally intended to provide a survey of the state of the environment and a comprehensive analytical base for the deliberations, will appear too late for that purpose. Based on a preliminary draft made available to consultants in October 1971, the report is more a consideration of the philosophy of man's relation to the environment, largely as seen through Western eyes, than it is of the state of the environment, of the origins of the present crisis, and of the profound implications of resolving it.

IT IS IMPORTANT TO REMEMBER, however, that the conference has not yet taken place. Although the agenda, issues, and procedures have been laid down rather firmly by pre-convention actions, there may be room for maneuver on the conference floor, where some of the real issues may yet break into the open. But even if this fails, the real issues are *certain* to arise in Stockholm, for the city will be host to much more than the official conference in June.

For months, anyone familiar with the Stockholm conference has been bombarded by the question, "How do I get to Stockholm?" from ecologists, conservationists, eco-activists, organic-food fans, and advocates of natural lifestyles, not to speak of public-relations advisers to oil firms and salesmen of pollution controls. Anticipating intense nongovernment interest in the world's survival, the Conference Secretariat planned a semi-official "Environment Forum," in which interested scientific, conservation, and civic groups, and individuals, could participate. After much pulling and hauling about the auspices and purposes of the Environment Forum, which seriously delayed its organization, it was placed in the charge of a committee organized by the United Nations Association of Sweden and the National Council of Swedish Youth.

Meanwhile activist youth groups, especially oriented toward the problems of the developing countries, are hoping to present their views at the Environment Forum, or if need be elsewhere, during the time of the conference, concentrating on the issues excluded from the official agenda — the origins of the environmental crisis in economic inequities, within nations and among them, in militarism, and in cultural patterns. Just before the conference a group of scholars brought together by the Fellowship of Reconciliation will meet outside Stockholm to develop views they hope to present to the conference.

As a result of these activities, regardless of what happens on the floor of the conference itself, the delegates — and the world — are certain to be reminded that there is much more to the environmental crisis than the monitoring of pollutants, control of effluents, or tax incentives. It was probably inevitable, given that no official U.N. activity can question the internal economic organization of its member nations, that the widespread neglect of ecological imperatives in the design of economic policy should be minimized. It was perhaps also inevitable, given the numerous unsuccessful efforts to rid the world of the awful menace of nuclear war, that the environmental issue should be excluded from the conference agenda as not "feasible" for action. The U.N. is, after all, part of the real world — a world that is, still, tragically dominated by poverty, racial conflict, and war. What seems to set environmental issues apart from others is the uncanny way in which, if pressed to their source, they bring sharply into focus the long-standing, unresolved conflicts that trouble the world.

In many crucial ways, the "debt to nature" symbolized by the world's mounting burden of pollutants has temporarily muffled these conflicts. If part of the true cost of running a pulp mill can be met by mortgaging the environmental integrity of Puget Sound, or Lake Baikal, then to that degree can the conflict between the mill workers and operators be minimized. If U.S. Army trucks can be provided with tires made of U.S. synthetic rubber instead of Malaysian natural rubber, to that degree is the true collectivity of the world obscured, and the insanity of war protected from view. The environmental crisis is a signal that we have run out of ecological credit, that it is time to pay the debt to nature or go into bankruptcy. This much is now well known. What is just beginning to become apparent is that the debt cannot be paid in recycled beer cans or in the penance of waiting to work; it will need to be paid in the ancient coins of social justice within nations and among them.

In this sense, the environmental crisis has become the world's most dangerous political issue as it wrenches back into open view the brutal fact of racial competition for survival, the incompatibility between the economic goals of entrepreneur and worker, the tragic absurdity of war. The crisis forces us to make long-avoided choices. If ecological sanity demands the shaping curtailment of power consumption, the production of synthetics and built-in obsolescence, where, in society, will the necessary controls be localized? If nations must, on ecological grounds, become more dependent on each other's indigenous goods, how can we avoid the ancient evils of international exploitation?

As these issues are brought into the view of the world at Stockholm, new steps can be taken toward making the peace among men that must precede a peace with nature.

le public discussion of Vietnam has cen- on the ground war there, the simple fact s that air power has been the dominant of American military involvement. Yet the continual and growing reliance on ver, there has been remarkably little ex- ion of its use in Indochina, and prac- no exploration of its portents for the t of warfare in general. To fill this void, a of scholars working under the auspices of nell University program on peace studies oduced a pioneering study of The Air War in Indochina. *Using information gleaned from the Pentagon Papers, countless public documents, and extensive interviews, the study offers a comprehensive picture of American air power in Southeast Asia, including assessments of the air campaigns in Vietnam, Laos, and Cambodia; statistical and budgetary analyses; and examination of such general issues as the state of international law governing air warfare. The following excerpt, from a concluding chapter on the evolution of air-war technology, treats the ramifications of the approaching electronic battlefield.*

HE AMERICAN WAY OF BOMBING

t think anyone here thinks about blowing in and dropping bombs and killing son. It's all very impersonal. You don't hear the bombs. It's all very abstract."
Marine Capt. John Waddell, to a *New York Times* reporter

E THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT, where the nglish longbow was decisive, warfare has e increasingly depersonalized. The dis- between the combatants has become pro- ely greater, and each man has been given ing offensive capability that permits him many others with a single effort. The mas- se of air power in World War II and in contributed to this trend of increasing the al and psychological separation between tants and of minimizing the emotional in- on between them. The most recent devel- ts in the instrumentation of warfare in nina—especially aerial navigation, target ion, and weapons delivery advances—have rated this trend considerably.

far, advances in navigation and computer- eapons release have had their greatest im- n interdiction attacks by fixed-wing air- gainst stationary, soft targets; some degree d bombing capability has been achieved. d sensors are used primarily for accumu- intelligence for preplanned strikes on ary targets, though they are also utilized mediate strikes against trucks. The air- sensor devices, on the other hand, have their most important use in the truck in- tion campaign over the Ho Chi Minh trail, which the Air Force has recently made



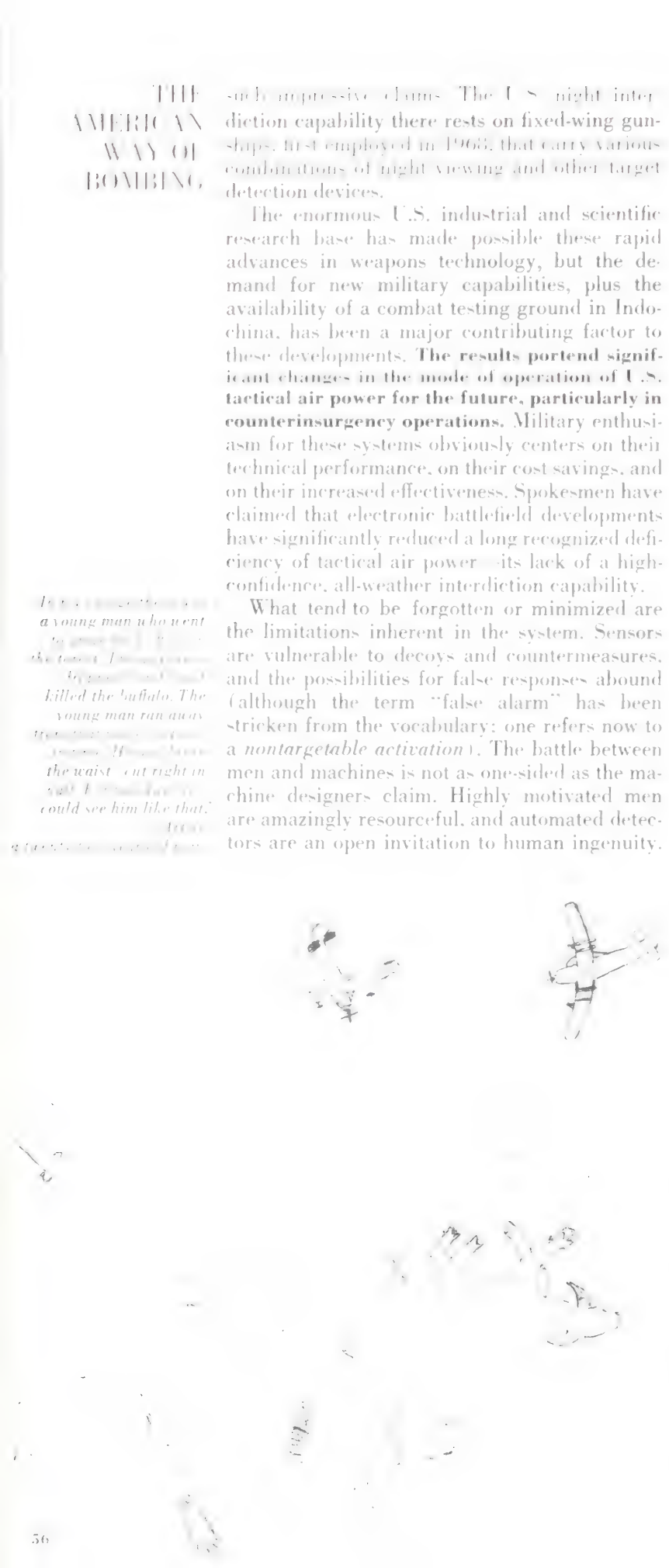
"These two, father and son, don't have hands and feet on account of a bomb dropped by the airplanes that didn't explode right away. They thought it would never explode and went to pick it up to look at. It exploded, hitting them as shown in this picture. Now they can't do anything. But this father and son pair did not come away with us. . . . They said that it was because of having been hit [illegible] Leaving wasn't any good. Better to die in the village. This was the decision of these two, father and son."
—Artist: a twenty- [illegible] old man

such impressive claims. The U.S. night interdiction capability there rests on fixed-wing gunships, first employed in 1968, that carry various combinations of night viewing and other target detection devices.

The enormous U.S. industrial and scientific research base has made possible these rapid advances in weapons technology, but the demand for new military capabilities, plus the availability of a combat testing ground in Indochina, has been a major contributing factor to these developments. **The results portend significant changes in the mode of operation of U.S. tactical air power for the future, particularly in counterinsurgency operations.** Military enthusiasm for these systems obviously centers on their technical performance, on their cost savings, and on their increased effectiveness. Spokesmen have claimed that electronic battlefield developments have significantly reduced a long recognized deficiency of tactical air power—its lack of a high-confidence, all-weather interdiction capability.

a young man who went killed the buffalo. The young man ran away the waist—cut right in could see him like that.

What tend to be forgotten or minimized are the limitations inherent in the system. Sensors are vulnerable to decoys and countermeasures, and the possibilities for false responses abound (although the term "false alarm" has been stricken from the vocabulary: one refers now to a *nontargetable activation*). The battle between men and machines is not as one-sided as the machine designers claim. Highly motivated men are amazingly resourceful, and automated detectors are an open invitation to human ingenuity.



Beyond practical limitations there lies a fundamental problem. When friend and foe are intermingled, how can electronic sensing and controlling devices discriminate between them? This remains a basic problem under any conditions. A seismic detector cannot tell the difference between a truck full of arms and a school bus; a urine sniffer cannot tell a military shack from a woodcutter's shack. **The further the system goes down the road to automation, and the greater its capital investment becomes relative to its investment in manpower, the more deeply will it become committed to this blind form of warfare.** Gen. William Westmoreland, Army Chief of Staff, has stated: "On the battlefield of the future, enemy forces will be located, tracked and targeted almost instantaneously through the use of data links, computer assisted intelligence evaluation, and automated fire control. . . . I am confident the American people expect this country to take full advantage of its technology—to welcome and applaud the developments that will replace wherever possible the man with the machine." [*Congressional Record*, July 13, 1967, S11104]

Air Force spokesmen frequently point out that the data from electronic target detection and acquisition machinery are never used without collation with other inputs, and that no combat interaction is ever ordered without the interposition of the essential element of trained human judgment. The human operator, however, is terribly remote from the consequences of his actions: he is most likely to be sitting in an air-conditioned trailer, hundreds of miles from the area of battle; from there he assesses "target signatures," evaluates ambiguities in the various sensor systems, collates their reports, and determines the tactical necessity for various forms of action, which are then implemented automatically. For him, the radar blip and flashing light no more represent human beings than the tokens in a board-type war game. War and war game become much the same.

An account provided us by a retired general further illustrates this potential for depersonalization. He reported that when he was a student at the National War College he began to sense a regularity in the responses of the student officers to the various war-game scenarios endemic to such places of higher military learning. When faced with situations requiring either a diplomatic or a military response to a given crisis, inexperienced Navy PT-boat commanders tended to favor diplomatic solutions, while Polaris submarine commanders preferred tactical or strategic military responses. Similar distinctions were observed between Army infantry and artillery commanders, and between Air Force Tactical Air Command and Strategic Air Command officers. He concluded that those officers who

onfronted directly with the consequences
r actions in the form of human lives lost—
er adversary, neutral, or allied—were
reluctant to resort to military solutions.
officers whose weapons systems delivered
remotely were much more willing to call
ne amounts of firepower into play.
eover, an explicit goal of research-devel-
t programs is an improved "real-time"
se, in all conditions of weather and visibil-
the information provided by the detection
itus. The present bottleneck in the auto-
response process, as perceived by the Air
lies in the analysis of this information.
ding to the head of the Air Force Systems
and Laboratories, the "big problem" fac-
labs today is how to analyze and correlate
put data for immediate response: "Micro-
nics, coupled with new storage devices,
some hope of dealing effectively with the
nanipulation problem . . ." **But, to the ex-
hat this problem in data manipulation is
, the contribution from human judgment
target-selection process is likely to decline.**
omated warfare has certain "advantages,"
er, apart from its technical features. In-
ents do not defect. They are not known to
onsciousness-expanding drugs, nor to have
l qualms about coincidental killing of civil-
They do more or less what they are told.
epresent a powerful, mechanized, mercen-
my. Ultimately we can have the machines
ng the "target signatures" with no human
involved on either side. As two commen-
have put it, the electronic battlefield

*eliminates a constant problem of Vietnam
l other wars—that some men must go and
it while others watch on television. With
truly automated system, everybody, in-
ding the soldiers, will watch the war on
visions—the only difference between the
my and the American Legion being the
cement of the viewing screen.*

very existence of such an advanced tech-
y produces pressures for its use; it will be
to resist deploying these powerful weapons
adgets for "countering insurgency" wher-
ound. Such a movement may have indirect
quences of considerable import. For exam-
**ne channeling of scientific and engineering
into destructive applications of this sort
well encourage the currently emerging
ection with technology *per se*,** when in fact
ology may be needed for extracting man-
from a wide range of ecological disasters.
disaffection in the U.S. is fueled by the
nition that American scientists and engi-
civilians as well as those working for the
rtment of Defense—have been deeply in-
d in the development of the electronic bat-
d.

Restraint in warfare

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN WAR and a competitive sport has always been clear. A game of tennis cannot be won by blasting one's opponent clear off the court: the concept of "winning" is, by definition, tied to the rules of the game. Not so in war. Here the explicit objective is to reduce the opponent to a state of helplessness or willingness to capitulate. Anything that furthers this aim is part of the effort; there is no umpire who might invalidate a victory that was won by breaking the rules. Of course, there are moral reasons for not going to excess with the destructive process of war—indiscriminate killing and devastation are repugnant to the individual, and few governments would subscribe to them as a matter of avowed policy. However, **the exercise of moral restraint in practice comes under constant pressure from the practical calculations of the moment.** If the advantages gained by transgressing a moral limitation appear great enough, the limitation is likely to give way. The practical calculations must of course take into account the possibility that the opponent, or one of his allies, will retaliate in like manner. This is a major factor inhibiting the unrestrained quest for immediate advantage; by comparison, moral rectitude exerts a very limited leverage. History abounds with examples of ruthless warfare, to say nothing of gratuitous brutality and wholesale massacre, in cases where

"In the year 1967, my village built small shelters in the forest and we had holes in the bamboo thicket on top of the hill. It was a place to which we could flee. But there were two brothers who went out to cut wood in the forest. The airplanes shot them and both brothers died. Their mother and father had just these two sons and were both in the same hole with me. I think with much pity about this old father and mother who were like crazy people because their children had died."

Artist: an eighteen-year-old woman



one of the adversaries was free from the fear of retaliation.

If the effectiveness of moral restraints in practice has never been great, there are factors in the new technologies that serve to undermine the foundations even of those limited restraints. The change in attitude is already profound in the normal exercise of strategic air power. It becomes particularly marked, however, with the evolution of the electronic battlefield and of automated warfare, the full development of which has far-reaching implications.

Remote-controlled warfare reduces the need for the public to confront the consequences of military action abroad. The cost of a fully automated war can be reckoned in dollars and machinery — a small price compared to a harvest of casualties. No longer must the leaders of a nation first establish widespread support for the policies that require fighting a war. Wars can be entered quickly, if need be even in a clandestine manner, and fought with minimum repercussions at home. Indeed, an interrupted war might soon fade from the public consciousness and become *institutionalized*. Modern air capabilities make [illegible] *1984*.

Remote-controlled warfare also reduces the need for emotional conditioning of the armed forces so that they can engage in face-to-face killing. With automated war the combatants are *technicians*. Their powers of destruction are enormous, but their emotional involvement can be small. The use of complex gadgetry and the acquisition of the skills to operate it successfully can endow the entire destructive process with the characteristics of a game. The mere manipulation of the machinery is absorbing and pleasurable, like playing with a super-sophisticated pinball machine. The effects or merits of the actions are not considered: if such questions arise at all, they are dismissed as matters for high-level decision of no legitimate concern to those who execute the commands.

At work, too, is the psychological principle that one's sense of responsibility is weakened toward persons he cannot see. **Through its isolation of the military actor from his target, automated warfare diminishes the inhibitions that could formerly be expected on the individual level in the exercise of warfare.** With calm detachment, and without even being aware of it, persons can participate in the kind of indiscriminate destruction and killing that, in the context of conventional ground warfare, has so far been classified as a war crime.

THIS BRIEF DISCUSSION outlines a rather somber view of the consequences of technological developments in warfare, particularly those involving progress toward a greater degree of automation and remote control. This is by no means a look into the distant future: **though yet fully developed, the electronic battlefield is a reality, and the strong pressures for further refinement and free deployment cannot be ignored.** What possibility is there, then, of restoring the balance in favor of restraint in warfare, on both the policy-making level and that of the individual combatant?

This is too broad and difficult a question to answer here. One can suggest certain ways, however, of creating or reinforcing such restraints. Increased awareness of the destructive potential of modern air war with its burgeoning technology could make more people question the use of such destructive power to support limited political aims. Individuals in positions of responsibility might become more willing to oppose decisions that violate the principle of proportionality or other well-founded rules of warfare. Still, it is no easy task to create greater public awareness of these matters, and to inculcate a greater sense of personal moral responsibility would require an all-out educational effort.

Such an effort would initially be handicapped by the progressive erosion of legal and moral restraints that has accompanied the development and use of strategic air power. Basic concepts like "military necessity," though applicable in principle to air warfare, have become nearly meaningless in practice. **A concerted international effort to review and update the juridical status of air warfare is urgently needed.** Big-power agreement to a treaty limiting the use of air power could be a major achievement.

No one familiar with military developments over the past thirty years can believe that such agreement will be reached easily. An absolute prohibition of strategic bombing would probably be more practicable and effective than attempting to define which targets could be attacked at all, or only under specified conditions. Another possibility would be specifically to define air-war crimes in connection with an adaptation or reformulation of the Nuremberg principles, thus helping to institutionalize restraint at all levels. As a further internal restraint, it would be well to curb the power of the executive to withhold information from the public. There is also the constitutional issue of restoring congressional control over war-making activities.

No one of these measures — except possibly the absolute prohibition of strategic bombing — could effectively prevent the widely destructive use of air power, but all taken together possibly could. There doubtless are many other steps that could be taken. What is needed is a package of many mutually reinforcing measures. The design and creation of such a package is an urgent task, requiring imagination and leadership of the highest order.

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Laotian drawings and quotes courtesy of Fred Branfman, from his book Voices From the Plain of Jars, *to be published by Harper & Row.*

CAMPAIGN '72

ADVANCING BACKWARD WITH MUSKIE

by Sara Davidson



Rose Economou

The misadventures of a female scout on the Florida hustings

IT WAS A WET February night, with a nigh full moon dropping light on he lakes and sleepy ranch houses of Winter Haven, Florida. A twenty-ight-year-old man, Byron Hileman, hose credentials are impressive—rofessor of political science, hus-and, father, founder of a dozen poli-ical action groups—was standing on he balcony of the Holiday Inn, sigh-ng and swabbing his forehead with handkerchief.

A nervous shudder rattled his pine. "Well," he said to his compan-on, "come on and meet the Tiger ady."

The second man hung back. He ent to look in the window of the notel room and saw a dark-haired irl in jeans, sitting on the bed with telephone at her ear.

"She's talking."

"That figures," Byron said. "Rose ells me so many things to do that when I leave her room, my head is pinning. I took two tranquilizers to-ight for the first time in nine years. 've gained five pounds in the past wo days because I'm a compulsive eater when I'm nervous. And my wife ried yesterday and the day before."

The friend slapped his leg and whispered: "Is that right!"

Through the window, they saw Rose hang up the phone and walk quickly to the door. Byron moaned. "Here goes. Lambs to the slaughter."

ara Davidson is a free-lance journalist whose ork has appeared in Harper's.

IN THE TWO DAYS that Rose Economou, advance woman for Senator Edmund Muskie, had been in Winter Haven to prepare for a thirty-minute rally at the train station the next weekend, she had given Byron Hileman, her only "local contact," responsibility for the following: getting out a crowd; moving people in buses; setting up a phone bank; recruiting volunteers; calling all churches, clubs, and schools; inviting bands, black leaders, unions, and politicians; buying refreshments; and sending literature to all registered Democrats.

So far, Byron had not done one of those things. He had no helpers. There was no one but him, solitary and quaking, taking Rose's orders. By the end of the week, a total of ten people were to be drawn into the effort. Most of them wanted to help Muskie be elected President of the United States. But by Friday, what they wanted more strongly than that, more fervently than they wanted to see Nixon removed from office, was to see Rose Economou leave town.

THE ADVANCE MAN has been a stock character in American politics for as long as anyone knows. He arrives on location from two to ten days before the candidate, and attends to every detail: the choice of VIPs to ride in a motorcade; the eruption of a "spontaneous" demonstration; the packing of a hall with excitable, photogenic bodies. He is rarely paid, and has little to go on but his own wits and nerve, and other people's needs and gullibility.

The job did not have a name until 1959, when Jerry Bruno built advance work into a science for John F. Kennedy's Presidential campaign. This year, the candidates have opened the field to women. The Muskie organization received a windfall of publicity by introducing their first two: Marsha Pinkstaff, a former Miss Indiana; and Rose Economou, a social planner from Chicago. The women have functioned no more and no less effectively than the men for it turns out that sex counts less in advance work than age. Nobody could do this job much after thirty. It requires one to travel constantly, to have no private life, and to need no income other than living expenses on the road. The advance man will never be sent back to the same town or to his home state, because he is expected to make enemies and to take the blame for anything that angers local supporters. Advance work is called, by one veteran, "the absolute lowest level of politics. The goal is serious, but the exercise is silly. Politics becomes an effort at making things look good."

The effort to make Muskie look good on a two-day train trip down the central gut of Florida had its origins last December. Muskie's chief advance man, Michael Casey, sold the whistle-stop to campaign strategists

on the ground that it would generate "a media explosion. Because of nostalgia, the *Yo, Yo, Vanette* syndrome, we'll make all three nets." Casey did not worry about details until February 2. Then he hit so many snags trying to lease railroad equipment that the dates had to be changed three times. "I'm starting to sweat," Casey said, "and I'm a calm guy."

On February 10, he closed a rental agreement with Amtrak for $5,300, pronounced the train "go" for February 18 and 19, and assigned advance people to each of the eight towns on the route from Jacksonville to Miami. Rose Economou (the name is Greek; it's pronounced like economy but with a "moo" at the end) was deployed from New Hampshire to Winter Haven. "Rose is really something in a small town," Casey said. "She's twenty-five, she's been advancing for four months, and we've gotten a dozen letters from people who want her back."

I met up with Rose at the Tampa airport at two in the morning, Saturday, February 12. She had not slept in several days, but words were spilling from her in a whisper-jet voice, easy on the ear but persistent. "I have one contact here, and our organization tells me they're having trouble with him. I thought, uh-oh, another dictator."

Rose was wearing aviator glasses and a white coat lined with fake fur. She is slim, long-legged, with a wide-boned face and strong jaw. "I feel so awkward coming into Florida," she said. "But I can visualize just how I want this stop: old-fashioney, with lots of bunting, little kids with flags, and high-school bands. Just one big party. Won't that be fun!"

We slept four hours at an airport motel, then drove sixty miles inland, past groves of orange trees and flat, lime-green fields with cows grazing. When we reached what seemed to be the center of Winter Haven—an intersection with four corners of parking lots and a banner announcing a Guy Lombardo concert—Rose said, "This is it? Oh, I'm starting to feel sick inside."

She checked into the Holiday Inn, which was in the throes of welcoming the Boston Red Sox to their winter quarters, and called up her local contact. An hour later, he walked through the door: a short, somewhat overweight man wearing a brown suit with a Kiwanis pin in the lapel. He gave her his card:

> Byron P. Hileman
> Professor Political Science
> Polk Community College

She asked him to take her to see the train station. They had lunch at a drive-in called Andy's Igloo and while waiting for hamburgers and pineapple milk shakes, Rose asked Byron about the town. He ran down the statistics: 25,000 people in the city, 50,000 in the area. Democrats outnumber Republicans three to one. Main industries: agriculture and tourism (because of Cypress Gardens). "The county went to Wallace in '68, but things are changing. The fact that I myself am involved in local politics is evidence. I'm considered 'wildly liberal.' I am to Winter Haven what Jerry Rubin would be to New York City."

Byron said he had worked for McCarthy in '68, but then became "terribly disillusioned with the phoniness of the so-called New Consciousness. To me, Muskie represents the antithesis of this phoniness, while he has the right position on the issues. I volunteered to help out in his campaign, but there were no other volunteers in the area so they dumped the chairmanship in my lap."

As he drove Rose back to the motel, he said, "When they told me you were coming, I thought, that's the strangest name I've ever heard! But it grabs you." He laughed merrily. "Once you get the hang of it, you can't get it out of your head."

When Byron left, Rose said, "I don't think he's so horrible. I'm going to have him call a meeting tomorrow." She began thumbing through the phone book. "Wouldn't it be great if we could draw 2,000 people? We could outcrowd Miami. Wouldn't that be out of sight?" She bounced on the bed in excitement.

The phone rang. "Rosie, I'm here!" It was Rich Evans, the chief advance man in Florida, who [illegible] driving up the route of the [illegible] checking every stop. And he wa[s] always, grinning. "I think the s[ecret] to good advance work is a big [smile] on your face. It throws people [off]. That's my style." Rich, a tall, [handsome] blond of thirty, used to org[anize] singles clubs across the country [be]fore he became an advance [man]. "Everybody likes Rich," Rose s[aid].

Rich suggested they go to a r[ecep]tion celebrating the start of the [annual] Florida Citrus Showcase. [They] found the hall packed with fl[orid]faced men and ladies wearing [pa]landish nylon flowered dre[sses], orange plastic shoes, platinum [hair] and lavender eye shadow. Rich i[ntro]duced himself right and left. One [man] stepped back aghast. "Is Mu[skie] coming here? I'll tell you, what [I] he's for, I'm not."

SUNDAY Byron was nervously [eat]ing a piece of Danish pastry in [the] coffee shop. Rose asked about vo[lun]teers. "Can we get ten people [for] chairmanships?"

Byron's face reddened. "Let [me] explain something to you. I'm not [en]thusiastic about this visit at all—[it] come too late. I've been sitting h[ere] the past two months screami[ng] bloody murder because nothing [was] getting done. Then last Friday, [out] of the blue, I get two calls, one tel[ling] me to open two headquarters [in a] week, and the other telling me al[l of] the train. After that, I had one of [my] infrequent fits. I tore a newspape[r in] half, cussed everybody out, called [the] state office and told them to go to H[ell]. When I got over the fit, I figured, [to] what the hell. Now I'll help you a[s] can to do this job, but your plans [are] overdrawn. I don't have any orga[ni]zation. I just have one helpe[r], Charles Davis. I've got classes to te[ach] and my family to take care of. Thi[s] aren't gonna work out the way y[ou] think."

Rose stayed in her room the r[est] of the day, washing her hair, maki[ng] calls, and humming "The Swan[ee] River." She spoke to the head of t[he] Muskie office in Tampa and asked [if] he could send busloads to the ral[ly]. The man complained that no one

ate had been consulted about a whistle-stop. "No Floridian have recommended it."

se hung up calmly. "What he 't understand is that this is be-one primarily for the media. It so give our supporters a feeling mentum, but the effect on the al public will be slight. It always cept through the media."

AY I spent the day driving to towns along the train route: I returned to Winter Haven at wn, Rose was in a state, pacing om and swearing. "I've had a le day! The local newspaper d the wrong information be- Washington sent them the old ule. I have no leaflets. No peo- give out leaflets. And I can't hones installed—it takes two s." She stamped her foot. m goddamned pissed! I've been part of anything as bad at's going on in this town. And ll my fault, because I trusted people."

e phone rang—it was Byron. re gonna mail cards to everyone ie Democratic voter list," Rose "We've got to get twenty-five teers to address 2,400 enve-. I don't care how." She hung up. uid that just to make him ner-" She laughed. "I got four s sleep last night. That's why I'm g this way."

at night, Byron drove to Lake-land, the seat of Polk County, for a meeting called by former Mayor Joe Ruthven to organize the Muskie operation in the region. Byron had taken two tranquilizers and was just calming down. "Rose has scared me out of my wits all day. I figured she's the professional, right? If she's cracking up, it must really be bad. I couldn't believe the language she used, right in a store!" His whole body puckered and cringed.

I asked why he didn't give up the job. "There's too much of the Protestant ethic in me. I feel like I can't let this poor girl down."

When Byron walked into the meeting at the OK Tire Store in Lakeland, Mayor Ruthven asked, "Well, you all set to open the headquarters?"

Byron fidgeted. "We had planned to do it this week, but we've been having a problem with this, uh, advance work. Senator Muskie's coming to Winter Haven Friday, and we've got Rose Economou in town. [He pronounced it econo-mew.] She's the lady advance man, and she says we have to send out 2,400 invitations. Could you loan us some volunteers?" Ruthven told him to bring the cards to Lakeland and they would address as many as they could.

Byron walked out euphoric. "The weight has been lifted! I thought I'd have to address 2,400 envelopes myself, stay up seventy-two hours and die of a cardiac when Muskie steps off the train." Byron said he had never been this upset, "not even over my oral exams. But I'm not suited for this work. I'm an academic. I can write speeches like nothing, but when Rose hands me this broad organizational task, I feel like it's a problem in calculus." There were three passengers in the back seat, and all were howling with laughter at Byron's style of exaggerated self-pity and terror. "And I like Rose," Byron said. "If she'd take off her tiger suit she'd be a real nice girl."

Byron had the effervescence knocked out of him when he stepped into Rose's room. "Good news!" he said. "I bear glad tidings. The Mayor's people will address those envelopes. Okay? All right? Rose, you don't seem very positive."

Rose did not look up. "What else did the Mayor say?"

"You answer me first. You're not gonna send them out, are you?"

"No."

"Why?" Byron asked weakly.

"I called Tampa. They have an offset machine and professional secretaries. If we get the list there in the morning, they can do it in a few hours."

She began rattling off the things to be done the next day. Byron perched on the edge of the bed, struggling not to slip off, smoking, and trying to write down what she was saying. "Honey, wait, please wait. We can't do ninety-two things at once."

Her voice cracked like a rifle shot: "I'm gonna do more than I did today, goddamn it!"

TUESDAY Rose woke up to heavy rain—a bad omen. Crowds shrink from rain. In the afternoon, a box was delivered with 5,000 handbills printed in antique script: "Picnic at the Station. Meet Ed Muskie."

"Oh, super," Rose cried. "Aren't they beautiful?"

Byron nodded grimly. "I was happy for a moment, then I thought, what am I happy for? They all have to be handed out."

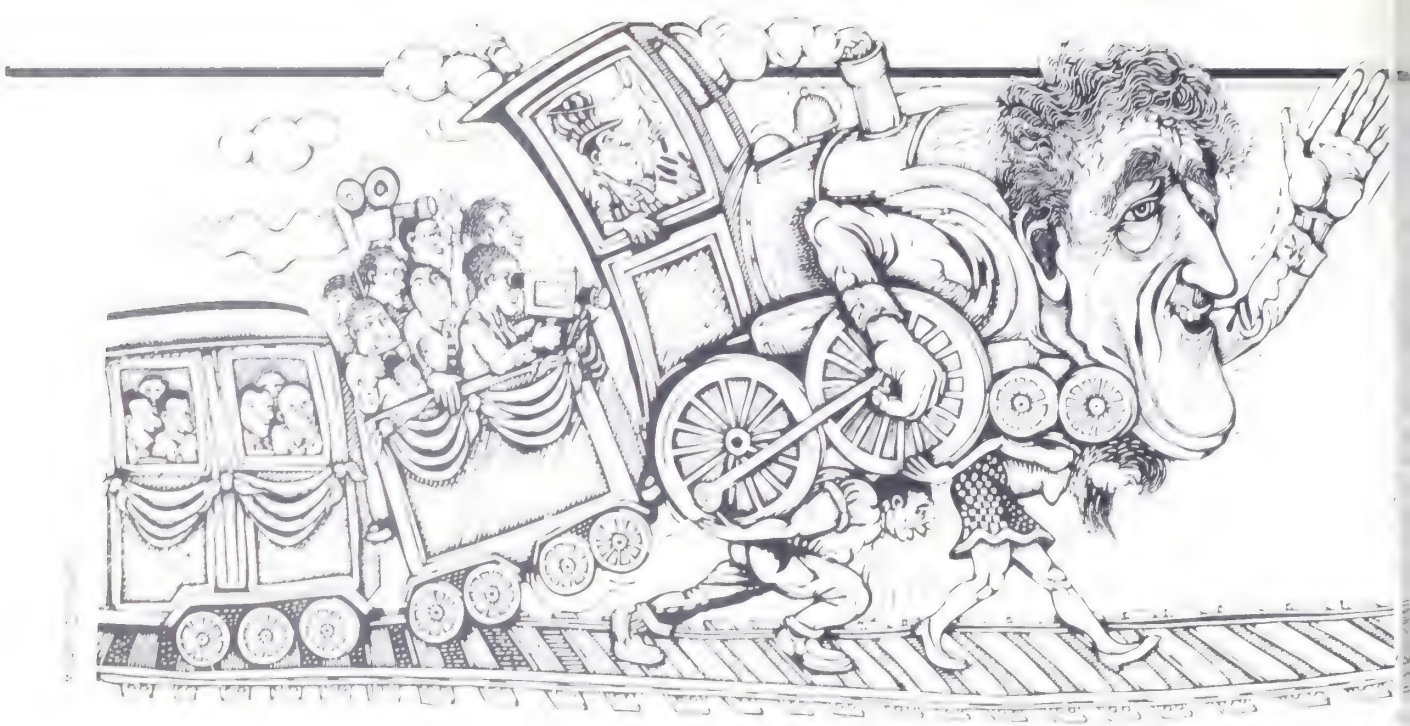
He picked up the phone to order roses for his wife Becky. "She screamed and broke four dishes this morning," Byron said. "She's too young to take this kind of tension. We've only been married six months, and she thinks she hardly ever sees me because of politics."

Rose suggested bringing her along. An hour later, Byron returned with Becky and his two children by a previous marriage, a five-year-old boy and a six-year-old girl. The kids watched television and took to following Rose around, chanting her name. Becky, a blue-eyed, warm-spirited girl of nineteen, found herself gradually sucked into the chaotic process. She recruited her friends to work in the evening, ran errands, typed, sewed, and even made phone calls saying she was on Senator Muskie's staff. "That's a laugh," she said. "I'm probably voting for Wallace."

Rose instructed Byron to find a

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he Muskie staff is "media sensitive," out of an awareness that in 1968, ding to a series of Gallup polls, less 5 per cent of the people saw any one Presidential candidates in person. Muskie's schedulers continue sending o shake hands at factories and shop-centers, asking for votes one at a A bizarre partnership between the and the candidates seems to keep es locked into this ritual dance. The dates say they must stage crowd s and "visuals" like the train be-the press demands them; the press lains about "contrived routines," yet nues to reward "visuals" with extra age and to judge a candidate's merit e crowds he draws. The press even subsidize such campaigning. The ie organization, for example, made half the cost of renting the Florida by charging each reporter $60 to t.



school band to perform." Tell them the band will get to be on television in *Life* magazine, and all the big newspapers." Byron tried every school in the county to no avail. Before he went home, Rose gave him the evening's battle plan: "Put two people on the phones, calling clergymen and asking them to tell everybody they know. Have the other volunteers leaflet at shopping centers and all the clubs that meet tonight, especially the Knights of Columbus. They're a sure winner for us."

When Charles Davis came by, Rose told him: "Hit the high-school basketball game. Pass out handbills and recruit too. Go up to everybody and say, 'Do you wanna help us with Senator Muskie's trip?'"

Charles scratched his head. "I don't feel right asking strangers to work. This is the first time we're having a big-time campaign in Florida. The kids are kinda apathetic."

"We have to change things," Rose said.

Charles, who is twenty-three and teaches geography in junior high, picked up his fifteen-year-old sister Carole. She wore braces and saddle shoes with pompoms tied on the back, and carried a comb for her hair, which was wet from swimming practice. "Now, Carole, we're supposed to ask anybody and everybody that wants to and will, to work with us on this train trip. The boss says to just ask people cold."

Carole stood at the entrance to the gym, and most of the students who passed her looked at the handbill and said something on the order of "Ick!" She forgot about recruiting. Charles fared no better. They drove back to Byron's and announced, "We bombed." There were three college students in the dining room, and one said, "So did we. The shopping center was dead. The American Legion wouldn't let us in, and the Knights of Columbus didn't even meet. I wonder how Byron's doing at the Coin Club." Becky rolled her head back and laughed. "I'm in a good mood now. I think this is fun that it's all bombing."

Byron came home and asked Becky to get him a tranquilizer. He swallowed it and called Rose. "Things are a mess. The clubs are not accepting us so far." Rose told him to call the Grand Knight of Columbus at his home. When Byron did, the Knight told him he couldn't make an announcement to his group because they don't take political stands. Byron said, "Being as Muskie is a Catholic, we were kind of depending on the Knights . . ." He slammed down the phone. "What incredible goddamned stupid people we have in this county! Who's asking for a political stand?"

Becky said, "You wanna call some ministers?"

"Preachers?" Carole said.

"It was *Rose's* brilliant idea."

"Who is this mysterious Rose?"

"She's the boss, and you should her," Becky said. "She doesn't she doesn't sleep. She's gonna herself. And she doesn't get pa think Rose is crazy. Why else w she drive herself like that?"

WEDNESDAY "There's a jinx," said. She and Becky circled the shopping for supplies and could find one person who knew abou train.

The motel room was becomi disaster zone. Every surface was secured by stacks of paper, pos bits of lumber, fliers, buckets of tic American flags (made in Jap cases of beer, bunting, old sh crepe-paper streamers, and St foam fake-straw hats. The motel close enough to the station so whenever a train passed, there w faint whistling. The sound grew gressively more ominous.

Rose said she was on a downer have no band. I need more pe and not Byron at the top. I just d feel I'm being effective with Byr

At six that night, there was posed to be a sign-painting part Byron's house. Rose got there eight. Seven people were sitting the floor, still working on their sign. They were measuring with y sticks and slide rules, outlining pencil, and laboriously coloring spaces. George Harrison was sing "Wah Wah" on the hi-fi. Rose to brush and started painting dire

dboard: "The sun shines on
r Muskie." Byron returned
his night class in a sweat.
e is she? Rose, where were
six? We had seven people here
on their asses for two hours."
said. "They still are." and
off to the back room.
on, startled, turned to the
limp forms. "Look, we gotta
some organization. All fifty
ave to be done. Don't measure.
eball 'em."
group groaned and fumbled to
nd began scrawling on the
"Ed." "We like Muskie."
Ed." Rose, alone in the back
was making a master banner
three bedsheets. Byron sat at
one, calling everyone he could
of and begging them to help
te the station. He made a list
ople who could work. "Rose,
naking progress," he called.
e yelled: "Tell them to bring
ers, stepladders, rope, tables."
mnation!" Byron said. "Hey,
I'm gonna assign all my classes
ue. That'll be a small crowd."
nce.
on: "I never get any reaction
hat woman."
opened his third cigarette pack
day "This whole thing has put
a real personal quandary. I have
e myself to run for office. I can
yself on the floor of the State
l being some classy legislator.
ppealing. But if I had to live
this tension . . ."
ryone was leaving now, and one
man got in his car, started the
, and smashed right into Rose's
I didn't see it," he said. "I just
see it."

SDAY Rain again. But at last, a
about the train appeared on the
age of the *Winter Haven News-*
Rose asked Tom Skinner,
nd-faced, slow-moving young
to find a place to buy popcorn
ent early-American costumes.
one for me, Becky, and Byron."
said, "I will *not* be in cos-
" Everyone laughed.
h Evans called up for a report.
said, "Oh, baby I have no music,
P guests. What's my program?
The band that we don't have will be playing when the train pulls in, and we'll have 200 wet people, because it's raining. If it rains hard we'll be lucky to get fifty."

Four hours later, a local rock band was corraled into playing for free. Tom got a friend who works in a dime store in Lakeland to promise to pop four sacks of corn, as a special favor. And Byron arranged for the Florida Citrus Queen to present Muskie with a glass of orange juice.

At four-thirty, Byron, Tom, and Becky's teenage brother Jim tied a rented speaker onto Rose's car and took off to cruise. Byron picked up the microphone. "Senator Edmund Muskie . . ." Jim laughed and scrunched down. "I hate to be stared at." Tom said. "Me too."

One old man on the street booed.

Tom said, "I'm waiting for a bullet to hit the windshield."

They pulled up to a canning plant just as the workers were getting off. Byron began his pitch, and the mike went dead. "What next, what the hell next! Jim, can you fix it?"

Jim was jiggling the wires. "It's just like my amplifiers. But I have no confidence in myself." He held the wires at an angle, and the power came back. By this time, the workers had disappeared.

They drove to the Northgate Shopping Center, which, to their joy, was teeming with traffic. Byron started to speak, but now the mike switch wouldn't work. He began to laugh, groan, and pound his head on the upholstery. "Every goddamned thing I touch turns to shit! I want to go home. I want my mama is what I want. Tell Rose I died. Tell the Senator tomorrow I'm indisposed. I'm being driven to the hospital."

Jim was using a can opener to take the microphone apart. Tom hit the brakes suddenly, and all the tiny wires, screws, and microscopic curlicues spilled down the cracks in the floorboard. Everyone collapsed with manic laughter. Recovering, Byron said, "They call Rose the ten-per-center because she turns out 10 per cent of the population in some towns. Winter Haven is gonna lower her average severely."

Back at the motel, Rose told Tom and another student to get something to eat and charge it to her room. "Go on, you've been working hard." Byron said lightly, "You've never offered to buy me dinner."

Rose: "You haven't done any work."

Byron did a double take. He stalked out to the restaurant with the others, ordered a hamburger, and paid for it himself. He was so furious he could hardly swallow. "I've been abused once too often. When this is over I'm resigning. It's never enough, no matter how hard you try, and I've tried to the best of my ability. Rose has never said I've done a good job not one word of praise or thanks. If she had, I'd have felt a lot better about things." Tom was staring sadly at his plate. "I think Rose should apologize to you." Byron shook his head. "She doesn't care about people's feelings. She just used me as an instrument. If she'd been a man, I'd have punched her in the mouth."

When Rose heard later that Byron was angry, she said, "Is that the royal screw! If the stop goes well, Byron will get all the God-blessed glory and I'll disappear. I don't mind it if people hate me. But when Byron gives everyone this defeatist attitude, they end up hating politics."

FRIDAY The day began gloriously with clear sunlight. Byron had stayed up most of the night writing Rose a twelve-page letter explaining why he was angry and hurt. He dropped it at the front desk and left to teach his classes. Rose put the letter in her purse without opening it. Seconds later she had forgotten it. Her entire consciousness was fixed on a single point -3:55 P.M.

Through the morning, she ran nervously around the train station in jeans and a yellow sweater. She threw bits of crepe paper on the palm trees and cactus, while others wrapped streamers around poles, hung bunting, and attached pairs of American flags to the walls.

At noon, she went back to the motel to pack. Byron arrived at the station, missing her by minutes; after checking the scene, he went home to

change. When Rose returned, dressed in a suede miniskirt and high-heeled sandals, the station was deserted. She started blowing up balloons. She had a dozen on strings when she suddenly remembered something. "Where's Byron?" She stood still, blinking as if the lighting had just been altered. "I wonder why he wasn't here?"

Without warning, a sharp, gritty wind came up, tearing the crepe paper from the walls. Tom asked Rose who would be picking up the popcorn from Lakeland. "No one," she said. "I decided to get hamburgers from McDonald's instead." Tom flushed. "My friend got up at six this morning to fix that popcorn."

At 1:30, the first official crowd members arrived. They were mostly senior citizens, who lined up their cars facing the tracks and just sat in them, waiting. At 3:00, the buses from Tampa delivered 150 students, and the grounds took on a festive air. The students danced in the parking lot, drank beer, and tossed Frisbees. Byron drove up with his family and started furiously passing out buttons. The handmade signs popped above the shoulders of the crowd, hovered a few minutes, and then all but three went under. "They're hard to hold in the wind," one girl said.

At 3:55, the crowd pressed toward the platform. By my estimate, there were at most 100. Rose cried, "Let's sing 'God Bless America!' " No one did, so she started cheering loudly by herself: "We want Muskie!"

At 4:10, a whistle rolled in from the north, followed by a black engine. There was a rush of energy. Byron turned his eyes heavenward. Rose was jumping up and down screaming, "Muskie! Muskie!" The train chugged through with Rich Evans hanging over the side, Roosevelt Grier singing "Aquarius," girls waving, flags flying, TV cameras poking out, and, lo, why, there was Ed Muskie! He was right there on the back platform, in a bright blue shirt, smiling and reaching for hands.

After Byron introduced him, the first thing Muskie said was how much fun it was to do a whistle-stop. Perhaps it was not in his mind at the moment, but Muskie knew—all the candidates know—what went on in Winter Haven, in all the towns, in preparation for his arrival. He knew what it cost in man-hours and emotional wounds to produce this quaint little trip, which made the front pages of all the local papers and was awarded two minutes on the CBS and ABC network news.

Muskie spoke about "pollution of the human environment." He described the pollution due to "unkindness, fear, and hatred," and said the goal of Americans should be to reach "not the moon but each other's hearts."

"A-a-a-men," Rosie Grier sang. The train started off; the crowd waded up the tracks until Muskie was only a blue spot with arms. Five minutes later, the station was empty.

THERE WAS NO CELEBRATING, no after-party for the volunteers. When the decorations were ripped down, everyone went off in the hi- ing wind. Charles Davis said, "I thi it was worth it. I think Muskie go lot of publicity, and I had some fu Becky was leading her two exhaust children by the arms. "Peace," s whispered. Tom Skinner said would do it all again, "with someb other than Rose. I don't think y oughta step on people like she di Byron heaved a sigh. "Maybe in t weeks I'll be glad I went through Maybe."

Rose herself was disappointed the crowd. "But for here, I think was a success. And I only got th people angry at me. That's not so b That's the nature of my job. There so many forces pulling you in ev direction, you just can't leave eve body happy. That's why wom haven't done it before. No c thought they could be tough enoug

In the car driving off, she read I ron's letter. When she finished, s said, "I had to be brutal with the people because they didn't realize t magnitude of the thing." She said s had known the day she arrived t it would be "criminal" to rely Byron. "But I was dependent on hi He was the only one who had inform tion, and contact with Muskie sy pathizers. I think by the end of t week, he reached a much grea capacity to do this work than thought he was capable of. And don't think he'll quit, because h find out he likes it."

At midnight, Rose got on a Gr hound bus headed for Miami. S planned to camp in the airport u she could get a plane north, wh she had two days to advance a la rally in New Hampshire. While transit, she would write her report Winter Haven, and maybe work a needlepoint pillowcase for h mother.

At the depot, she stood in her c in the milk-warm night, still win pale, heading straight into a sno storm. "I feel just full of energy," s said. "Even though I know I didn't a good job here, I feel at peace. It's if I haven't been working." S picked up her suitcase, spun arou abruptly and waved. "I can't wait f the next advance to start."

RULES OF ADVANCING
A Random Sampler

- Never take the candidate into a half-empty hall. Make an honest, cold assessment of the crowd you can draw, get a hall a little smaller and fill it to overflowing.
- Crowd-control barriers should be no match for the crowd pressing to touch the candidate.
- Promise people more than you mean to do.
- Under no circumstances get angry at a local. You lose a vote.
- If anything can foul up, it will. Check every detail ten times.
- Never speak ill of anyone.
- Make your signs and banners creative.
- Insist on things people say can't be done.
- Follow the add-to principle: if a volunteer is incompetent, put a second person in charge of the same thing, but give him a different title.

Gilbert L. Raiford

NOTES ON THE BLACK EXPERIENCE



Black Experience is sitting in a ominantly white class and having hite professor teach directly u.

Black Experience is being con- lated because Willie Mays hit a run.



Black Experience is reading a account of a murder and a with no thought for the victim. ather, sending up a fervent er that the perpetrator is not ..

Black Experience is going to the re department and having a caseworker say that you are gible because you will not take husband to court.



Charles B. Slackman

The Black Experience is going beyond that white caseworker to the black administrator who tells you the same thing.



The Black Experience is having to tell your four-year-old son that if he insists upon wanting to be white, then he will have to get himself a new set of parents.



The Black Experience is having to feel guilty and apologetic for being middle class.

The Black Experience is trying to decide whether or not you are black enough for blacks or too black for whites.

The Black Experience is having well-meaning whites look at you seriously and say, "I believe in equality, and therefore I cannot agree to preferential treatment for blacks."

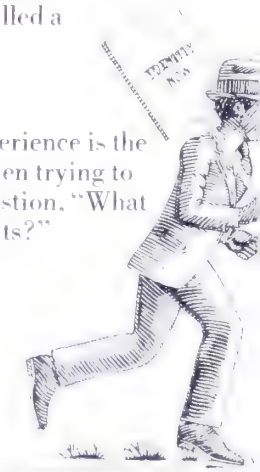


The Black Experience is having the price of collard greens, pig feet, and chitterlings go sky-high simply because you decided to call them "soul food," thereby creating a gourmet market.

The Black Experience is listening to the Osmond Brothers and feeling that they robbed the Jackson Five.

The Black Experience is being called a thief and a con man when your white counterpart is referred to as an embezzler. It is being called militant when your counterpart is called liberal. It is being called a numbers racketeer when the white counterpart is called a Wall Street broker.

The Black Experience is being called a welfare recipient while the white counterpart is being called a Lockheed executive.



Finally, the Black Experience is the perplexity you face when trying to answer the asinine question, "What is it the black man wants?"

Gilbert Raiford is an assistant professor at the Graduate School of Social Welfare at the University of Kansas, where he is teaching a course entitled "The Black Experience and Its Relevance to Social Work."

"THE SHIP OF INTEGRATIO IS GOING DOWN"



MEMORANDUM TO THE PRESIDENT
FROM: Patrick J. Buchanan

The attached is a middle re-write of a speech I have been working on for the Vice President for Atlanta, February 21st.

It contains a bill of particulars against any more compulsory integration, anywhere in the country at this point in time. The reasons are these: (1) The climate of the country racially argues against it for the simple reason of maintaining peace. (2) The record of integration in the North, according to Bickel* is utter failure; and the prospect of success is absent completely without enormous and unacceptable cost. (3) In the South, the trend of integration of the schools will result in socio-economic segregation which is worse for education than racial segregation; it is unfair to the poor who integrate while the middle class retain the freedom of choice to go to the schools they want; it encourages poor white to simply abandon the schools, and life-long teachers to quit their jobs.

In short, integration appears to damage rather than advance both the cause of education and the cause of racial harmony.

Finally, the national mood among blacks and white alike -- is toward black separatism and white separatism. Where the Court in 1954 ruled at the crest of a national tide; their current rulings go against the grain of rising and angry public opinion.

What of Stennis' amendment. Certainly equitable. But it can't be carried out; there will be blood in the streets if we try to bring suburban Northern kids into the central city schools -- in the condition those schools are in today.

If we try to apply to some suburban teachers the kind of school ratios they imposed on Atlanta, RN will be a one-term President.

Let me say candidly that for the foreseeable future, it is all over for compulsory social integration in the USA; because that body of public approval which must be present for a social change of this magnitude is not there; indeed, a hard opposite opinion is building.

Where does this leave us? -- essentially confronted with the choice of following the Court's logic and decisions and trying to integrate the schools of the entire nation -- an impossible task -- or the court, in one manner or another backing off from compulsory integration to a posture of freedom of choice; the posture of the orders of Brown** as against the far-reaching language of Brown.

* R. Bickel memorandum was provided to David A. Andelman, a New York Times reporter who obtained it from [illegible] Bickel was now teaching with other papers pertinent to the busing debates.

he high councils of the White House a broad of memoranda regularly change hands on the issues of our time, many ultimately finding their the desk of the President, but few ever finding ay before the public domain. So, their candor etoric are frequently more reflective of the true ig of an administration than the public pro- ements from even the highest levels. Such was the case in February 1970 when, during the last major debate on busing within the Nixon Administration—a debate that never made headlines but that provided a foretaste of this spring's major pronouncement—top speech writer and Presidential confidant Patrick J. Buchanan delivered to Richard M. Nixon his views on busing. And two years later, he was rewarded by seeing them as "the Administration position."

What this speech now lacks are the following essentials:

(1) If we are going to hold off integration, we must put forth an alternative to blacks and white liberals that will hold a reasonable chance that education is going to be improved where the blacks are now -- if we are not going to move them en masse into white schools.

(2) Recognition that there are thousands of Northern and Southern people who wanted to make this work; who went out on a limb to make racial integration succeed -- and who are going to be left holding the bag; for trying something above and beyond the call of duty.

(3) I am deeply concerned that Wallace will in the immediate future force the President to carry out a court ruling whether with marshals or troops -- which would make the little demagogue invincible in areas and end our chances of destroying him by 1972.

(4) There is on the side of stopping this movement; the Washington Post had an editorial asking for a study of what has been accomplished and where we are going; Bickel's case is almost unassailable; the New York Times is reporting rising racial violence in the schools; the lesson is sinking in rapidly -- only an ideologue can, in the face of this kind of evidence, demand that whites and blacks be mixed in more schools; where in every school in which it has been tried racial violence is becoming the rule -- according to the Office of Education.

(5) The second era of Re-Construction is over; the ship of Integration is going down; it is not our ship; it belongs to national liberalism -- and we cannot salvage it; and we ought not to be aboard. For the first time since 1954, the national civil rights community is going to sustain an up-and-down defeat. It may come now; it may come hard; it may be disguised and dragged out -- but it can no longer be avoided.

This is the other side of the coin -- and represents in itself a serious problem for the whole country; our objective has to be, I think, to cushion the fall to the degree we can. Looking at the realities as a reasonable individual I can't see how they can win -- but we don't want to humiliate them. For that reason, perhaps some of my language is too tough.

My recommendation is that the President withhold any day-to-day comment; perhaps that he set a date in the future when he or the Vice President will outline our policy and concern on this issue; to ease up the heat on us a bit.

The Vice President might be able to deliver a thought-out address, all cheer lines out, moving to the Right of the President and giving RN time to move the distance we have to move which is essentially to a qualified freedom of choice posture; outlawing segregation but not requiring integration or racial balance or the shifting of white children into black schools. If we could get Green versus New Kent County reversed, that would be enough.†

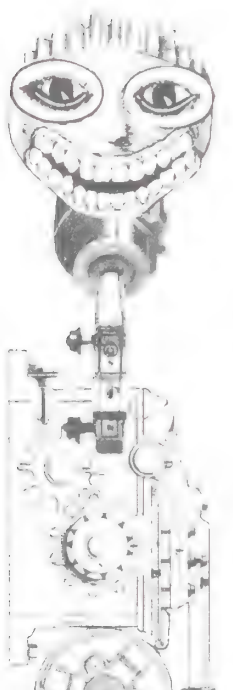
Pat

*Alexander Bickel, Yale law professor. **The 1954 Supreme Court decision against segregation in public schools
†The 1968 Supreme Court ruling ordering quick and substantial desegregation by whatever means necessary.

Barbara Garson

LUDDITES IN LORDSTOWN

It's not the money, it's the job



Though labor unrest has long been commonplace in American society, more and more young workers now seem to be fed up with the whole ethos of the industrial system. Freer in spirit than their fathers, they often scorn the old work ethic and refuse to be treated like automatons, no matter how good the pay or how brief the hours. Their anguish and boredom are likely to worsen in the next few years, perhaps infecting not only those on the assembly line but also white-collar workers who resent toiling at trivia. Nowhere has the new discontent been more forcibly expressed than by the young auto workers who recently shut down a GM plant at Lordstown, Ohio.

"IS IT TRUE," an auto worker asked wistfully, "that you get to do fifteen different jobs on a Cadillac?" "I heard," said another, "that with Volvos you follow one car all the way down the line."

Such are the yearnings of young auto workers at the Vega plant in Lordstown, Ohio. Their average age is twenty-four, and they work on the fastest auto assembly line in the world. Their jobs are so subdivided that few workers can feel they are making a car.

The assembly line carries 101 cars past each worker every hour. Most GM lines run under sixty. At 101 cars an hour, a worker has thirty-six seconds to perform his assigned snaps, knocks, twists, or squirts on each car. The line was running at this speed in October when a new management group, General Motors Assembly Division (GMAD or Gee-Mad), took over the plant. Within four months they fired 500 to 800 workers. Their jobs were divided among the remaining workers, adding a few more snaps, knocks, twists, or squirts to each man's task. The job had been boring and unbearable before. When it remained boring and became a bit more unbearable there was a 97 per cent vote to strike. More amazing—85 per cent went down t union hall to vote.*

One could give a broad or narrow inter tion of what the Lordstown workers want. B ly, they want to reorganize industry so that worker plays a significant role in turning fine product, without enduring degrading vision. Narrowly, they want more time in thirty-six-second cycle to sneeze or to scr

John Crix, who handles public relatio Lordstown, and Andy O'Keefe for GMA Detroit both assured me that work at Lords is no different than at the older assembly p The line moves faster, they say, but the parts are lighter and easier to install. I this may be true. It is also true of the wo These young people are not basically diff from the older men. But they are faster lighter. Because they are young they are nomically freer to strike and temperamen quicker to act. But their yearnings are not The Vega workers are echoing a rank-an demand that has been suppressed by both u and management for the past twenty y HUMANIZE WORKING CONDITIONS.

Hanging around the parking lot bet shifts, I learned immediately that to these y workers, "It's not the money."

"It pays good," said one, "but it's drivin crazy."

Barbara Garson is the author of Macbird *and coauthor, with Fred Gardner, of a new play,* The Coup. *She was active in the Free Speech Movement at Berkeley and worked for a year in an antiwar GI coffee house in Tacoma, Washington.*

*The union membership voted to settle the tw two-day strike in late March, but the agreemen peared to be somewhat reluctant; less than half o members showed up for the vote, and 30 per ce those voted against the settlement. The union w number of concessions, among them full back pa anybody who had been disciplined in the past months for failure to meet work standards. M while, however, UAW locals at three other GM p around the country threatened to strike on gro similar to those established at Lordstown. In April GM recalled 130,000 Vegas of the 1972 m because of a possible fire hazard involving the fuel exhaust systems.

on't want more money," said another. of us do."

lo," said his friend. "So I can quit ."

the job," everyone said. But they found to describe the job itself.

father worked in auto for thirty-five said a clean-cut lad, "and he never about the job. What's there to say? A car I weld it. A car comes, I weld it. A car I weld it. One hundred and one times r."

ked a young wife, "What does your hus- ell you about his work?"

doesn't say what he does. Only if some- happened like, 'My hair caught on fire,' mething fell in my face.' "

ere's a lot of variety in the paint shop," dapper twenty-two-year-old up from West ia. "You clip on the color hose, bleed out d color, and squirt. Clip, bleed, squirt, clip, bleed, squirt, yawn; clip, bleed, scratch your nose. Only now the Gee- have taken away the time to scratch your

ong-hair reminisced; "Before the Go- when I had a good job like door handles, d get a couple of cars ahead and have a minute to relax."

sked about diversions. "What do you do p from going crazy?"

ell, certain jobs like the pit you can light igarette without them seeing."

go to the wastepaper basket. I wait a cer- umber of cars, then find a piece of paper ow away."

have fantasies. You know what I keep ning? I see a car coming down. It's red. So w it's gonna have a black seat, black dash, interiors. But I keep thinking what if body up there sends down the wrong color ors—like orange, and me putting in yellow ons, bright yellow!"

here's always water fights, paint fights, or , talk, tell jokes. Anything so you don't ke a machine."

t everyone had the same hope: "You're 's waiting for the line to break down."

E VEGA PLANT HIRES about seven thou- and assembly-line workers. They commute rdstown from Akron, Youngstown, Cleve- even as far as Pittsburgh. Actually, there Lordstown—just a plant and some trailer s set among farmhouses. When the work- eave, they disperse throughout southern . GM presumably hoped that this location d help minimize labor troubles.

ook the guided tour of the plant. It's new. lean, it's well lit without windows, and it's . Hanging car bodies move past at the speed of a Coney Island ride slowing down. Most men work alongside the line but some stand in a man-sized pit craning their necks to work on the undersides of the cars.

I stopped to shout at a worker drinking coffee, "*Is there any quiet place to take a break?*" He shouted back, "*Can't hear you, ma'am. Too noisy to chat on a break.*" As a plant guard rushed over to separate us I spotted Duane,* from Fort Lewis, shooting radios into cars with an air gun. Duane had been in the Army while I was working at a GI coffeehouse. He slipped me a note with his address.

When I left the plant there were leafleteers at the gate distributing *Workers' Power*. Guards with binocular cameras closed in, snapping pictures; another guard checked everyone's ID. He copied down the names of leafleteers and workers who took papers. He took my name too.

Duane's military-industrial complex

THAT EVENING I VISITED DUANE. He had rented a two-bedroom bungalow on the outskirts of a town that had no center. He had grown his hair a bit but, in fact, he looked neater and trimmer than when he'd been in the Army.

I told him about the incident at the gate. "Just like the Army," he said. He summarized life since his discharge: "Remember you guys gave me a giant banana split the day I ETSed [got out on schedule]? Well, it's been downhill since then. I came back to Cleveland; stayed with my dad, who was unemployed. Man, was that ever a downer. But I figured things would pick up if I got wheels, so I got a car. But it turned out the car wasn't human and that was a problem. So I figured, 'What I need is a girl.' But it turned out the girl *was* human and *that* was a problem. So I wound up working at GM to pay off the car and the girl." And he introduced me to his lovely pregnant wife, of whom he seemed much fonder than it sounds.

A couple of Duane's high-school friends, Stan and Eddie, wound up at Lordstown too. Stan at twenty-one was composed and placid, a married man with a child. Eddie at twenty-two was an excitable youth. Duane had invited them over to tell me what it's like working at the plant.

"I'll tell you what it's like," said Duane. "It's like the Army. They even use the same words like *direct order*. Supposedly you have a contract so there's some things they just can't make you do. Except, if the foreman gives you a direct order, you do it, or you're out."

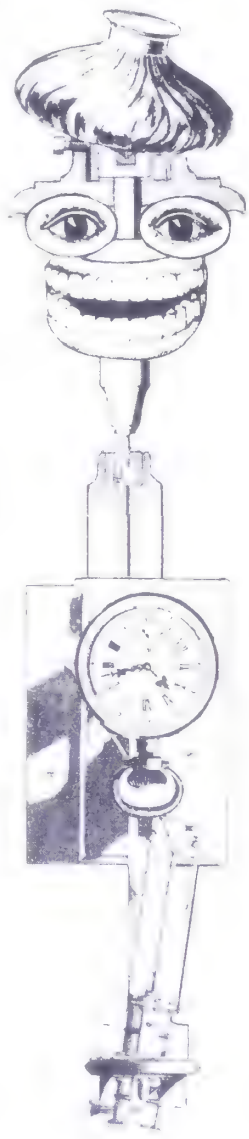
"Out?" I asked.

"Yeah, fired—or else they give you a DLO."

"DLO."

*Since many workers were afraid of losing their jobs, I have changed names, juggled positions on the line, and given facsimiles for identifying details.

"You're always waiting for the line to break down."



"Disciplinary layoff. Which means you're out without pay for however long they say. Like maybe it'll be a three-day DLO or a week DLO."

Eddie explained it further: "Like this foreman comes up to me and says, 'Pick up that piece of paper.' Only he says it a little nastier, with a few references to my race, creed, and length of hair. So I says, 'That's not my job.' He says, 'I'm giving you a direct order to pick up that piece of paper.' Finally he takes me up to the office. My committeeman comes over and tells me I could of lost my job because you can't refuse a direct order. You do it, and then you put in a grievance—ha!"

"Calling your committeeman," says Duane, "That's just like the Army too. If your CO [commanding officer] is harassing you, you can file a complaint with the IG [Inspector General]. Only thing is you gotta go up to your CO and say, 'Sir, request permission to see the Inspector General to tell him my commanding officer is a shit.' Same thing here. Before you can get your committeeman, you got to tell the foreman exactly what your grievance is in detail. So meantime he's working out ways to tell the story different."

Here Stan took out an actual DLO form from his wallet. "Last week someone up the line put a stink bomb in a car. I do rear cushions, and the foreman says, 'You get in that car.' We said, 'If you can put your head in that car we'll do the job.' So the foreman says, 'I'm giving you a direct order.' So I hold my breath and do it. My job is every other car so I let the next one pass. He gets on me, and I say, 'It ain't my car. Please, I done your dirty work and the other one wasn't mine.' But he keeps at me, and I wind up with a week off. Now, I got a hot committeeman who really stuck up for me. So you know what? They sent *him* home too. Gave the committeeman a DLO!"

"See, just like the Army," Duane repeats. "No, it's worse 'cause you're welded to the line. You just about need a pass to piss."

"That ain't no joke," says Eddie. "You raise your little hand if you want to go wee-wee. Then wait maybe half an hour till they find a relief man. And they write it down every time too. 'Cause you're supposed to do it on your own time, not theirs. Try it too often, and you'll get a week off."

"I'd rather work in a gas station," said Stan wistfully. "That way you pump gas, then you patch a tire, then you go to the bathroom. You do what needs doing."

"Why don't you work in a gas station?" I asked.

"You know what they pay in a gas station? I got a kid. Besides, I couldn't even get a job in a gas station. Before I got in here I was so hard up I wound up selling vacuum cleaners—$297 door to door. In a month I earned exactly $10 selling one vacuum cleaner to a laid-off steel worke[r] which I'll never forgive myself."

"No worse than making cars," Eddie [a]d "Cars are your real trap, not vacuum cle[a]ners. You need the car to keep the job and you [n]eed the job to keep the car. And don't think [t]hey don't know it. They give you just enough [m]oney to keep up the payments. They got it pla[n]ned exactly, so you can't quit."

"He's a little paranoid," Duane said.

"Look it," says the paranoid reason[er]. "They give you fifty, fifty-five hours' work [f]or a couple of weeks. So your typical boob bu[ys] a color TV. Then they cut you back to t[hir]ty hours. There's not a married man who do[esn't] have bills. And the company keeps it like [th]at so there's no way out. You're stuck for life."

I asked about future plans.

Eddie was getting out as soon as he s[aved] enough money to travel. He thought he [m]ight work for three more months. He'd said [six] months when he started, and it was nine mo[nths] already, but "things came up."

Duane figured he'd stay till after his wife [had] the baby. That way he could use the hos[pital] plan. After that? "Maybe we'll go live on [the] land. I don't know. I wish someone would [give] me a discharge."

Stan was a reasonable man—or a bookie. Eddie might have it. He knew he was going to stay. "If I'm gonna do some dumb job the rest of my life, I might as well do one that pays."

Though none of them could afford to [strike] they were all eager for a strike. They'd make it somehow. For Stan it was a good investment in his future job. The others just liked the idea of giving GM a kick in the ass from the inside.

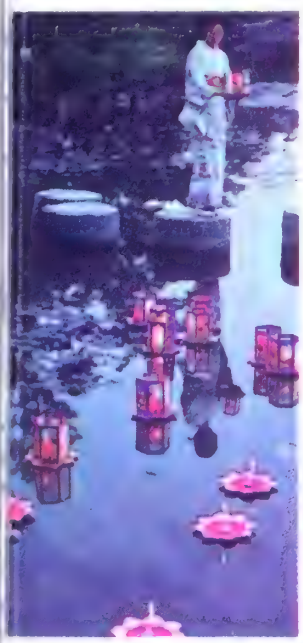
The blue-collar comm[une]

LATER IN THE WEEK I stayed at an auto-w[orkers'] ers' commune. Like so many other yo[ung] people, they were trying to make a one-ger[a]tional family—a homestead. Life centered [as] of old, around the hearth, which was a w[ell] pipe bubbling through bourbon. The fa[mily] Bibles were the Books of the Dead—both Ti[bet]an and Egyptian. Throughout the evening, si[x] twelve people drifted through the old house v[isit]ing for Indian Nut (out working night shift Lordstown) and his wife Jane (out baby-sitti[ng]).

Jane returned at midnight to prepare din[ner] for her husband. By 2:00 A.M. she complain[ed] "They can keep them two, three, four ho[urs] over." Overtime is mandatory for auto worke[rs] but it's not as popular at Lordstown as i[t is] among older workers at other plants.

At two-thirty the Nut burst in, wild-hair[ed] wild-eyed, and sweet-smiled. He had a ma[d] maniacal look because his glasses were speck[led] with welding spatter.

Come for the festival season






Japan you come upon festivals rywhere. Each colored by its own ghtful legend. Candle-lit lanterns t on a quiet stream. Elegant pag- ts commemorate a page of local ory. Whole villages turn out on ade. Traditionally dressed chil- n thank animals for their fur with s of food.

perhaps you'll discover a tiny et fair around the corner from tr new western-style hotel. Big or all, you're bound to sight a celebra- almost any day in Japan. With tumes and customs from another . In delightful contrast to the bus- g present.

all part of the charm of visiting an, where the old and the new pily blend. Travel by luxurious jet a town where time stands still and the houses are festooned with bright streamers for the ancient Summer Star festival.

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Barbara Garson

LUDDITES IN LORDSTOWN

"New foreman, a real Gee-mad-man. Sent a guy home for farting in a car. And another one home for yodeling."

"Yodeling?" I asked.

"Yeah, you know." (And he yodeled.)

(It's common in auto plants for men to break the monotony with noise, like the banging of tin cans in jail. Someone will drop something, his partner will yell "Whaa," and then "Whaa" gets transmitted all along the line.)

"I bet there's no shop rule against farting," the Nut conjectured. "You know those porkers have been getting their 101 off the line again, and not that many of them need repairs. It's the hillbillies. Those cats have no stamina. The union calls them to a meeting, says, 'Now don't you sabotage, but don't you run. Don't do more than you can do.' And everybody cheers. But in a few days it's back to where it was. Hillbillies working so fast they ain't got time to scratch their balls. Meantime these porkers is making money even faster than they're making cars."

I ask who he means by the hillbillies. "Hillbillies is the general Ohio term for assholes, except if you happen to be a hillbilly. Then you say Polack. Fact is everybody is a hillbilly out here except me and two other guys. And they must work day shift 'cause I never see them.

"Sabotage?" says the Nut. "Just a way of letting off steam. You can't keep up with the car so you scratch it on the way past. I once saw a hillbilly drop an ignition key down the gas tank. Last week I watched a guy light a glove and lock it in the trunk. We all waited to see how far down the line they'd discover it. . . . If you miss a car, they call that sabotage. They expect the sixty-second minute. Even a machine has to sneeze. Look how they call us in weekends, hold us extra, send us home early, give us layoffs. You'd think we were machines the way they turn us on and off."

I apologized for getting Indian Nut so steamed up and keeping him awake late. "No," sighed Jane. "It always takes a couple of hours to calm him down. We never get to bed before four."

Later that day, about 1:00 P.M., Indian Nut cooked breakfast for all of us (about ten). One nice thing about a working-class commune: bacon and eggs and potatoes for breakfast—no granola.

It took about an hour and a half to do the day's errands—mostly dope shopping and car repair. Then Indian Nut relaxed for an hour around the hearth.

As we talked some people listened to Firesign Theatre while others played Masterpiece or Monopoly. Everyone sucked at the pipe from time to time.

A college kid came by to borrow records. He was the editor of the defunct local underground paper called *Anonymity*. (It had lived up to its title before folding.)

"I've been trying to get Indian Nut [illegible] working there," he said.

"Why?" I asked.

"Don't you know? GM makes M-16s."

"Yeah, well, you live with your folks, s[illegible] one of the Monopolists."

"You can always work some kind of ri[illegible] replied the ex-editor.

Everyone joined the ensuing philosoph[illegible] inquiry about where it was moral to wo[illegible] whom it was moral to rip off.

"Shit," sighed Indian Nut. "It's four-i[illegible] Someone help Jane with the dishes." Ta[illegible] last toke, the Nut split for the plant.

As I proceeded with my unscientific s[illegible] I found that I couldn't predict a man's militancy from his hair length, age, or g[illegible] freakiness. But you could always guess a w[illegible] attitudes by his comments on the car. "[illegible] someone said, "I wouldn't even buy a Veg[illegible] a '71 or a '72," then he would usually say, "[illegible] eral Motors—all they care about is money. [illegible] the worker, not the car, just the goo[illegible] money."

A nineteen-year-old told me bitterly: "A[illegible] guy worked next to me putting sealer in [illegible] cracks. He used to get cut all the time on [illegible] edges of metal. One day his finger real[illegible] stuck and he was bleeding all over the car. [illegible] stopped the line. [There's a button eve[illegible] many feet.] Sure they rushed him to the [illegible] pital, but boy did they get down on me for [illegible] ping the line. That line runs no matter wh[illegible] cost."

The mildest man I met was driving a [illegible] He was a long-haired, or at least shaggy-h[illegible] twenty-one-year-old. He thought the Vega [illegible] "pretty little thing." When I asked about h[illegible] he said, "It's a very important job. After [illegible] everybody's got to have a car." Yes, he [illegible] voted for the strike. "Myself, I'd rather w[illegible] but if they're gonna keep laying people [illegible] might as well strike now and get it over w[illegible] Anyway, he figured the strike would give [illegible] time to practice: he was second guitarist [illegible] band, and if his group could only "get [illegible] gether," maybe he could quit GM. He had [illegible] hopes too. For instance: "The company lets [illegible] put in suggestions, and you get money if [illegible] use your suggestions." He was a cheerful, g[illegible] natured lad, and, as I say, he liked the Veg[illegible]

There's a good reason why attitudes to[illegible] the car correlate with attitudes toward the [illegible] pany. It's not just "hate them, hate their [illegible] It's also hate your job and hate yourself w[illegible]

Ironically, the Vega gets high marks from car [illegible] In its May issue, for example, *Car and Driver* mag[illegible] reported that its readers had voted the Vega [illegible] Economy Sedan" (vs. Datsun, Volkswagen, etc. [illegible] the second year in a row. [Ed.]

"If I'm gonna do some dumb job for the rest of my life, I might as well do one that pays."

hink you're making a hunk of junk, or you can't feel you've made anything at was reminded of this by a worker's mother. ile her son and his friends talked shop- strike, rock bands—I talked to her in the n. Someone in the supermarket where she d had said, those young kids are just lazy: thing, Tony is not lazy. He'll take your car and put it together any day. Ever since he's in high school we haven't had to worry car trouble. The slightest knock and he care of it. And he never will leave it half He even cleans up after himself.

nd I'm not lazy either. I love to cook. But sing they gave me a job just cracking eggs owls moving past on a line. Pretty soon I'd a point where I'd wish the next egg was just to spoil their whole cake."

the Pink Elephant Bar I met a man who'd against the strike, one of the rare 3 per He was an older man who'd worked in auto plants. "I seen it before. The interna- [union] is just giving them enough rope ng themselves. They don't ever take on -up or safety. And they don't ever help ny strike *they* didn't call.

eany and his silk shirts! Reuther's daugh- obnobbed with Miss Ford, but at least he wear silk shirts. . . . Woodcock?* Who what he wears.

ke I was saying, they see a kicky young so they go along. They authorize the strike. t's just giving you enough rope to hang elf.

hey see you got young inexperienced lead- o—I'm not saying our leadership is young nexperienced but what it is, is young and eriened.

o they let 'em go ahead. But they don't give o help. They don't give 'em no funds. They even let the other locals come out with you n it comes to humanizing working condi- you might as well be back before there was nions.

o the strike drags on, it's lost, or they 'settle' etroit. Everybody says, 'There, it didn't And the next time around the leadership nelected. See—they gave 'em enough rope ng 'emselves."

THER GM PLANTS ARE HAVING labor troubles, but no coordinated union action has been orized. It is difficult for an outsider to tell the UAW International is giving whole- ed help. But with or without the interna l, workers will continue to agitate for better ing conditions.

ocal 1112 at Lordstown defined their de- ls as narrowly as possible. They asked GM to hire more men. They do not, they hasten to explain, want to limit the speed of the line. Gary Bryner, president of the local (an elder statesman at twenty-nine), said, "We recognize that it's management's prerogative to run the plant. But all we've got is our labor, so we want to see that our conditions of labor are okay."

Despite this humble goal, local 1112 is undertaking a fight that the international union has backed away from, even suppressed, in the past.

Every three years for the past fifteen, Walter Reuther bargained with auto manufacturers for higher wages and better benefits—off the job. And every three years for the past fifteen, auto workers rejected Reuther's contracts, demanding, in addition, better conditions—on the job.

In 1955 more than 70 per cent of GM workers went on strike when presented with a contract that failed to deal with speed-up or other local grievances. After the 1958 contract an even larger percentage wildcatted. In 1961 the post-contract strike closed all GM plants and many large Ford plants. Running from the rear to the front of the parade, Reuther declared the strike official. However, he failed to negotiate for the demands that caused the wildcat. In 1964 there was a rank-and-file campaign before negotiations began. Near all large plants, bumper stickers appeared on auto workers' cars, saying, HUMANIZE WORKING CONDITIONS.

The underlying assumption in an auto plant is that no worker wants to work. The plant is arranged so that employees can be controlled, checked, and supervised at every point. The efficiency of an assembly line is not only in its speed but in the fact that the workers are easily replaced. This allows the employer to cope with high turnover. But it's a vicious cycle. The job is so unpleasantly subdivided that men are constantly quitting and absenteeism is common. Even an accident is a welcome diversion. Because of the high turnover, management further simplifies the job, and more men quit. But the company has learned to cope with high turnover. So they don't have to worry if men quit or go crazy before they're forty.

The UAW is not a particularly undemocratic union. Still, it is as hard for the majority of its members to influence their international as it is for the majority of Americans to end the war in Vietnam. The desire to reduce alienation is hard to express as a union demand, and it's hard to get union leaders to insist upon this demand. Harder still will be the actual struggle to take more control over production away from corporate management. It is a fight that questions the right to private ownership of the means of production.


Richard Mantel

*This information was given to me by Stan Weir, a former auto worker. His article "U.S.A.: The Labor Revolts" appears in *American Society Inc.* (Markham Publishing Co., Chicago, 1970).

President, UAW.

Harlan M. Blake

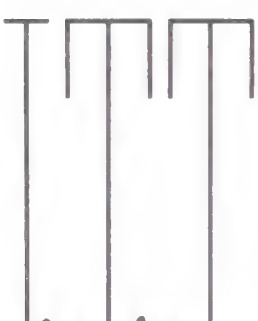
BEYOND THE ITT CASE

Sobering questions about the integrity of government

DITA BEARD, the flamboyant Washington lobbyist for the International Telephone and Telegraph Company, opened up into the headlines a situation whose broader implications deserve public attention.

Mrs. Beard's unwilling celebrity resulted from an alleged admission (in conversations with an aide of columnist Jack Anderson) to a political deal between ITT and the Republican party. Supposedly, her cocktail-party conversation with former Attorney General John Mitchell, and an ITT promise to make a hefty contribution, through its Sheraton Hotel subsidiary, to the San Diego Republican party convention, were instrumental in getting ITT's antitrust cases favorably settled. But although it is clear from sources other than Mrs. Beard that getting a favorable antitrust settlement was the subject foremost in the minds of ITT officials during the summer of '71, it is at least an equally plausible hypothesis that the San Diego gift was regarded as a more generalized investment in political goodwill with the Republican party. The fact that Mr. Republican Party happened also to be Attorney General of the U.S. (instead of Postmaster General, once the pattern) was a happy coincidence, for ITT if not for the public interest.

Thus the focus of attention must shift to Richard W. McLaren, Assistant Attorney General in charge of the Antitrust Division of the Justice Department, whose "primary responsibility" it was, to use his own words, to exercise "the broad discretionary authority" to decide whether or not to settle the cases. If McLaren's settlement was a good one from the point of view of public policy, as he claims, and if it is credible that the list of factors he says he took into account is complete, the case for or against improper influence will have to be decided on other evidence. For example, Deputy Attorney General Richard G. Kleindienst's apparent initial attempt to conceal his role in the settlements and ITT's speedy destruction of files may be persuasive to some. If on the other hand McLaren, too, seems to have been less than fully candid, this would point strongly toward pressures, although quite likely subtle ones. It would not, of course, prove that arrangements for the San Diego convention were decisive, although it would seem to suggest that generally ITT's influence in high places is dangerously perva



Harlan M. Blake, Professor of Law at Columbia University, is coeditor of Cases and Materials on Antitrust Law, a casebook used in schools throughout the country.

Since McLaren's earlier honesty and to ness had impressed all observers, it is not p ant to be forced to conclude that his state of reasons to the Senate committee was not suasive. To evaluate the credibility of his mony it is important to know more abou cases involved and about the recent histor antitrust enforcement policy. To begin, should note that McLaren *did* change his r rather abruptly. Briefs on appeal of the cases to the Supreme Court had already written and filed, and every speech and pr pronouncement by Antitrust Division offi in months prior to July 1971 made it that the division thought the cases were sou based and were going to be won.

The legal question involved was whether I acquisitions in 1969 of Automatic Canteen poration, the nation's largest food-vending cern; of Grinnell Corporation, the nati largest supplier of fire prevention (sprink systems; and of Hartford Fire Insurance C pany, the nation's second largest fire insur company, were violations of the antimerger Section 7 of the Clayton Act. That statute amended and strengthened in 1950 by the ler-Kefauver bill after lengthy Congressi hearings into increasing concentration in U.S. economy. Before it could be an effec tool in the hands of the Justice Departm however, the language of the new law requ definitive interpretation by the Supreme Co In 1962 this was achieved. The famous *Br Shoe* case defined strict standards for the le ity of horizontal mergers (between compet firms) and for vertical mergers (between a f and an important supplier or customer).

In short order, thanks to Justice Departm enforcement of these rigorous new standa horizontal and vertical mergers among la companies virtually ceased. But the trend ward increasing concentration in the econo did not subside. During the 1960s the num of mergers rapidly increased. From record lev in 1966, the number of mergers doubled in t years to over 4,000 in 1968. Furthermore, proportion of large firms acquired by e larger ones increased even more rapidly th the acquisition rate. The total asset value

ed firms rose from $4 billion in 1966 to
lion in 1968; 110 of *Fortune*'s 500 largest
ial corporations of 1962 had by 1968 dis-
ed by merger. The mergers were largely
"conglomerate" variety, in which there
important horizontal or vertical relation-
etween the acquiring and acquired cor-
ns. In a speech delivered shortly after
office, McLaren noted that "the pace and
f the current merger trend can be ignored
the risk of serious and perhaps irrevers-
mage to our competitive economy, to wit,
economic concentration. . . ."

MOST AGGRESSIVE CONGLOMERATE of the
st twelve years, and probably of all time,
en ITT. In 1955 ITT was a firm whose
erable size was concentrated primarily in
as communications systems. It ranked as
htieth U.S. industrial corporation, but its
million in annual sales were largely out-
he domestic market. By 1971 ITT had
to ninth in rank, with sales of $5.5 billion,
in domestic markets. This growth within
ited States was accomplished not through
g to the productive capacity or employ-
levels of the economy by new investment
ilding new plants. It was accomplished
entirely by buying up existing businesses.
the arrival of Harold S. Geneen as ITT's
ent in 1959, the company acquired 110 or
domestic companies (as well as fifty-five
n firms), by trading its highly leveraged
on and convertible preferred shares for
of the acquired firm.
ong its better known acquisitions were
ental Baking Co., Sheraton Hotels, Avis
ration, Levitt & Sons, and Rayonier. At a
ng early in 1969, the ITT Board authorized
sition of an additional twenty-two domestic
rations and eleven foreign corporations.
n had established himself as the industrial
e builder *par excellence*—a man whose
of operations challenged that of the legend-
ohn D. Rockefeller, Sr., and surely sur-
l any other figure of the era of the "robber
s," whose operations frightened Congress
nactment of the original antitrust law, the
nan Act, in 1890.
neen's development as master *conglomera-*
was helped along by the coincidence that
en 1965 and 1968 the Antitrust Division
eaded by a Harvard law professor, Donald
rner, who took the position, based on his
r writings, that conglomerate mergers
l be dealt with, if at all, by special legisla-
ather than by antitrust enforcement. Tur-
neither sought legislation nor filed com-
ts in conglomerate cases, although he did
divert Geneen's attempted takeover of the
ican Broadcasting Company.

The day Richard McLaren emerged from Chicago antitrust law practice to take his oath as antitrust chief for the Justice Department, things changed. McLaren had no doubt that Congress had intended that the antitrust laws should be applied to all classes of mergers, including conglomerates, and he was convinced that the Supreme Court would agree if it were provided the opportunity. He promptly gave Attorney General Mitchell a speech to deliver that contained the following warning:

> *The danger that super-concentration poses to our economic, political and social structure cannot be overestimated. . . . The Department of Justice may very well oppose any merger among the top 200 manufacturing firms . . . [or] by one of the top 200 manufacturing firms of any leading producer in any concentrated industry.*

Since ITT ranked ninth among manufacturing firms, and had made itself the nation's star "super-conglomerate" through acquisitions, it seemed clear that if Mitchell meant what he said, ITT's days of empire-building were numbered. Within weeks of taking office, McLaren faced a situation that put this policy to the test. ITT had announced plans to acquire Automatic Canteen, the nation's largest food vendor. McLaren decided to bring suit in Chicago to secure an injunction against the merger. However, Kleindienst—acting for Mitchell, since an ITT division had been one of Mitchell's clients in his law practice—refused to approve the filing of the suit. According to a report of Ralph Nader's antitrust investigators, Kleindienst responded to White House intervention following a lobbying campaign directed at "White House staff close to Nixon" by "ITT, aided by New York investment houses which would greatly profit if the merger were completed . . ." The Nader report concludes that the suit was filed later, after the merger was consummated, only because McLaren had gone to the White House to make clear the strength of his conviction that the suit should be brought.

The Nader evaluation seems plausible since, shortly before the announcement of the ITT-Automatic Canteen merger, McLaren had filed suit, with no reported difficulty, against Ling-Temco-Vought's proposed acquisition of Jones & Laughlin Steel. Since LTV ranked below ITT on the *Fortune* list and J&L ranked sixth among steel producers, compared to Automatic Canteen's dominant first position in its industry, the ITT acquisition would seem to have been even more clearly exposed to attack. Mr. Ling, a Texas friend of Lyndon Johnson, might have done better if political history had been written differently.

Having won this important victory, McLaren filed a series of conglomerate suits. The most important were two more filed against ITT in

"In 1955 ITT was a firm whose considerable size was concentrated primarily in overseas communications systems."



Harlan M. Blake

BEYOND THE ITT CASE

August 1969, when temporary injunctions were sought in the District Court for Connecticut to prevent its acquisition of Grinnell Corporation and Hartford Fire Insurance Company. Geneen was not to be dissuaded by only one lawsuit against the Automatic Canteen acquisition—and the reason soon became clear. Although Grinnell was expendable—indeed, Grinnell, conveniently found in the same (Connecticut) judicial district as Hartford, may have been sought by ITT partly with the thought of later relinquishing it in plea-bargaining negotiations with the Antitrust Division—the billion-dollar annual cash flow of the insurance company would be an important factor in ITT's financing of past and future acquisitions.

AS IT ALMOST ALWAYS DOES in merger cases, the government lost the initial rounds with ITT in the trial courts. Still, its prospect of eventual victory was excellent. Even ITT attorney Lawrence G. Walsh was reported to have advised his client that it was probable that the Antitrust Division's appeals would succeed in the Supreme Court. There was good reason for his prophecy: in *each* of seven merger cases after *Brown Shoe*, the Supreme Court had found it necessary to reverse a district court's decision adverse to the government. The Antitrust Division had never lost a merger case in the Supreme Court since the Celler-Kefauver amendment in 1950. Neither had the Federal Trade Commission, which had litigated two conglomerate cases there. In the one merger appeal decided since Nixon's appointment of Justices Burger and Blackmun, they too joined a unanimous court in deciding for the government: as usual, the district court was reversed.

There are reasons for this pattern. District court judges are accustomed to dealing in the "hard" facts of mail fraud, drug distribution, damage claims, and the like. They find it difficult to "find" so nebulous a fact as that a merger causes a "probability of injury to competition," the criterion of the merger law. The Supreme Court, more attuned to questions of public policy, has no such difficulties. Furthermore, lawyers representing defendant corporations in the trial court are the best in the locality, and even in the country, often well known to and respected by local judges. Frequently, in terms of sheer manpower they outnumber the antitrust staff many times. Too, district court judges, often chosen from among successful local attorneys, are likely to share a similarity of outlook on business matters with their former colleagues.

These facts, and close study of the district court decisions in the three ITT cases, reveal no basis for Solicitor General Erwin Griswold's reckless statement before the Senate Judiciary Committee that the government would probably not have won the cases if the appeals had taken. This was clearly not the view entert by McLaren at the time, it was not the vi government lawyers handling the Grinne Hartford cases, and it is not a view likely shared by a careful student of the Sup Court's handling of merger cases, which wold, it is fair to add, did not claim to be.

The change of r

IT IS AGAINST THIS BACKGROUND that we evaluate McLaren's statement regardin change of mind about the desirability of g forward with the cases. Keep in mind that Laren's decision to move strongly against glomerates was far and away the most impo decision and accomplishment of his entire of office. He had fought and won permissi bring the cases. For two years or more he consistently pressed them all the way thr trial. None of the other conglomerate case had brought remained a suitable vehicle fo peal to the Supreme Court. On two of the t ITT cases, however, the Supreme Court ready to hear argument. The badly needed c fication of the law that its opinions prob would have provided almost certainly w have embodied Richard McLaren's most portant contribution in public service.

The reasons given by McLaren to the J ciary Committee for changing his mind a settlement of the litigation were (1) that I financial condition—its debt capacity and cr rating—would be jeopardized if it were de access to the $1 billion annual cash flow of H ford; (2) that the adverse effect on the st market, and on the owners of ITT and Hart shares, might be severe; and (3) that the e on the international balance of payments m be adverse. None of these reasons, as McL presumably knew, could be taken seriou

First, the twelve-page report in which th arguments were made, prepared in two or tl days for a reported fee of $242 by Richar Ramsden, a financial analyst recommended McLaren by the White House's ambassado large to Wall Street, Peter Flanigan, was not content, in sponsorship, or in circumstance authorship—objectively persuasive.* Most o reads like the kind of research report on a c pany put out every day by the major broker houses. In addition, these are the kinds of a ments that every antitrust lawyer knows by h and makes in desperation when his argum "on the merits" are not strong enough to prev They are likely to be effective only with who lack experience in the ways of the world who are looking for an excuse to be persua

*On April 17 Ramsden testified to the Comm that the Justice Department had made too much of report.



The possibility of an adverse effect on ac- the capital market is not a factor that can en into account since it is present in every st suit worth prosecuting: monopoly or cartel gains, at the expense of consum- ways improve the looks of financial state- and reduce credit risks. Was ITT's elab- financial structure so shaky during the er of '71 that it would have been "crippled ially," as McLaren said he feared, if it had equired eventually to divest itself of Hart- If so, it was surely the best-kept secret in story of corporate finance. During 1971, te of the pending appeals and McLaren's opposition to settlement, ITT shares much stronger than they had been a year . A number of Wall Street's most re- d investment houses and brokerage firms acquiring ITT shares or recommending to clients. It is difficult to conceive of data would be persuasive to any sophisticated er in the face of this contrary evidence led by the attitudes of the financial com- y expressed in the most sensitive and best- ed marketplace in the world. The worry a stock-market debacle thus was a red g, and it is not credible that McLaren was aded by it.

at seemed to worry McLaren most was assertion that it had paid a $500 million ium" for the Hartford stock but took ord's assets onto its books at book value. ll Hartford stock would result in a loss, and would incur capital-gain tax liabilities.

to this argument, one may note that it has standard practice in conglomerate take- for the acquiring firms to pay a substantial ium" for the acquired, in that shares sell- or convertible to shares selling) at twenty- mes earnings (like ITT's) were exchanged ares selling at fifteen times earnings (like ord's). This reduces the former's price ngs ratio on paper by adding to its earnings nt more proportionately than to the num- f new shares issued in the exchange. Thus body gets rich without adding anything to eal productivity of the economy. This was ind of empire Geneen was building (for services, at $812,000 per year, he was y the best-paid executive in the nation). f this kind of defense is accepted by the rust Division and the courts, there will m be a conglomerate case in which relief e obtained, except where the government rtunate enough to secure a temporary in- ion to prevent the transaction in the first

The Ramsden report was equally weak in ng excessive injury to stockholders. First, argument is faulty in the same respects as rior one. No shareholder has any vested to stock values arising from anticompeti- tive circumstances. Furthermore, most of the risk to ordinary investors had been absorbed by arbitrage buying and selling during the previous year by sophisticated speculators betting, in effect, on the outcome of the litigation.

Most important, in the event that Hartford were to be ordered divested two or three years hence, the courts have plenty of discretion in choosing plans that prevent injury to the innocent (for instance, by spreading small public offerings over a period of time). Such a plan was developed in 1961, when duPont and its shareholders were ordered to divest themselves of sixty-three million shares of General Motors stock, 23 per cent of the total. Counsel for duPont predicted calamity on Wall Street and enormous losses for defendant shareholders—none of which, of course, came to pass. The Supreme Court warned in that case, however, that "adverse tax and market consequence" arguments could not be decisive:

> *Those who violate the* [*antimerger*] *Act may not reap the benefit of their violations and avoid an undoing of their unlawful project on the plea of hardship or convenience.*

3) Even less is it credible that the Treasury Department offered a balance of payments argument that could have been persuasive. First, the Treasury now states that its report to McLaren was only informal and casual. Second, such a report could not have been seriously made without the most detailed analysis of ITT's financial structure and its relationship with, and the condition of, several dozen important overseas subsidiaries. No one claims that this was done.

Finally, the balance of payments argument is the reddest and smelliest herring in the entire weaponry of businessmen seeking special treatment in antitrust matters. Even Ramsden's report described the possibility only as "some indirect . . . effect." (The argument is now being trotted out again by Flanigan in the cause of legislation, now being pushed by the Wall Street wing of the Administration, that would exempt export cartels generally from antitrust surveillance.)

"The worst offender and quickest to jump to the bidding of special interests in the antitrust area has unfortunately been Congress."

Tired trustbuster

AS AN ANTITRUST LAWYER, McLaren must have known well that even if somehow troubled by one or more of these arguments, he could not accept them without violating every tenet of antitrust policy. The U.S. economy is not a planned economy; it is based on the assumption of markets working freely and well enough without extensive government regulation and controls. That is the central policy and objective of the antitrust laws and their administration. The Supreme Court has made it clear that the anti-



trust rules presume that neither the courts nor the prosecutor shall sit in continuing surveillance over justifications for every price decision in every industry. Neither does Congress presume to make the Justice Department the ultimate arbiter of issues of domestic and international economic policy. The courts must ultimately define the content of the law on the books, subject to supervening legislative change. If Congress decides to move from a relatively free market economy toward a more highly planned system, and finds the antitrust laws inappropriate or inconsistent with that approach, legislative redress may of course be undertaken. Until that day, any Attorney General, or Deputy, or Assistant, who becomes convinced by the economic theories of John Kenneth Galbraith, or Herbert Spencer, or Joseph Schumpeter, or Karl Marx, or Richard Ramsden, in deciding about the impact of antitrust proceedings on balance of payments, stock-market activity, unemployment, or patterns of sunspots, should be persuaded to resign forthwith. Exotic economic philosophies are not part of the job description.

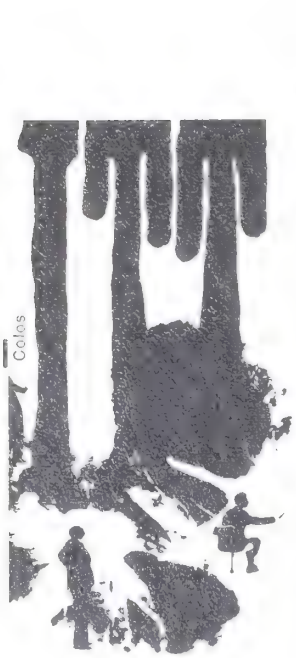
If we assume that McLaren's real reasons for deciding the ITT questions were not those he has publicly provided, it does not follow that he was responding to specific knowledge of a "deal," nor even to overt pressures. No one has suggested the former, or is likely to. His antagonistic response to decisions by Kleindienst that he regarded as improper was demonstrated at the outset of his campaign against conglomerates—in the ITT-Canteen suit.

Thus it seems quite conceivable that, when the signals of interest in high places concerning the ITT settlement began to appear—Kleindienst's repeated intercession, the indication of White House interest through Flanigan, the communication from ITT's Walsh (also, one almost hesitates to note, chairman of the American Bar Association committee on judicial selection)—McLaren may simply have felt too worn down in the apparently endless battle to keep the antitrust machinery functioning in such highly politicized surroundings. Rather than fight yet another round, possibly exhausting completely his presumably already depleted supply of goodwill, and perhaps placing in jeopardy the budgetary well-being of the Antitrust Division and its career staff, he may have persuaded himself that the Ramsden and Treasury "reports" were more credible and relevant than they would have appeared to another observer. That he was, indeed, understandably disillusioned and weary of battle at this stage is borne out by his retirement six months later to accept a hurried appointment to a federal district court judgeship.

The underlying problem is much deeper than the internal politics of the Justice Department, and it is one that should be squarely and promptly faced. During and since War II there has been growth at an expo rate of the variety and importance of f government decisions that vitally affec profitability of businesses, the power of unions, the effectiveness of multifarious nized special-interest groups. Their respon been to establish in Washington innumer special lobbying and favor-seeking org tions. Hundreds, perhaps thousands, of s interest groups and large corporations, inc ITT, maintain offices in Washington—in case with an extravagant annual budget. mous sums are spent to win lobbyists favor and influence with legislators and me of the Administration, perhaps from the House down. Their presence and influence have become so pervasive that for many p officials—including administrative and la forcement agencies and the courts—it h come virtually impossible to make, and make stick, a decision in the public interes runs counter to the lobbyists' special inter

The worst offender and quickest to jur the bidding of special interests in the ant area has unfortunately been Congress. In r years, after adverse Supreme Court deci the banking lobby has twice demanded, promptly got, special legislation seeking t empt bank mergers from usual antitrust dards. After successful Antitrust Division ceedings against unnecessarily anticompe joint advertising agreements between papers, the publishers' association dema virtually complete exemption from the m laws, and got legislation providing most of it wanted. The patent bar has fought hard is still hopeful that it will eventually get, sp interest legislation that would greatly we antitrust surveillance over restrictive p licensing. Among special-interest bills curr moving ahead in Congress is one to revers results of twelve years of antitrust proceed and four Supreme Court decisions, again Paso Natural Gas Company's anticompet acquisition of its major potential competit supplying natural gas to California. Ano sponsored by Flanigan and supported by ex trade interests, would permit exporters to cartels, largely exempt from public-interest trust surveillance.

With much of the Administration, and e cially the Department of Justice, more ag sively politicized than, perhaps, ever befor history, and with richer lobbyists than before playing for higher stakes, the publi terest may be a lost cause. At any rate, the priority item on the agenda of all who concerned about the integrity of governm should be how to reverse the trend of which ITT settlement is only a small evidence.



An open letter to readers of Harper's

Norman Cousins
Two Dag Hammarskjold Plaza New York, New York 10017

y purpose in writing is to tell
it my colleagues and I have
d to launch a new magazine.
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scheduling our first issue for
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hat about the magazine itself?
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publish for a readership
than a flippership.

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just the United States alone.
ll attempt to review and report
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e will write about the human
ion at a time when the ability of human intelligence to meet its problems is being tested as never before. Our hope is to see the world as the astronauts saw it – a beautiful wet blue ball possessing millions of factors in the delicate combination that makes life possible. Our dominant editorial concern, then, will be the proper care of the human habitat – protecting it against war, world environmental poisoning, overcrowding, or any of the things that indignify and humiliate human beings.

In this connection, I am pleased to announce that U Thant, former Secretary-General of the U.N., and Buckminster Fuller, architect-philosopher-innovator, have joined the Board of Editors. They will preside over a major section of the magazine to be called "Planetary Management."

We will also give major attention to what we believe will be one of the most compelling issues in the years ahead – the squandering of human resources, far more costly than the waste of physical resources.

There is no point in talking about conservation of land unless we also talk about conservation of life.

I think I have said enough to indicate that the new magazine will direct its central editorial energies both to the enjoyment of creative living and to the pursuit of vital ideas. It is an error, however, to try to be too detailed about a magazine in advance of publication. A magazine has to describe itself, issue by issue.

The only thing we can be sure of at this point is that we are going to make plenty of mistakes. If we are lucky, they will be fruitful mistakes and the magazine will change for the better because of them. New magazines are not really invented or created in one piece. They evolve. They are the product of creative interaction between editors and readers.

It may be irresponsible, therefore, to try to tell a reader everything he may want to know about the nature of a magazine, its underlying philosophy, or its capacity for growth. What we can try to do, however, is to tell you something about our hopes, philosophy, and our approach – and to seek your help in achieving our aims.

Some specifics: The rates will be $12 for one year; $20 for two years.

For pre-publication Charter Subscribers we propose a special three-year rate of $25.

The reason we emphasize three-year subscriptions is that they reduce sharply the astoundingly high cost of processing renewals.

Even more important is the fact that long-term subscriptions will free us to do our main job – which is to try to publish a magazine you will read and respect.

We ask no money now. That can come later. What we do need now is an expression of your interest.

As I said earlier, in inviting you to join us in what we hope will be an exciting adventure in ideas, we realize we are asking you to take a chance on us. We have high hopes of justifying that confidence. The process begins with the Charter Subscription form attached or by calling collect (212) 486-9228.

Sincerely,



Norman Cousins

WORLD: A Review of Ideas, the Creative Arts, and the Human Condition
2 Dag Hammarskjold Plaza
New York, N.Y. 10017

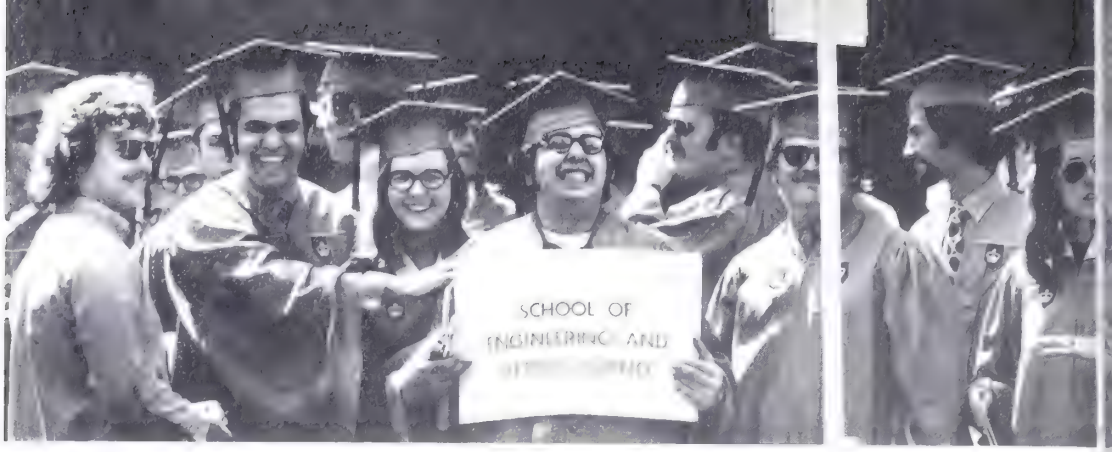
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THE LITTLE RED PRISON

by John Holt

The case for abolishing schools to save money and improve learning

ALMOST EVERYONE, IN ALMOST every part of the world, has now come to believe that education—planned and purposeful learning (as opposed to the learning I do when I accidentally touch something hot) is, ought to be, and must be separate from the rest of life; that it should take place in a special place, where on the whole nothing else takes place; that it should happen at special times, special hours of the day or evening, when nothing else happens; and that it should require the work of two special classes of people, the one students, the other teachers, who for the most part have no other work. In other words, almost everyone now defines education as *schooling*, and measures people's intelligence, competence, job-worthiness, and capacity for further learning almost entirely in terms of the length in years and the expense of the schooling they have already received. This is a most serious mistake.

For one thing, we make education so expensive that no country, not even the richest, can provide or even come close to providing for its citizens as much education as they want and think they ought to have. In 1969 the United States spent about $36 billion on elementary and secondary schooling; in 1971, over $40 billion. The resources bought with this money were, as we know, very unequally distributed among all children. What would it cost to provide for all children the kinds of school resources

buildings, grounds, classrooms, books, equipment, laboratories, teachers, special people, athletic and recreational facilities—now available to the most favored 20 per cent? Two independent sources quoted by Ivan Illich estimate roughly $105 billion by 1975. These figures are guesses, of course, but they seem to me quite conservative.

Moreover, these costs are for elementary and secondary schooling only. They leave out so-called higher education (which we might better call longer), which is much more expensive per student and for which the demand is rising much more rapidly. Our *total* school bill is now over $80 billion a year. What would it cost to provide all young people, not only at the elementary and secondary but also at the college level, with the school resources now available to some? Even in the most factorylike state universities, the cost of schooling per student seems to be three more times what it is in most elementary secondary schools. And the disproportion tween what the most favored and the leas vored students get is far greater at the col age level than at earlier levels. Thus, to pro true educational opportunity for all young ple, a phrase everyone likes, we might well to spend as much as $250 billion to $300 bi per year.*

Clearly, we are not going to spend on sch ing between a quarter and almost a third of Gross National Product. We now spend abo per cent, and there are many signs that th about the limit of what people are willing to Yet this has in no way cut down the demand schooling, which every day becomes more sistent. This puts school people in the posi of the architect whose client told him he wa a nice little house with lots of nice big room it. Everywhere voters are angrily refusing meet school budgets, all the while criticizing schools for "lowering standards," or for cut out the programs they refused to pay for.

EVEN IF BY SOME MIRACLE we were to sp the necessary $250 billion or $300 bil a year, it would not be enough. Most young ple (and their parents) believe that their possibilities, their chances of getting interes work, power, prestige, and money depend m than anything else on the length and quality, expensiveness, of their schooling. This has

*Furthermore, nobody concerned with "educat believes that the resources available to even the r favored students are anywhere near high enough. I were to ask people at the "quality" level of educat in the "best" schools or colleges, how much they w have to increase their present budgets in order them to be fully satisfied with what they were offer we might well hear talk of 20, 30, or even 50 per Everything that is done or suggested or urged to "r educational standards" requires spending more mo Indeed, all the criteria by which one institution judged to be better than another come down in long run to a matter of money. It has more book its library; or better facilities; or bigger, more up date laboratories; or a better faculty, which me that by paying them more it is able to hire them a from other places.

John Holt is a well-known school reformer. Among his books are How Children Fail, How Children Learn, *and* The Underachieving School. *His next book,* Freedom and Beyond, *from which this article is excerpted, will be published this spring by E. P. Dutton.* *Copyright © 1972 by John Holt.*

at can only be called the competitive con-
on of schooling. My being able to get
of you in the world depends on my having
ble to consume more schooling than you,
e consumed the same amount, a schooling
expensive than yours. This has strange
quences.

omeone buys a certain amount of school-
ends so many years and so much money
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ns are posted in major cities, where poor
an see them. They say, "Finish High
l—Get a Good Job." Well, as some of the
now, there's a good deal of unemployment
college graduates and Ph.D.s right now,
nothing of high-school graduates. But sup-
ll kids who read the "Finish High School"
elieve it. Suppose we persuade all young
to get that diploma. What will it be worth
It will be worth just the same as the elemen-
chool diploma everybody now has—noth-
e will then have to paste up new signs over
d: "Go to College—Get a Good Job." And
spending $250 billion or $300 billion a
ve should make it possible for all young
to get a four-year college degree, that in
would be worth no more than the earlier
nas, and we would have to start again, pil-
w degrees on top of the old. More than
have heard or read talk among academic
to the effect that we need a degree beyond
n.D., since so many people now have one
no longer "means anything."

arly there is no end to this. Everything
works to push up the price of education,
arners as well as institutions of learning,
se the advantage always goes to the per-
ho has learned whatever it is he knows in
ost expensive way possible. It is time to
down this spiral, to find ways to give the
tage, or at least an even break, to institu-
that can make knowledge available, and
rs who can learn it, as cheaply instead of
pensively as possible.

Closing libraries, closed-off schools

DEFINING EDUCATION AS SCHOOLING means that, as we put more and more of our edu-
al resources into schools, we have less and
ft over for those institutions that are truly
and educative and in which more and more
e might learn for themselves. One example
l be the public libraries. In any community,
are the local public library, which serves everybody, with the local public high schools, which serve only a four-year age span. In most places the schools are probably twenty to fifty times as large as the library and spend twenty to fifty times as much money. It is this kind of imbalance that we ought to change. Whatever money we put into institutions should go to those that are truly open, that anyone can use, without preconditions, and for his own purposes. Such institutions are what Illich, Everett Reimer, and others call networks, and the public library is only one very special and perhaps rather conventional example of these. Still it is worth looking at. Most libraries have very limited facilities for listening to recorded music, or learning a foreign language. All the tape recorders, record players, and "language labs" are in the schools, to which, of course, only students can go.

The same could be said of many different kinds of arts-and-crafts equipment. In the past year or two, a friend of mine taught herself, by watching a few other people, a great deal about pottery, and she made some pots of her own. She was lucky to know some potters and to have access to their equipment. But many other people, not so lucky, might be tempted to experiment with a bit of clay, get the feel of it, perhaps try to make something on a wheel. But all the necessary equipment is locked up in schools. The only way someone can get access to it is to sign up somewhere as a "student," which means in turn that some "teacher" will tell him how he may use the material, what he may do with it, and so forth. In short, he will have to submit to instruction. For people who want to teach themselves things, there are few resources available. The more resources we put into schools, the fewer are likely to be available outside of them. To some extent, this is already happening. Within the past few years many public libraries have had to cut down the hours during which they are open. Many are now closed at the only times working people could use them.

I once visited the new campus of the University at Santa Cruz, a lovely group of small and intimate colleges in the midst of pine-covered hills. I found myself thinking, wouldn't it be nice if there were places like this, where you could perhaps pay (but not too much) to go, for a day or two, or a week, or longer if you wanted. Along with enjoying the air and the view, you could have access to a good library, a chance to read a book you had always meant to read: a chance to hear and take part in discussions of matters of interest to you; a chance to hear or perhaps sing or play some music; a chance to use some of your talents and skills, or to learn new ones. After all, there are hotels and resorts (all too expensive for most people) to which you can go to swim, play tennis or golf, fish, water-ski, gamble, dance, or listen to famous nightclub and

"By deschooling we mean that people shall not be judged or discriminated against on the grounds of their schooling or lack of it."



TV entertainers. But where is the hotel at which you can make or learn something? Or to turn it around, where is the university at which you can, in the best sense, be a student—not for four years, but just for a week or a weekend?

There has been much talk about physical fitness, and about the poor physical condition of most adults and many children, and about the need for regular exercise. But where are people to do all this? We very much need more public athletic facilities. We need many more small parks and playgrounds where children of many ages can go and play with minimal or no adult supervision, where they will have such a variety of challenges, opportunities, and stimuli that they will be active and happy—and so, learning.

We need learning space for adults as well. I am often asked by worried small-college teachers or administrators, pinched hard by rising costs, what I think the future of such colleges might be. I say that if they define themselves as places where a student comes to get a four-(or more) year college degree or job ticket, I doubt very much whether they can compete for long with the rich private colleges or the big state universities. But I suggest that they may be able to provide resources and services to a quite different, and much larger, group of people. To a dean of a college near New York City I said, "There may not be many students who want to come here for four years to get degrees. But there might be hundreds of thousands of people within a few miles of here who have a great many things they might like to do or try to do if there were only a place where they could do it. Perhaps your business will be to provide such a resource."

To this one might reply that the reason so little in the way of learning equipment and facilities is available to the general public is that there is so little demand for them. Perhaps so. But how do we know there is so little demand? How can we measure the demand for what does not exist and what most people have not imagined? If people did want such things, of whom would they demand them? What chance is there that their demand would be heard, particularly since at first they might be only a small minority? The bad consequences of schooling feed on and reinforce each other. As people believe more and more in schooling, believe that learning is something that can take place only in a school and that it is a painful business they are no good at, they act more and more in ways that make it harder and harder to learn anywhere but in school. Thus, as more people learn in school to dislike reading, fewer buy books from bookstores and borrow them from libraries. The bookstores close and the libraries cut back their services, and so we have fewer places in which people outside of school can have ready access to books. This is just one of the ways in which too much schooling works against education.

A TEXAS OILMAN—a parody of the ty— once told me that all this fuss and exp s about education was a lot of damned nonse se We ought to send kids to school for three or u years to teach them a little simple reading a little simple figuring and then kick them all u into the world and make them get to work. M r education than that just made them into trou le makers.

Some of my friends on the Left have sugge e that the movement to deschool society m h attract a good deal of this kind of support. t possible, but not likely. As we cannot make clear (or often make clear at all), by descl ing we mean among other things that pe l shall not be judged or discriminated agains the grounds of their schooling or lack of it because they cannot do well on school-type t s Deschooling means not only doing away t compulsory attendance laws, the threat of a law, but also doing away with our whole sys of diplomas and credentialing, which ke many young people locked in school long a e the time the law would let them get out. short, proposals to deschool society come a context most unlikely to appeal to Stone g millionaires.

The society that would begin and c through the sort of program of deschooling a I have been talking about would not be a soc indifferent to or contemptuous of children would want to find and provide for them as m resources as possible to help their learning growth. But this does not mean that it would so in the impossibly expensive ways, includ schooling, that we have come to think of essential, which only bring about the result t most people *cannot* have what all agree every *must* have. To the claim that in the absence compulsory schooling and credentialing would not have enough money to provide for children a kind of idyllic "school," I can a say, quite right. If we define learning, or gr ing up, as a process that requires that every ch get during most of his waking hours the c tinued attention of specialists who have noth else to do—whether we call these people teach or counselors or playmates or whatever—we in effect that most children can never grow There is no way to provide this kind of exp ence for more than a tiny minority of childr As we find this to be so, we simply tacitly ag to provide for the great majority some way growing up that we and they see as inferi What we must look for instead is a definition growing up that will not exclude most of t children of the world or our own society. If gr ing children do need (as they may) some ki of resources for their lives that are rather diff ent from those needed by older people, we ha to find less expensive ways of making availa such resources.

a story by Forrest Scarborough

THE PLACE TO BE

ST OF ALL you must picture my condition. eathing is difficult with my knees against in. And talking to the air is distracting. I sed to a typewriter. But before wedging f in here I started the tape recorder and ow make the best of it. There is no chance ape.

ally I would prefer to organize the mate- nd depart with some assurance that my ament is explicable. Not that it matters, of e. No more than anything else. I shall try be morbid but offer dollops of sensation ch the jaded coroner.

ture me on the nose of thirty. Or as the ort says, "6 feet, blond hair, blue eyes. ation date November 29." Not that I feel any constraint to obey the date. Pure co- nce. Unless in my final madness I overturn rison and pause another day. But I am as bilized as a sausage in a casing.

ecome too garrulous.

e passport picture shows a beard, but neatly ed, and hair long enough to drape nature's s. I am benignly stoned, graying at the tem- nd tired to death, caught in a reverie of far s and imminent disillusionment. Is Aus- the answer?

t first the scene. I am lecturing to a sparsely ated hall of freshmen suffering pangs of ancy. But in the primary stages. Not yet alized to include themselves, much less the train that follows in order. The disease is nt, you know.

ss Pomfret is sneering in the front row. The Mr. Abbott has gathered a derisive follow- n the rear of the hall. I have heard but se to ignore an unguarded "bullshit" to my

eat movements are afoot at the ROTC ing. But I am saying, "The literary symbol condensation of complexities which are ir- ible to conventional verbal expression." I roceeding to my tired example of the great white whale, when in the back of the hall a noise like the sizzle of a dud firecracker is followed by billowing noxious vapors. A bomb, of course.

Imagine the pandemonium. Freshmen are battling from the billows. Desks are hurled aside and stumbled over. But I have been observing Mr. Abbott, and I descend upon him through a fog of sulphur dioxide, surmounting callow girls. I catch him midway in his flight. I grapple at beads and fringe, tear fetishes and talismans,

Forrest Scarborough was born in South Carolina "the month the lark's closed," in 1932. He has taught at Northwestern University but at present is a full-time writer.



Forrest Scarborough

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until I have him by the throat. I dash him to the floor.

"It's a symbol!" he cries.

Hands tear at me.

Somebody shrieks, "It's only a stinkbomb!"

But I have his throat. He is waxing blue.

Screams. General discordance. Others rush in. Some flee. But I now have a hank of Mr. Abbott's hair of a prophet clutched in my fist. I would have it still if I had not forgot and left it on the department head's desk when he suggested that I needed a long rest. Perhaps I savored too much the triumph of that hank of hair, whipping it against my leg at Doctor Garard's desk, while he shakes his gray cropped head, superannuated by the times, and says, "What are we to do with you, Doctor Booth?"

"What shall we ever do? I shall rush into the street as I am, with my hair down. So."

He says, "Approximate Elliot, I believe," and tells me that the sociology department is furious that I have mutilated one of their most promising young people.

But I am unregenerate. Even after charges are preferred. And even after I am committed for observation.

So, you see, there are grounds for suspecting my sanity. And any tinge of universality in my tale can be easily disregarded.

I wonder why I am bothering, stuffed in here, already craving a drink of water and babbling to the air. No matter.

They didn't realize, you see, that I was not completely cooperative, that given the opportunity—an open door, an unguarded moment—I would fly the coop, so to speak, with illusions of escape, and discover myself driving over the prairies and across the Great Plains, on westward to find the unspoiled land.

I want to be born anew. Or does that set you into a storm of hilarity?

I cross the Rockies and follow the Snake into Oregon. Heavy mists baptize me in the Columbia gorge. I am calmer. I even consider forgetting the plan that has been in my mind all along. It is too extreme. Perhaps I do not need a cabin at the end of the longest dead-end road in an Oregon wilderness.

But in Portland the crowd on the street channels me back into the car. I am again on tiptoe for a flight. I leave without directions, lose myself on viaducts and soaring bridges, chain-smoking into the foothills of the Cascades. And only then does my heart stop racing.

Have you felt it yourself?

And sometimes, in your concrete canyons, do you glimpse in your mind's eye a salmon stream laughing through a vale of ferns? Or see from your log-cabin porch tall firs through a break of alder? If so, see the Reverend Jeremiah Trimble who dabbles in real estate. But know what you are looking for.

"Uh huh," he says to me. "Just what [illegible] body else is looking for. Drawn by my [illegible] weren't you? Do you pray?"

Do I pray? I would pray unceasingly. Well, think. Would I not spend my final [illegible] addressing an instrument more responsive [illegible] a tape recorder? I dodge the question and [illegible] gratulate him on his sign, which says in [illegible] vermilion: GOD'S LAND FOR SALE OR RENT [illegible] HIS SERVANT JEREMIAH TRIMBLE.

"The Lord and me have come to an [illegible] ment. Hop right in." He takes me in his ca[illegible] strawberry fields, through orchards of gr[illegible] cows. "All of it's the Lord's land. I take [illegible] cent commission. No more nor less." He cu[illegible] on a gravel road, heads through cedar and [illegible] fern, turns up a rutted dirt road, and com[illegible] a stop on a log bridge over a creek. "There [illegible] he says. "Only log cabin around here for [illegible] Vacant since last winter. Payable mon[illegible] Owner lives up the hill yonder. Never take[illegible] tice. Just what you asked for. End of a dead[illegible] road, uh huh. I could rent out a hundred ho[illegible] nightfall."

SO I AM HERE. And at night in the sleep[illegible] loft, with raindrops on cedar shakes [illegible] the creek freshening for the fall coho, it [illegible] most enough. Or it was.

My life has crept so long on a broken wi[illegible]
Thro' cells of madness, haunts of horror a[illegible]
fear.
That I come to be grateful at last for a lit[illegible]
thing.

Or does my necessary omission of cumula[illegible] distress make the quotation in context a bit o[illegible] stated? No doubt. But we are talking about [illegible] after all: one of those hypersensate victims [illegible] thinnish epithelium. You know the type: [illegible] overreacts. He moves in jerks. His eyes [illegible] alarm. One day you hear that he has bon[illegible] the post office. Or perhaps he disappears [illegible] gether.

Like me, content for the rest of the summe[illegible] sit on the porch with a book in my lap, marve[illegible] at water ouzels or the sharp complaint of k[illegible] fishers flashing by. I take long walks in [illegible] woods. I read all of Trollope and miss no [illegible]

Yet sometimes above me on the hill bel[illegible] the cabin I hear a bulldozer straining. So[illegible] times I think I hear the greedy bite of ch[illegible] saws.

One day in early fall there comes up the r[illegible] an octogenarian who once did props for [illegible] *Wizard of Oz*. He introduces himself as H[illegible] Dunkel and says, "Jeremiah Trimble passed [illegible] off as a dead end, I'll wager. But break thro[illegible] that brush yonder and follow the path on up, [illegible] that's another way to the dump, young man. [illegible] watch out for the hunters."

"I thought this was the end."

chuckles. "Naw, there's a lot more than ollow the path up some day. Or wait till ves fall. You'll come to a high hedge of s. Behind that's the dump."

vite him in. We sit by a fire of split alder answer his questions about the world out- hich he dismisses with a wave of his hand. says, "You rented this place cheap, I ex- chool teacher? I figured so. Met your land- et?"

ay Jeremiah Trimble."

st a servant," he says, "a middleman. andlord's up there." He points up the hill. s Snethers. Owns the dump. That's your rd, and everybody else's landlord around Very remote character. Out of sight every ou need him. But that's life, eh?"

at's life," I say.

ot that it isn't the best thing," he says, n you're dealing with a maniac." He has ed his volume and seems uneasy. Then he "It's a small valley here. Don't get around myself. I'm retired." He chuckles. "Like expect. Trying not to be noticed." He tells at he lives down the road with his widowed ter. "We get a lot of schoolteachers on the ound here. Last fellow stayed in this cabin schoolteacher. Or used to be. I reckon iah Trimble didn't let on about him. That's you got the place cheap, though. Young about your age, come from somewhere East. Never said much. Looked out the win- with big eyes every time somebody walked is way. Got to be a topic of conversation." es his head. "A bad business."

t I want to know nothing about it. I have ved to stop collecting disaster. I go for gro- s and come back quickly. There is no radio. levision. I receive no mail or newspaper. e is nothing but the tranquil present and the ully chosen world of my reading. I am dis- ing myself toward Pollyanna. I say, "Do ake an interest in botany, Mr. Dunkel?"

hat's about all I am interested in," he says. nts won't turn on you. They're predictable." ontinues at length, giving me the Latin for indigenous mosses in the genus *sphagnum*. am relieved that the relationship has as- d a sane footing.

We'll talk more," he says. "But I'll be get- up the road now."

HE LEAVES CHANGE COLOR, and on clear nights I stand among the trees and look at Milky Way. Silence. I have left behind every ne and siren in the world.

ut during the day I pause and listen. A tree lling. Then another. I hear engines.

No doubt about it," says Mr. Dunkel on his trip up the road. "That's chain saws, all t." He tells me more about bryophytes.

One morning, out of a thicket of Himalaya berries, an antlered buck breaks toward me, banks in terror and plunges off down the creek. I have seen his eyes. Up the hill I hear shooting.

"The fashion," Mr. Dunkel says, "is to shoot a buck. Then shoot a rabbit. The taxidermist mounts the rack on the rabbit's head, and the hunter hangs it over his fireplace. They get a laugh out of that. But you asked me about liverworts."

That night, with fall merging into winter, dark clouds march up the creek and the wind howls until morning. When I go outside in the drizzle, I see that the leaves have been stripped away. And through gray skeletons, past great Douglas firs, up the hill I see a hedge of rhododendrons. Something is behind it, big and frightening. I can tell by the sound but cannot see it. The creek has risen and salmon are struggling against red silt.

"Silt's bad," Mr. Dunkel says. "Clogs their gills. That batch won't spawn."

He finds me in the yard by the creek.

"Man-made silt," he says. "The saws sound closer today."

We go to the house, but he pauses in the doorway and looks up the hill at the rhododendrons for a moment. I give him some coffee. He comes to the table. He looks older and cradles the

"Outside, tearing through vine maple and alder in its fall, a Douglas fir crashes to the ground and brings us to our feet. The cabin shakes."



Benno Friedman

Forrest Scarborough

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wormhole of the cup in both hands. I get up and go to the window. The hedge is thrashing now, caught in a gale. But the air is still.

He says, "Takes a mad look. Rufus Snethers is having another spell."

"What does that mean?"

"Just about anything, Doctor. He's arbitrary. Might as well just have a seat.

But what is happening to the air? I cannot seem to breathe. I return to the table and say, "What can I expect? *What* can I expect?"

He stares at the floor. "Lord knows," he says. "It's Snethers' land. Seen a lot of this in my time. Tired of it. Just plain tired." He sighs, looks around and focuses on the corner by the sink. "What's that doing there? Ought to been thrown out."

What

The garbage can. And I know what that sonofabitch Snethers said, damn his soul, in that sanctimonious whine of his. Either screaming or whining. Said, "Plenty use in it yet," and put it right back where it was. A bad business. A gal-

He is impatient.

[illegible] before he [illegible] words, tearing through vine maple and alder in its fall, a [illegible] trailer-mounted brings us to our feet. [illegible]

"Great God," he says. "I heard the saw, but I [illegible] Was that close."

We go outside and look at the top branches stretching down the hill and into the yard. I [illegible] speak, but the rhododendron hedge gives way and a Caterpillar bulldozer crawls over it, pushing on its blade a mound of garbage that cascades down the hill in an avalanche of cans, bottles and frantic rats. Hell on the machine sits a shriveled creature with red hair and a face distorted by rage. The machine pauses and withdraws for another lunge. Comes on again, thwarted by a heavy clump of maples. And above the roar of the diesel, a mighty voice: "Move, goddamn you! Useless bastard! *Move*, goddammit!" Withdraws and lunges again, overpowering the maples, tearing the ferns, laying its steel track on toward us.

Mr. Dunkel says, "The sonofabitch, the dirty sonofabitch."

And coming on in crazed omnipotence, the head of the monster looks down on us standing insignificantly. Frantically gestures. Shouts. "Get out the way! Go on, *move* it!"

"Better step aside," Mr. Dunkel says. "He's having another spell, the sonofabitch. Don't say nothing to him."

The machine sinks in the sodden grass but grinds forward and comes to a halt by the cabin. The last of the garbage drops from its blade. The engine idles.

"What are you doing?" I say. I am trying to shout, but there is not enough air. "Can I do anything? Can I make you stop?"

He is clothed in a slicker and rain pants. He appears amphibian, but not of this world. His rage now turns to a sneer, and he says, "It' ta a damned sight more than your prayers o[illegible] offerings. I got plans, you see. Always did a[illegible] And I'm putting them to work." His age, indeterminate, but I have the feeling that e[illegible] old. "The garbage dump is coming all th[illegible] down this hill."

"To the cabin, you mean?"

"Over the cabin, sonny. And where the [illegible] stops is where my subdivision starts. Le[illegible] thing is going to get developed. I own [illegible] Every tree, every field and creek. And w[illegible] say goes." He guns the engine and shouts [illegible] Dunkel, "You still hanging on? I thought y[illegible] died." He locks a track and swivels the ma[illegible] around. "It's all in the plan!" He grinds o[illegible] clump of fruited holly. "Be seeing you!"

I look at Mr. Dunkel. He looks at me. "[illegible] now?" I ask.

"God knows," he says.

We go back into the cabin.

FOR A LONG TIME WE SIT and say nothing, listening to the machine straining back and forth on the hill. I do not go to the window to know the garbage is against the house now. I think only of what to do, but a customary fut[illegible] saps me.

"And the sonofabitch kept the can," Mr. Dunkel says.

"The garbage can?"

"That one there. It's the wrong time to dr[illegible] it."

"It doesn't matter."

"No, it doesn't matter. You're right. T[illegible] young fellow lived here before you. I found [illegible] in it. After some time."

I look at the can.

"Wedged his rear end right down in it. Pi[illegible] his hands under. Wedged in and couldn't [illegible] out. Couldn't move. A bad business."

I stare at the can.

"Something else. Had a book open or[illegible] table there. Book on ESP."

"Trying to communicate," I say.

"Wonder if he got through?"

"I doubt it."

Mr. Dunkel says, "Big mess in all the pa[illegible] Case was closed."

I say nothing.

"You'll be moving on, I expect."

"In a sense," I tell him.

"Well, I'll be getting on up the road now.

"Good luck, Mr. Dunkel."

And I am here. Have I made myself clear?

It somehow seems the place to be.

Not original. But appropriate.

an Price

IDEO PIONEERS

banality to beauty: TV as a new form of visual art

n the color set in the luncheonette, the as breaking up. The nt appeared in pink, purple hash mark his skin, so I reached d to adjust the knobs. aitress smiled, "Don't it: it's better that Moment of realiza- was true.



evision's magic is the ormation of images. ye is captured by the antly shifting reality ngages it. Take away content, but leave the ding images, and the emains entranced: why so many people self-disgust watching sion shows they've before, or tolerating inest kind of intellec- uel, or simply look- ith the sound d off.

e acceptance of televi- as an image machine is ing new avenues out of lity. The realization ontent is secondary, ect, implicit, has sent a artistic vitality pulsing gh television—one still has few outlets hat promises, probably within a decade, to spill over into commercial television, as much an accepted form as the format of evening news shows. What appears now on occasional half-hour shows on the educational stations such as WGBH, WNET, and KQED will soon be familiar fare.

The shift is announced semantically by the substitution of video for television. Video expands the universe of image transformations, swells the repertoire of possible manipulations. Video is not film: it is tape—and therefore it can be replayed immediately. Football, or life, can be reinvestigated a few seconds after it has happened. Video is not conventional TV, either, because it accepts the screen, the phosphor, as the medium, and goes from there. Video people play with the knobs and controls in ways that hadn't been dreamed of back in the days when a television exec's idea of heaven was a realistic picture. Video is television with pride in itself.

WGBH, Boston's educational station, almost unknowingly presided over the birth of video. By allowing some of its staff to violate all the conventions current in TV in the early Sixties, the station inadvertently spawned a new art form, and dignified a new conception of television as a tool of everyone.

At the center of this effort stands Fred Barzyk. In 1958 he came to WGBH as a graduate student at Boston University, working three days a week; after a few years as a part-time director, he became full-time in 1961. He produced *Parlons Français*, which won an Ohio State University award; a show with psychiatrist Robert Coles on busing (in 1956), which won an NET award; and a show called *All About You*, an in-school teaching program on sex education. But in addition to such sober tasks he played around. And it was through play that the new emerged.

Barzyk still looks like an ex-graduate student, a friendly genius. "In the late Fifties and early Sixties," he recalls, "there was no such thing as video tape. It was all live. So there were vast amounts of time when no one at the station really saw what was going out over the air." WGBH, an educational station with a vengeance, prided itself on presenting the Boston Symphony Orchestra as the flagship of its cultural programs. Two hours of straight orchestra can be dull, though, and in the control room two schools of thought emerged about how to liven the image while reproducing the sound.

"The purists wanted to zoom in on the trombone when it takes the A theme and then there were the romanticists, and we wanted to interpret the music. There was always that fight." The purists won with the BSO. But on the many less sacred groups, like the Harvard Glee Club, the management generously left the producer-directors free to play. In fact, experimentation was encouraged. "As long as it made specifications, as long as it was good for home TV, no one said us nay."



In 1964, after four or five years of seeing video tapes, Barzyk decided to plunge in himself: he got three cameramen together in the basement, played some jazz, and encouraged them to tape new visuals to accompany the irregular flow of the notes. One man had just bought a kaleidoscope in Maine, and he put that in front of the camera. The simple toy made bright and pleasantly fuzzy patterns like stained glass windows

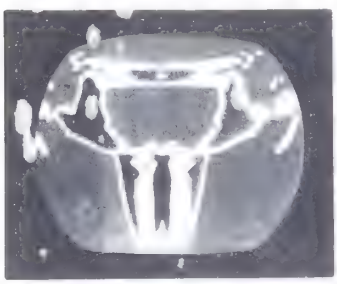
Jonathan Price is coauthor, with John Lahr, of Lifeshow *(a book about theater and life), to be published by Viking in the fall. He is now working on a book about video tape.*

graph of Nixon courtesy of WGBH.

hers are reprinted from Expanded Cinema *by Gene Youngblood. Published by E.P. Dutton, Inc. Copyright © 1970 by Gene Youngblood.*

in black and white: the crystals moved together, then blinked out of one pattern into another, a quietly elegant continual metamorphosis.

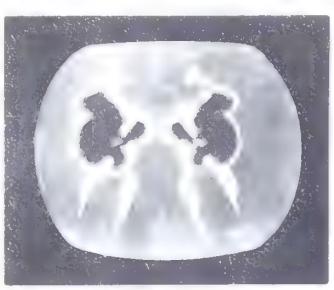
Five short tapes were made, called *Jazz Images*, and when Fred Barzyk took them upstairs to show management there was some amazement that nonrealistic pictures could be so interesting, then an agreement to invite more. "This was a tender step forward," but the problem of enlivening longer time spans remained.



Then in the summer of 1967 David Silvers, an Englishman who was teaching at Tufts, came to WGBH and did a number of pilots that blossomed into a series of thirty shows. Called *What's Happening, Mr. Silvers?* the half-hour show experimented with nonnarrative, nontalk barrage, as Barzyk and his collaborators tried to move more sparkle, more contrast, more exciting images onto the screen.

Borrowing some ideas from jazz and from composer John Cage, Barzyk brought in thirty-odd video inputs: film clips, live action, purposely nonrelevant tapes, slides, newspapers, photographs, street interviews, and abstract video imagery, swirling a collage around some nominal topic, such as witches, warlocks, or William F. Buckley. Then Barzyk let four or five people into the control room at a time. Each was told to cut from one source to another whenever he felt like it. The result was a blitz of random personal visuals, all more or less on the same topic. The only consistent image was David Silvers' face, which kept appearing somewhat quizzically—a stand-in for the equally puzzled viewer. The familiar here seemed foreign, and therefore curious: Barzyk had found, in juxtaposition, a technique that brought television into the age of collage. Commercial-makers soon picked up the idea for their high tension half minutes.

"At that time, too, we began talking to the engineers," says Barzyk. Previously each job in the studio was isolated from the others. "I said, 'Everyone's going to be in this show.' On the regular networks you have a cameraman and that's all he does. We took the lighting person, and put him behind the camera, and took the engineer and let him direct, and put the cameraman over on the controls." Mixing previously segregated jobs, Barzyk found people got on better with each other—and the show took on the quirks and interests, the imaginative bursts of each. A new mélange, a spirit of group activity, emerged.



Remember the mid-Sixties? Most stations thought experiment was Abbie Hoffman on a talk show, and the word abortion in the afternoon. Recall the fear and the good intentions of ten years ago, the nervous guarding of studio expenses as station after station tried to repeat earlier forms for dignity's sake, broadcasting French farce in the afternoon, newspapers in the evening, old movies and conversation. Even today a network special generally aspires to be an essay by Charles Lamb, carrying with it that peculiar feeling of heaviness, the pious feeling that we should watch. The very real boredom is the result in part of trying to make television, a visual medium, follow patterns worked out by wordsmiths. The makers will tell you the interesting things they found out about the subject, but they will ritually tuck them into their proper position in an English II essay, surrounding the aperçus with a slow pro and con, balancing out all their own impressions in a bland presentation of the problem and its possible solutions with a sober judgment in the end that there is indeed a problem, and we all hope it will be solved.

A faster rate of aperçus, more satori per square inch, realization thirty times a second: that becomes the dream when one suddenly sees that television is in fact a medium in its own right, almost as rich as words. In its own way video offers a canvas, unique colors, buttons to build, manipulate, and distort—miraculous images.

The first general exposure of the work being done at WGBH came in 1969 with the national broadcast of *The Medium is the Medium*, a show prepared by the station under a Public Broadcasting Lab grant. Nam June Paik, an avant-garde artist born in Ko[illegible]a, brought twelve of his "[illegible]tored" television sets in[illegible] the WGBH studios, focu[illegible] three color cameras on them, added two nude dancers, then showed t[illegible] same image in multiple[illegible] one in green—live—an[illegible] second in blue. There w[illegible] an eerie pause, as the p[illegible]ture reappeared in dup[illegible]cate—a follow-up on ta[illegible] delay—reversing the images at times from p[illegible]tive to negative, then w[illegible]ing the shape of the dan[illegible] into flashing bursts. In [illegible] background the "Moon[illegible] Sonata" accompanied t[illegible] images through their m[illegible]morphoses.

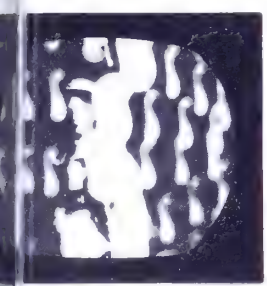


The quality of color i[illegible] like a day-glo silk scree[illegible] the details wash out in t[illegible] movement toward high [illegible] trast, and the outlines [illegible] flicker as the faces, or th[illegible] legs, dissolve into waves[illegible] front of themselves. It is [illegible] like watching seals in th[illegible] night sea, leaving trails [illegible] phosphorescence.



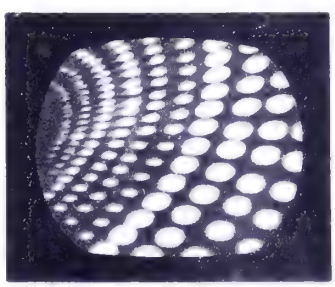
Watching gives primi[illegible] pleasure: not highly ver[illegible] not full of charts or statis[illegible] tics, not even the details [illegible] yesterday's breakfast; Paik's video is more abstract. It parallels interna[illegible] processes of thought; it

rbally thought
, but it seems to
ıe process our brain
ough as we reach
e word, say, to ex-
rselves. We move
the material, see-
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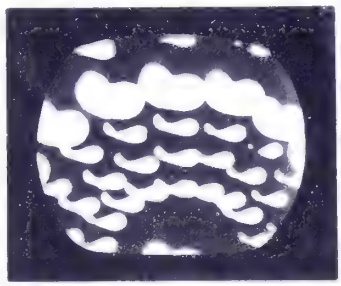


he same production,
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athers of happen-
perimented with the
aneity of video.
an elaborate closed
he sent groups of
out to locations
hout Boston and
idge with instruc-
o say, "Hello, I see
o each other when-
ey saw another face
monitor. Kaprow let
rson talk for a few
its, then switched to
ne else; one person's
might be appearing
or all of the twenty-
nonitors spread
l town, and might in
on be appearing on
e selected as on-air.
w provided a score,
ıot a complete script
faces, moods, and
of the individual
themselves provided
age: the art, as usual,
his shaping, not in
rticular voices. It was
e had blended to-
all these people into
ant New Yorkish tele-
hookup. His idea,
ring, paralleled the
e get together in this
distance-jumping culture, and its moral if any was to say hello more. The only information, as he said himself, was "Oneself in connection with someone else."

Otto Piene's *Electronic Light Ballet*, Spartan in comparison, used only two sources. Barzyk says, "He'd done things shooting through pegboards, with lights behind, and he found out that if you put a hot light behind, and manipulate the light, you get these spermlike circles." They float across the screen, then spin hot tails. The other image source was film of Piene's own *Manned Helium Sculpture*, eight hundred feet of polyethylene tubing, a gangling misshapen balloon gaseously lifting a slender girl into the air over MIT. The girl rose, then the dots swept across, then he homed in on the swirls, then floated back to the balloon itself. The effect is like a ritual: unearthly, but perfectly familiar thanks to the years of surrealism and abstraction we already have behind us in the fine arts and the years of space shots on TV.



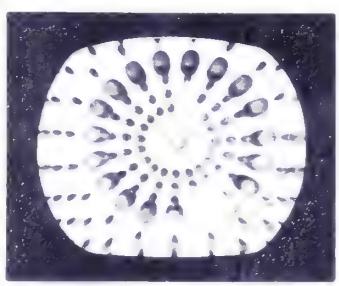
We see a real image, then such rapid transformation of it—by overlay; by color change; by distortion into webs, rolls, Lissajous figures, and multiples—that we pursue the original image as far as we can, paying more attention to it than we would if it were straight. Once recognized, a realistic picture of a girl in a helmet is still primarily a girl in a helmet; video's transformations suggest that she is also a baby in the sac, a soul in hell tormented by demons, a white blob, again an astronaut.



This is a medium familiar to all of us now that we have watched color sets go wrong; when you control your set, you are involved in transforming images. Very simple images seem to be the preference now, so that the complexities of the changes become apparent

Nam June Paik favors putting the viewer in the chair and feeding his image back to him. Through the work Paik has done at WGBH and elsewhere, he has created a video synthesizer to mix four or five camera sources at once, in color, emerging with a visual flow that is as unpredictable as oil on a pond in a light breeze. The video synthesizer is the first product of the new video sensibility, and it will probably be a springboard to a second generation of video art as engineer-artists refine the switching mechanism, expanding the varieties of control available. Paik used the synthesizer to broadcast live visuals accompanying four hours of the Beatles in August 1970, a program so popular WGBH offered it again this year as a thank-you present to its viewers.

Sexy and fluid, the video synthesizer spreads an inviting image on the screen. I sit down in a plastic chair, next to a 100-watt bulb, and Paik adjusts the zoom lens on his simple Sony camera. "All cheap," he says. Then the edge of my glasses strikes sparks on screen, and I see a yellow trail behind the glare as I breathe. My head fills up the screen; hearing another tape in the background, Janis Joplin's last concert, I let myself move, and my hair splashes across the image of my head, an obscure wave. Underneath the table he has an oscilloscope, and when he flips that on, figure eights loop across me, suggesting infinity and irradiation; the colors flare up into safety pinks, then, with another turn of the knob, come down to a northern lights in blue, eerie as infrared at night. Paik puts in a flashing circle that sets a new pace. Behind my own image, over it, under it, there are continuing movements of electrons, almost like themes in music intermixing.



Rock groups will be making tapes with the synthesizer by next year, to be played on the monitors that twenty major firms intend to sell with the same verve they sold color TV. Of ninety million TV sets, thirty million are already color, and some experts dream that by 1977 half of us may have the simple monitor needed to play tapes from the store—old movies, home instruction, pornography, and art. The prediction is uncertain, but the possibility is strong, as

one cameo in Frank Zappa's video epic, *200 Motels*. With the video synthesizer, rock can come with its own visuals—what *Sergeant Pepper* was to rock, Paik's WGBH Beatle show was to video.

Basically, the revolution of video has been to let nonprofessionals into the TV studio control room, once the sacred preserve of the experts. People with no previous TV experience have been allowed to flip the knobs, upping contrast, zooming, washing the screen. It takes about five minutes to learn the shifts are so immediately visible that the mind joins the fingers very quickly, and making video tape is for most people simply a matter of asking a few questions, then plunging in. In fact, it is harder to tune most home sets than to make good video tape. Fred Barzyk says, "I'm only the midwife." But he and WGBH have helped show the world that TV can be more than Walter Cronkite's face.



That news comes from KQED in San Francisco as well. Brice Howard, who in 1967 organized the National Center for Experiments in Television at KQED, says, "It's not technology, it is attitude shift that is making this happen." The process is one of interaction, and since there are two human beings involved, at a minimum, the video depends on their mutual sensitivity as well as on their contrasts. Not knowing quite what would happen, Howard invited a spectrum of artists to make tapes at the experiment center at KQED. In one sequence Joanne Kyger talks a poem about Descartes, a little like Allen Ginsberg without drugs, and her image bellies into four, then the focus returns to her hands as she continues to talk about space, time, life, and geometry.

Composer Richard Feliciano collaborated with videographer Stephen Beck in January 1971 on *Point of Inflection*, a highly geometric work in which diamonds reform as squares, and periodic waves interrupt the screen, dazzling us with curves before square waves come down enveloping the red diamonds with repeated washes, counterpointing the somewhat Japanese sound composition. By eliminating any live images, any photographic realism, by limiting themselves to diamonds and their narrow range of transformations, Beck and Feliciano merge in an austere mechanical music of their own. Defying metaphor, refusing story line, emphasizing the very physics of their synthesis, they achieve a thinness that is unusual in the jungles of video, and in the end they return with an electronic engineer's fascination to the original diamond shape, an image of their work.

The question remains, how well can such techniques be put into general use? Russ Connor, now at the New York State Council on the Arts, began as a painter. "I cling to that identity," he says. In 1963 he came to WGBH to produce a weekly show called *Museum Open House* on the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. He surveyed the museum's collections, but he also did a couple of experiments in video, arguing on the show that "this medium of television itself has a potential as an art medium." "At that time such experiments were called surrealist, but video has grown in affluence since then, and Russ Connor is now in charge of granting money through the New York State Council to independent video artists and, equally important, to local stations all over the state. Without charity, of course, video would still be a plaything for the rich.



At WGBH we can already see several programs suggestive of the future, when TV execs get the cricks out of their necks. Nonverbal, nonnarrative, these programs are adult and open Sesame Streets. Richard Hauser has inherited the Boston Museum of Fine Arts from Connor, carrying it much farther into the Barzyk-like collage—to the point where curators tremble, since the verbal text is not the same as art-history journals, and the play is delightful. The series is now called *Eye to Eye*, and one show on monuments opens with a man walking in the rain in the Boston Gardens. No gallery talks here. The man comes to a statue, and we hear him say, "Jesus Christ, is wet!" Then the face t and we see Claes Oldenburg.

No burst of biogra follows, though. The cuts to another monu A cameraman explor huge abandoned ware while the voice behin of the Eiffel Tower position and thought our needs for scale an reverence that monun sculptures like these Oldenburg appears a in four more snippets his *Colossal Lipstick* his sketches of impos monuments. By the e the program, all the s ments flow together.

Of course, if you ev *Art Voices* you will be tient, moment to mom for "hard information dates, verbal arrays. WGBH knows TV do communicate the san kind of information p does, and *Eye to Eye* none of those network pretenses: *Eye to Eye* impressionistic tour, it opens up monumen from a thousand angle jerking us forward thr one perception to ano having faith that in th end our own brains wi recombine the elemen their own ways, to ma some sense. The risk i drivel, but the promis exposure to a special s bility. Video depends, any medium, on the q of the people.

Moving beyond con tional television to me phor, attaining depth through the methods o poesis, these works ma me think of Ezra Poun maxim: "*Condensare Dichtung*," or in Engli "To condense is poetry For *Nine Heroes*, an a winning show explorin nine of the ordinary pe who have saved lives among the five thousa

All yours

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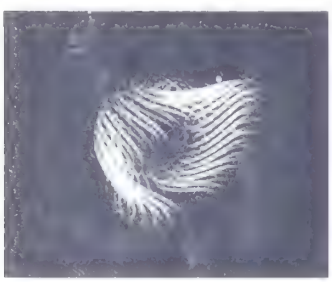
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cases documented by the Carnegie Commission Hero Fund). Hauser began to explore the cases and found each a complex story capable of two hours of conventional TV. Upon reflection he chose to condense each story into central metaphors. In one, a horse rides by on a beach, and a woman who is eighty-four now and has lost three men husband, father, and son—in heroic acts, looks at the horse, perhaps remembering the runaway horse that killed her husband, perhaps looking at the beach. She is sitting in oversaturated color, and she turns to the camera, perfectly herself, and says: "You think it's all going to come back, and it don't."



People are at the center: their image and, with the person manipulating the colorful mirage, their interaction, delicately revealed second to second. Mike Rice, director of programming at WGBH, stresses the ease and the satisfaction most people find when they pick up one of the cameras and start shooting, or playing with the knobs, watching the effects on the monitor. "You get your hands on the equipment, and you get instant response. Video has such a clean straightforward way of making an image that it's got wide response."

Until now, most television people have treated the common public with great mistrust, filtering them through auditions, then through moderators, and then, as a final safeguard, through a tape-delay for blips, before allowing them to appear on the air. WGBH recognized that the main fear comes from the FCC licensing rules, and that these boil down to fairly simple standards that most groups would not violate anyway if given a chance to go on the air:

- Don't attack identified private persons.
- Don't use airtime to incite violence.
- Don't use language or gestures that people would consider obscene, indecent, or profane.
- Don't use the airtime to appeal for money or promote commercial ventures.

The station decided to set up a regular time free for any local group that wanted to tape a half-hour show of their views, showing whatever they wanted. How to get past the rules? The title was *Catch 44*, and the catch is this: if you agree to the four rules, you're on the air. If you violate them on the air, WGBH will just cut you off.

So far two hundred and fifty groups have made their own half-hour shows,



and none has been cut off the air. The Young Americans for Freedom, enraged by what they considered "liberal" interview shows, staged their own burlesque. They were using one channel to lambaste what they considered the consistent bias of talk and news shows, which they felt asked embarrassing questions of their favorite people. Trust responds to trust, somehow, and at WGBH all the people get on.



Few of these programs are going to win awards as video art, but that suggests part of their joy: they are truly made by such groups as the Neponset Valley Young Republicans; prisoners from Billerica; *Hysteria* (a Women's Lib paper); Music of Portugal; the Irish Republican Aid Committee; the Royal Scottish Country Dance Society; and the Great Boston Kite Festival. *Catch 44*, on UHF, gives each group its half hour. The rewards in gratitude, all around, are intangible. So far WGBH is the only station in the country to let the public on the air directly and regularly with the same respect accorded professionals and artists.

Mike Rice was talking of artists, but what he says applies to any one of us: "Video is for anyone who is concerned not just with expressing himself but also with reaching the greatest number of people. We are very program-oriented here. If something beautiful is done, we're not content to have two or three people see it, or five hundred, or a thousand. We want millions." Here lies television's electricity for all of us. "In America, unless you do reach millions, you don't count, your voice is stilled."

The dream of video that eventually each of us may communicate via television with the rest of the citizens of this country and then the world. And as cable opens up twelve, twenty-five extra channels all needing tapes, the individual voices of the people may appear around the using the equipment that major corporations intend to sell retail like color TV sets. By the end of next almost anyone will be able to make tapes of broadcast quality for less cost than a half a Volkswagen, with less training than it takes to make a blender shred carrots. Video is mechanical, but for anyone raised on TV it is as familiar as Instant Breakfast. That is the vision of what is possible: a quantum jump in information flow among us as electronic citizens—a universal-access *Today* show.

By putting its faith in people, by relying for its funds entirely on the donations of some fifty thousand givers over the years, WGBH has led the way toward the new art form of video and a new concept of television; along the way, the station's affluence has grown, and its importance is such that drama students just out of school go to work in the mailroom just to be in the vicinity. Perhaps that old robber baron Andrew Carnegie was right when he advocated going "the extra mile," and perhaps Napoleon Hill, the man who documented Carnegie's own theory of how to trade yourself to wealth, was right too when he summed up the curmudgeon's slogan: "Wealth that is shared creates more wealth, and you can share many forms of wealth besides money."

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SHAKESPEARE'S MISSING MANUSCRIPTS

An answer to an old riddle



The Bettmann Archive

IN THE TANGLE of conflicting hypotheses concerning the origin of the works published as William Shakespeare's, there is general agreement on only one point. The original manuscripts have disappeared: not a page, a line, a word of them in the author's hand has ever been found.

That recovering the manuscripts would be worth almost any effort is without question. Last year, in connection with speculation about a signature in a law book seeming to read "Wm Shakspere," dealers were quoted as estimating that if it were authenticated, it would be worth a million dollars. That's just for a signature. The monetary value of a body of Shakespeare's manuscripts would be almost incalculable. Beyond that would be the satisfaction of possessing the words as they actually came from the dramatist's hand. Depending on how many of the manuscripts were found, we would for the first time have the dramas exactly as they were intended, not just the best approximations that scholar-detectives have been able to arrive at working with faulty texts.

Is there any possibility that manuscripts of Shakespeare have survived? "The greatest battery of organized research that has ever been directed upon a single person," as Professor Hugh R. Trevor-Roper calls it, conducted by "armies of scholars," has come up with nothing generally accepted to be in the illustrious Stratfordian's hand except six very awkwardly executed signatures. But here I am reminded of "The Purloined Letter": in the Poe story an incriminating missive known to be in a certain house is overlooked by the experts of the Parisian police in the course of the most meticulous search. How? By having been placed conspicuously in a card rack, where, instantly advertised to all eyes, it registers on none.

If a theory of mine about the disposition of the Shakespeare manuscripts is correct, we are confronted with a similar situation and could have the manuscripts within our grasp. The instructions for finding the lost manuscripts may have been staring the world in the face for three and a half centuries, waiting for someone to read three simple lines and ask what they mean. Why, of the thousands of people who have written on Shakespeare and who could quote these lines from memory, has no one insisted that they must mean something? Why, although I had collaborated in a book on the Shakespeare authorship, did I pass over them simply with the reflection that they seemed to be signaling something fishy—until I had my eyes opened by a fluke? Observation and thought, I suppose, tend to follow lines of least resistance, slouching along.

ORTHODOX SCHOLARS RESIST recognizing that anything about Shakespeare raises unanswered questions. They hold that his manuscripts were destroyed early on, as the British would say, and as a matt course. "Plays were not regard 'literature' at all," Louis B. W the former director of the F Shakespeare Library, explains. " a printer had used a manuscript he threw out the dead copy an glad to get rid of the rubbish." this explanation, neat as it is, h stands up.

The first known reference to S speare as a dramatist, where h described as best among the E for both tragedy and comedy, pared him with Plautus and Se Shakespeare's contemporaries lished a collection of his plays First Folio of 1623) and boug the entire printing of a tho copies for what would today be seventy dollars each. Shakespear the only dramatist they so hon In a poem at the front of the vo Ben Jonson called up the gr writers of other times and pla witness Shakespeare's dramati nius and cried, "Triumph, my aine . . . !" Shakespeare's d were assuredly regarded as liter by his contemporaries: the Eli thans were not fools.

Wright's second assertion also afoul of the facts. The manuscrip most, if not all, of Shakespeare's never reached the printer. The ed of the First Folio refer to pre editions of the plays—the quart which sixteen of the plays had printed—as "maimed, and defor by the "impostors" who publi them. But the First Folio, in w twenty of the thirty-six plays printed for the first time, was its mélange of errors. "The text alik the First Folio and the quartos," preface to the Oxford editio Shakespeare tells us, "was doub supplied by playhouse copies w often embodied the ill-conditione terpolations and alterations of a and theatrical managers."

To account for the foregoing

Mr. Ogburn, who has served in both civilian and military intelligence agencies, is coauthor, with Dorothy Ogburn, of Shake-speare: The Man Behind the Name.

cation within the framework doxy you have to accept the holar Charles Tyler Prouty's on that "there is no reason e that he [Shakespeare] or else was interested in preserv- itive texts of the plays he had " and Anthony Burgess's that or "didn't much care" wheth- ays survived. But this is surely . The notion that a writer of that tower over the entire English literature ("The ap- delight! the wonder of our Ben Jonson acclaimed them, thor "not of an age, but for !") would have had no spe- erest in preserving them is ontrary to what we know of ature, the writer's in partic- d Shakespeare's above all. preseeing that "I, once gone, he world must die," Shake- proclaimed of his verse with a o writer before or since has l: "Not marble, nor the gilded nts/ Of princes, shall outlive erful rhyme."

orthodox view, moreover, is icted by the editors of the olio, who, noting that "he not the fate, common with some, equutor to his owne writings," the wish "that the Author e had liv'd to have set forth, rseen his owne writings," then t "it hath bin ordain'd other- d he by death departed from ght." So it was not that the was indifferent to the preser- of his plays but was prevented h from putting them in order. atford man, of course, spend- last years in his native village ence and literary nonproduc- hough at the intellectual prime would have had all the op- ty in the world to be executor oversee his writings.

ALTERNATIVE to the untenable hodox view is that the manu- were a "hot" property and not shown, even to a printer. Pre- ly this was because of the light ould throw on the authorship: er reason suggests itself. The thing, of course, would have or those who held them to de- them. Perhaps they were de- l. But could any person likely e acquired them—and the evi- of the preface to a 1609 edition *ilus and Cressida* is that they



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were held by certain "grand sessors" from whom it would a "new English Inquisition" to them—have brought himself stroy them, knowing no other a tic texts existed? It is hard to b But to hide them so that they never be found would be tanta to destroying them. So what t Could they be disposed of so th would not be found until the e authorities had passed fro scene? If my theory holds, t what was done, and with consur shrewdness. Only one thing wrong. Posterity, when in due c it came to take an interest in the of concealment, refused to tak of the instructions.

What happened in my case?

I was reading an adversary's ments on the book to which contributed. The book had ma point that Ben Jonson, whe wrote in the First Folio, "Thou monument without a tomb," hardly have had the Stratford m mind as Shakespeare the dra since if there was one thing the f was *not* without in 1623 it was a

the one with the famous curse My critic countered that Jonso speaking metaphorically or f tively. His argument was, ho invalid: Jonson was replying proposal that Shakespeare be b in Westminster Abbey. He coul be, Jonson was saying, becau had no tomb—no body. As I refl on this there came to my mind a from the letter of dedication i First Folio to the Earls of Pemb and Montgomery: "we most hu consecrate to your H. H. thes maines of your servant Shakespe

Shakespeare's remains were works. Shakespeare had no b "Thou art a monument."

Suddenly my blood seemed to to ice. I had remembered the m rious line in the inscription on monument in Trinity Church, S ford: WHOM ENVIOVS DEATH H PLAST [PLACED] WITH IN MONVMENT SHAKSPEARE. The puted Shakespeare is buried unde floor. The monument, placed in wall, obviously—being too sma contains nobody at all. No *body*. is. But if Shakespeare's body wer works . . .

My electrification was complet I remembered all of the heretofor explicable first three lines of the glish inscription:

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STAY PASSENGER, WHY GOEST THOV BY SO FAST / READ IF THOV CANST WHOM ENVIOVS DEATH HATH PLAST WITH IN THIS MONVMENT SHAKSPEARE

If all were aboveboard in the Shakespeare authorship, requiring us to take these lines at face value, the inscription would be preposterous. Could its author, having as challenging an opportunity as has ever been offered an epitaphist, find no better use for the space than to warn the visitor not to hurry by without taking in what he was seeing? Why should it have been anticipated that the passerby would not realize who was entombed in this particular monument (supposing that anyone could have been)? If there were such a danger, why not engrave "William Shakespeare" in bold letters in a conspicuous place on the monument instead of burying simply the last name in the body of the inscription? Why would the viewer be challenged to read if he could who had been placed within the monument? Why was he asked to believe the impossible—that Shakespeare was within the monument? In terms of orthodox theory these questions are unanswerable.

But, if Shakespeare were not a person but a body of works, the matter is altogether different. In that case, everything makes brilliant sense. The epitaphist, with reason, implores the visitor not to hurry by without taking in what he is seeing. *Read this*, he urges. *You know it cannot be Shakespeare's literal corpse that is within the monument. So what is it? . . . Can't you read?*

I then remembered, with a sense that everything was suddenly falling into place, the first reference to the memorial known to us. It is in the poem by Leonard Digges in the introductory material in the First Folio—that most curious assemblage—and it calls up a future "when that stone is rent,/ And Time dissolves thy Stratford Moniment . . ." That seemed suggestive, to say the least, especially in the light of a further statement of Digges's ". . . ev'ry line, each verse/ Here shall revive, redeeme thee from thy Herse." Would the conventionally accepted Shakespeare have required redemption from an ironbound, toothed frame of timber—as a man in an oubliette would?

Then there was the monument itself, two features of which I now saw as noteworthy. The first was the two



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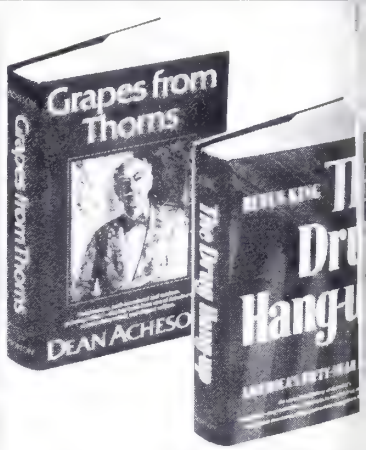
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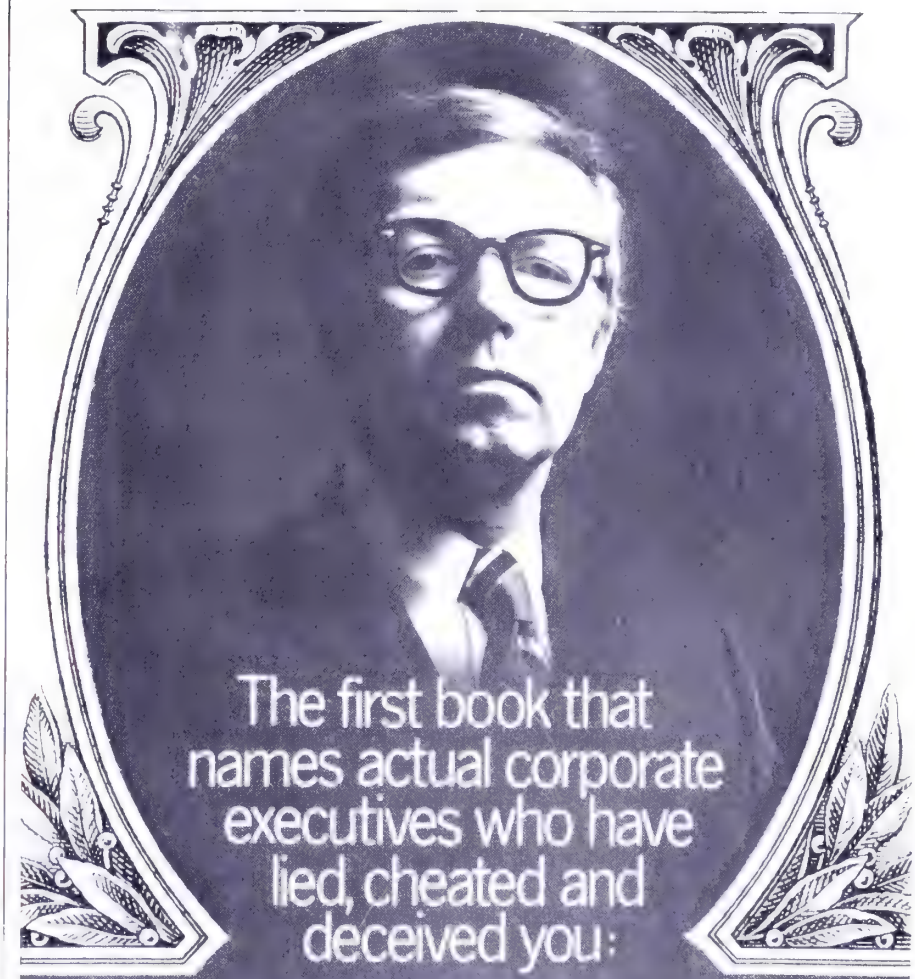
children that adorn it, one on side, supposedly modeled on : but much smaller and insig- t figures representing Labor est on the 5th Earl of Rutland's Regardless of the derivation, I it striking that the Stratford nent should be surmounted by figures, each on a mound of one holding a spade, the other h. If the architects had wished ect us to dig into and search the monument, well . . .

other feature is a jawless skull top of the monument. It re- us of what placed "Shak- " within the monument: it was s death -envy being from the *invidere*, "to look upon with e." And this in turn recalls Ben n's little-noted reference in the olio to the "crafty Malice" that t "to ruine" his "beloved, the r." Could the interment of the vealing manuscripts be con- d the death imposed on that r, his silencing (a *jawless* skull) same crafty malice?

E FINAL OBSERVATION: it is in the Stratford monument that we he first suggestion that the man ened Gulielmus Shaksper (or spere) in Stratford-upon-Avon he author William Shakespeare. nploy the monument as the re- ory of the documents that would the author someone else and se his identity—would this not been ironical and mischievous in that would appeal to the gusto -Puritan Englishmen?

rhaps there is only one chance in at the apparent clues mean what e they appear to. But if there is hance at all, should they not be ved up? No desecration, as of a , would be involved. At worst, ng would be lost but a few hun- dollars to pay a competent n. Would it not, in the circum- es, be little short of criminal to et the possibility, however slight, covering the Shakespeare manu- ts, the originals of the greatest ry works of our civilization?

ne Shakespeare Birthplace Trust ratford has refused to entertain suggestion that the monument be ed. While inquiries have left me little hope of support from ortho- scholars, I cannot believe its de- n will prove final. □



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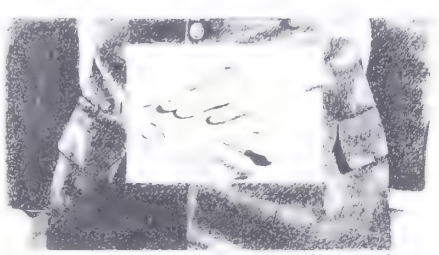
BOOKS

The Savage God. By A. Alvarez. Random House. $5.95

Suicide. By Jacques Choron. Scribner's. $5.95







James Hanlon

ABOUT THE most important things in life we know almost nothing. The problem of suicide has always perplexed intelligent men, and as far as we can tell, the possibility of taking one's own life has tempted all kinds of men, intelligent or not. Suicide has seemed to some the conclusive thrust of their freedom, for what greater freedom can a man have than to overcome the fear of death and then dispose of himself? To others it has seemed the culminating moment of their bondage, for what greater proof could there be of the unrelieved tyranny of the flesh?

In some eras, such as the one now coming to an end, suicide has been regarded with a kind of uncanny dread. I confess, so that the reader will know my bias, to feelings of this sort. In other eras it has been regarded as a quite rational way of concluding one's affairs on earth. But despite the massive contributions of sociology and psychology, we know almost nothing about the unique experience, or even whether it is a unique experience, that enables a man to kill himself—since whatever reports we have about the states of mind flourishing immediately before self-destruction come from failed suicides who, at least in regard to the completed act, must be judged as unreliable witnesses.

This profoundly absorbing subject is treated in two new books, each very good in its way. Jacques Choron's *Suicide* is a compact, lucid summary of whatever is known about the matter, and A. Alvarez's *The Savage God* is a wonderfully readable, though frequently irritating, work in which this English poet-critic—himself a failed suicide—tries to approach the subject intimately and directly, as a kind of experience open to dramatic portrayal.

The Savage God breaks into several compartments: personal testimonies, as in the now-famous chapter on Sylvia Plath and the finely restrained account of Alvarez's own attempt; a neat historical summation of the range of attitudes toward and theories about suicide; and a series of case histories of famous writers who have been drawn to undertake or seriously reflect upon suicide.

A major criticism of Alvarez's th outset: he does not distinguish n ficiently between suicide as a lit a theme or element in the life of e ary men and suicide as a proble a fecting humanity as a whole. li many literary people, he tends to get that the "evidence" of the ext instance, while crucial in mode literature, is by no means convin for general statements about hu ity: what seems pertinent to the of avant-garde artists may have a tenuous connection with the experience of ordinary people. I not saying there is no connectio tween the two, since that would chilling consequences for those who believe in the centrality of l ture: I am only saying that we be at all certain as to what the nections are. *The Savage God* is read not as a general study of su but as a statement of why suicid had so strong an attraction for w in the modern period—a state sometimes admirably dispassio but sometimes verging on the n that suicide constitutes a cause.

II

THE EVIDENCE from the past once fascinating and utterly conclusive, except insofar as it i assuring to know that with regar the most important puzzles of tence we are still likely to think say what people did thousand years ago. At least formally, our tural attitudes toward suicide d mainly from the doctrines adva in the sixth century by the Ch which at the instigation of St. Au tine declared that since life is the of God and each body the home immortal soul, the destruction one's body is a rejection of God's Provided one accepts the Chris premises, this argument is a st one and its impact decidedly m yet, as Alvarez remarks, "what b

Irving Howe, editor of Dissent, *is the author of several books, including* Decline of the New, *a collection of essays on modern writers that won the National Book Award.*

al tenderness and enlightenished as the legalized and ed atrocities by which the body uicide was degraded, his mem famed, his family persecuted. hough the idea of suicide as a was a late, relatively sophisti invention of Christianity . . . d like a fog across Europe be its strength came from primi ars . . ." Nor is this, of course, t or last time that moral scruple social cruelty.

ore the Church had codified this which drew upon a sense of before self-destruction that may rinsic to our consciousness, had existed a bewilderingly range of attitudes. When the Zealots defending Massada t Roman troops in 73 A.D. con that their situation was hope ey decided upon mass suicide. eir commander, Eleazar, quite had just read Camus, declared death affords our souls their and sends them to their own of purity, where they are to be ible to all sorts of miseries." few years earlier Josephus, also g Jewish troops against the ns, argued, quite as if he had ad St. Augustine, that it was "a d and perfidious act to cast out e's body the soul which God had itted to it."

oron and Alvarez find this same y among the Greek philoso . Aristotle regarded suicide as offense against the state": he d the moral value and social of behavior by its impact on ommunity and could not have pated the modern devotion to bsolutism of individual will. ez, totally caught up with this rn view, objects that Aristotle's of argument [is not] likely to ge on the state of mind of a about to take his own life." ably not; but that was the main st of neither Aristotle nor the cal Christian thinkers deriving him. They cared more about l prophylaxis than personal .

no, while opposed in principle icide, felt that when life did be insupportable it was rational to der ending it. This view of s, to be elaborated and refined ch later writers as John Donne David Hume, reached a kind of ng apogee in those Greek cities kept a supply of poison for citizens wishing to die. Alvarez quotes an ancient writer:

> *Whoever no longer wishes to live shall state his reasons to the Senate, and after having received permission shall abandon life. If your existence is hateful to you, die; if you are overwhelmed by fate, drink the hemlock.*

Hard as it may be to argue against this view, it is equally hard to avoid some revulsion against its frigid rationalism. But even the cool-minded Greeks must also have felt some dread before the idea of self-destruction, since they required the corpse of a suicide be interred outside the city, its hand cut off and buried separately.

The primitive Christians, in their disgust with this world and yearning for a rapid shuttle to heaven, took a radically different view. For the primitive Church, life was intolerable whatever its conditions. Why, then, live unredeemed when heavenly bliss is only a knife stroke away? No wonder, comments Alvarez, that Christian teaching was at first a powerful incitement to suicide. Some of the early Church Fathers, like Tertullian and Origen, even suggested that the death of Jesus must be seen as a kind of suicide, for it was unthinkable that He should have had no choice when giving up the ghost. In its turbulent emotional life, primitive Christianity broke past some taboos, including the one against self-destruction, but it also reinstated such tribal attitudes as the notion that a violent death, if the result of a courageous action, could become a passport to paradise.

One can see why the sixth-century bishops had to condemn suicide as a crime. Yet Alvarez is also right in saying that the consequences of their position have been terribly inhumane. He quotes a contemporary account of the punishment of an early seventeenth-century English suicide: the victim is "drawn by a horse to the place of punishment and shame, where he is hanged on a gibbet, and none may take the body down but by the authority of a magistrate." Nor is there any difficulty at all in agreeing with Alvarez's prescription that suicide should be regarded with compassion and that all legal and social punishment should be removed from those who undertake it. That is easy enough but what remains is the problem of suicide itself and, first of all, trying to figure out exactly what we mean by the problem of suicide. Here we find ourselves not much wiser than the commentators of two thousand years ago: the centuries do not help.

III

Both Choron and Alvarez offer cogent reports on the enormous amount of scholarly literature about suicide. What has often characterized these studies is an indifference to, or avoidance of, the immediate life-situation leading to suicide, perhaps because that seems beyond the reach of sociological or even psychological investigation. Instead, the sociologists, and to a lesser extent the psychologists, have tried to find aggregate trends or statistical patterns concerning suicide as a public phenomenon. Alvarez, in that tiresome way some literary men affect, tends to look down his nose at sociological studies, mostly because he is not interested in getting answers to the questions they ask. But he is quite wrong. It seems, for example, of great interest to know that in the U.S. the suicide rate for men has been three times larger than that for women, or that many more women try and fail to kill themselves than do men, or that the rate for physicians is three times as great as that for the general population. From such pieces of hard evidence, even if they can't yet be put to much practical use, it becomes possible to develop useful hypotheses and propositions. They can't, to be sure, satisfy Alvarez's hunger, which I share, for insight into the immediate emotional dynamics that precede the taking of one's life, but surely they are of help to the various social agencies that act to prevent the spread of suicide.

Quoting statistics from Sweden to show that even an enlightened welfare state "makes more or less no difference to the suicide rate," Alvarez writes:

> *It seems to me that even the most elegant and convincing sociological theories are short-circuited by this simple observation that suicide is a human characteristic like sex which not even the most perfect society will erase.*

Now, the comparison with sex is, for most people, very much open to question: were Alvarez accurate in making it, the race would literally be in danger of extinction. More important, he should also know that the question sociologists try to cope with is not whether suicide can be "erased"

in a "perfect society" — no one in his right mind supposes that — but whether, as with other human troubles, it can be significantly reduced, at least by removing those of its causes that may be designated as social.

It is really a valuable piece of information, at least insofar as it confirms statistically what might otherwise be a mere impression, that the young attempt suicide far more often than do the old, but that the old succeed in killing themselves far more often than do the young. Such information helps establish distinctions among kinds of suicides, one of the most difficult tasks facing students of the subject. Clearly, many young people who engage in suicide attempts are uttering "cries for help," intent upon forcing attention and compliance through the most extreme gesture they can imagine, while people in their sixties are simply signing off, through a decision they may have considered carefully and rationally.

On all these matters Choron is more objective than Alvarez, for Choron recognizes that in regard to so recalcitrant a matter, the accumulation of small bits of information can be as useful as the accumulation of large theories. Choron is very careful on the touchy matter of whether suicides are to be regarded as generically among the mentally ill, a view many psychiatrists accept but which Alvarez, with his desire to domesticate the act, strongly resists. Choron distinguishes between motives and causes — between, that is, the reasons suicidal people give or believe and the factors that actually precipitate their actions; and, of course, this distinction tends to support the views of those who think that, as a rule, mental illness is the crucial cause of suicide. Yet he is realistic enough to see that there are situations in which some people who are "mentally normal" can decide sensibly in favor of suicide.

Choron is also very lucid in discussing the Freudian approach to suicide, which is to regard it as a breakthrough of "the death instinct" induced by some pathological condition. Apart from the uncertain status of this "instinct," which by now even many psychoanalysts treat gingerly, the invocation of a pervasive human drive toward death does not help us very much in understanding suicide. For, as Choron remarks, the problem remains "of why it manifests itself with such force only in a few cases." Toward such an understanding, the classification of suicides into a number of different kinds—those emitting "a cry for help," those making a warranted decision, those engaged in a public gesture, those suffering from mental illness, etc.—seems a useful preliminary for therapeutic and preventive action. For the central problem, in Choron's words, follows from the fact that "the overwhelming majority of people in similar situations [to those of suicides] do not commit suicide. The question then is why these particular people do kill themselves." And the truth is, we hardly know.

IV

Throughout *The Savage God* there are intimations—perhaps not always fully intended—that suicide is to be seen not merely as evidence of a psychic predicament, or even as an act that may properly conclude a normal existence, but also as a token of a superior or more sensitive state of consciousness. Whoever has fully exposed himself to the horror of our time, it is suggested, must accept the risks of crack-up, breakdown, and suicide: it is the great writers, bearing the pain of modern awareness, who have taken upon themselves this heroism. Writes Alvarez:

> *Before the 20th century it is possible to discuss cases individually, since the artists who killed themselves or were even seriously suicidal were rare exceptions. In the 20th century the balance suddenly shifts: the better the artist the more vulnerable he seems to be. Obviously, this is in no way a firm rule.*

Not only isn't this "a firm rule," but if one remembers the long line of modern masters who lived to a ripe age, their faces still turned toward life, then Alvarez's generalization seems weak. One thinks of Yeats, Stevens, Joyce, Eliot, Forster, Gide, Mann, Marianne Moore, Williams, many others: all responsive to the terrors of our time but not really "vulnerable" in that special sense Alvarez intends. He has burdened himself with a view of modern literature that forces him to overvalue its ordealist side, everything tormented, high-pitched, violent, and drawn toward annihilation.

That there is nevertheless a r to modern literature that does be deeply absorbed with death it w be idle to deny. About such wr and what it represents aesthet and morally, Alvarez is pain divided. He can write:

> *Twentieth century art may s with nothing but it flourishes virtue of its belief in itself, in possibility of control over u seems essentially uncontrollable and in its ability to create its o values.*

But then he can also write:

> *In a sense, the whole of 20th c tury art has been dedicated to service of this earthbound Sav God [suicide] who like the resi his kind has thrived on blood sa fice. As with modern warfare, en mous sophistication of theory d technique has gone into produc an art which is more extreme, m violent and finally more self- structive than ever before.*

In the first of these passages varez is describing modernist s bility at its severe best, and in second its decadent or nihilis cline; in the first he speaks wit voice of critical balance and in second with the voice of a distra passion. As the book proceeds, th ter voice takes over, to the point w suicide gradually ceases to be tre as a problem at all.

It is at this point that we a at the blank wall of ultimate d ence, where people can no lo argue opinions but must co themselves with accepting a pol of life-attitudes. Let us try to loc these deeply contrasting attitu not, heaven forbid, to assert a c of moral superiority either way. simply to lay out a division an human beings that is perhaps "gi in our natures and perhaps a r of varying experiences in childh and adult life.

Alvarez, in a strongly felt pass speaks of "the closed world of suic For [people inclined to it], the is neither rash nor operatic no any obvious way, unbalanced. stead it is, insidiously, a vocat Once inside the closed world, t seems never to have been a time w one was not suicidal."

Now, what can it mean to spea suicide as a vocation? If I un stand him rightly, Alvarez is sa that there are people who must l returning to suicide, precisely bec

il to complete the act and per-
ntil they do complete it—quite
way that writers must write,
s paint, and women, or at least
be mothers. Suicide thus be-
in a gruesome turn of phrase,
of life, but a way of life that
s on a steadily eroding com-
it to life.

there are a great many people,
bt the vast majority, for whom
e itself that is their vocation,
imbued with the Tolstoyan
that life is an absolute value
own right. It is easy to sneer
people by saying they live an
nined life, without confronting
oblematic elements of our na-
ut even those of us to whom
ousness has come to be a su-
value must also acknowledge,
ruefully, the power and the
ss of such a rootedness in quo-
existence.

pose a group of ordinary peo-
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camp or were suffering hor-
rom an incurable illness. But
that these are the only possi-
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degree of honesty is another
—the hold that life continues
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life, nor a fulfilled or success-
e, but life itself, in its brute
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it, furthermore, inconceivable
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there could be a literary man
or less as talented and sensitive
varez, and with a past more or
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ez? Obviously, this is by no
s inconceivable, for the prob-
f suicide, as Choron says, is to
in why among people "in similar
ions" some do and most do not
heir own lives.

neone might, of course, reply
uch a person did not experience
ness and despair as deeply as
hose writers cited by Alvarez
have indeed committed suicide,
oof being that our hypothetical
ry man did not attempt it. But
seems to me both a tautological
trivial argument, since there is
er a way nor a reason to refute
he problem is interesting, the
problem is really a problem, only if one grants the possibility that Mr. X, sensitive and distinguished, may respond to his despair by taking his life, while Mr. Y, sensitive and distinguished, may respond to his despair by clinging to life. And here occurs the great divide, one of the most significant among human beings, between those who can see suicide as a "vocation" and those who cannot see it as any kind of "solution" to the normal course of their lives.

WHY THIS DIVIDE? No one seems really to know, and I can only offer a tautology, but not, I think, a trivial one. Those to whom suicide is inconceivable in all but the most extreme circumstances of torture—that is, those who cannot see it as a way out of the despair that *all* human beings encounter—are people in whom the life-force, that elemental energy for survival, remains dominant.

But is this attachment to life no more than an instinctive response or does it also rest, however slenderly, on some elements of belief? If the former, there is nothing more to say: we are as we are. If, however, there are some elements of belief that affect the nature and intensity of our attachment to life, then these elements may constitute precisely the area where men do have a measure of freedom in determining their fate.

The argument used to justify a distinctively modern predilection toward suicide was first and most brilliantly advanced by Kirillov, a character in Dostoevsky's *The Possessed*. Kirillov is a rationalistic atheist, warm-hearted and morally upright, who wishes once and for all to shake off the fear of God, which he sees as the fear of death, that has oppressed humanity through the ages. Kirillov commits suicide, to show that he no longer fears a God who is nothing but "the pain of the fear of death," and thereby he registers, as it seems to him, the supreme expression of his free will.

But there is a possible answer to Kirillov, and it has been given by the poet Mayakovsky: "In this life it is not difficult to die/It is more difficult to live." I would gloss these lines as suggesting that if man does feel bereft after the loss of God and if he does wish to shake off the fear of death that has always been deeply intertwined with the power of faith, then it is through the discipline of life that we show our freedom, while suicide is a sign of continued dependence on the fallen gods.

At least for some people, it is precisely the loss of faith, with its dimming vision of an afterlife, that makes suicide seem a less plausible way out of conditions that can be quite as wretched as Alvarez says. For if what faces us inexorably is the prospect of eternal dissolution, then the little bit of life allowed us becomes all the more precious—even in its failure and despair. Intellectually, Alvarez grasps this point very well, when he writes that secular man "chooses life because he has no alternative, because he knows that after death there is nothing at all . . . When neither high purpose nor the categorical imperatives of religion will do, the only argument against suicide is life itself." It is a sufficient argument.

Alvarez offers a harvest of literary testimony—at these points his book is completely fascinating—but there is one citation that he neglects. The Russian-Jewish writer Isaac Babel has a story, "In the Basement," about a thirteen-year-old boy who in momentary despair tries to drown himself in a water barrel. His Jewish grandfather pulls him out:

> *"Grandson," he said, pronouncing the word with scornful distinctness. "Grandson, I am going to take a dose of castor oil, so as to have something to lay on your grave."*

What the grandfather says here may seem coarse, barbaric. But wait. The story ends as the boy comes to himself in bed, his "Aunt Bobka . . . warming my hands on her bosom," and saying, " 'How he trembles, our blessed ninny! Where can the child find the strength to tremble so?' " while "Grandfather was stalking about the room whistling."

That whistle signifies a melody of gratification. The grandfather has won a triumph for life, and his shocking, vulgar speech about defecating on the boy's grave is a way of enforcing the urgency of the commandment to life. There is a rich tradition here, expressed tragically by another Russian-Jewish writer, Osip Mandelstam, who said, after his wife proposed that they commit suicide before Stalin's police would come once more to arrest them, "Life is a gift that nobody should renounce."

Chandler Brossard

COMMENTARY (VITUPERATIVE)

The fiction scene: or, has anybody seen Billygoat Gruff lately?



YES, I HAVE. Just the other day. He was checking out groceries at a supermarket.

"Can't believe your eyes, can you?" he said.

"No."

"I can't either." He threw some bread into a bag. "It's positively degrading. A fellow with my background, doing *this*." He rang up a candy bar. "I just can't find any *real* work."

"None?"

"Nobody else can either. Know what Rapunzel is doing? Hustling as a skip tracer. Goldilocks? Collecting unemployment. The seven dwarfs? Working at a car wash." He thrust his twitching face close to mine. "*A sleazy Queens car wash.*"

Well, I had to get out of there. I mean, some things are just *too* heavy.

Heavy or not, it's true. The appalling fact of the matter is that almost no writer in this country is engaged in that magical-mythical-visionary exercise I would call real fiction, the sort that does create and give enchanted employment to the abovementioned fabulous characters. The great Western tradition of the fabulist, that artist who, in both spoken and written word, dreamed for all of us, so to speak, who created Ulysses, Roland, the Hunchback of Notre Dame, Red Riding Hood, Alice in Wonderland, Ishmael, Bloom, and the Baron Charlus—that apocalyptic light has died in America. The need for the trans-schematic fabrication, God knows, still exists in the American psyche, but it is being denied and betrayed by the terroristic politics of publishing and "literature." I'm quite aware, of course, that a glut of stuff is being oozed out under the name of "fiction": and jacket-copy writers and book reviewers, their little voices zonked with the joy of it all, inform me that this or that novel will take me to "new places" and provide me with "new experiences." But that's a lot of baloney. I've been "there" before, so many times that my feet have turned to mush. And as for new experiences, well, all I can say is, if they're so new, why do they all shout déjà vu?

Most of the novels I look at are dreary forms of topical or sociological journalism,* and their shallowness is labyrinthian. The characters in them are seedy remakes of stock types—sometimes not even remakes: they're shamelessly pure clichés and you can drown in their grins of duplicity). The ideas in them have terminal syphilis (I really shouldn't call them "ideas": they're more like "notions" with delusions of grandeur). The dramatic episodes—those traditional/conventional moments or showdowns when God turns out to be a closet queen—are wheezy in their presumption. The structure—the plot, the narrative, the lease they've taken on the space in your intelligence, whatever the hell you want to call the "thing"—is offensively simpleminded and unoriginal, and so "literary" as to be numbing. The language (we can call it the "writing" if one has no problem with separating that from thinking, feeling, etc., etc.) is one dimensional and public property, by which I mean that it is not the invented personal property of the writer, the unique result of his own imagination, but rather the sort of official common "literary" language handed down from book to book, writer to writer, as the "proper" way to write (like the proper way to speak). It is a language that functions (ha!) like sets on a stage, to "dramatize" or decorate the action.

"Give 'em some examples, dad," whispers Rumpelstiltskin. Okay, okay, but stop pushing me, wi Some examples:

The novel of "alienation." Th trial character (I'd really pre call him the house hunch) is a man who is "strange," and whos sitivity—we could liken it to fective Stradivarius—is conti being violated by life's bloate gers. He hangs about in limbo because he can't make contact human beings; hangs about ps ic hallway rooms, rank tele booths, sometimes making ob calls to people he doesn't know with sticky stools, streetcorner are collapsing into the sewers, apartments after the girls moved out. He spends hours i dying afternoon obsessively lo at his dank face in a cracked m He often wakes up in the midd the night thinking his dong fallen off. And he's cannily wri novel on the backs of laundry ti and it turns out to be the very you are reading! His publishe variably advertise him thus: you can imagine Virginia Woo ing a sandlot pitching champ Baltimore, you will . . ." The pi on the jacket is relentlessly one fellow who has been in unsucc orgone analysis for nine years.

The novel of youthful homosexua This would-be fiction seems to

Chandler Brossard is a novelist, and his books include Walk in Darkness, The Bold Saboteurs, *and* Wake Up, We're Almost There.

*Like all of the novels of Mary McCarthy; *Saint Urbain's Horseman*, by Mordecai Richler; *The Great American Jackpot*, by Herbert Gold; *Set This House on Fire*, by William Styron; *An Answer from Limbo*, by Brian Moore; *Standing Fast*, by Harvey Swados; *The Merry Month of May*, by James Jones; *Revenge of the Lawn*, by Richard Brautigan; *Get These Men Out of the Hot Sun*, by Herbert Mitgang.

*For example (plots and char varying, of course): *A Singular Ma* J. P. Donleavy; *Burnt Toast*, by Gould; *Dangling Man*, by Saul Be *Shedding Skin*, by Richard Ward; *the Beautiful Stranger*, by Rosalyn ler; *The Answer*, by Jeremy Larner *Creep*, by Jeffrey Frank; and, stran it may seem, *The Bell Jar*, by S Plath.

**Some typical examples of the —both divisions—that come to mind *Folded Leaf*, by William Maxwel *Separate Peace*, by John Knowles; *T pole*, by Sanford Friedman; *Fall of V* by Charles Jackson; *The City and Pillar*, by Gore Vidal; the veiled an so veiled novels of Jack Dunphy, J Leo Herlihy, John Rechy, and D Rader.

oly of Middle Western "writ-
ow, I don't know, scientifically
ıg, that is, just what there is
the ecology out there—you
the balance between the bugs,
eezes, and the milk shakes—
oduces this literary testament,
early, something big has gone
with His Plan. The standard
t deals with a thin wispy lad
ıs the hots for his gym teacher,
Mex middleweight. Or it deals
"thing" between two teachers,
ripped English instructor (his
d something to his foot when
y was looking), the other an
ipe-smoking Bio-2 instructor.
first: the boy, who is probably
Seth, finds himself neglecting
re intellectual pursuits—stamp
ing, bird watching—in order
ke the locker-room scene as
as possible. He's seriously
ıt of taking twelve gym classes
. but he knows that would be
l by the hall monitors who con-
the school vice squad. So he
es up to the gym teacher, Mr.
s best he can. Trips a lot and
the floor during various games
Mr. Vic will have to pick him
l maybe rough him up a little
ing such a "clumsy dope." He
around until the other fellows
gone, then leaps into the mas-
nner sanctum (which smells
swamp) and shouts, "Hey, Mr.
Could you show me that grip
please, sir? And don't worry
ın take a lotta pain." Seth's
r is chairman of the local DAR.
hen she discovers him "abus-
mself" one night while looking
tolen picture of Mr. Vic as a
fighter, she packs him off to the
nger Clinic for good.

two teachers: lots of Mozart
xpensive wine bibbing in the
man's quarters. Sexy chess
, instead of the strip poker they
both much prefer. Dr. Atherton
es very feelingly about his dead
er sister, who was wiped out
htning in a thunderstorm; and
Barker quotes Yeats and con-
that he is saving his money so
spend a year living in the very
where Yeats grew up. He'd like
at Yeats' very desk and have a
cry. (No shit.) Finally, after
undred concerts, three hundred
ows, all of Western poetry and
ific theory, they grope each
But, lust-driven fools that they
ıey don't stop there. *They go all the way.* Dr. Atherton kills himself the next day by leaping into the shark pen at the aquarium. Young Barker ends up marrying his blind cousin Emily and drinking himself to death.

*The Jewish novel.** This genre has more subdivisions than a housing project, each with its very own prefabricated wailing wall. But until I get a grant from the American Jewish Committee, I'll have to confine my scholarship to a mere three. The first we'll call My Momma and Me: or, I Am a Prisoner in a Knish Factory. This boy—an obscure Talmudic law prohibits Jewish girls from writing about *their* mothers; though, in compensation, it does allow them to castrate their husbands—this boy, or *boytchik*, spends half his time in his locked room flogging his bishop and doping baseball games. He dreams of becoming The World's Most Beloved Sex Maniac. His spectaculars include (1) screwing Princess Meg before the entire House of Lords; (2) raping the entire U.S. Girls Olympic Swim Team; (3) having unspeakable things done to him by Miss Finland as they cling to the crown of the Statue of Liberty. Meanwhile, and alongside all this demonic high-class activity, he dreams of the dazzling performances he will put on as the World's Greatest Center Fielder From Brooklyn. He cries a lot into his pillow.

Down in the kitchen . . . the air is always heavy, heavy with vapors of rich Jewish cooking and hidden feelings of incest-murder. . . . Momma is wracked with tormenting and mixed desires and actions. While pushing vast quantities of noodles, bagels, knishes, stuffed derma (Christ! you name it) into Marvin's mouth, she can barely desist from jamming her own tongue in there as well. But she knows this is out, no matter how smart an analyst you got. Marvin protests this feeding, but only when he finishes the last scrap of boiled chicken. Lots and lots of fights about his girlfriends, real and imagined, and his life plans (to say nothing of his baroque toilet habits). Watch out for those *shiksas*!

*Representations of this frantically cultivated "creative" field would be nearly all of the work of Saul Bellow: *The Fixer* and *A New Life*, by Bernard Malamud; *A Mother's Kisses*, by Bruce Jay Friedman; *The New Yorkers*, by Hortense Calisher; *Portnoy's Complaint*, by Philip Roth; *Teitlebaum's Window*, by Wallace Markfield; respective works by Irwin Shaw, Harold Robbins, and Irving Wallace.

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she screams. Don't let them near your sacred private parts! (She herself, by the way, is putting out for an Italian tap dancer down the street.) The father deals with all this by putting balls of dough in his ears. Years later (and I do mean years: Marvin being eighty-six by this time) he is discovered shackled to a water pipe in the attic. He can't talk anymore. He can only imitate old radio programs, like Little Orphan Annie.

Number two type Jewish novel: the protagonist is a very successful tycoon. Or an intellectual broker, or a lawyer. He's clean on the surface. Upper East Side house, several very clean-cut kids who don't act at all Jewish and who "discuss film" with upper-class accents. Wife is triple A Sephardic Jewess. She sleeps in a pure linen shroud in another bedroom. He is a member of the N.Y. Racquet Club. But underneath . . . oh boy! What a kinky son of a bitch he is. Under an assumed name—Aram Hotchkiss—he attends teenage drug parties in the Village, left wing rallies so he can report them to the FBI; makes dirty movies with large and juicy Kraut girls holding whips; flies to Zurich for special secret meetings with the Mafia . . . zoomy stuff like that. Everything works out, however, in the end (you have already gathered that this is a "big" or "sweeping" type novel, no slambang affair meant for the barber's). One of his daughters, who isn't his daughter after all, runs over him in an alley. She then becomes a nun she hates herself so much.

A third type of Jewish novel: we can call it Son of Moses. It's about cobblers, or chimney sweeps, or draymen. They're usually gimpy (a ten-inch nose, or four-fingered hands), and they're filled with agony and torment. But are they wise! They sleep under bridges or in goat sheds, and they smell funny. People hate them and are very mean to them, yet they can't seem to do without them. For no reason, gangs of urchins stone them, fat-breasted women lean out of windows to empty chamber pots on their heads, dogs tear at their ragged asses. But they endure. Their agony is their wisdom, and they're so very, very wise, which naturally doesn't stop them from acting like idiots. They have nip and tuck raps with Big Moishe up in the Sky every night: like, When, Dad, *when?* But Big M., the Old Man—*Himself*—isn't ready to take them off the hook. He's got big plans for them. You know that dreamy blond *shiksa* over on Pavlov Lane, the magistrate's daughter? Well, she's queer for turnip pie, see, and what you do is this . . .

*The "black" novel, the superhip, Kafkaesque Negro novel.** What I mean is, uh, if you can conceive of old Franz, King of the Cockroaches, the Last of the Singing Mice, the Original Prisoner of Zenda, and all that . . . if you can imagine him all freaked out on grass or muscatel on an empty stomach, why, you pretty much have grabbed it. More than any other current fiction genre, the black novel has identity problems, or, how-do-we-get-this-baby-on-the-road? What the chic, or "in," black author does is dive into the identity of a European avant-garde performer (because the European is indeed performing), dragging his strange tote bag of "black experiences" with him. Then he goes about presenting those experiences through the style, technique, voice of the Middle European.

The stock character in this stock novel is a guy who is at all times going bughouse. He is a stranger in his own shack, a pariah within a pariah society, a demonomaniac who has misplaced his objective correlative (or his work card, smart ass). He races through ghetto hallways howling obscure threats ("Just wait'll I decode you, Abdul O'Crotchkick!") and promises ("I'll bring you a laser beam for your moon frolics"). He humps, hassles, and beats the living shit out of countless hookers whose only desire is to go straight with him. He steals their bread and replaces it with fragmented quotes from Rilke. He has long, disjointed philosophical raps with his closest friend, a gay white chap who has split the scene on Madison Avenue just in time and who is now the mistress of a strapping black numbers king. "Whitey" has worked out a rare logic whereby his new indignities give him dignity. They have many good screams and sobs together, and our protagonist—Light Years, his name could be, or Baby Okra . . . you dig?—tries i him once but it really doesn't w

This whacky-woo has to end time, because, you see, it is a p of man in his eternal voyage. Years, his mind magnificently with acid, hires a bunch of stre to nail him, naked and, of c Christlike, to a huge crude w cross, which is left propped front of an unfinished church. he paints himself in white lun paint and spends his life spo people on rooftops. Or . . . any s or symbolic bit of nutsiness yo to think of.

Now that I've said all thos things, I see nothing to be g from not saying a few more. The black novels I've read have bee timized by an equally stereot structure, only this one is "old tioned." Whatever real insigh authenticity, they may have trayed by a haggard "natura whose demands in terms of e tion, narrative, characterizatio as fatal as a television show. problem, or status, of the black is further exacerbated by the gu the publishers, editors, and bo viewers. Their guilt makes it a ently impossible for them to re with normal critical judgment. mediocre novels are publishe praised. It's still another for patronizing the black.

The "contemporary scene" n This genre and its defective pr should be filed under "geogra because the subject matter, you've scraped the gook awa really environments or places— York, Paris, London, Majorca, co. The Bobbsey Twins in . . . Jessie and Cool Janie, or Crazy Ji and Crazy Kim, are making thi great but, uh, you know, real *de ate*, you know, uh, *existential* sce yeah, the Hebrides. (Okay. Gro in. Feel better?) Gallons and ga of lush and hayricks of grass an of simple but basic gourmet Swimming naked all the

*Eggshells is what I'm having to walk over here. *The Life and Loves of Mr. Jiveass Nigger*, by Cecil Brown; *Blueschild Baby*, by George Cain; *The Messenger*, by Charles Wright, and *The Free-Lance Pallbearers*, by Ishmael Reed; *Another Country*, by James Baldwin; and stuff by Chester Himes and Ron Fehr, the titles of which elude me at this moment.

*Like *Play It As It Lays*, by Didion; the novels of John Che *Couples*, by John Updike; *Apartme Athens*, by Glenway Westcott; *A and Departure*, by Arthur Koe *Queenie*, by Hortense Calisher; *Re tionary Road*, by Richard Yates; *News*, by Paul Spike; *1968*, by Ri Stern; *The Headshrinker's Test*, by Kaufman; *Cabot Wright Begins*, by J Purdy.

ed out of their beautiful minds,) in pools and the sea, and so screwing *there* that the squid ightened off. And, of course, st six of the loveliest young and bodies around drown be- they can't stop in the middle of a sensational trip, can they? I Jesus, how square can you be? ng wit and darting metaphor iently in the middle of you what) and lots of chic *down* uh, Zen and Buber and Mickey e. Swell fights . . . chaps and s fall off balconies, Porsches ecked. The sexy rich young ss (Smith '66) turns out to be e, and she takes Jane or Kim from *him*. But this turns out to for the good, because they dia- it real cool and get a swinging ome going, and, yes, they do that terrif private movie of it hen after everything they lie d and dig the absolutely dyna- landscape—the village or the ine or the mountains—utterly ng in the shared tingle-toe ness that *this is it*. But for gra- sake, don't forget the De-spair he Paradox and the Emptiness g out there like a f-----g Man- g Jelly Doughnut. Next morn- everybody splits the scene and s for Kikki's pad in Tangier. Kikki is this absolutely smash- basket case who's into trans- ental meditation . . . Paperback s: $1,000,000.

of which means that the "con- orary novel" or the novel of temporary experience," substi- events for experiences, peculiar vior for dramatic, meaningful n action, environmental decor ndigenous tension. To put that ner way: Henry Green's *Loving* l only have taken place in the y Irish manor country, whereas *it Redux*, *The Best of Every- . Such Good Friends*, or *Go To Widow Maker* could have taken *anywhere*—or really nowhere, h is incontestably where they anyway. Furthermore, it seems almost none of these "things" fictional fabrication or inven- (primary qualifications for work of art). They are about real le, usually one's friends, doing gs they really did do. No creative t is made, assuming it could be, ob them into Everymanville. h crummy fact qualifies their etrators to be called "writers" or "artists" in much the same way that Dr. Caligari could be called a good general practitioner.*

I MAY BE WRONG, but I feel that the audience is working itself up to asking The Question. Okay. And your question is: now that you've given way to your atrocious spleen, please tell us just what it is that you think constitutes authentic fiction. I accept. To begin with, fiction is not "literature." "Literature," as far as I am concerned, is a compost heap of all the above mentioned, plus essays and memoirs and some I-was-there books.

True and original fiction, on the other hand, is vision, and fiction writers are visionaries. It is myth and magic, and the writers of it are magicians and shamans, mythmakers and mythologists. Their creations do not tell you what you already know. Their creations, like those of the seer or the primitive shaman, are mythical structures, including totemic systems, that integrate within one shared experience the reader and himself and the myth—in other words Man, Man with himself, his conscious and unconscious, and the world around him and the life within that world. These creative structures permit man to transcend his seeming mortal, physical limitations and soar, in and out, and yet at the same time make it unnecessary to set foot outside his room. They permit him to make those interior voyages that we have all been warned result in insanity and nonbeing and terrible punishment, without going crazy or disappearing. In fact, by taking these voyages he is sustaining and increasing his complex humanness, not diminishing it. The fundamental fault to be found with inauthentic fiction is that it does indeed diminish the reader-participant, and there is

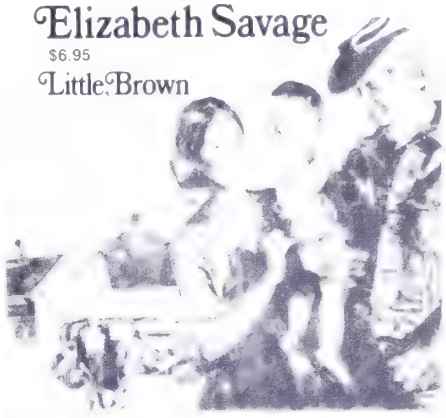
*The modern forms of specious fiction no doubt could be further classified into any number of subgroups, but after a certain point the scholarship becomes tedious. Thus I will content myself with only a passing mention of the "gothic" or "exotic" novel, those that begin with a little boy growing up in a giant acorn. Examples of the genre would include *Other Voices, Other Rooms* by Truman Capote; *Member of the Wedding*, by Carson McCullers; *Let It Come Down*, by Paul Bowles; *God Bless You, Mr. Rosewater*, by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.; the stories of Joyce Carol Oates; the stories of Shirley Jackson; the novels of William Goyen.

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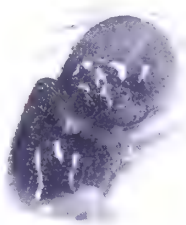
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no greater immorality than that. Dirty writing is not obscene to me, but debasing man's imagination is.

A true visionary fiction, like a myth-structure, magically combines, orders, and dramatizes multiple realities. A single level of action, or plot or behavior, does not hold sway, nor does arbitrary sequential time obtain sovereignty. It is not imprisoned within one language system: it has many tongues and voices. One identity does not dominate the speaker's platform and restrict the play and range of sensibility many identities perform, and they flow in and out of one another. Thus we have a symphonic *communal* statement, in which the culture of the community and its members are resonantly and clearly the same thing, and not separated strangers and antagonists.

For an American "novel" to qualify as authentic fiction-vision, as far as I am concerned, it would have to contain an imaginative orchestration of the sensibilities and actions of Shirley Temple, Dickie Nixon, Lieutenant Calley, General Westmoreland, Blaze Starr, and Huck Finn, and include the spectators and folklore of Saxon and Soul and the graffiti-poems of *The New Yorker*. In my ten waking hours, all of these identities and genres and their behavior patterns are experienced directly and in fantasy by any intelligent, reasonably sophisticated American. Many, many more are experienced by this same person when he is "dreaming" (though that is such a simplistic and denigrating designation for that extraordinary world and its experiences). Why, then, should it be asking too much of our fiction that it represent this rich state of being, this absolutely unalterable fact?

I admit that it is extraordinarily difficult, and even dangerous, to produce the sort of visionary work I am talking about, and for this reason I can feel a genuine sympathy for those writers who could go all the way but for reasons of their own have decided not to. I can even understand the real problems of those writers who know that something else is out there but who also know that they simply do not have the equipment to get there. Visions come high. You can go crazy pursuing them.

There are a few writers whose work I regard as authentically fabulous, and I think it substantiates my thesis that they are all European or Latin American:* Celine; Beckett; Raymond Queneau; Genet; Ernst Juenger (virtually unknown in America); Vittorini; Malaparte; George Bataille; Hermann Broch; some of Günter Grass (though about half his work seems padded); Borges; Machado de Assis; an almost totally unknown Spanish-American named Felipe Alfau, whose stories *Locos*, published thirty-odd years ago, are in a class by themselves; and of course Kafka, Joyce, Pirandello, and Robert Musil. Those writers have truly expanded my own universe—or, more accurately, helped me chart that which existed already in myself.

The nearest thing to fabulous fiction in America is the behavior, but not the writing, of Norman Mailer. Mailer demonically acts out a kind of contemporary mythology, largely, I suspect, because he has discovered that the creation of such a mythology in his writing is somehow beyond him. His fiction and his fiction-journalism are really quite old fashioned. He is a "realist" of the "old school," a describer rather than an illuminator. His structures and his language are not relevant to his crazy visions; I think he is aware of this, and it accounts both for the almost gratuitous fury of his writing—gratuitous in that the subject matter does not require it and is made artily grotesque by it—and (like an unemployable Hamlet) for his feverish scamperings into ever new fields he hopes will provide a ready-made metaphor, a new expression, a sudden identity. There is in him an insatiable emptiness.

I have been impressed by *some* contemporary American writing—the early work of William Burroughs and John Hawkes, and lately some short things by Anthony Kerrigan, the most original and engaging new writer I've read in quite some time.

The really sad and miserable [illegible] is that, like so many of us, he [illegible] been brutalized and cheapened by [illegible] politics of the literary/publish[illegible] milieu. For sheer savagery and [illegible] ruption, this scene is incompara[illegible] Not one writer I know has very m[illegible] faith in justice and seriousness [illegible] vailing. Not one I know has any [illegible] respect for the editors of his p[illegible] lishing house and absolutely n[illegible] ing but contempt for the majo[illegible] of reviewers, in or out of the [illegible] media. Hacks and mediocrities (th[illegible] selves third-rate fiction writers [illegible] "scholars") routinely and whi[illegible] cally create and destroy "r[illegible] tations" in reviews that are di[illegible] guished by their cuteness and ven[illegible] The conventional and the trashy [illegible] praised, and the radical and orig[illegible] both fiction and nonfiction—ar[illegible] tacked or ignored. Friends rev[illegible] books by friends, and enemies [illegible] for the moments when they can p[illegible] licly, via the media platform, at[illegible] books by authors they envy [illegible] resent.

Looming as a veritable monun[illegible] in this desolation is the *New Y[illegible] Times* book-review department. [illegible] dazzling lack of credibility is by [illegible] part of our national heritage. I[illegible] joked about in the same spooked [illegible] Nixon is joked about. The staff [illegible] viewers have a unique group-wri[illegible] talent: their reviews read like h[illegible] school compositions written by l[illegible] old ladies. A malevolent seedi[illegible] pervades its pages. Nonetheless, it [illegible] enough power in commercial publ[illegible] ing to make or destroy a book, no m[illegible] ter what the real quality of the b[illegible] may be. Most publishers, consequ[illegible] ly, will do any amount of toadying[illegible] get the *Times* to be good to th[illegible] books. They will do nothing, as fa[illegible] I know, to break the *Times*' clam[illegible] hold on their world.

However, this miserable situat[illegible] is not really surprising. The ch[illegible] values and the irresponsible action[illegible] the literary world are very much [illegible] creations of a society in which o[illegible] inality, spirit, and radical vision [illegible] almost outlawed. We would be f[illegible] to forget that this very same soci[illegible] thought the atom bomb spelled [illegible] dawn of a new civilization and not [illegible] death of man.

(Some parting advice: don't la[illegible] when you hear the bizarre dirges [illegible] the Gingerbread Boy. It's your [illegible] neral as much as his.)

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